

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
HERALD OF HEALTH

DEVOTED TO THE CULTURE OF THE

BODY AND MIND.

OUR OBJECT:

Theological Seminary D73

"A Higher Type of Manhood—Physical, Intellectual, and Moral."

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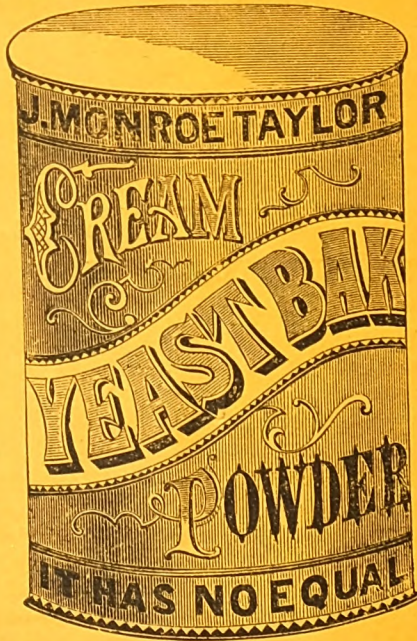
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REMARKABLE ESSAYS ON HEALTH AND MORALS, By Ancient and Modern Writers. (No. 19.)

Influence of Mental Cultivation in Producing Dyspepsia—Irritation of the Brain Its most frequent Cause.

BY AMARIAH BRIGHAM, M. D., (1844).

DYSPEPSIA is generally considered a disease of the stomach primarily; but I apprehend that in a majority of cases, especially among students, it is primarily a disease of the brain and nervous system, and is perpetuated by mental excitement.

Among the reasons I have for this opinion, independent of my own experience, are the following:

1. A blow or other injury of the head, or a tumor in the brain, frequently produces sickness, irritation of the stomach, and all the symptoms of dyspepsia.

2. "Dyspepsia may be produced by mental affections," says Dr. Parry; and in this opinion he is supported by numerous observers. Who is there that has not felt the influence of bad news, or mental agitation, in destroying the appetite and deranging digestion, and thus producing dyspepsia for a short time?

3. Insanity, or disease of the brain, is usually preceded by the symptoms of dyspepsia, and

recovery from mental derangement is often marked by a return of these symptoms.

During the paroxysm or continuance of insanity, the brain alone appears affected; but at other times, when the brain is relieved the stomach is affected. I am aware that Broussais and others say, that in such cases the disorder of the stomach is the primary affection, and is truly chronic inflammation of the stomach, which, after continuing a considerable time, stimulates the brain until madness is produced. But the same able observer says that the insanity is preceded by long continued hypochondriasis, and other nervous affections, which I suppose to arise from disease of the brain and not of the stomach, as he affirms. He refers to instances of melancholy from nostalgia, unrequited love, loss of fortune, mortified pride, etc.; but which did not amount to insanity until after long continued disorder of the stomach. He supposes that in such cases the violence of the reaction from the disease of the stomach.

produces insanity; but to me it appears more rational to suppose that the irritation of the brain, produced by the *moral* cause, not only caused the disorder of the digestive organs, but by its continuance increased the disease of the brain to such a degree as to cause mental derangement; just as we see a blow on the head produce at first only slight sickness of the stomach and vomiting, but followed by violent delirium. From the cases which Broussais has given, it evidently appears that slight irritation of the brain from mental or other causes, gives rise to derangement of the stomach and produces the ordinary symptoms of dyspepsia.

I very much doubt whether sick headache as often arises from disordered stomach as from irritated brain. I have repeatedly noticed an attack of sick headache after indulging in stimulating food and drinks in the evening; but I have known the headache prevented by keeping the head cool after an evening's debauch.

Dr. James Johnson says that Mr. Weeks of Jamaica, when intoxicated, always went to sleep with his head in cold water in order to prevent headache; and it is a common practice in India, and some other places, after drinking what is called a *mosquito dose* of brandy, to sleep with the head on a wet pillow, and thus subsequent headache is prevented. I have known this practice resorted to, and with like effect. But if the pain of the head is caused by indigestion, what possible efficacy can there be in keeping the head cool? I conceive, however, that the increased action of the blood-vessels during sleep, produced by the stimulating food or liquor, determines an unusual quantity of blood to the brain, irritates it, and this irritation of the brain produces the pain of the head, sickness and disorder of the stomach. I have noticed, moreover, that this disease most frequently affects those whose nervous systems are delicate and easily excited; and I have often known it produced by grief or great mental excitement, and it is seldom relieved without rest or long abstinence.

4. Examination of the bodies of those who have died after long continued dyspeptic symptoms, confirms the opinion I have advanced, that dyspepsia is often a disease of the head, and not of the stomach. Dr. Abercrombie, on "Organic Diseases of the Brain," says, that "symptoms which really depend upon disease of the brain, are very apt to be referred to the stomach." After mentioning several cases in which for a long time the prominent symptoms were those of dyspepsia, and in which no trace of organic disease of the stomach was discov-

ered after death, but tumors or other disease of the brain, he says: "Many other cases of organic disease of the brain are on record, in which the only merbid appearances were in the head, though some of the most prominent symptoms had been in the stomach. Some of these resembled what has been called sick headache; others were chiefly distinguished by remarkable disturbances of the digestive functions." Dr. A. adds this important caution: "In cases of this class we must beware of being misled in regard to the nature of the complaint by observing that the symptoms in the stomach are alleviated by attention to regimen, or by treatment directed to the stomach itself. If digestion be impeded, from whatever cause, these uneasy symptoms in the stomach may be alleviated by great attention to diet; but inference can be drawn from this source in regard to the cause of the derangement."

This last quotation I think explains a very common mistake—a mistake which is not only made by dyspeptics themselves, but by writers on this disease. They suppose because low diet, etc., relieve the principal symptoms in the stomach, that therefore the disease is confined to that organ; when in fact the disease is in the head, but is manifested only by the stomach, the liver, or some organ with which the brain sympathizes, and the *low diet* gives relief by lessening the too energetic action of the brain.

Dr. Burrows relates the case of a lady who had been unwell for several years. She referred all her suffering to the stomach, and often said that when she was dead *there* would be found the seat of her disorder. She died rather suddenly with fever and delirium, after exposure on a very hot day; and on examining the body no trace of disease appeared in the stomach or bowels, but the brain exhibited marks of long standing disease.

5. The fact that dyspepsia is frequently cured by permitting the overtaxed and tired brain to rest, or by changing the mental labor or excitement, is evidence that it is primarily a disease of the head, and not of the stomach. How often do physicians fail to afford any relief by medicines in what are called "stomach affections," but which are readily cured by traveling, or relaxation in accustomed studies, and freedom from care and anxiety! How often a change in the mental excitement affords relief; It seems as if certain portions of the brain having been unduly excited, became diseased, and were benefited by strong excitement of other portions of the same organ. How often

are stomach affections cured by inert medicines, aided by the imagination, confidence, hope, etc.

6. The fact that dyspepsia is a disease chiefly confined to the studious, to those whose minds are much exercised and excited, and to those who, by too early mental education, have had a predominance given to the nervous system, is evidence that the brain is the primary organ affected. I know it is said that the sedentary habits of students cause this disease, and no doubt exercise is necessary to preserve their health; but it proves beneficial by changing the circulation and determining the blood from the head. If they studied less, exercise would not be so necessary. I have not observed that tailors, shoemakers, etc., are particularly liable to dyspepsia. It often happens that men who commence study late in life, after having been engaged for years in some laborious employment, become in a short time dyspeptic. I conceive that this arises from too severe labor put too suddenly upon the brain. This organ should be gradually exercised in order to develop it properly, and fit it for severe labor without injury.

It is often said that intoxicating liquors produce this disease; but I have been astonished to see how many drunkards are free from it.

Good living is said to cause dyspepsia; but the most healthy people I have ever known have been among those who lived well—who ate freely several times a day of the most nutritious food. By some it is said that tobacco, snuff, tea, coffee, butter, and even bread, cause this complaint; but whoever will make inquiries on this subject throughout the community, will find that this is seldom true. In fact dyspepsia prevails, according to my experience, altogether the most among the temperate and careful—among those who are temperate and careful as regards what they eat and drink, and the labor they put upon the stomach; but exceedingly careless how much labor they put upon that more delicate organ, the brain. Such people often eat nothing but by the advice of the doctor, or some treatise on dyspepsia, or by weight; nor drink anything that is not certainly harmless; they chow every mouthful until they are confident, on mature reflection, that it cannot hurt the stomach. Why, then, are they dyspeptics? Because, with all their carefulness, they pay no regard to the excitation of the brain. They continue to write two or three sermons or essays in a week, besides reading a volume or two, and magazines, reviews, newspapers, etc., and attending to much other business calculated to excite the mind.

To me it is not strange that such persons have nervous and stomaclic affections. The constant excitement of the brain sends an excess of blood to the head, and therefore other organs are weakened; and morbid sensibility is produced, which renders the stomach liable to derangement from very slight causes.

"I tell you honestly what I think," says Dr Abernethy, "is the cause of the complicated maladies of the human race; it is the gormandizing and stuffing, and stimulating their organs (the digestive) to excess, thereby producing nervous disorders and irritations. The state of their minds is another grand cause: the fidgeting and discontenting themselves about what cannot be helped; passions of all kinds—malignant passions pressing upon the mind—disturb the cerebral action and do much harm."

This statement should be reversed, I think. It is the fidgeting and discontenting ourselves that makes the gormandizing so dangerous. I do not mean, however, to approve of gormandizing; and I know that people in this country generally eat more than is necessary. Still I do not believe that good nourishment, and abundance of it, causes many of the diseases that flesh is heir to. Nations that are best supplied with food are the most healthy, live the longest, and have most vigor of body and mind. Children, especially, should be well nourished. Good diet is an essential part of good education. The method of rearing children which some propose—and which I fear some adopt—of restricting them to very light food that contains but little nourishment, is very reprehensible. Every farmer knows that such a course would stint and ruin his cattle, and it will as assuredly have such an effect on children. The way to make children thrive and do well is to give them plenty of good food, and keep their minds free from anxiety and chagrin.

Insufficient nutriment weakens the mind as well as the body. Many writers place poor diet at the head of the causes that weaken attention and debilitate all the faculties of the mind. Thus we often see that disease which wastes the body enfeebles the mind also; though this is not always the case, for sometimes the brain does not diminish as the other parts of the body do.

But to return to the causes of dyspepsia. We do not find this disease prevalent in countries where the people eat most enormously. Travelers in Siberia say that the people there often eat forty pounds of food in one day. Admiral Saritchaff saw a Siberian eat immediately

after breakfast twenty-five pounds of boiled rice, with three pounds of butter. But dyspepsia is not a common disease in Siberia. We do not learn from Captain Parry or Captain Lyon that their friends the Esquimaux are very nervous or dyspeptic, though the individually eat ten or twelve pounds of solid food in a day, washing it down with a gallon or so of train oil. Captain Lyon was, to be sure, a little concerned for a delicate young lady Esquimaux who eat his candles, wick and all; yet he does not allude to her inability to digest them.

The influence of the mind in producing disease, appears to be but little regarded in practice, though there are few who will not acknowledge that this influence is great. Plutarch says, in one of his essays, "Should the body sue the mind before the court of judicature for damages, it would be found that the mind would prove to have been a ruinous tenant to its landlord." The truth of this mankind will the more realize as they become more intellectual, unless great care is taken to develop and exercise the organs of the body equally and properly.

It is true, however, that the regular application of the mind to severe but calm study and inquiry, is not very apt to affect the health unfavorably. The illustrious Kant, who lived and studied to a great age, says that "Intellectual pursuits tend to prolong life."

But studies that strongly excite the feelings, or awaken the passions, are very apt to injure the health; and it is probably true that the literary men in this country are generally engaged in the strife of party and sects, and consequently their studies are not always those of calm inquiry. But the excitement of the mind produced by the numerous stirring incidents of the times, tends to increase disease, and especially nervous diseases, among all classes of people. A violent election increases disorders of the digestive organs; and a "difficulty in the parish," a phrase well understood in New England, often multiplies them.

Finally, if dyspepsia is a disease of the stomach, why is it not more frequently cured by attention to diet than it is? I know that by this method some are relieved, and I also know that those disposed to dyspeptic disease will not be able to continue their severe studies if they are not careful as respects diet. For if the vital energy is all directed to the brain, and consumed by the act of thought, the stomach will not be able to digest much food. If, however, the study but little, they can eat more with impunity. I have not, however, known

this disease cured by a change of diet alone. I have known many students and professional gentlemen who were afflicted with troublesome stomach affections for several years, during which time they frequently believed they had discovered a remedy for their evils. Sometimes they were to be cured by eating bran bread; at others by weighing all the food they eat, or by living on rice, or porridge, or by living without coffee or tea, or by some trifling change in diet about as important as putting a few grains more or less, of salt in an egg they eat.

Most of the methods afford some relief for a while, and this is usually in proportion to the confidence with which they are imposed or embraced; but I do not know of one solitary cure by any of these means alone.

The most instances of cure which I recollect, have been in those individuals whose minds have been permitted to rest from accustomed labors, or have been directed to new pursuits, or relieved from anxiety and care. Some have traveled far, and have recovered; voyages have restored others. Some have become husbands and forgotten their stomach complaints; some have succeeded in business and are well; some are in, or out of office, and thus their minds are freed from long-continued anxiety; while others remain as they were several years since, having just discovered, for the twentieth time, some new and, as they believe, effectual remedy for their indigestion; but which will assuredly disappoint them, if they do not cease from mental toil and for a while let the excited brain be quiet.

These views respecting stomach affections so common among the students of this country, will to many appear strange, perhaps absurd; but to some I trust they will be useful. I feel confident they will be, if they induce those who are worn down by mental labor and anxiety, connected with long continued disorder of the digestive organs, to throw aside their bitters, blue pills, mustard seed, etc., and seek bodily health and future mental vigor in judicious exertion of the body, innocent amusements, cheerful company, ordinary diet and mental relaxation.

SOME women are so delicate that they are afraid to ride, for fear of the horse running away; afraid to walk, for fear the dew might fall; afraid to sail, for fear the boat might upset; but they are never afraid to get married, which is more riskful than all the others put together.

Women in Council. No. 4.

EDITED BY BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

"WILL you finish telling us how you manage about dress?" said Mrs. Frailhold to Mrs. Middloweather; the ladies having comfortably settled themselves for the evening at the fourth meeting of the Council. I must premise that the five were the same ones whose discussions came to an end so abruptly at the last meeting.

"Well, I was giving my voice in favor of black silk, wasn't I?"

"Yes, you had just told us how you contrived not to let your dresses take up a great deal of your time. And if there were nothing but dresses to be thought of, I should say that women might get off easily enough on that score. But you know that is only the beginning of our 'what to wear' worry. Woman's dress, I think, takes up so much time because there are so many minute matters connected with it which must be attended to personally. Of course we can neglect them, if we will, or if we must, or entrust them to others; but it is at the risk of being called 'slovenly,' and 'dowdy.' I have never yet met a woman who could, with equanimity, endure to rest under the slur implied by these terms; it is not according to the instinct implanted in her to do so." This from Mrs. Frailhold.

"Certainly," put in Mrs. Furbelow, who was carefully attired for the occasion in a brand new robe of some soft, silky material, of a shade of color which her dressmaker had taught her to call "elephant's breath," and which was so covered with flounces, folds, pipings and puffings as not to leave half a yard of the plain material visible to the eye.

"Certainly, every woman must look after her own clothes, and I know from experience that it takes up more time than anything else. Now, just to look at this dress that I have on, if you only knew what a to-do and worry I've had about it."

"We shall be very glad to hear about it, dear Mrs. Furbelow, when friend Mrs. Middloweather has finished telling us her experience," remarked Mrs. Frailhold, blandly.

"Oh, I forgot; I beg pardon. Do go on, Mrs. Middloweather. I think my bonnets are my greatest worry, after my dresses. How do you manage about yours?"

"Mrs. Middloweather's bonnets always have an air about them," says H. G. "They are

neither too young nor too old for her, and they are always just suited to the occasion—neither too grave nor too gay. There is never anything fussy about them; they fit her so naturally that you couldn't imagine her wearing anything else."

"It has been in my mind for some time to ask who your milliner is," put in Mrs. Furbelow.

"Oh, I never have any to speak of," says the lady addressed, laughingly.

"If I might be permitted to wander from the question of time to that of cost, I should tell you that I seldom ever see the inside of those splendid establishments to which you, Mrs. Furbelow and you, Miss Lovelace, make such frequent visits; and where you leave from twenty to thirty dollars every time you pay for a hat or a bonnet. I have always thought it sheer imposition to pay these prices for a morsel of velvet, a spray of flowers and a feather—tossed together upon a bit of foundation—if you have the least natural taste to guide you in such matters. If you haven't, to be sure, you must pay the crack milliner at this rate for exercising her brains in your behalf for half an hour or so. But for my part, I have always had a fancy—natural, not acquired—for doing a little in the millinery line every now and then myself. I confess I take pleasure in trimming a bonnet for myself, or a cap for my old mother, when I find I can consistently devote an hour or so to this artistic employment. When I can't I send for a woman whom I know, and who is glad to come to the house for a day and adapt her labors to my suggestions. She generally makes over my old things with that 'air' to which you have already alluded, my dear H. G. She is a born milliner, and the bonnets that she concocts out of her pickings of my last year's bits of lace, flowers and feathers, are as stylish at five dollars as Madam La Mode's chapeaux at thirty-five dollars; and, if I hadn't told you, you would never have been able to decide which of the two had made my bonnet."

"But you don't mean to say—" cries Mrs. Furbelow, aghast.

"I do mean to say," says Mrs. Middloweather, anticipating her with perfect tranquility, and following the direction of her involuntary glance, "that the bonnet you are looking at

is simply a resurrection of one of my last year's bonnets, with one or two trifling additions, a judicious consultation of the prevailing mode of placing flowers and ribbons, and a newly-shaped frame. Further, I mean to say that the time and the money I spend upon my bonnets in one year isn't more than one-sixth of what women usually feel bound to devote to them."

"Well, I have to think over the subject for several weeks, and then run about looking at different styles, before I can decide upon what I want, at the beginning of every season; and then my milliner makes me wait two or three weeks before she sends it home; and then I have to pay horribly; and in the meantime I've been wearing around some old dowdy thing that wasn't fit to look at, and haven't been able to go anywhere of an afternoon or evening; and then it's all to do over again in a month or so," says Mrs. Furbelow, disconsolately.

"But why should you ever have to wear around an old dowdy thing that isn't fit to look at?" says Mrs. Middleweather. "I always manage to have at least one bonnet that will not look very much out of place anywhere, or if worn a little out of season; and I don't think there is any economy in a shabby, second-best bonnet. Let everything about it be good and substantial, but unobtrusive, so that if you have to make it do for your best, the substitution will not attract attention. Plainly, I think it is bad taste to make a bonnet or a dress say for you, too loudly: 'This is my best,' or 'this is my second best.' There should be no sharp contrasts in the different costumes of a well dressed woman. Mark, I don't say a showily dressed woman."

"And so you don't really give two-thirds and a half of the other third of your time to those two womanly worries, dresses and bonnets?" queries H. G.

"They take up but little of my time, and should take up less, if it were consistent with what I regard to be the duty of a true woman, either young or old. She should always be neatly and becomingly dressed. Not a spot nor a stain nor a rent anywhere about her; no rumpled dresses nor soiled collars and cuffs; hair neatly kept, and not worn at decided variance with the prevailing mode. Her hands should be as nice as care can make them—as nice as consistent with usefulness. Her clothes well, not tightly, fitting and gracefully cut. But there should never be anything about her so nice as to prevent her from fulfilling any of the proper duties of daughter, sister, wife, mother

and friend. The dress that keeps her from the doors of the poor, from the beds of the sick, from the nursing of her children, from the overseeing of her household, is not a becoming dress; and any care lavished upon dress to the detriment of the interests of these is misplaced and deserving of reprehension. Any money taken from these to be lavished upon dress is worse than misspent, it is *criminally* spent."

"Mrs. Middleweather," says H. G., in the excess of her delight, "I wish I could put you on a platform and let all women hear you."

"Nay rather," says Mrs. Frailhold, "I wish all women might see how you have worked out this problem of uniting the useful with the ornamental; and so be tempted to follow your example. I wish I might do so myself. But, alas!"—with a sigh and a glance at the sewing machine in one corner, by the side of which loomed up an immense basket of white work—"there's all my spring sewing to be done, and I'm in such a strait betwixt two I know I shall leave some pressing duty, social or otherwise, undone so that I may finish it in season; and very likely be sick from over exertion when it is finished."

"Why do you bother over that white work?" says Mrs. Middleweather. "You are just killing yourself by sitting so closely over one thing or another. Do you know that I really think we are under an obligation to give this sort of work out, if we can afford it all. I am often tempted to economize in that direction, as I have a fondness for plain sewing; but I never allow myself to. It is the poorest of all economy, and you wrong three parties by the transaction—yourself, your friends, and the needlewoman. There are just so many hours in every day. You must eat, sleep, walk in the open air, see after your family, do your duty toward your friends, and keep pace with the news of the day. If you have any time left after that it ought to be devoted to mental improvement. You'll be a smart woman if you find the time without overdoing. To do anything at plain sewing you have to sit steadily at it. You can't do this without sacrificing your daily walk in the open air, some of your household interests, defrauding your friends of friendly offices and cheating yourself altogether of mental improvement. A few dollars never were better invested than when they are paid to some poor woman whose only dependence, unfortunately, is her needle. Whenever I have this kind of work to be done I make it a point to look up some person in want of employment."

"Well, I did mean to give out the white work this spring, but you know I am limited to a certain sum for my household expenses, and I want some new things which I can't very well afford, unless I pinch myself somewhere. You know we had a new carpet for the front parlor this spring, and those things I embroidered have just been made up at the upholsterers," says Mrs. Frailhold, doubtfully.

"It would be better for you to have a bare floor and not an embroidered chair or bracket in the house rather than this continual pain in your side. You'll shorten your life by ten or twenty years if you keep on as you are doing now—all work and no play"—says matter-of-fact Mrs. Middleweather.

"Well," says Miss Lovelace a little maliciously, "if you, Mrs. Middleweather, feel free to economize by dispensing with your milliner; why shouldn't Mrs. Frailhold be equally as free to dispense with her seamstress?"

"Because," says Mrs. Middleweather quickly, "in one case it is a question simply of devoting an hour or two once in several months to a light employment, which calls out the artistic faculty dormant in a woman's brain, whereby she is a gainer in every way and nobody a sufferer. In the second case it is a question of sheer hard work, with no compensation to balance the loss account."

"That is to say that in the one case it is true economy to do your own work, while in the other it is false economy," observed H. G.

"We women are, I think, economical by nature, much more so than men; but we too often set about it in a wrong way. This is the result of narrow views; and these narrow views come of a false system of education, imperfectly disciplined reasoning powers and a want of farsightedness. The woman who sits up far into the night to finish a dress, or to make the button-holes in her husband's shirts, is actuated by economical motives; but her economy is a false one. A woman in ordinarily prosperous circumstances is placed in very few situations which make it her duty to sit up late at night, over any sort of work. But we are generally overdoing ourselves in every way in our mistaken desire to be economical. It is time that we were learning that it is just as wrong and criminal to overwork as it is to go to excesses in other things. There are so many women who commit slow suicide by it every year, in the prime of their days. It is a shame that custom presses down the burden so heavily upon their shoulders; but they should throw it off and refuse to bear it; that's

all. It is a matter between a woman and her own soul and God, as to just how much she is able to stand and keep well, and she should find out just where to draw the line and refuse to let her husband or children, her friends, society or public opinion add another hair's weight to her load; because she can't do her duty, either at home or abroad, if she isn't well. She can't make her husband happy, or bring up her children rightly, or do her duty by her friends, if she is not. Oh! this devil of display that has taken possession of women! It is time, indeed, to exorcise it. How many of us can say our souls are our own? Just listen to the complaints of backache, sideache, headache, and every other ache under the sun, which come from the overworked women on all sides of us and in all grades of society. If they are not overworked for the sake of bread then they are for the sake of style. All around us they are dying every day from constant worry, and the curse of undertaking too much. The present style of dress has a great deal of this to answer for. The immense amount of work which is now put into every fashionable garment worn by a woman makes the cost of the material but a secondary consideration. The perpetual shifting of the fashions makes things worse. It keeps the purses of even those in comfortable circumstances at a low ebb to have all these ruffles and flounces and laces and embroideries put on; and when all is done, it is just to commence and do it all over again! But American women are such slaves to appearances that a great many of them are kept busy every available moment of their time in making things for their own wear. This is how they economize! They stay in the house when they should be out in the fresh air, to finish this or that, or the other thing, that they may flaunt about in it on the public streets for half an hour or so once in awhile. No woman who devotes any of her time to mental improvement, and who takes as much outdoor exercise daily as is good for her, can afford, on a moderate income, to dress as the majority of women are now dressing; and it is but fair to infer that most of them have but moderate incomes to devote to purposes of dress, to say the least."

As Mrs. Middleweather here makes a pause, H. G., who has been quietly observing Miss Lovelace, at last says:

"My dear, isn't that black work very trying to your eyes by gaslight?"

"Well, it is a bother," is the candid answer; "but I want to finish this by Sun-

day if possible, so that I can have it to wear."

This turns out, on investigation, to be a black cashmere sacque, with flowing sleeves, which is entirely covered with a braiding pattern in black *soutache*, scantily interspersed with black jet beads. It is about two-thirds done.

"How long have you been at work on this?" says Mrs. Middleweather, holding up a corner of it.

"Just two weeks. So I calculate to finish it by Saturday, if I work steadily at it; as I have just another week from to-day."

"What do you call working steadily at it?"

"Well, I have worked from early morning till noon and a part of the afternoon, and sometimes a whole evening, since I began it. Sometimes I have been up till nearly twelve, I felt so interested in it."

"And this is a sample of your day for two weeks past?"

"Yes." But you know it is impossible to finish anything of this sort unless you sit steadily at it."

"And you mean to keep this up for another week?"

"Well I must, to finish it."

"Poor girl," said Mrs. Middleweather, compassionately, "you must be very badly off for clothes!"

"Indeed, yes, I have absolutely nothing to wear; and I haven't felt like going out till I could have this."

"Let me see. Where is your velvet cloak? You surely haven't worn that out in one winter?"

"No. But that is for winter wear, and one must have spring clothes."

"Yes. But it seems to me that this is very winterish weather for May. Well, since the velvet cloak is tabooed, where is that pretty cashmere cape, trimmed with guipure lace, that I remember to have seen you wear?"

"Oh, that's old; I wore it last fall."

"Well, I'm sure! I didn't know there was any law interdicting the wearing in spring of the garments we have worn in the fall, provided they be decent and whole. But you are very much to be pitied, my poor girl! since your only alternative is to be cooped up in the house, sewing night and day, with aching eyes, that you may cover a bit of black stuff with black cord and beads before you can have anything to wear. I never knew till now that you had to make your own clothes before you could have them. Has your papa met with any reverses?"

"Oh dear, no! How could you imagine such a thing? But my dressmaker is so busy with my spring suit, and the girl who usually does such things as this for me could not do it for two weeks. Besides, it costs between fifteen and twenty dollars to have a sacque like this braided. So I thought I might as well do it myself."

Hereditary Improvement. No. 2.

BY FRANCIS GALTON.

THE precise problem I have in view is not only the restoration of the average worth of our race, debased as it has been from its "typical level" by those deleterious influences of modern civilization to which I have referred, but to raise it higher still. It has been depressed by those mischievous influences of artificial selection which I have named, and by many others besides. Cannot we, I ask—and I will try to answer the question in the affirmative—introduce other influences which shall counteract and overbear the former, and elevate the race above its typical level at least as much as the former had depressed it? I mean

by the phrase "typical level," the average standard of the race, such as it would become in two or three generations, if left unpruned by artificial selection, and if reared under what might be accepted as fair conditions of nurture and a moderate amount of healthy, natural selection. It is to be recollected that individuals are not the offspring of their parents alone, but also of their ancestry to a very remote degree; and that, although by a faulty system of civilization the average worth of a race may become depressed, it has nevertheless an inherent ancestral power of partly recovering from that depression, if a chance be given it of doing

so. It has, on the one hand, the advantage of the civilized habits ingrained into its nature; and, on the other hand, it may rise above the abnormal state of depression to which the evil influences of the artificial selection of our modern civilization have temporarily reduced it.

In my work on "Hereditary Genius" I entered at considerable length upon the classification of men in different grades of natural ability, separated by equal intervals, and showed how we might estimate the proportionate numbers of men in each of them, by availing ourselves of a law whose traces are to be met with in all the variable phenomena of nature. For example, it will be found that we may divide any body of individuals into four equal groups, of which two shall consist of mediocrities, and the other two shall be alike, but opposite, as an object floating in water is to its reflection; the one containing all the grades above mediocrity up to the highest, and the other all below mediocrity down to the lowest. I do not say that this law is strictly applicable to nations where many individuals are diseased in some definite manner, because the essence of the law is, that the general conditions should be of the same kind throughout. On the other hand, disease and health are, for the most part, due to little more than different grades of constitutional vigor and of sanitary conditions; and, so far, the nations will fall strictly within the range of the law, which I therefore employ as a useful approximation to the truth. My hope is, that the average standard of a civilized race might be raised to the average standard of the pick of them, as they now are, at the rate of one in every four. It will be clearly understood by those familiar with the law of deviation from an average, that the distribution of ability, in a race so improved, would be very different to that of the pick of the present race, though their *average* worth was the same. The improved race would have its broad equatorial belt of mediocrities, and its deviations upward and downward, narrowing to delicate cusps; but the vanishing point of its baseness would not reach so low as at present, and that of its nobleness would reach higher. On the other hand, the pick of our present race would not be symmetrically arranged, but the worst of them would be the most numerous, and the form of the whole body, when classified, would be that of a cone resting on its base, whose sides curved upward to a sharp point. I find it impossible to explain, without repeating what I have already written in "Hereditary Genius," the enormous advantages that would follow the elevation of our

race through so moderate a range as that I have described. It chiefly consists in the sweeping away of a legion of ineffectives, and in introducing, in very much greater proportions, the number of men of independent and original thought. It is those men and women who form the fine point of the upward cusp, who are the salt of the earth, and who make nations what they are. Now the section of the cusp broadens as it descends, therefore if the whole affair be pushed upward, so to speak, ever so little, the numbers of the men of the same absolute value become very largely increased.

I will endeavor to give an idea of the result of a selection at the rate of one in four of the inferior specimens of a civilized race, and will take my example from France, because the quality of the nation is well gauged by that of the annual body of youthful conscripts, who are carefully examined, and whose characteristics are minutely classified. It is better not to take too recent a year, as some persons believe the French race to have deteriorated of late; so I will refer to 1859, of which I happen to have the "Compte-rendu sur le Recrutement de l'Armée" in my library. Speaking in round numbers, a quarter of a million of conscripts were examined in that year, and no less than 30 per cent. of that number were rejected as unfit for the army. Six per cent. were too short, being under the *puny regulation height of five feet five inches*, and a large proportion of these—say one-half, or three per cent.—must be considered as unfit citizens in other respects than being unfitted for the muscular work required in the army. Not many were incapacitated by accident, as by blindness or deafness, resulting from injury or by rupture; but of these, again, only a small portion justly come under that head. I am assured that if a person has hereditary predisposition to deafness, slight accidents, such as a blow on the head, or a bad cold, which would be comparatively harmless to other people, will frequently affect and ruin his hearing; and the same is the case with the eyesight and every other function. In addition, we must recollect that *many accidents are the result of stupidity and slowness*. Of the injuries by the effects of which the youths were unfitted for the army, I feel sure that less than half should be ascribed to pure accident; and that of the 30 per cent. who were rejected for all causes, not more than three per cent. should be allowed as coming under that head. Adding this to what we have already excepted out of those who were considered too short, there remain 24 per cent. who

were diseased, or crippled, or puny. In round numbers, one-quarter of the French youths are naturally and hereditarily unfitted for active life.

I will now turn to the other end of the scale of ability, to see what the quarter of a nation is like who are picked out as the best, and I do not know a better example to cite than one which I recently witnessed with great interest. It was on board the St. Vincent training ship for seamen for the Royal Navy, which is stationed at Portsmouth. I was informed that out of every three or four applicants not more than one was, on the average, accepted; the applicants themselves being in some degree a selected class. The result was that when I stood among the 750 boys who composed the crew, it was clear to me that they were decidedly superior to the mass of their countrymen. *They showed their inborn superiority by the heartiness of their manner, their self-respect, their healthy looks, their muscular build, the interest they took in what was taught them, and the ease with which they learnt it.* A single year's training turns them out accomplished seamen, in a large number of particulars. I give in a footnote* the conditions which they must fulfill to be qualified for admission. They seem to have been drawn up in an excellent spirit, and to produce most happy results. If the average English youth of the future could be raised by an improvement in our race to the average of those on board the St. Vincent, which is no preposterous hope, England would become far more noble and powerful than she now is. The general tone of feeling, in short the "Mrs. Grundy" of the nation, would be elevated, the pres-

* Each boy must bring a proper certificate of character and declaration of age. The age of admission is between fifteen and sixteen and a half years. The agreement is to serve in the navy up to the age of twenty-eight. No boys are received from reformatories or prisons, nor if they have been committed before a magistrate. The other requirements are: If their age is between 15 and 15 1-2 years, their height without shoes must be at least 4 feet 10 1-2 inches, and their measurement round the chest must be at least 29 inches; if their age is between 15 1-2 and 16, their height must be not less than 4 feet 11 1-2 inches, and their measurement round the chest at least 29 1-2 inches; if their age is between 16 and 16 1-2 their height must be not less than 5 feet 1 inch, and measurement round the chest at least 30 inches. They must be able to read and write fairly; be strong, healthy, well grown, active and intelligent; free from all physical malformation, never have had fits, and must be able to pass a strict medical examination by the surgeons of the ship. Their teeth must be good, so that they may be able to bite biscuit; at the same time we must recollect that bad teeth are to some degree the sign of a bad constitution.

ent army of ineffectives which clog progress would disappear, and the deviations of individual gifts toward genius would be no less wide or numerous than they now are; but by starting from a higher vantage ground they would reach proportionately farther.

It is idle to lament the ill condition of our race without bestirring ourselves to find a remedy, but it requires some audacity to publicly propose schemes, because the world at large is incredulous of the extent of the ill, while most of those who are more correctly informed feel little faith in the feasibility of remedying it. Nevertheless, the subject is one which the public ought to be accustomed to hear discussed without surprise or prejudice; and I trust that my own remarks will attract the attention of some few competent persons, by whom they may be helpfully criticised. I will describe what I have to propose from the very beginning. It is entirely based on the assumption that the ordinary doctrines of heredity are, in a broad sense, perfectly true; also that the popular mind will gradually become impressed with a conviction of their truth, owing to the future writings and observations of many inquirers; and, lastly, that we shall come to think it no hardheartedness to favor the perpetuation of the stronger, wiser and more moral races, but shall conceive ourselves to be carrying out the obvious intentions of Nature by making our social arrangements conducive to the improvement of their race.

There is a vast difference between an intellectual belief in any subject and a *living belief*, which becomes ingrained, sometimes quite suddenly, into the *character*. I do not venture to ask that the doctrines of heredity shall be popularly accepted in the latter sense, in order that the seeds of my scheme should be planted; but I am satisfied if they shall come to be believed in with about the same degree of persuasion and as little fervor as are those, at the present time, of sanitary science. That is enough to enable the scheme to take root and to grow, but I cannot expect it to flourish until the popular belief shall have waxed several degrees warmer.

My object is to build up, by the more process of extensive inquiry and publication of results, a sentiment of *caste* among those who are *naturally gifted*, and to procure for them, before the system has fairly taken root, such moderate social favor and preference—no more and no less—as would seem reasonable to those who were justly informed of the precise measure of their importance to the nation. I conclude

that the natural result of these measures would be to bind them together by a variety of material and social interests, and to teach them faith in their future, while I trust to the sentiment of caste to secure that they shall intermarry among themselves about as strictly as is the custom of the nobility in Germany. My proposition certainly is not to begin by breaking up old feelings of social status, but to build up a caste *within* each of the groups into which rank, wealth and pursuits already divide society—mankind being quite numerous enough to admit of this sub-classification. There are certain ingenious persons who examine the records of unclaimed dividends at the Bank of England and search for the heirs of the original owners, and inform them—for a consideration—to their advantage. My object is to have the English race explored, and their now unknown wealth of hereditary gifts recorded; and that those who possess such a patrimony should be told of it. I leave it to the natural impulses by which mankind are guided to insure that such wealth should not continue to be neglected, any more than any other possession unexpectedly made known to them. Great fortunes are commonly observed to coalesce through marriage, and members of aristocracies seldom make alliances out of their order, except to gain wealth. Is it less to be expected that those who become aware that they are endowed with hereditary gifts *should abstain from squandering their patrimony by marrying out of their caste?* I do not for a moment contemplate coercion as to whom any given person should marry; such an idea would be scouted nowadays almost as much as that of polygamy, or of infanticide. But it is quite conformable to the customs of this century to employ social considerations to effect what is desirable, and their efficacy in this case would be as great as is needful. The great majority are sure to yield to it, and it is a trifling matter when we look to general results, if a small percentage refuse obedience. I also lay great stress on the encouragement of the gifted caste to *marry early*—twenty-three to twenty-five for both sexes—and to live under healthy conditions; and this I consider would be effected in the manner I shall briefly explain.

The reader will probably find after I have concluded that the questions chiefly to be discussed—it being understood that my primary suppositions are provisionally granted—are, first, whether the proposed means are adequate to create a caste whose sentiments shall have the character and strength assigned to them;

and, secondly, whether the existence of such a caste would or would not be intolerable to the country at large, at the time when it had become powerful, but by no means dominant.

I propose as the first step, and the time is nearly ripe for it, that some society should undertake three scientific services; the first by means of a moderate number of influential local agencies, to institute continuous inquiries into the facts of human heredity; the second to be a center of information on heredity for breeders of animals and plants; and the third to discuss and classify the facts that were collected. I look upon the continuity of the inquiry as very important, from the extreme difficulty I have experienced in ransacking bygone family details, even of recent date. Biographies and pedigrees require contemporaneous touching up, in order that they may be full and trustworthy, and that an adequate accumulation of hereditary facts may in time be formed.

All this is purely scientific work, to the performance of which no reasonable objection can possibly be made, and is intended to tell us in what degree and with what qualification the ordinary doctrines of heredity apply to man. Different persons may expect it to yield different results; that which I expect is that these doctrines will be fully confirmed, in a broad sense, and that an immense amount of supplemental and special information will be gathered. It is entirely on the supposition that these hopes will be verified that all I have now to say is based. The proposed work is a large one, but not impracticable. Any family or any community could undertake the raw materials for itself, and therefore large districts, or even the entire nation, which is but a collection of such units, could equally do so. However, it would require much enthusiasm in the cause to carry it steadily on, and to discuss the results upon a sufficient scale; but it need not be isolated work. It would naturally fall in with an undertaking that would commend itself to many, of obtaining a more exact statistical insight into the condition of the nation than we now possess, by working very thoroughly a moderate number of typical districts as samples of our enormous population. If inquirers existed, there are large numbers of statistical queries which might be most usefully answered. Among others, we want an exact stock-taking of our worth as a nation; not roughly clubbed together, rich and poor, in one large whole, but judiciously sorted by persons who have local knowledge, into classes

whose mode of life differs. We want to know all about their respective health and strength and constitutional vigor; to learn the amount of a day's work of men in different occupations; their intellectual capacity, so far as it can be tested at schools; the dying out of certain classes of families, and the rise of others; sanitary questions, and many other allied facts, in order to give a correct idea of the present worth of our race, and means of comparison, some years hence, of our general progress or retrogression.

I will now suppose a few more years to have passed, during which time short biographies and pedigrees, illustrated by measurements and photographs, shall have been compiled, of perhaps a thousand or more individuals in each of the districts under investigation. Schoolmasters, ministers, medical men, employers of la-

bor, and the resident gentry will be applied to; but no blind zeal should be evoked that might arouse prejudice and unreasonable opposition. The facts should be collected quietly, and with the *bona fide* object of obtaining scientific data. If the results prove to be such as I have reason to expect, then, but only then, will the conviction begin to establish itself in the popular mind that the influence of heredity is one of extraordinary importance. I ask for no anticipatory action, but merely to inquire on a large scale, in a persistent manner, and to allow events to follow in their natural course; knowing full well that if observation broadly confirms the truth of the present doctrines of heredity, quite as many social influences as are necessary will become directed to obtain the desired end.

(To be continued.)

Is Woman Adapted to the Dental Profession.

BY MISS EMILIE FOEKING, D. D. S., DANTZIG, PRUSSIA.

AT the opening of this paper I beg to be allowed the remark that I do not rank—nor do I wish to rank—among that class of women commonly called “strong-minded,” and hope that all who have known me during my two courses of study in the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery will kindly bear witness to this statement of mine.

I will merely try to find in this manuscript that woman is able to pursue the study of dentistry without being in any way suspected of thus attempting to attain to an aim lying far beyond the reach of her power, or being accused of meddling with the sphere of men.

Being a foreigner, I confidently hope that you will kindly bear with my English, and be lenient critics if a deficient knowledge of the language occasionally prevents me from giving the precise and clear idea of what I wish to say.

I well know that the command of the Lord, given to the first man (Genesis 1st ch., 18th v.) still holds good for our days, But as long as gynococracy shall not reach that point which enables her to compel a man she likes to marry her, so long we will have unmarried women. And such, even if they are rich, lead a tedious life at the best as spinsters; and if they are

poor will either become an incumbrance to their family, or submit themselves to any work to which they, perhaps, have not been used in their earlier days. At all hazards, they are generally considered of but little use in the world, because they have no aim to strive for; they have nothing, even if fate deals well with them, but their work-box at their elbow for consolation. However, to be aimless means to be useless. Therein lies the reason why old maidens almost everywhere are objects of ridicule; which is not the case with old bachelors. They carry on their business or follow some profession, and are apparently of some benefit to the world in one way or another. Hence, if woman abandons the old and worn out high-road of social custom, of bitter disappointment, humiliation and distress, by engaging in some trade, business or profession congenial and suitable to her inclination, talents and physical strength, should she on this account be blamed and reproached? Surely not all females can become good governesses; for, heaven knows, we have too many of them already, frightening children with their ogre-eyed spectacles of various colors, and their restlessly and nervously quivering curls and lips. Moreover, their lot being by no means an en-

viable one, I concluded not to increase their number, but to engage in the practice of dentistry. I shall endeavor to prove not only the right of woman to apply herself to such a study, but also her indubitable qualifications, superior often to those of man in the practice of this profession.

WHAT ARE THE OBJECTS OF DENTISTRY?

The offices of this profession are three—

First, the treatment necessary for the preservation of healthy teeth;

Second, the best treatment for the cure of diseased teeth and their removal, when this may become necessary.

Third, the replacement of the teeth removed by artificial ones.

WHO CAN PERFORM THESE DUTIES?

After speaking of the aim and scope of dentistry, the question as to the necessary qualifications for the study and practice of this art presents itself for consideration.

It is true, almost any one may pull a loose incisor; and there are, moreover, enough men and women who carry on this business of tooth pulling. However, as a usual thing, these persons care but little if, by their unskilled and ignorant manipulations, they injure those entrusting themselves to such unprofessional hands. I saw a case of this kind in Germany. A blacksmith's wife who formerly had been a servant in a barber's house, and there had often witnessed teeth-pulling, took a fancy to it and practiced it. In a country village, where I happened to be at the time, she tried to pull a molar, but after seven unsuccessful attempts she finally fractured the jaw bone of the unfortunate sufferer. Unskilled hands, no doubt, will often do more harm than good, and should keep from meddling with this art.

But where is this skill to be obtained? Surely nowhere better than in dental colleges. Dentistry being taught theoretically by lectures, and practically by demonstrative instruction in operating; the first qualification indispensable to those wishing to enter upon this study will be that such persons should be in the possession of an education sufficient to enable them to follow up with profit the lectures of the professors. If the student has obtained a classical education it is so much better, for it will greatly assist him or her in the preliminary studies of this art and science. I feel myself only too painfully how hard it is to understand and retain the technical terms in use without a sufficient knowledge of the Latin language. However, one may possess the necessary educational foundation and yet be wholly unfit, practically, to

pursue this profession; for there are many who cannot endure the sight of blood, and yet bloody work has often to be done in dentistry. Strong nerves, calmness and courage are indispensable for the pursuit of this profession. Moreover, since many of the operations pertaining to dentistry require a certain amount of physical strength, the practitioner of this art must necessarily be in possession of it, or many of his attempts in practical dentistry will result in failures.

Not only physical strength, but also mechanical and artistic skill is required to satisfy the demands daily made upon practical dentists. A person may have the strength of a lion, yet, having five thumbs on each hand will surely be little qualified to do justice to this work, and must give poor satisfaction to his patrons.

CAN A WOMAN PERFORM THESE DUTIES?

It now involves upon me to answer the question, whether woman possesses the qualifications necessary for the study and practice of dentistry. Surely not all women are able successfully to engage in such a study; but this holds good with regard to man. The latter, it is true, has many advantages over the former. Our high schools and colleges, offering him a classical education, are open to him; so that, in this respect there is no obstacle in his way that prevents him from preparing himself for any profession.

In Germany, on the other hand, it is difficult for women to obtain a classical and scientific training, attention being paid there mostly to the study of French and English, and to the perusal of our own and foreign literature. Neither chemistry, anatomy or physiology is studied there by women, and what little is done in natural sciences is hardly worth speaking of. Latin is not taught to females in any of our institutions—at least not so far as I know of. Prussia has 407 high schools (universities, with about 7,500 students, not included), for boys and young men, with 140,000 pupils; but I do not know of any such institution for the benefit of girls which enjoys the support of the government. The whole care of providing for female schools is left either to private enterprise or to the various cities. Prussia expends from thirty to forty-five per cent. of her whole income for military purposes, and not quite three per cent. for schools. If, therefore, a woman desires to enter upon any professional duty, she must privately undergo that preliminary training which qualifies her successfully to pursue the former.

There is, however, another point worthy of consideration. Girls leaving school at the age of seventeen or eighteen very rarely think of undertaking the study of medicine, or any other profession. At least the number will be an exceedingly small one in Germany, for at that age almost all expect to marry. However, many a worthy young girl sees her hopes blasted in this respect, and finding herself doomed to travel through life alone, feels the necessity of providing for her own wants. Thus, when the hand of disappointed and advanced womanhood gradually but mercilessly begins to destroy her youthful charms and marks the number of her lonely hours, and the blighted hopes on her thoughtful brow, she begins to look around for some honorable means of self-support, and to think of some professional pursuit. But much of what she has learned in school has been forgotten, and now has to be learned over again. This requires no little perseverance, and is accomplished with no little strain upon both mind and body. However, this very perseverance is the best argument in favor of the right of woman to shape her own destiny and to choose her own path of life, if fate shows itself unwilling to allow her to reach the aim which nature desires every woman to reach for her own happiness, as well as the happiness of others. And whenever we meet with such perseverance we should not ruin that courage which arms one to come up to one's duty with strong nerves and steady hands. Whoever of women has such a mind, she need not be afraid "to put the hand to the plough."

It is true the work to be performed, the labor to be done, and hardships to be undergone, is great—certainly greater than I had imagined. Indeed, we often entertain wrong ideas about matters we do not know, but at the same time no one knows how much he can do, and the powers he possesses for toiling as well as enduring, until he has tried his powers and fathomed his resources. Let his aim, therefore, be a high one, and his confidence and hopefulness unshaken; for *much* is only accomplished by those who dare much and strive for much.

UNDER WHAT SPECIAL CONDITIONS CAN A WOMAN UNDERGO THE STUDY OF DENTISTRY ?

I have already mentioned that not all women are qualified to study dentistry, and will now endeavor to point out the requirements necessary for such study.

In the land of my birth, that staunch representative of conservatism, there is no chance

given to women to study dentistry. The only university admitting female students is that of Geneva, and there the female students are principally Russian ladies. A number of them, as I have learned, do not appear especially lady-like. Victoria Woodhull, Dr. Mary Walker, and that class of "strong-minded women," would glory in seeing them walk through the streets clad in tight trousers, with a student's cap on their heads, a cigar in mouth, flourishing a cane or riding-whip in their right hand; and, if reports are not exaggerated, occasionally joining male students in their nightly debauches and bacchanalian feasts. Since we do not yet have colleges and universities for the exclusive use of women, they are compelled to study in colleges in which they are greatly outnumbered by male students—glad not to be ejected altogether. This being an undeniable fact, a woman, whether coming from Europe or being an American, must be without ties and without hopes; she must not be interested in men at all. Consequently she is not allowed to "flirt." This word is idiomatically English, and has no representative in the German language.

Whoever of my sisters want to enter upon the study of dentistry must be of most pure thoughts, which will produce pure words and lead to pure deeds. So much the more this will be the condition for those who "break the ice," who are the first adepts of the art.

A woman studying dentistry must abandon all thoughts of getting married. If she should marry, it would likely be to her repentance. The consequences of marriage would temporarily prevent her from performing the duties of her profession.

As concerns the place where a woman studies—the college—it had to be considered a "sanctuary," her behavior must be in strict accordance with this. Neither taking nor allowing the slightest liberties must be established as a rule from which, under no condition, a deviation is to be allowed. Then the gentlemen students will have some respect for their female "committees," and bear them, and not object to their joining in the lectures and demonstrations. In this way the faults found with us because of the very fact that we apply ourselves to the study of the professions, I hope, will be overcome, and the public in general will gradually acquire a more just opinion about the matter; and women, hitherto jeered at and slighted for this attempt, may yet be appreciated for trying to be useful in their way as far as their strength allows.

WHAT WOULD BE THE CHARACTER OF A WOMAN'S
DENTAL PRACTICE?

It is a matter of fact that out of ten individuals calling for the services of a dentist, from eight to nine are women and children. This statement being admitted, it is evident that, although confined to this class of patients, there is a field sufficiently wide for woman's labor, and this in her proper sphere. Certainly almost any woman would greatly prefer to be treated by a woman, especially if she is in delicate circumstances. Moreover, nature has endowed woman with much more delicacy and tenderness of feeling, and has put into her heart more sympathy with the suffering of mankind than she gave to man.

I mentioned that among ten individuals applying for aid at a dentist's there were from eight to nine women and children. I will not search the cause why woman's teeth are liable to decay, I merely state the fact that women in delicate circumstances are more exposed to suffer from their teeth than others. Operations at this time, especially in the earlier stages of it, often resulting in sad consequences to the sufferer, a dentist ought to be careful to inquire about the state of the woman. This is a delicate point, especially for a young male dentist. He may seem too inquisitive, and offend the patient. However, as regards a lady dentist, there is no harm in such inquiry. Out of a kind of bashfulness on both sides—the patient's as well as the operator's—certain questions occasionally may not be made, and the sad consequences have to be borne. The statement has been made that occasionally unworthy members of the profession have taken liberties with ladies who entrusted themselves to their care. There is no such thing to be apprehended with a lady dentist.

One German lady, Mrs. Henriette Hirschfeld, has been studying dentistry in Pennsylvania College, in Philadelphia, from 1867—1869. She is practising dentistry now, since September, 1869, in Berlin. Her success is encouraging to the sex. She counts among her patients even members of the imperial family. She is highly esteemed, enjoys the best reputation, and is prospering in every respect.

Empirism is the best judge of facts, hence my hope that female dentists have a wide field of labor before them, not only in Germany but in many other countries, and may justly hope to meet with success.

CONCLUSION.

They say that woman, for the physical strength denied to her by nature, is endowed

with more perseverance and steadiness, and the deficiency of active force is made good by quickness of perception, greater elasticity and passive resistance. If this be so, and if some of these qualities may be found in me, I am sure I will make use of them to the best of my ability. I shall proceed in the study of my profession, and try to do honor as well to my professors, to whom I owe the greatest thanks for their kindness so frequently shown to me, as to my sex; to whom I want to try to prove that a woman has a right to provide for her own wants

P. S.—Since I wrote the above I find in a German periodical of high standing—for 1872, No. 32—an article on ladies studying at the University of Zurich. Von Bishoff, professor of anatomy and physiology, is opposed to their studying medicine, and declares that he never would allow any woman to attend his lectures. But another professor of the same university, member of the academic senate, has published in a daily paper—*Allgamaia Zeitung*—his views on the subject, and is rather in favor of the question.

The first two Russian ladies entered the university in 1864. Of twenty-five ladies having gone through a course of medical study, three left the university with a diploma, seven without being graduated. The number of female students who came in the winter of 1871–72 was from 19 to 31, and in the summer of 1872 from 31 to 63, of whom there were 54 Russian ladies. Foreigners are admitted without the *testimonium maturitatis*. Number of students of the University of Zurich was 208. Two ladies who have been graduated at Zurich also passed an examination in Russia, and were permitted to practice medicine. They have located in Petersburg, and enjoy a high reputation and have there an ample practice.

Not one word having been said of improper conduct of these ladies, I consider it my duty to take back what I have said about it; and am glad to do so for the sake of my sex.

ACCORDING to the census tables there were 3,500 centenarians living in the United States in 1870. Of these 642 were native whites, 522 foreign born whites, and 2,536 colored. The proportion of women was larger in each case; their numbers being 333, 187 and 1,652 respectively.

SHE who can compose a cross baby is greater than she who composes books.

Water.

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

MOTHER of beauty is water ;
 Water is fairest and best,
 She that bore Love was its daughter ;
 Everywhere water is blessed.
 Strong in the surges of ocean,
 Lovely when calmly at rest,
 Grand and sublime when in motion,
 Chainless, uncurbed, unrepressed.

Water's the girdle of nations,
 Reaching from day unto night,
 Binding far off generations,
 Pathway of fame and of might.
 Ender of benefits never ;
 Affluent source of delight,
 Bringer of beauty forever,
 Ever a joy to the sight.

Over the precipice dashing,
 Proud and exulting and strong,
 How it goes foaming and flashing,
 Leaping and laughing along !
 Rainbows its forehead surrounding,
 Doing its pureness no wrong ;
 On it goes springing and bounding,
 On it goes singing its song.

Up from the deep it ascendeth,
 Viewless, on pinions of air ;
 With the fine ether it blendeth,
 Clouds are its chariots there.
 High in the home of the thunder,
 Where makes the lightning its lair,
 Wearing a mantle of wonder,
 There, even there it is fair.

But when in torrents of silver,
 Fast it descends to the earth,
 Filling the river and rill—for
 They unto it owe their birth—
 Then it is welcomer, fairer ;
 Nothing can rival its worth ;
 Artist, reviver, repairer,
 Mother of beauty and mirth.

Water is healer and cleanser ;
 Water a gift is divine,
 Ever of blessings dispenser,
 Potent to charm and refine,
 As in some glass of magician,
 All things transformed in it shine ;
 Water makes earth's scenes Elysian,
 Water is better than wine.

See how it bubbles and sparkles
 Up from dim caves into light !
 Bright in it beam, when it darkles,
 All the proud hosts of the night.
 When the full moon in her splendor
 Steps up the firmament's height,
 Mirrors lake, sea, and stream lend her,
 Crystalline, endlessly bright.

Nurse and purveyor of pleasure,
 Sister of light and of air,
 Famine flies far from its presence ;
 Vanish the fiends of despair.
 Health and wealth cluster about it,
 All things below are its care,
 Earth were a desert without it,
 Treeless and flowerless and bare.

Fill, then, with water a beaker,
 Pure as it flows from the spring ;
 Never vine yielded such liquor,
 Spite of what bacchants may sing.
 Broods there no spirit of malice,
 Lurks there no serpent to sting ;
 Quaff it from Nature's own chalice,
 Loud let its eulogy ring.

Nature's Lessons.

THERE is a lesson in each flower,
 A story in each stream and bower ;
 On every herb o'er which we tread
 Are written words which, rightly read,
 Will lead us from earth's fragrant sod,
 To hope, and holiness and God.

Nursing.

BY ZIPPIE BROOKS WALES, M. D.

THIS familiar word is to almost every one suggestive of varied sick-room experiences, perhaps not always rendered as agreeable as they would have been by skilled nurses. Now that men and women are interesting themselves in the establishment of schools for the training of nurses, may we not with advantage consider briefly the requisites of good nursing?

Within a few years women have been looking up and down the avenues of labor for work and wages, and have sometimes become discouraged and hopeless on finding some of those avenues filled.

Again, some have become almost embittered toward their brother man, because he is the more successful competitor for work they wanted. In our eagerness to obtain our desires we often forget to canvass carefully our qualifications, to see whether we are fitted for the work, the wages, the honor our trio of applicants—head, heart and hands—ask for.

In every city and hamlet nurses are wanted. When our loved one is sick no work is so respected, and none more cheerfully remunerated, than good nursing. When the nurse fills perfectly her position it is a matter of congratulation to see how much the comfort not only of the sick one, but of the whole family is increased by her efficiency. The confidence and rest they feel when a good nurse stands sentinel, by day and night, leads them to look upon her as a household necessity, and they count money for her service a wise and good investment—which they wish to make so long as there remains an excuse for so doing. Their respect and obligation, akin to that for the family physician, hold her in enduring remembrance.

Here may be built up an honored profession where men rarely offer themselves, and are as rarely solicited for the sick-room.

Let women give time and their best energies to fitting themselves for this work, not content until they have mastered their profession, and they will find that skill and experience meet a reward worth the striving after.

In the gravest forms of disease the most experienced and skilled practitioner counts his prospect of curing his patient greatly enhanced, if not secured, by good nursing.

Let us look at what is comprised in this essential to invalid and doctor:

Florence Nightingale says of nursing: "It has been limited to signify little more than the administration of medicines and the application of poultices. It ought to signify the proper use of fresh air, light, warmth, cleanliness, quiet and the proper selection and administration of diet, all at the least expense of vital power to the patient."

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell remarks: "Many diseases begin with the same symptoms, just as many words begin with the same letters; each added letter helps us to identify the word and each additional sign helps to indicate the malady, until doubt ripens to certainty and we know at length what foe we have to deal with."

Will not a judicious care, in regard to the points named by Miss Nightingale, enable us often to arrange our letters so that they may form a word pleasant to the ear of patient, friend and physician, or may we not so apply ourselves to first symptoms that they shall often be modified and give place to returning health, and thus avert long if not fatal illness.

Do we not often accept as symptoms of disease an imperative call of the body for those things which hygiene and physiology teach us are the requisites of healthful organs and perfect functional activity.

To illustrate, may not a headache or fever result from an over-heated room or ill-ventilated apartment; or a chill from lack of care that the depressed vitality be supplemented by external warmth; painful nervous manifestations from lack of quiet at the hour when the nerves needed rest and time for repair; an irritable and inelastic condition of the skin, from lack of cleanliness; and exhaustion, neuralgia, or indigestion, from lack of the timely administration of food suited to the condition of the patient. Now to whom shall we intrust this all-important work?

It is a beautiful theory that the sick should be ministered to by friends whose love prompts to vigilance, an anticipation of every want and an intimate sympathy with every emotion that influences the patient; yet this theory rarely bears the test of practical experience.

Love is liable to distort our mental and moral vision. The intense solicitude it occasions in severe illness leads us to magnify symptoms and intensify morbid conditions, or our strong

desires give hope an anchorage which is unwarranted. Thus the patient does not come under healthful influence, and the nurse and friend rapidly wear out under a twofold burden.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has said: "What you want in a sick-room is a calm, steady discipline, existing, but unfelt; the patient under cool control, which a stranger is far more apt to exercise than a relative." We would add, the nurse should be an acute observer, quick to think and execute, with a delicate appreciation of what will contribute to the comfort of the invalid; but with repose of manner and cheerfulness that shall insure the confidence of the sick one. She should note symptoms with care and report to the doctor alone, and not hold them up to the diseased mind of the patient to be investigated. As regards her dress, let her drapery fall in soft, easy folds about her, free from rustle or starch, with no crinoline putting in its demand for more room, and no corsets to creak their presence and limit muscular movement. With a noiseless shoe let her step be firm and light, exercising the elasticity of her foot, but not hoping to improve it by walking on tiptoe.

The nurse should have her hours for sleep and fresh air, to secure the best health for herself and the best care for the patient, and her meals with regularity. Before returning to the sick-room she should rid herself of the odor of food by cleansing mouth and teeth. To one of delicate stomach and sensitive nerves, a discussion of food, its odor, and the presence of one who is devoting herself to the particles which plug her teeth after a meal, does not find their own demand increased for an article which is so offensively forced upon their senses.

So much concerning our attendant upon the invalid. Now let us consider the room, in regard to its location and appointments, to see what will best suit the varied necessities of the sick-room.

The great value of sunlight and fresh air in the treatment of scrofula and kindred diseases seems more and more to be recognized; and, perhaps, we cannot over-value these agents in the treatment of all diseases; so our chosen room should be where the sun may shine in it as much of the day as possible. Neither shutters nor heavy curtains should be interposed between the invalid—on one side sun, and fresh air on the other.

In ordinary cases a little change of the bed or a screen will shield the eyes from the strong rays all that is necessary.

The ventilation of the room should be so per-

fect that the purity of the internal and external air should be almost identical. Purity and warmth are not incompatible. The temperature should be observed, and when necessary a fire to warm and dry the air that is constantly renewed by that from without.

The open fire, which contributes to the cheerfulness and best ventilation of a room, is a luxury usually recognized, but not always available. Sometimes this perfect ventilation and uniformity of temperature can best be secured by open windows in a communicating room; but we must not forget the choice between an open field and a yard of debris, a broad street and an open sewer.

Even with one window the draughts, so deleterious, may be avoided, and a current of air—by an open space at top and bottom—maintain purity. A close, ill-ventilated sleeping-room is often excused in the following manner: "The night air is so bad, so damp and injurious, we cannot breathe it." What other than night air can we furnish our lungs from sun to sun? We are taught that when we sleep more oxygen is appropriated for the repair of our bodies than when we are awake, then how can we so well re-create them as by giving an abundant supply of the atmosphere, in the highest state of purity in which it exists about us?

We would recognize the difference in temperament and constitutional tendencies, and remember that air very damp or cold may, for instance, induce coughing, when, if we exercise the same care as we recommend by day, that a fire shall dry or warm it, then we may allow of the ingress and egress of night air without a foe to deal with.

High ceilings allow of the best diffusion of gases, and walls and floors that can be washed permit of the most perfect removal of organic matter. When these are not to be secured, nor lime—with its disinfectant property—employed, let us approach the best surroundings, as nearly as we may, by walls and carpets frequently cleansed. As for the sick one, give the patient an opportunity for every view that the windows command, and from day to day give a new picture, an ornament, a flower—something that pleases the eye, and by its suggestion of a new thought relieves the brain from monotony.

If the sufferer be restricted to a bed, let there be two narrow ones in the room, and twice in twenty-four transfer him from one to the other, leaving the bedding to be aired or replaced by that which is clean and fresh.

If couch or reclining chair can be substituted

for a bed, the invalid will find the change of position renders the bed more grateful when he returns to that. Do not expect to increase the comfort of the patient by "making yourself at home," and sitting on the bed and, perhaps,

swinging a foot as you proceed to entertain him.

The jar of the bed, the weariness of your constant motion and the familiarity you evince, may only irritate sensitive nerves and defeat the very purpose you aim to accomplish.

Hints on the Philosophy of Cure.

BY E. D. BABBITT, D. M.*

THE Law of Power is as follows: All elements of nature are powerful in proportion as they are subtle and refined, and weak in proportion as they are coarse and crude.

As proof of this, take such objects as rocks and earth. These are solid and massive, and have principally the negative power of resistance, from their gravity and hardness. Water, though much lighter and seemingly weaker, is a mightier and more refined element; and can wear away the rocks and dissolve the earth. Air is 800 times as light as water, and yet when it puts forth its power can dash the ocean into spray and sweep the forests to the earth. Steam, a still lighter and mightier element, can burst the very earth asunder, as in the case of earthquakes. Electricity, an element so ethereal that it was formerly considered imponderable, can shatter a tree or a building in a moment, and is one of the principles which sweeps the world onward through space and bears on its wings the vast starry orbs, many of which are millions of times as large as the world itself. Now rise to the still finer *vital principle*, which is the direct handmaid of spirit, and we come to a principle so subtle that it can penetrate all known substances and wield even electricity. From this rise to the Spirit itself, first the human spirit, then the angelic, archangelic, and finally to the Infinite Spirit; itself the primate and ultimate of all power in the universe. Thus we may construct an infinite scale, extending from the lower grades of matter to the highest grades of spirit; the power ever increasing as we leave the gross and impure and ascend toward the refined and the heavenly.

But what has been the practice of the medical world for century after century? To dose the poor suffering patient with minerals and earthy substances; the very grossest and feeblest portion of the universe! Man, standing at

the apex of the visible world, has been fed with those crude elements that lie at the very bottom of the scale! But they say there are mineral elements in the human system, and these must be supplied by minerals. There is, it is true, a small proportion of mineral elements, but these are refined by several degrees of progress. The mineral is substance merely; out of the mineral grows the vegetable, which is substance with life. The next step of progress is the animal, combining substance, life and sensation. The highest of all is man, combining substance, life, sensation and intelligence; the whole wielded and kept alive by the soul, which sends its exquisite atmosphere like lightning through the body. In all ages there have been physicians of such large conception as to advocate the use of water, air, light, magnetism, botanical remedies and proper diet and habits of life, and yet when Prieessnitz came forward with his water cure, and Thompson with his botanical remedies, and Hahnemann with his homœopathic reform, and the eclectics with their principle of selection; and especially when the electricians and magneticians came with their subtle elements, what an outcry was raised against them. They were called humbugs, quacks, charlatans, ignoramuses, crazy brains, were sued for malpractice and legislated against and persecuted generally, and all this in face of the fact, as Dr. Rush admitted, that the physicians had caused diseases to increase in frequency and fatality. Thus have millions of the human race suffered and moaned and died, martyrs to the insane practice of running in the old ruts; whereas if they had been taught to eat, sleep, exercise, bathe and live rightly and rear children wisely, instead of being weakened by fierce drugs, how much grander in morals and physique would have been the present generation! Consider how much the world has been cursed by the use, as a medicinal

* D. M. is the new title for Doctor of Magnetics.

agent, of a single one of these minerals, mercury, introduced by the superficial and dissipated quack, Paracelsus, between three and four hundred years ago. Over one hundred medicinal compounds include mercury, and the standard medical works enumerate *fifty-one diseases* which result therefrom! What then must have been the effect of all the other poisons, including some herbs as well as minerals?

Whence, then, shall we gain the highest elements for human upbuilding? Letting alone the subject of proper food, which constitutes, as a general thing, the true medicine, and the blessed influences of good air, water, exercise, etc., I will proceed to a brief consideration of those elements which, according to the law of power, lie at the top of the scale.

Throughout all nature exists an exceedingly subtle etherium, on whose breath the worlds float, and interpenetrated by which are all visible and tangible objects. When this moves at the rate of over 170,000 miles a second it produces an effect called electricity. When it moves about 186,000 miles a second it gives the effect called light. When it moves between 200,000 and 300,000 miles a second it gives the effect of vital magnetism. The delicacy and subtlety of the waves forming light, magnetism, etc., are vastly beyond all human conception, but not beyond human computation. As our law of power proves that the most subtle movements are most effective, let us dwell a moment on this subject. Take, for instance, light and the seven primitive colors of the spectrum, beginning with red, which requires the coarsest waves, and ending with violet, which requires the finest waves. To form red it requires waves so small that 37,000 of them will extend only an inch, and 451 trillions of them must pass a given point in a second! To make violet at the other end of the scale the waves must be much smaller yet, requiring 64,600 of them to extend an inch, while 789 trillions of them must pass a given point in a second! Counting at the rate of fifty a minute night and day, it would thus require over 30,000,000 years to merely note the vibrations that nature can execute in a single second. Each of these waves is formed according to geometrical laws, and produces its actinic, or, in other words, its chemical effect on whatever it touches. Some colors are usually called actinic and some non-actinic, an absurd idea, as according to the law of power all subtle movements must be attended with chemical action to a greater or less degree. The foregoing facts show the advantage of using an abundance of light as a life-

giving power; and the progressive hospitals make good use of sun baths for their patients. One physiologist says he can cure the severest colds in two days by wearing light colored clothes, which transmit the light to the body. When the light strikes dark clothes it becomes transformed to heat. It is certainly exceedingly advantageous to wear light colored clothes in warm weather, as they transmit the light to the body and reflect the heat. A lady physician, of extensive experience in hospitals and water-cures, informs us that she can nearly always tell a lady who is accustomed to wearing black dresses by the imperfect condition of the skin beneath them. In sun bath it is common to have the light strained through blue glass. Blue light has nearly as fine waves as the violet, consequently its rays must be penetrating; though the violet must be still more so, according to our law. The importance of having also an abundance of pure, white light, combining all the colors as they come from nature's glorious fountain, must not be overlooked.

But there is a still more subtle element than light, or the magnetic rays that issue from the sun, namely, vital magnetism; or, as the eminent scientist Baron Reichenbach calls it, *odie force*, or, as Prof. Crookes calls it, *psychic force*. It is the vivifying power of the blood, muscles, nerves, and the direct agent of the soul in controlling both the voluntary and involuntary functions of the body. When we wish to move any part of the body our volition sends out this magnetism through the nerves, as the telegraph wires, until it reaches the muscles of that portion which are made to contract or expand, according to the motion desired. Vital magnetism is thus the real *soul power*, which can be shot out by the will, not only into every part of one's own system, but into other people's systems, even without visible contact, and still more forcibly, as a general thing, by visible contact. This will account for the psychological power of one person over another, and show how a strong will, aided by a strong magnetism, can make a weaker will obey it in every respect—often without even an expression of this will.

We should remember that it is not always the strongest will that triumphs over another person, nor the strongest magnetism, but both combined, so as to project the greatest amount of subtle power upon others. I once made a single pass over a lady's eyes while she was standing, meantime telling her she could not open them. She tried hard to get the eyelids apart for some moments, then laughed and gave it up. Soon she began to stagger and I eased

her to a sofa, where she had a delightful and refreshing nap that greatly soothed her whole nervous system. But I am confident that she had a greater will power than myself, although I had more magnetism than she. A lady of a majestic and magnetic physique once told me that she could nearly always, while in a state of vigorous health, wish a person to come near her without saying a word, and he would come, or to go from her, and he would go; but when she lost this condition of health she lost this power over others. A few weeks since a gentleman in my lecture-room told a lady whom he had never before seen that she would have to follow him around the room, and she did; told her it was cold, and she began to shiver—that it was warm, and she felt warm, etc. He was both magnetic and positive, and could project such a tide of magnetism as to completely sway her own mental and magnetic forces. But the power of psychology is too well known to need illustration here. Every observant person must have seen how completely some strong, positive-willed sharpers can get the best of some other persons equally intellectual, but of a more negative character; and how in thousands of instances ladies and gentlemen psychologize each other into the marriage relation, soon to find out that they have discordant minds, discordant magnetisms and greatly injured health. Should they have children they will be apt to be sickly in mind and body and morals—a curse to themselves and others. When will the world wake up to a knowledge of these subtle and mighty forces, and learn to wield them; or, if necessary, to resist them? The mightiest forces are safest and gentlest when understood; just as the attraction of gravitation can move worlds, or, on the other hand, be affected by a feather. Work in harmony with these refined forces and they will lift you to heaven; work contrary to their laws and they will grind you to powder.

Baron Reichenbach discovered, by a vast number of experiments, that a spiritual or odic emanation proceeds from all objects in the universe. He learned by means of some delicately organized persons whom he called *sensitives*, but whom we should generally call clairvoyants now-a-days, that these different emanations had different effects upon them and presented different colors, which to ordinary eyes are invisible. By many experiments he learned that sickly and nervous persons would often be thrown into spasms when lying with their heads to the west or south, but would be perfectly calm when placed with their heads to

the north and feet to the south. This would harmonize with the idea that the more positive magnetic currents of the earth flow from north to south, a fact that should be heeded, especially by brain workers and persons liable to headache, nervousness, etc. A commission appointed by the Royal College of Physicians of France, after thousands of experiments and the most exhaustive investigations for five years, beginning with the year 1826, finally decided in favor of mesmerism, clairvoyance and the therapeutical advantages of human magnetism. How strange that now almost a half century later many people are still crying humbug to these things. We have a plenty of Rip Van Winkles in our midst who have been asleep to all the beautiful progress of the day twice as long as was the original Rip Van Winkle.

Man being an epitome of the universe, containing within himself the principle elements of nature, and being the most refined and exalted production of the Creator, must emit the finest magnetic atmosphere of all. A healthy human system, especially when magnetically developed, must be endowed with all those medicinal elements that another system needs. If, as Reichenbach proved, each element has an efflux of its own, and if human magnetism is the finest and most penetrating of all known substances, capable, as we have seen, of being projected into other systems, why cannot a finely developed magnetic person conduct to a weaker person the most beautiful and powerful medicinal elements in the whole realms of nature? An answer to this may be seen in the fact that thousands of persons are being cured of diseases in this way which baffle all ordinary medicinal methods. Hundreds of magnetists, or magnetic manipulators, are already at work healing tumors, cancers, rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, delirium, and every variety of diseases of the nervous and vascular system. Some are ignoramuses and charlatans, sure enough, but among them are many noble workers, laying down their lives for their suffering fellows, and treating the human system in many cases with a wonderful intuition, which enables them to see conditions that entirely escape the eye of the ordinary practitioner. The writer, and many others, have cured headaches and acute pains without any contact whatever, by being in the presence of persons suffering. Were I to tell of many cases of cure that I know of they would be scouted as as incredible and miraculous. Those who believe in the theory of their receiving spirit aid, affirm that at death the spirit carries with it into the next

life a spirit-body, or magnetic encasement, consisting of the most ethereal elements of the earthly body; and that, illuminated by the higher life into which they have been ushered, they come back with a higher wisdom and a finer magnetic atmosphere, to control or help the magnetist in his work of healing. I have no time and you have no space to devote to a discussion of so extensive a subject in this place.

But I must hasten to announce the other principle, the Law of Harmony:

The Law of Harmony consists in a nicely balanced combination of opposite elements.

This is the law of perfection in all departments of the universe. Thus—

Beauty comes from combining unity with variety.

Musical harmony consists in combining high and low notes simultaneously, and melody high and low notes consecutively.

In painting the beautiful effect of *chiaroscuro* is from the blending of light and shade.

In delicious flavors sweet and sour are combined, as in a strawberry; or sweet and bitter, as in coffee, or some other opposite elements, either simultaneously or consecutively.

So health consists in the full tide and perfect balance of positive and negative forces; or, in other words, of the equilibrium of the magnetic and electric currents of the system.

The terms *positive* and *negative* are sometimes said to be used to conceal our ignorance; but being ignorant, as we all are, and the terms being significant, I see no objection to them as having a general significance; the term positive meaning the strong, aggressive, or warm forces, and negative the most feeble or cold forces. Quality as well as quantity may be involved in the idea of positive and negative. I will here construct my two-fold scale and place them side by side, so as to assist in applying the law of harmony, and have them progress in refinement to assist in applying the law of power.

1. The positive principle may commence with fire as its coarsest element. The next finer principle is caloric, a finer still is mineral magnetism, and the finest of all is *vital magnetism*.

The negative principle commences with water, including ice, and proceeds in fineness and power to steam, electricity, vital electricity.

These are not all the steps, but simply the leading ones. The positive principle is warm, and deals more with acids; the negative principle is cold, and deals more with alkalies. All motion, life and action comes from the combination of these forces, and all objects in the

universe combine them in one form or another. Even the coarse drugs that are administered contain and impart these principles to the system; but the trouble is that the sediment, the impurity that forms a part of these drugs clogs the wheels of life, and finally tends to rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, scrofula and many other diseases of liver, blood, nerves, etc., whilst vital magnetism is the direct agent of life itself, in its purest and most sublimated form. If this cannot be had in any special case, then some coarser elements must be used; for people must do the best they can. Water, air and sunlight possess both electricity and magnetism, while lifting cures, gymnastics, movement cures and other exercises help to equalize the forces already in the system, and also to appropriate all the better the external forces. Disease comes from a lack of balance of these opposite forces. If the positive or magnetic principle predominates too much it brings about fevers, inflammation and acute diseases generally, while the too great predominance of the negative or electrical element produces chills, sluggish circulation and chronic diseases. Suppose we wish to cure a person who is pale, slender, feeble, and the system as a whole has that inactive condition which we term general debility. How shall we proceed? Electricity in such a system is the ruling principle predominating too much already, hence the electrical battery would not be the most needed thing. Water is apt to conduct away the vitality from such a person, therefore not much of that should be used. Evidently a warm, animating principle is needed. Will fire answer the purpose, or hot irons? According to our scale, fire being the coarsest positive element, is not sufficiently effective—giving no enduring heat. Will food of a heating character answer? This will have some effect, but the patient being very feeble in digestive as well as all other functions, cannot properly work it up so as to extract its magnetic elements. Pure out-door air and warm sunlight will be better; but best of all, the magnetic hand, almost burning as it passes over the dry, cold skin, will give a new life and a new joy, and will quiet the nerves; and after a few times get the system into a permanently improved condition. Suppose, on the other hand, we have a patient who has full color—somewhat fleshy, perhaps—and has those inflammatory diseases that come from a preponderance of the magnetic condition over the electric. Now the battery will do finely; water will do excellently in the form of cool packs over the inflamed and feverish portions; and

such a system, especially if brunette, has the power of attracting the electricity of water to itself— which the pale negative system above mentioned could not do—and the very hand of the magnetist, who in the former case was able to give a warm magnetic element, can, if well developed, contribute the cool electric element for this case, and give a permanent relief. A fever can be changed into a perspiratory condition in a few minutes by vital magnetism, and even a cool pack is incomparably superior to drugs for this purpose.

The law of harmony requires not only that a person should have these opposite elements, but should have them nicely balanced. If a person has too much heat at the head, or abdominal region, his extremities will generally be too cold, and the system will generally be out of order until equalized. Horace Greeley's large, active brain drew the vital forces from his care-worn body, and thus destroyed the equilibrium to such an extent that for some time before his death he could not sleep. His physician administered bromide of potassium, which he said was the best thing he knew of to induce sleep. Is it possible that the doctors have studied these thousands of years and have learned no better way to induce sleep than by giving poison? During the sickness of Mr. Richardson, of Richardson-McFarland fame, his physicians, after exhausting all their remedies for inducing sleep, called a lady magnetist, who placed her hands upon him and kept him in a pleasant sleep for five hours. Suppose a magnetic hand had made passes from Mr. Greeley's over-heated cerebrum to his cerebellum, then down the spine, then especially over the lower extremities, getting the bottom of the feet into a glow by magnetic friction, is it supposable that he would not have slept? I venture to say that a person of only ordinary magnetic power could have put him to sleep by putting his feet into hot water a few minutes, then giving them a dash of cold water to create reaction, then manipulating them well; also making downward passes over the spine. But these simple processes of nature would scarcely suit the old style of doctors, for then what would become of all their Latin and all their other elements of dignity?

But this article is growing too long, and yet I have scarcely commenced my subject. I can scarcely touch upon marriage and the social relations; but would say that, according to our law of harmony, marriage should be a well balanced, not a badly balanced, union of the opposite sexes, and of opposite qualities. The chemical

law, that similars repel, opposites attract, should be remembered in forming a marriage. A man naturally loves a feminine woman, and *vice versa*; and opposite temperaments should commingle, if health and moral growth and happiness and superior children are to be expected. The one sex should, as far as possible, complement the other, in mind and body. The female sex having more of the negative electric element, as a general thing, and the male sex the positive magnetic element, a finer variety of the subtle atmospheres are communicated by their being in each other's presence. Hence in schools and social circles the sexes become healthier, and consequently purer and better by being together.

Dr. Arthur Lutze, of Germany, who has treated over 100,000 patients in a single year on the homœopathic plan, says in his Manual: "Animal magnetism is the vivifying, efficient power of our potencies. The most violent pains often yield to a pass of my hand—to a breath, to a word. * * * The peculiar specific principle which constitutes the soul of the drug is wonderfully excited during the shaking, by the magnetic influence, and it is rendered capable of curatively affecting the disordered nerves. The zoo-magnetic power," he continues, "may be transmitted to natural objects, pure water, sugar, wood, etc." Magnetized paper and medicines are being sent over the country, and are making—in many cases—great cures.

But the ignorance of this subject, even among learned physicians, is gross. When Valentine Greatrakes was invited to London by the king on account of his wonderful magnetic cures, the Royal Society said these cures were brought about by a "sanative contagion in Mr. Greatrake's body, which had an antipathy to disease." Prof. Draper, too, has come forward in Harper's Monthly, and ridiculed this subject, classing it among the delusions. By thus appealing to a half million readers he will doubtless influence some thousands of suffering mortals to continue on in the old paths of misery for a while longer, when they might come forward and find rest. May the good Father save us all from injuring our fellow men by a false conservatism, which in the end is death.

One of the most beautiful features connected with these subtle agencies is, that in the hands of a philanthropic physician they are unequalled for regulating disease of the brain, and especially diseases of the mental, moral and social faculties which lead to vice. The drunkard and the debauchee is to be built up in the

futuro far better than can be done merely by preaching to them.

We have thus demonstrated—

1. The Law of Power shows that the gross elements of nature are weakest, the refined elements strongest;

2. The mineral elements are at the bottom of the scale of power, while vital magnetism and vital electricity—next to spirit—are at the

top, being the direct agents of the soul itself

3. The Law of Harmony shows that a nicely balanced combination of opposite principles is the law of perfection.

"Truth is beauty and beauty is truth," says the poet. Blessed are they who can give it a candid, loving audience, however much it may militate against their early ideas.

Fifty Questions.

To the Editor of *The Herald of Health* :

I ENCLOSE for your readers fifty questions, each one to be answered by a well-known author's name. Some of them are hygienic, and the guessing of the answers will promote health by furnishing an evening's entertainment.

A.

1. What a rough man said to his son when he wished him to eat properly.

2. Is a lion's house dug in the side of a hill where there is no water?

3. Pilgrims and flatterers have knelt low to kiss him.

4. Makes and mends for first class customers.

5. Represents the dwellings of civilized men.

6. Is a kind of linen.

7. Is worn on the head.

8. A name that means such fiery things, I can't describe their pains and stings.

9. Belongs to a monastery.

10. Not one of the four points of the compass, but inclining toward one of them.

11. Is what an oyster heap is like to be.

12. Is a chain of hills containing a dark treasure.

13. Always youthful as you see; but between you and me, he never was much of a chicken.

14. An American manufacturing town.

15. Humpbacked but not deformed.

16. An internal pain.

17. Value of a word.

18. A ten footer whose name begins with fifty.

19. A brighter and smarter than the other one.

20. A worker in precious metals.

21. A very vital part of the body.

22. A lady's garment.

23. A small talk and a heavy weight.

24. A prefix and a disease.

25. Comes from a pig.

26. A disagreeable fellow to have on one's foot.

27. A sick place of worship.

28. A mean dog 'tis.

29. An official dreaded by the students of English universities.

30. His middle name is suggestive of an Indian or a Hottentot.

31. A manufactured metal.

32. A game and a male of the human species.

33. An answer to "Which is the greater poet, William Shakespeare or Martin W. Tupper?"

34. Meat! What are you doing?

35. Is very fast indeed.

36. A barrier built by an edible.

37. To agitate a weapon.

38. Red as an apple, black as night, a heavenly sign or a perfect fright.

39. A domestic worker.

40. A slang exclamation.

41. Pack away closely, never scatter, and do it so you'll soon get at her.

42. A young domestic animal.

43. One that is more than a sandy shore.

44. A fraction in currency and the prevailing fashion.

45. Mamma is in perfect health, my child; and thus he named a poet mild.

46. A girl's name and a male relation.

47. Take a heavy field piece, nothing loath.

48. Put an edible grain 'twixt an ant and a bee, and a much beloved poet you'll speedily see.

49. A common domestic animal, and what it can never do.

50. Each living head in time 'tis said, will turn to him though he be dead.

ANSWERS.

1, Chaucer; 2, Dryden; 3, Pope; 4, Taylor; 5, Holmes; 6, Holland; 7, Hood; 8,

Burns; 9, Abbott; 10, Southey; 11, Shelley; 12, Coleridge; 13, Young; 14, Lowell; 15, Campbell; 16, Akenside; 17, Wordsworth; 18, Longfellow; 19, Whittier; 20, Goldsmith; 21, Harte; 22, Spencer; 23, Chatterton; 24, De Quincy; 25, Bacon; 26, Bunyan; 27, Churchill; 28, Curtis; 29, Proctor; 30, W. Savage

Landor; 31, Steele; 32, Tennyson; 33, Willis; 34, Browning; 35, Swift; 36, Cornwall; 37, Shakespeare; 38, Crabbe; 39, Cook; 40, Dickens; 41, Stowe; 42, Lamb; 43, Beecher; 44, Milton; 45, Motherwell; 46, Addison; 47, Howitt; 48, Bryant; 49, Cowper; 50, Gray.

LESSONS FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY THE EDITOR.

LESSON XIX.

LIGHT.

We had no lessons in the June number. I wonder if you missed them. A school-teacher has just written me a letter from Council Bluffs, saying these lessons are just the thing for her school. She uses them for giving oral instruction to the boys and girls. I had about made up my mind not to write any more, but I think I will a few more on some new topics. To-day our lesson shall be on light. Did you ever think how hard it would be to get along if it was dark all the time. In that case you would be in constant fear all the while. Who ever saw a boy or girl that wasn't afraid in the dark? In this respect colts and calves, and pigs and cats are smarter than boys and girls; for it is all the same to them whether it is dark or light. They never get frightened at their shadows, or at a white cloth on a bush, or a black stump—not they. They are more apt to be afraid of things they can see in the day time.

Never blame children for being afraid in the dark. It is perfectly natural; only they must, as they grow older, get over it and cultivate bravery and courage.

Light is very necessary to growth. You could never have lived if there was no light nor could anything else have lived. Did you ever see a potato sprout in a dark cellar? Well, how pale and white it looked. It needs light and air. If you were to keep your dogs and horses in the dark all the while they would get sick. Their eyes would grow dull and their skins sickly, and soon they would die. Have you never heard of the fish in the great cave of Kentucky having no eyes. There is no light

there and so no need of eyes. Children who live in cities, in dark lanes and dark rooms, get very pale and sickly and never grow up to be large, strong men and women.

All the light we have comes from the sun, or did come from it. Even the light of the candle and lamp once came from the sun. It has only been bottled up for a while, so we could use it. All the life and strength of our bodies is only sunshine in another shape. The sunshine comes down to the wheat and potato fields, and the growing plant catches it and holds it fast till we eat them, when this sunshine gets changed into life, and thought and feeling. Perhaps you don't believe me? Well, you will when you grow older. Life is very largely made up of "bottled sunshine." For aught we know it may be the breath of the living God. At any rate it is one of God's best bounties to man, so far as this world is concerned, and we ought to be grateful to him every hour for the light of the sun. We must not separate light from heat; they are not the same, but twin brothers, born of the same parent at the same hour. Light comes from the sun at the rapid rate of 186,000 miles in a second. This would be nearly eight times round the world while the heart beats one time. I say light comes from the sun at this speed, yet it really does not travel at all. The sun contains a force that keeps the ether of space vibrating so that the waves travel at this rate. You have stood on the bank of a river and saw the waves go over the water. Well, light and heat are waves of the great ocean of ether that fills all space, and yet cannot be seen by us at all. The waves of water travel, but the water does not travel with them as it seems to do. So the waves of light travel, but the ether is stationary, so far as we know. If we could

only see the waves of light it would be a wonderful sight, but we can not.

Light is so important to health that I hope you will be in the sunshine a good deal when the weather is pleasant. Don't be afraid of letting it bathe your face and neck, and hands and feet, and give them a ruddy hue. Even a sun bath for the whole body is, if properly taken, a very good thing. You ought to sleep in rooms on the sunny side of the house. Girls often learn to fear sunshine, and cover their faces so as not to let it touch them. Don't do it. Let it kiss your cheeks and lend them the

rosy hue of health and beauty; for there is no beauty without health. This is all for to-day.

QUESTIONS.

1. What about the value of light?
2. Why are children afraid in the dark?
3. Why are not animals afraid?
4. How would constant darkness affect the eyes?
5. Are there any fish without eyes?
6. Where does light come from?
7. Where did candle light come from?
8. What is light largely made of?
9. What about bottled sunshine?
10. How fast do waves of light travel?
11. What is light?
12. Can we see the waves of light?
13. What has light to do with health?

EDITOR'S STUDIES IN HYGIENE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

THE EUSTACHIAN TUBE.

I. What is the use of the Eustachian tube, leading from the ear to the throat?

ANSWER.—It supplies the inner surface of the ear drum with air, so as to keep the pressure of the atmosphere the same on both sides of this delicate membrane. It has also another important function, that of carrying off any fluid that may be in the ear, preventing it from becoming clogged up by its own moisture. This tube is not open into the throat, except during the act of swallowing. If it was it would be very inconvenient, for all the noises produced in the mouth and throat would pass into the ear and cause great confusion.

COLD IN THE HEAD.

II. How does a cold in the head sometimes produce deafness?

ANS.—By causing the throat to swell so that the Eustachian tube cannot open during the act of swallowing. The result is the air in the tube becomes exhausted, the inner pressure diminished, so that the vibrations of the drum are not what they should be.

BOXING THE EARS.

III. Is boxing the ears a proper punishment for a child, if he is subjected to corporal punishment?

ANS.—No. More than one child has been made deaf by this treatment.

DEAFNESS.

IV. Why do old people become deaf?

ANS.—Often because the ears are not prop-

erly cared during early-life. Avoid a cold in the head and you save the ears.

COVERING THE EARS.

V. Is it wise to cover the ears in cold weather?

ANS.—In extreme cold weather it may be temporarily; but as a rule, no.

INSECT IN EAR.

VI. How shall an insect be dislodged from the ear?

ANS.—Pour in a little sweet oil.

A SCREWED-UP TOWEL.

VII. Is it injurious to clean the ears by screwing up the corner of a towel and twisting it in the ear?

ANS.—It is injurious. The towel presses down the wax, irritates the delicate passages, and may produce injury.

LAUDANUM IN THE EAR.

VIII. May laudanum be put on cotton and placed in the ear to stop toothache?

ANS.—No. Laudanum is a powerful irritant.

COLDS.

IX. Why is that people who guard most anxiously against exposure to cold are most frequently its victims?

ANS.—By too much bundling of the body the skin is greatly relaxed and weakened, so that when exposure does come the body is not prepared for it. And again, the reason why bathing prevents colds is because, if properly taken, it toughens the skin and renders it proof against sudden changes of temperature.

BLOOD FOOD.

X. Is blood ever used for food ?

Ans.—Yes, in Germany and Italy. Warm blood, taken from the calf, or ox, has long been employed in certain parts of Europe; being administered in the early stages of tuberculosis, in chlorosis, and in general debility with anæmia. To overcome the very great repugnance so often manifested for this drink, Dr. De Pascale, of Nico, is in the habit of giving it in the form of powder, in which condition it is nearly tasteless. The blood is dried by means of the water-bath, powdered and grated through a sieve. The dose is about thirty grains. In this last dried state it would not be repugnant, nor is it likely that it would be very beneficial, though no doubt it would contain some of the elements of nutrition.

BASEBALL.

XI. Is baseball a healthful exercise. ?

Ans.—1. The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal says: “ ‘Baseball is a healthy exercise.’ ‘Baseball is not a healthy exercise.’ Such, as reported, is the conflicting evidence of witnesses before a committee of the city government on a petition of baseballists that a part of Boston Common be again surrendered to them for baseball purposes. Had we been called on to offer an opinion on this subject we should have been disposed to ask whom the inquiry concerned; whether the so-called baseball ‘nines’ or the ‘three thousand spectators,’ who stand like statues from two o’clock to six P. M. in the bleak winds of early spring. If beneficial to some of the ‘nines,’ it must be productive, at this season, of colds and rheumatism, to the ‘three thousand,’ while at no season of the year does it afford them any healthful exercise whatever.

“The boys’ game, with which the associations of many of the present generation are connected, bears the same relation to modern adult baseball that an exhilarating horseback ride in the country has to the performances at a race-course; whether of daily training or of long-anticipated matches by professionals, upon which large sums of money are staked. And the crowds are of much the same heterogenous sort, being mostly composed of persons having little regular occupation, of all ages, and not always the most profitable associates for boys. Boston Common is now wanted for these spectacles; and for similar exhibitions by amateur men, to whom it is naturally agreeable to disport themselves before admiring thousands.”

A NEW SCHOOLHOUSE.

XII. *To the Editor*—We are building a new schoolhouse and wish to know how to light it hygienically. Please give us your opinion.

Ans.—The light should come from the left-hand side; if it come from the right the shadow of the hand falls on the part of the paper at which the writer is looking; light from behind is bad, as then the shadow of the head and shoulders falls on the paper or book, and the head has to be twisted out of the way; but light from the front that falls on the face is worst of all; it is often chosen from the idea that the master will be better able to see the faces of the pupils—an object which is utterly defeated by their bending down their heads in order to shade their eyes by the projection of the forehead. This position of the light is also most injurious to the eye; for, firstly, the retina becomes fatigued by the full glare upon it, and the diffused light renders the comparatively dark images of the printing and writing more difficult to be perceived. Secondly, the position assumed by the children in order to avoid the disturbing influence of the light places the axis of the eye in a very unfavorable direction, which induces short-sightedness, differences in the sight of the two eyes, and certain weakness of the muscles of the eye.

The best direction for the light can then be secured to the scholars in the oblong rooms commonly used as school-rooms, if the windows be in one of the long sides, and the desks so arranged parallel to the short sides that when a person is sitting at any one of them the windows are on his left. The master’s desk should be near to the wall toward which the scholars look.

In the evening naked gas jets should not be used, for they flicker; neither should ground glass globes, unless high up in the room, for they give an indistinct light for work, and if they be opposite the eye are dazzling and injurious. Plain glass cylinders, especially if accompanied by reflectors (which might be so constructed as to act as ventilators also, carrying off the products of combustion) would much improve the flame, rendering it whiter and steadier. Ground glass in the lower parts of windows, to prevent looking out, is hurtful to the eye. It would be preferable to cover the lower part of the window altogether, as the light which comes through it is of little importance.

TRANSFER OF DISEASE.

XIII. Can a disease that is not infectious be transferred from one person to another ?

Ans.—Apparently it can; mainly no doubt through the influence of the imagination. We were lately called to see a lady suffering with most of the symptoms of poisoning from arsenic. But she had taken no arsenic. She had, however, worked over the body of a person who had taken much arsenic as a medicine—rubbing and otherwise manipulating her. She had suffered in the same way two or three times before. She was easily cured by strong mental impressions.

A writer in an English exchange says: "There is a singular tale told of the influence of mental impressions in the cure of disease. A man who had ague for a long time, and had become so reduced by it that his life was despaired of, was advised to make his will. One of his bequests was; 'I give and bequeath unto Mr. —, the parson of this parish, these plaguey fits of the ague.' This legacy so tickled his fancy that he burst out into loud, long-continued fits of laughter. From that time the ague left him. The clergyman on being told of the bequest was highly offended; but the next day he was seized with ague, and it was a long time before he could get rid of it."

GYMNASTICS AT AMHERST.

XIV. Is physical culture still kept up at Amherst College as formerly, or has it been discontinued?

Ans.—Still kept up the same as Latin and Greek. Dr. Nathan Allen writes us that, "every year's experience has satisfied the officers of the college more and more of the great advantages derived from this department; and so great has been the interest of the public in it, outside of the institution, that the number present from time to time at these exercises has averaged, each year, over four thousand persons. And so hearty in the appreciation of these advantages are the students that they would dispense with any other department in college sooner than that of physical culture. The true secret of its success is found in the fact that the trustees and faculty, from its commencement, have attached great importance to it, and given it character, by making it one of the departments of the college. The students also deserve much credit for their zealous and practical endorsement of these measures."

LOOSE CORSETS.

XV. Cannot a woman wear loose corsets and thus prevent injury to the form or health?

Ans.—We will listen to what Dr. Dio Lewis says on this subject: "You think the corset may be worn so loose that it will do no harm.

If worn so loose as not to interfere with respiration when you lean forward in needlework then it will make the form look badly. A corset, to look well, must be worn snug and trim. And then you think the corset is important as a skirt-supporter. It certainly may be of service in this way, but it is not half as good a skirt-supporter as a pair of common gentlemen's suspenders. No, Susan Jane, the corset is bad, and only bad. It is not only a great enemy to health, but it may be spoken of as the great destroyer of female grace and beauty. A rigid stiffness in the center of the body makes all the movements of the entire body stiff and ungraceful. As to the matter of beauty, it's a question between the Creator and the dress-maker. I take sides with the Creator; some folks take the other side."

We will add one word: Little girls, graceful and beautiful before they are dressed like women and corseted, lose their sprightliness and grace when corsets are put on them. What Dr. Lewis says about corsets destroying the graceful movements of the body is perfectly true.

DOGS AND ST. VITUS'S DANCE.

XVI. Do dogs ever have St. Vitus's dance?

Ans.—Yes, following distempers. It consists in a twitching, more or less violently, of the muscles of a limb, or sometimes of the whole body; and not unfrequently the animal dies miserably. The dog, when affected slightly, generally recovers in time, if his general health is kept up. The food should, therefore, be the most nutritious and digestible—rice, oatmeal, or bread, boiled in beef-tea, strained from all bone or meat, should be given in moderate quantities, and over-feeding and disturbing exercise avoided.

RAPIDITY OF THE PULSE.

XVII. What is the rapidity of the pulse in domestic animals?

Ans.—Horse 32 to 40 per minute, cow 25 to 40, mulo 48 to 60, sheep 70 to 80, dog 90 to 100, cat 120 to 130, duck 135, hen 140.

ECONOMY OF STRENGTH.

XVIII. How can a man do the most work with the least expense of vital force?

Ans.—By always taking hold of the long end of the lever, and making no false motions. It is not always those who seem most busy who accomplish the most work. This was illustrated the other day in a very forcible manner. The foreman of one of our large newspaper offices was showing a gentleman, who know nothing about the printing business, over the estab-

ishment. In the composing room he watched with wonder and admiration the thousands of little bits of metal passing with a steady click, tick, like the noise of a piece of machinery, into the polished sticks which the compositors held in their hands. The foreman asked him to point out the man whom he considered the fastest compositor. The gentleman answered, "That is easily done; that tall young fellow over there seems to set twice as much as any one else in the room. His hands go about so fast that I can scarcely follow his motions." "Wrong," said the foreman. "Your fastest compositor is that quiet-looking young man by the side of the one you have pointed out." "He seems very slow and deliberate," said the visitor; "his hands do not move nearly so fast as those of his neighbor. It cannot be possible that he sets more type." "It is true," replied the foreman. The secret is, that he picks up a type every time he goes for it. The other man makes what we call 'false motions,' his hand goes twice to the case for a type, and though he seems to be doing a great deal of work, his stick fills slowly in comparison with that of his deliberate neighbor, who never hurries, uses just the amount of action sufficient to accomplish his purpose, and does not set one muscle in motion unnecessarily."

OIL OF ALMONDS.

XIX. Is oil of bitter almonds injurious if used to flavor foods?

Ans.—Nearly all the oil of bitter almonds used in this country contains a very small amount of Prussic acid, and for this reason it is injurious, as this is a powerful poison. Taylor, in his Medical Jurisprudence, says it is a disgrace that such substances are allowed to be sold as flavors to foods. Confectioners use it in the preparations of food, and it is largely used in domestic cookery. So powerful is it that a single drop will flavor a large amount of cake. The artificial almond oil is made from nitro-benzole, a product of the distillation of coal tar.

TOBACCO AND THE BLOOD.

XX. How does the use of tobacco affect the blood?

Ans.—Dr. Richardson, a physiologist of eminence, says: "On the blood the prolonged inhalation of tobacco produces changes which are very marked in character. The fluid is thinner than is natural, and in extreme cases paler. In such instances the deficient color of the blood is communicated to the body altogether, rendering the external surface yellowish-white

and puffy. The blood being thin also exudes freely, and a cut surface bleeds for a longer time, and may continue to bleed inconveniently even in opposition to remedies. But the most important influence is exerted over those little bodies which float in myriads in the blood, and are known as the red globules. These globules have naturally a double concave surface, and at their edges a perfectly smooth outline. They are very soluble in alkalis, and are subject to changes of character and shape when the fluid in which they float is modified in respect to density. The absorption, therefore, of fumes of tobacco necessarily leads to rapid changes in them; they lose their round shape, they become oval and irregular, and instead of having a mutual attraction for each other, and running together—a good sign of their physical health—they lie loosely scattered before the eye, and indicate to the learned observer as clearly as though they spoke to him and said the words, that the man from whom they were taken is physically depressed and deplorably deficient both in muscular and mental power."

TOBACCO FOR STUDENTS.

XXI. Can you give Bertillon's statistics regarding the standing of students who used and did not use tobacco?

Ans.—In 1855 M. Bertillon divided the 160 pupils of the Paris Ecole Polytechnique into smokers and non-smokers, with a view of testing the question. The result in the examination has been thus stated:

	Smokers.	Non-S.
Of the 20 who stood highest there were	6	14
Of the 20 who stood 2d there were	10	10
Of the 20 who stood 3d there were	11	9
Of the 20 who stood 4th there were	14	6
Of the 20 who stood 5th there were	13	7
Of the 20 who stood 6th there were	15	5
Of the 20 who stood 7th there were	16	4
Of the 20 who stood lowest there were	17	3
	102	58

This table is very instructive. Among those who stood highest fourteen out of twenty did not use tobacco. Of the twenty who stood lowest seventeen out of twenty did use it.

PINE APPLE ESSENCE.

XXII. How is pine apple essence made?

Ans.—The genuine is made from pine apples, the artificial from butyric acid and nitric acid, mixed with decayed cheese, grape sugar, etc., etc., and finally dissolved in alcohol.

HOOPING COUGH.

XXIII. Can a child with hooping cough safely be much out of doors?

Ans.—In The Glasgow Medical Journal, Dr McLean strongly advocates this plan of treatment, which consists in keeping the little patient as much as possible out of doors in the open air. He does not consider this plan of treatment as a specific in every case of whooping cough, but it is one which in the hands of a judicious physician can be made of immense utility; and even in certain complications can be adopted with safety.

FRUIT ESSENCE.

XXIV. Please give us the composition of the various fruit flavors in common use.

Ans.—The genuine are made from the fruits themselves, and are wholesome and palatable, but expensive. Most of those in use are artificial; for instance, quince essence is made of aqua fortis, oil of rue, etc.; pear flavor from fusil oil, acetate of potash and sulphuric acid; apple essence from fusil oil, sulphuric acid and valerian acid; strawberry, raspberry and other essences are made from various compounds of ethers. Taken in any quantity they are believed to be injurious to health; and no doubt children, who are most likely to indulge in them to excess, are often made sick by them; indeed such cases are common. The fruit syrups used at the soda fountains are largely artificial, and few can tell the difference, except in the after effect. The genuine is wholesome, the latter injurious.

FRUIT JELLIES.

XXV. Is fruit jelly wholesome?

Ans.—Many of them, properly used, are; but you should make your own, from genuine fruits. Those purchased in market are rarely genuine. It does not pay to keep a genuine article, which cannot be sold for less than one dollar a pound, when the artificial can be sold for half this price. They are mainly colored and flavored with artificial fruit essences. Extract of cochineal is used for giving a fine red tint to these jellies. The body may be made of gelatine, or boiled cider, or other substances.

TARTARIC ACID.

XXVI. Is it proper to use tartaric acid in cookery?

Ans.—Tartaric acid is put up under the false name of fruitina, and is largely used to make tarts, pies, etc. It is not a rank poison, but cannot be used very extensively without harm, and is no substitute for fruit. We advise you not to use it.

THE EYE.

XXVII. Why does the eye sometimes look so bright and at other times so dull.

Ans.—The *luster* of the eye becomes dimmed by any case that blunts and dulls the mind. It fades in disease and returns in health just as do the roses on the cheek.

HEALTHIEST AGE.

XXVIII. At what age is a human being likely to be in the best health?

Ans.—As a rule, the most healthy age is from seven years to about fourteen. From fourteen or puberty, to twenty-five, there is likely to be disturbances of the constitution, which should be carefully watched. After this comes a period of higher health, which should last to forty-five or fifty, when comes again a period liable to disturbances. With care and a knowledge of these facts, we may often ride over the age of trial safely.

VARIETIES OF UNSOUND MIND.

XXIX. What are the different kinds of unsoundness of mind?

Ans.—1. Amentia, which is idiocy and imbecility. 2. Dementia, which is imbecility from age or disease. 3. Mania, which is raving lunacy—madness, and 4, monomania, or melancholia and tendency to suicide.

BAD TASTE IN WATER.

XXX. Is there any method of curing bad taste in well water?

Ans.—First clean the well, then find out the cause of the bad taste and remove it. It may be a drain, a pump, or other trouble. A bushel of fresh charcoal may be tied up in a bag and suspended in the well to advantage.

FOUNDERED HORSE.

XXXI. What is the best treatment for a foundered horse?

Ans.—Let him run loose in a wet pasture for several months, without shoes on his feet. When you put on the shoes again do it properly. The Agriculturist gives the following method: "A good plan to follow in cases of chronic founder, for relief—there is no cure—is to procure a water-tight box about four inches deep, and put the horse's feet into it. The shoes should be removed previously. Then pour hot water into the box, and let the feet remain in the bath for fifteen minutes. Then place plenty of sawdust under the feet, and wet it well with water. Repeat this treatment for a few evenings. The horse should have rest for some days afterward.

COLLODION IN ERYSIPELAS.

XXXII. Is there any hygienic method of treating erysipelas?

Ans.—Yes. In the first place the Turkish bath, or wet sheet pack, will often cut the disease short. The local application of collodion is also hygienic and a valuable aid. Apply in the following manner. A layer of collodion should be applied around the margin of the erysipelatous blush for a distance of three inches, and also over the affected part. The object of the former is to exercise a circular compression, so as to separate the affected part from the rest of the cutaneous surface. It is necessary to examine these layers once or twice daily, and to repair the fissures which occur. The collodion used must be free from oil. It is rare to see the erysipelas spread after these applications, under which it is in a short time extinguished.

BEER.

XXXIII. Is beer intoxicating?

Ans.—All alcoholic beverages are intoxicating in degree. The more alcohol they contain the worse they are. Beer is slightly intoxicating. The following case regarding its effects on a dog may interest some of our readers: The Lafayette, Ind., Journal says, "There is a black-and-tan dog attached to one of the saloons in this city which has become a confirmed drunkard. In the absence of water the animal contracted the habit of drinking out of the pans placed under faucets to catch the waste beer, until it can now swill down a pint at a time. The brute has frequently been so drunk that it was unable to walk."

CAREFULNESS IN OLD AGE.

XXXIV. Should a person over fifty years old work very hard?

Ans.—No, unless they are in perfect health and strength. The same watchfulness against excesses and exposures and strains is necessary in the old as in the young. An old man is like an old wagon, with light loading and careful usage it will last for years, but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it and ruin it forever. Many people reach the age of fifty, sixty, or even seventy, measurably free from most of the pains and infirmities of age, cheery in heart and sound in health, ripe in wisdom and experience, with sympathies mellowed by age, and with reasonable prospects and opportunities for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time. Let such persons be thankful, but let them also be careful. An old constitution is like an old bone—broken with ease, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale, an old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard lift, an hour of heating work, an

evening of exposure to rain or damp, a severe chill, an excess of food, the unusual indulgence of any appetite or passion, a sudden fit of anger, an improper dose of medicine—any of these or other similar things may cut off a valuable life in an hour and leave the fair hopes of usefulness and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck.

SUDDEN CORPULENCY.

XXXV. I am becoming suddenly corpulent. What does it signify?

Ans.—If it occurs without any change in your habits it portends evil, perhaps apoplexy. It may occur, however, as the result of sedentary habits, excessive eating and too little exercise.

CONSUMPTION.

XXXVI. In what state is their most consumption, and which least?

Ans.—Massachusetts gives 25 per cent., New York 20 per cent., Ohio 16 per cent., Indiana 14 per cent., New Mexico 3 per cent., Florida 5 per cent. Consumption prevails most near the sea, and diminishes as you go south.

COURT PLASTER.

XXXVII. How can I make court plaster?

Ans.—It is generally cheaper to buy it, but here is a recipe: Take half an ounce of benzine, six ounces of rectified spirits, then take one ounce of isinglass and half a pint of hot water, dissolve and strain separately from the former. Mix the two and set them aside to cool, when a jelly will be formed; warm this, and brush it ten or twelve times over a piece of black silk stretched smooth. When dry brush it with a solution made from four ounces of Chian turpentine and six ounces of tincture of benzine.

TRUE MODESTY.—Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is false; the one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the humor of those with whom the party converses. True modesty avoids everything that is criminal; false modesty everything that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general, undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence.

The truth, says a Transatlantic paper, is unconsciously told in the following line from an advertisement: "Babies after taking one bottle of my soothing syrup will never cry any more."

OUR DESSERT TABLE.

APPROPRIATE CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SOLICITED.

COUNTRY AND CITY.

An old farm-house with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side ;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbines wreathed about,
And wishes this one thought all day ;
" Oh ! if I could but fly away
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be ! "

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long :
" Oh ! could I only tread once more
The field path to the farm-house door,
The old green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be ! "

TWO SIDES.

There is a shady side of life
And a sunny side as well,
And 'tis for every one to say
On which he'd choose to dwell ;
For every one unto himself
Commits a grievous sin,
Who bars the blessed sunshine out,
And shuts the shadows in.

TOBACCO BATTERED.

How iustler will the Heav'nly God,
Th' Eternal, punish with infernal Rod,
In Hell's darke Fornace, with black Fumes to choak
Those that on Earth will still offend in Smoak ?
Offend their Friends, with a most vn-Respect :
Offend their Wiues and Children with Neglect,
Offend the Eyes with foule and loathsom Spawlings,
Offend the Nose with filthy fumes exhalings,
Offend the Earos, with lowd lewd Exclamations,
Offend the Mouth with ougly Excretions,
Offend the Sense with stupefying Stench,
Offend the Weake by following this Offense,
Offend the Body and offend the Minde,
Offend the Conscience in a fearefull kinde,
Offend their Baptisme and their Second Birth,
Offend the Maiestie of Heav'n and Earth,
Woe to the World because of such Offensos,
So voluntaire, so voyd of all pretenses,
Of all Excuse, saue Fashion, Custome, Will,
In so apparant, proued, granted, Ill,
Woe, woe to them by Whom Offenses come,
So scandalous to all our Christendome.

Joshua Sylvester, A. D. 1614.

BITS OF THOUGHT.

A fortunate dream will far outlast
The dying annals of to-day,
A thought can mirror the whole past,
A song make all the future gay.

One word may make a life immortal
If immortally said,
When all the deeds this side th' eternal portall
Basely done are dead.

Like the despised pebbles in the street,
That their base uses beautifully serve,
Downtrodden souls may compass noble ends.

" What will to-morrow bring ! " I asked a happy boy ;
He shook his shining curls and told me 'twould be joy.
Such blessed faith do simple children use,
Their daily word from heaven is our most seldom news.

Do spirits sit in the clouds and mock
When we play the fools with the time !
Ah, no ; but the weep by heaven's clock
When they hear the lost hours chime.

To-morrow never was,
Yesterday will never be,
To-day's the only day
This side eternity.

The piquant sauce of life is not
Perfection, but some gentle screed
Between the justness of our thought
And the injustice of our deed.

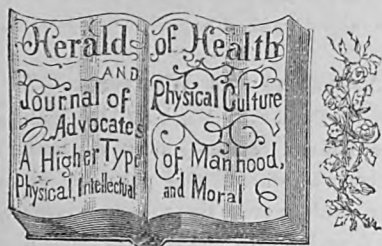
Oh, for a life
Firm to its end !
Good its one strife,
God its one friend.
Original, beautiful,
Simple, brief,
Till life's full,
Then welcome death.

THE STAIN.

As polished steel receives a stain
From drops at random flung,
So does the child, when words profane
Drop from a parent's tongue.

The rust eats in, and oft we find
That naught which we can do,
To cleanse the metal or the mind,
The brightness will renew.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT



NEW YORK, JULY, 1873.

WATER.

"To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light."

THE PUBLISHERS do not hold themselves as indorsing every article which may appear in THE HERALD. They will allow the largest liberty of expression, believing that by so doing this magazine will prove to be more useful and acceptable to its patrons.

Exchanges are at liberty to copy from this magazine by giving due credit to THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D., EDITOR.

SHALL WE REAR CHILDREN?—*To the Editor of the Herald of Health.*—DEAR SIR.—It is a trouble to me to know what is best regarding the rearing of offspring. I am married and well off; can afford to live well and move in what are called the best circles of society. Before marriage I thought I should want children, but now I am in society I see no time to devote to them. Now my life is easy, free from care, and I wish to keep it so; and then when I think of the care necessary to rear a child, the anxious hours, sleepless nights, the wear and tear of health, the discomforts, privations, vexations, trials without number, my heart fails me and I shrink from it. And yet I do not feel satisfied that this is the best course to pur-

sue. Thus halting between two opinions, I appeal to you to help me settle this question.

Truly, — — —.

ANSWER.—We are always glad to aid in any way, any human soul striving after right and duty. This question, "How shall we rear children?" is a momentous one, and deserves a candid reply. If there are any fastidious souls who would not have it discussed, we are sorry. We shall do it from the highest, purest, holiest standpoint we can reach; believing only good can come of it. In the first place, then, we admit that from a purely human standpoint, rearing children is a serious business. There is not much poetry about it. Plainly speaking, it is hard work for mothers to care for babies in their tender years, to give them of her life, to watch them by night and day, to preserve them from sickness, to keep them neat and clean, to hush them when cross, to quiet them when crying, feed them when hungry, to do for them all the thousand things they need; and hard work for fathers to provide food, clothing, shelter, education, homes. No wonder, when men and women look at it from the practical, prosy side, they shrink from it and shun it. But there is a practical side to this subject, which we can make very beautiful, if we will. The joy of a parent is above all other joy. The love for a child is beyond every other love. Children are a good, and not an evil. They are a real source of happiness. Helpless as an infant is, troublesome as are the fantastic tricks and naughtiness of childhood, painful as are the parental anxieties over the critical eras of youth, in spite of all, a home without children is inexpressibly dreary; a heart without children is sad and lonely beyond expression; a life without children is felt, by one of the deepest of instincts, to be an imperfect life, shorn of one of the broadest and most vivid portions of emo-

tion and enjoyment. The exercise of so much patience, forbearance, kindness and love as their training requires, reacts with infinite power on the heart of the parent. Constant thoughtfulness, prudence, foresight and contrivance are indispensable in managing them; and this discipline, in like manner, reacts upon the character of the manager. The future of children is one of the most powerful considerations in restraining parents from carelessness or indiscretion in economical matters, in their ordinary walk and conversation, in the whole conduct of life. Many a man and woman has been held back from folly or from shame by the thought that the children would know of it, and be disgraced by it. In short, it is not certain but children are more a necessity to parents than we are apt to consider, and that without them marriage, home and civilized society would soon fall to pieces as a putrid mass of corruption and folly.

Still, parentage should not be assumed blindly. It were better for society if the hopelessly poor, who can by no means provide for children, should never become parents. Better still if the depraved, vicious and ignorant, who cannot healthfully rear them, should do the same. Also the diseased, drunken vagabond, thief, and those who can only add a vicious member to the community.

But the healthy and favorably situated, as our correspondent appears to be—are they to adopt a policy suited only to paupers and criminals? We think not. If they do they will surely see the day when they will regret it.

Our correspondent speaks of the loss of health consequent on parentage; but a fashionable career is more fatal to health than motherhood; indeed, the mothers of the land are quite as healthy and long lived as those who are not mothers. And if they were, as they should be, relieved from excessive care, from over-anxiety; and if they would adopt simple habits and rear their children healthfully, they would be far healthier than they are. The parents should study the art of avoiding the pains, the trials, the anxieties, the cares of parentage, as they do

other arts. They would not undertake to paint a picture or carve a statue without years of study, why should they not know equally well the laws of life concerning parentage? Then this noblest work of all would be better done.

If any of our readers has a word to offer on this subject we shall be glad to hear from them.

ANSWER TO ANN WESTBROOK.—*To the Editor.*—DEAR SIR: Men have been making a great hue and cry lately about the fearful degeneracy of women. One physician writes a long article to prove that the whole race are on the down-hill road, and lays the blame largely at woman's feet (man-fashion, when things go wrong).

Another would lead us to believe that the human race would become extinct entirely, from American women's unwillingness to bear children, were it not for the good-natured Irish and Germans, who come to the rescue with some baker's dozen of babies apiece.

Another launches a thunderbolt at our heads, accusing us of the dire crime of infanticide; and a host bring up the rear with accusations and lamentations without number; to whom your correspondent, Ann Westbrook, deliberately turning traitor to her sex, joins herself.

Are we so bad as they say? I ask the question earnestly, for a strong feeling of discouragement as to what will become of us all if it be true, comes over me. But out of the darkness comes a faint glimmer of hope, as the thought that still the Being who created us knows very well what he is about, and has a wise and beneficent purpose regarding women, as well as the rest of his handywork. I believe, too, that great injustice is done to us, and that our sex, taken on an average, is no more delinquent than the other; and that with the chances and opportunities given to us, we have done full as well, if not better than the masculine sex would do under the same circumstances.

For instance, to take the most crying evil of the present, the disinclination to bear children. I have taken great pains to inquire of ladies

who might have families but do not, the reason why they do not wish for them. Almost without exception they have told me, that when first married they would have been perfectly willing to devote themselves to their husbands, and to bear children for them; but their husbands *were not willing* to saddle themselves with the extra expense and care of a family, while they were young in business and limited in means. After the first years had passed by they (the wives) had become absorbed in society and various demands upon their time and strength, and did not care for motherhood.

As regards the crime of infanticide, women certainly would not venture to any such measure if they were not aided and abetted, more or less, by men.

In regard to woman's dress or ways of living, of course a great deal can be said, or has been said, so ably that it need not be repeated here. If health habits were perfect, *THE HERALD OF HEALTH* would be suspended, and we should lose a great deal of good reading in consequence. But I have a little story to tell to Ann Westbrook, as you are kind enough to leave your pages open to replies. She puts all men in the shade by the vigor of her attacks upon us, and if her guns had been loaded with shot as well as powder there would not have been many of us left; but when she says: "Marriage means intellectual stupidity and spiritual paralysis," that it does not mean home faithfulness and devotion, she must prove her ground with something beside mere assertion before she is worth disputing.

The other day I had occasion to go to a friend for advice in regard to some benevolent scheme I had on hand. She was a fine, cultivated, beautiful looking woman of perhaps forty-five or fifty years of age. She had a lovely home, tastily and neatly kept, a well-ordered household and some beautiful children, fourteen in all; she said she had now ten living and healthy. She entered heartily into my cause, and not only gave the necessary advice, but cheerily said: "I will go with you this morning and help you in the work, as I've

nothing else to do." "Nothing to do!" I exclaimed, in astonishment, "with ten children?" She laughed heartily. "Oh, ten are not such a burden as you suppose; you know the old saying: 'a hen can scratch for six as well as one.' Don't think me a Mrs. Jellyby, to leave them all in a forlorn condition for the sake of a Boorroboola Pha mission."

As to whether a woman becomes a slave for the sake of having a well-ordered household depends upon her power of management. "I wish you would tell me, Mrs. B—," I said, "how you have managed to bear all these children, care for them as a woman should, keep yourself in good physical health, and be so well informed upon all the topics of the day as to be a leading woman in your circle."

"Well," she said, "I will be glad to tell you. When we were first married our means were very limited, and when the first baby came I found my hands full. My husband was a professional man, and a growing one. I had sympathies and tastes with him, and I rebelled against the thought that while I was over the cradle and about the kitchen he was getting beyond me in intellectual things. I determined it should not be. I studied the situation carefully. I resolved that my clothes and my baby's clothes should be made in the very simplest fashion, studying only health and good taste, and saving all unnecessary sowing. I studied the management of my own housework with an eye to the economy of time and labor. The food was of the plainest, simplest, most nourishing kinds that I could know of. I followed a system of hygiene that would be likely to insure the most perfect health to us all.

"I laid out a plan of improvement for my mind; and, that every moment might be improved. I kept a book tucked into my baby's cradle, for the leisure moments there, and articles of value from the magazines and papers I cut out and carried in my pocket, watching my chance to read them; and even books, sometimes, I read, by tearing out a few leaves at a time and carrying about with me, for the leisure moments. You have no idea what a woman can

do under difficulties, when she undertakes in earnest to make the most of herself.

"As more children came, and more care, my power of systematizing increased, and now I really feel as if my household moved of itself; and," she added, with pardonable pride, "I am a companion to my husband and children, instead of a slave."

Of old, ten wise men would have saved the city of Sodom, much more the hundreds and thousands of such women I have described, scattered all over our land—of whom every one who reads this knows a few, and possibly belongs to the number—should preserve and protect the character of women from detraction and contempt.

L. L. HOLBROOK.

A WOMAN DOCTOR TURNING FARMER.—

Dear Doctor.—I have turned farmer! "That is quite a change for you!" I seem to hear you exclaim. "And what do you propose to do there? What started you to attempt this new kind of life, so much in contrast with your former habits as a physician? and what do you know about farming?" With regard to the reason why I have adopted this new mode of life, I will answer more at length in my next letter, only here I will simply say I came from the city, and a city practice, that I might regain that lost treasure, health. What I know about farming is simply theoretical. During the last year, while an invalid, I have been reading everything I could lay my hands on that would throw any light upon this—to me—new science. I have read treatises upon scientific farming, agricultural chemistry, and volumes of agricultural papers. They have at least furnished me many pleasant hours, and the lovely air-castles I have built have afforded me much real happiness, which I could never regret having builded, even should they be so thin as to never cast a shadow. My anxiety for a few months before I purchased my farm to get into the country upon a place of my own, was so intense that no other life would have satisfied me. I have selected a lovely spot for my future home, within easy access of

school and church privileges, and amid an intelligent, enterprising community. And now I propose to place before you a few of my impressions upon viewing "my farm," as I see it as it is now, and as it is to be in the future. The labor to be done, and some of the things to be accomplished. I have sixteen acres of land, eight of which are devoted to standard fruits, four to grapes; and the remaining four acres suitable for plowing. The house is beautifully situated upon a sandy knoll, commanding a distant view of Lake Erie and miles of surrounding country. An immense honey-locust, fifty feet high, shades the front yard, and in the rear of the house is an old orchard. The soil is a rich, sandy loam, a portion of it black muck, and all of it very desirable soil to cultivate. In its earlier years it was a noted fruit farm, growing the finest varieties of apples, peaches, pears, cherries, quinces, etc. It was beautifully hedged, and all was kept in a fine state of cultivation; but it has been so fearfully neglected for the last few years that it will take a long time to bring it back to its pristine glory; yet the elements are here, and labor, money and skillful management will work wonders in the desirable transformation. Here is that one-fourth mile of osage orange hedge along the road, growing twenty feet high; and that old white willow hedge—what a nuisance—along the north line, at least thirty feet high. These must be cut down and brought into shape to make, if possible, a sightly fence; and it must be done now, before the spring work crowds. This job will not be a pleasant one, for the immense winrow produced by the cutting of the osage orange must be piled and burned, and the thorns will render them fearful to handle. Then there is the peach and apple orchard, what a world of work to be done! So much pruning needed, so much dead wood among the peach trees! I wonder if the severe winter has ruined all my peaches! The orchard needs attention badly, aside from pruning; all the old limbs cut off in past years are scattered over the ground in every direction; and these, together with the tall grass, form a

tangled mass almost enveloping the quince bushes and smaller trees. Blackberry briars, once carefully cultivated between the rows of trees, now spread themselves in a very uncultivated manner as far as the thick turf and their own diminished vitality will let them. Here is work enough to keep a man busy for weeks. West of this is the vineyard, and what a scene is here presented! Trellises broken, lying upon the ground, and running and rooting themselves at every joint and in all directions, beneath the vast mass of weeds of several years' growth. This shall all come out, "root and branch," weeds and all, and I'll see what the plow can do to bring this rich black soil into shape whereby it may yield at least the interest upon the money invested for it. It would cost more time and labor to restore these old vines to fruitfulness than to buy and plant new ones. Then, too, I do not care for any more than for my own family use, for I will not make wine, and grapes are too plentiful in market to pay me to raise to sell.

Those two long rows of basket or osier willow between the orchard and vineyard, set out some years ago to furnish cuttings to tie up the grapevines, I wish some oracle would tell me what to do with them. There they are, twenty feet high, shading the fruit and encumbering the land. If I cut them down they will sprout up again immediately, and to get them out by the roots would be almost an impossibility.

Here in the peach orchard, near the house, are long, straight rows of raspberry and currant bushes, of fine varieties, but what with the tall grass and dense shade of the trees will amount to nothing in this place. These, or at least a portion of them, must be removed to a more sunny spot, and cultivated. How woe-folly the elder bushes and wild briars have monopolized the fence corners, and for six or eight feet each way from the fence. These fences must be removed and the land cleared and plowed, that these pests may be exterminated. I shall have to fight a fearful battle with the weeds on this beautiful slope north of the house. The dry stalks, six feet high, of last

year's growth of weeds, betoken a strong, rich soil; but I prefer something a little more sightly, if not more vigorous. What shall I do with that low, wet spot northwest of the house? It is so near, and lies so beautifully, that something must be done to render it pleasing to the eye. I think I'll underdrain it first, and then take time to consider what next to do with it. The house must be painted outside and in, and papered. A pantry must be built somewhere, for I'm going to keep a cow, and now there is no place for the milk. How a large family ever got along in this house without a pantry I can not conceive; I'm sure I shall not attempt it. Then there is carpenter's work to be done besides, a new sill must be put under the front side of the barn, and the barn must be covered with new boards and painted; and I can use the old lumber to build a house for my poultry, for I have some very fine fowls now and am soon to have more.

Then there are numerous plans to be carried out to beautify the grounds, and make my little rural home cheerful and attractive. I should soon pine for city life again if I could not surround myself with something of an air of refinement.

How I'm to get all this work done, besides getting in my garden and spring crops, I cannot clearly see. John, my hired man, is an experienced farmer, and understands something of horticulture; but one pair of hands cannot do everything, and the amount of work demanding immediate attention is so great that I am overwhelmed in the contemplation. What I can do to assist will be but trifling, yet I shall find something that I can do to keep me out of doors as much as the weather will admit; and I trust that this out-of-door life, working in earth, and the freedom from anxious care that this country life will bring me, will rapidly restore my health.

I have very fine tomato plants up in boxes in my sitting-room windows, and my lettuces and radishes are already up in the garden.

I have now laid before you some of the work

to be done, and from time to time I will inform you of my progress and how I succeed as a "farmer."

SARA B. CHASE.

CRITICISM.—*Editor Herald of Health.*—

It is not pleasant to combat opinions, but I feel it my duty to enter a word of protest concerning an article which appeared in the June HERALD, viz. Ann Westbrook's flagrant abuse of married women. I happen to be one of the married women which Ann Westbrook objects to, so can speak in a feeling manner of myself and my compeers.

The writer coolly marshals us off into seven despicable classes, to wit: "playthings, drudges, nobodies, invalids, gossips, women that board, and women interested in foreign missions."

One would think, by the way she disposes of us, that we were so much rubbish, to be enumerated, sorted out and flung aside. Unfortunately there is an atom or two of truth in her strictures upon us—"there's the rub." Her fling at our "small heads" hurts us, because she is uttering an uncomfortable fact. Our heads may be a trifle too small *now*, but just wait a bit, sister Ann, until President Elliot opens Harvard to us. Then you may see how ideas shall broaden our foreheads, and how our new dignity shall lift our skulls into loftier heights. After that we will give you leave to measure us, but not now.

It is not fair to compare the metal in a horse shoe with that in a watch spring. The one is untrained iron, the other is iron trained to the last degree.

Napoleon's head, by actual measurement, was greater after his wars and conquests. Woman's "brains" will increase in volume by conquests in the fields of thought. The size and beauty of a human being's head very largely determines the physical beauty of that human being, inasmuch as the head is the glory of the human creature.

Last winter, at a reception, I saw, standing at some distance from me, a man of 250 pounds weight, six feet two inches altitude. I thought to myself, "here at last is a hero." The sup-

posed hero approached, and to my dismay his herculean shoulders were surmounted by a *small head*, most of which was behind and below the ears! I was disenchanted forthwith. Here was a headless monster, and not a godlike hero. What a man wants first is a *head*, a head towering above the ears (be it remembered); then we will get the godlike qualities as well as the beauty, which artists love to dwell upon.

Woman is no exception to this rule. I can count a hundred handsome women in my acquaintance, and not one of them has a *small head*. I never saw a fascinating woman yet who had a small head. The small head notion was exploded long ago! I have not the shadow of a doubt but that, culture being equal, woman is superior to man! There will always be found to be a good reason for a long, deep-seated popular belief; and the fact that ever since Eve ate the apple, men have been telling women they are angels, means something. Angels, of course, are superior to men. Women are angels (every man since Adam has *said so*; what every man says must be true), therefore women are superior to men. If this does not sound satisfactory to the sisterhood, I have at least a peck of *reasons* by which to strengthen my position and revive their faith in themselves.

So, having settled the question of the superiority of woman, let us see about Ann Westbrook's "playthings, drudges, nobodies," etc. I am sorry she has hit us again in a sore place, for you have only to walk on Broadway to see the "playthings," or take a peep into almost any working man's home to see the "drudges;" and if you want to see "nobodies," go to the theatre, or Rubinstein's concerts. As for invalids, why, you can't go amiss to find one; while the "women that board" are like unto the locusts of Egypt, and about as much of a curse, too. The only other curse that I can think of, that will equal them, are *the men that board*; that cheap sort of men, lacking masculinity; one might call them co-operation men, as they are fed by a boarding-house and "got-ten-up" by a cheap tailor and washerwoman.

I think some new word should be coined by which to designate them. They are not *men*. One could lay one's hand upon the good book and swear that much without a breath of perjury. *Men* that we dream of don't board! they marry grand women, set up their own *lares et penates*, and cluster about their knees soons that shall do them honor. I am not accustomed to laying down wagers, but if I were so accustomed, I would not be afraid to wager that the men in this country who board year after year, and are contented to go without families and homes, would average small hands, feet, mouths and noses, besides possessing other marks of insignificance. The decree that "God set the earth in families," knocks the boarding theory eky high.

However, Ann Westbrook has left out the important factor in her female syllogism—an imaginary, if you please—third term; and that suppressed term comprehends the real women of the country, the *home* women—blessings upon their dear heads!—the sweetest women God ever made. These women are they who are bearing, rearing, training and praying their children into health of body and beauty of spirit; the women who, with their devoted husbands, are molding children who shall by and by *more* than fill our places as fathers, mothers and educators. These women are found everywhere; no city or town, race or station has a monopoly of them, thank Heaven! I saw one of them not long since upon an emigrant train. She was a "Venus of Milo," in height and mien, with sky-blue eyes and hair of gold; and, better yet, was a Madonna in her consecration to the child at her side. Though clad in coarsest gown and with but a scarf tied about her head, I stood enraptured by her untutored, yet royal womanhood. "Of one blood are all races of men." Permit me, Mr. Editor, to utter a prediction. Twenty years hence there will not be the grounds for Ann Westbrook's strictures that now exist. Even now I feel the breath of a new morn that is dawning for us all. In that better time houses will be more sacred, because more sanctified; husbands more de-

voted, because more Christlike. And in that nobler era women will be proud to fulfil the maternal part of their mission, MOTHERHOOD and HOME.

SUSAN EVERETT, M. D.

CHASING HAPPINESS.—A friend writes to ask us how he can be happier than he is. He don't like to be miserable and he tries to be happy, but don't succeed. We hardly know how to answer him. We think this everlasting chase after happiness a mistake. Don't chase it, if it don't come spontaneously as the morning light let it go. Most people are quite as happy as they deserve to be. Too many people chase after unhappiness, and it comes very easily. To make yourself miserable follow the following rules:

1. Never be ready to forgive anybody.
2. Make yourself as disagreeable as possible.
3. Suspect everybody.
4. Tell all your troubles to any one who will listen.
5. Celebrate daily all your griefs, losses, trials and troubles.
6. Be as discontented as you can, and repine and murmur at all you can.
7. If there is a pimple on your face fear it may be a cancer.
7. If a dark day comes, have a perfect assurance it will never be light again.
9. Never speak a pleasant word, or do a kindly deed to anybody.
10. Never be thankful for mercies that crown your daily life.
11. Eat unwholesome food, and violate all the laws of health.
12. Don't take THE HERALD OF HEALTH, or read its bright thoughts and tonic advice.

CREAM YEAST.—Whatever may be the methods used for making bread in different families, for certain purposes it is found necessary to use artificial means for making biscuits, cakes, pie-crust and other preparations, light and nice. The old method of saleratus and cream tartar has nearly gone out of use. No well informed family injures their health by it now,

But many substitutes for them are little better. It is a duty all owe to themselves to know, if possible, whether the preparations used are wholesome or not. We have been to considerable pains and expense to investigate the claims of numerous compounds for raising flour. The main object to be accomplished is to generate in the flour a certain amount of carbonic acid gas, and to leave no deleterious substance in its place. We find that J. Monroe Taylor makes a cream yeast more reliable than all other baking powders, manufactured mainly from grape acids, and so nicely made that its use leaves not the slightest taste or smell of any alkali. It deserves to be commended and generally used, where such a compound is needed, in place of any other article we know. We have used it in our Hygienic Institute for several years, and never knew it to fail of producing the promised results. It is largely used in all the first class hotels in New York, with like results. It should take the place of cream tartar, bicarbonate of soda, saleratus, and all other imitations and spurious articles that flood the country. In order to have a genuine article—if it is not to be had at your grocery—write to Mr. Taylor, 112 Liberty street, New York, and get full particulars from him.

HEREDITARY DISEASES.—The subject of *hereditary* diseases is calculated to interest all readers, non-professional as well as professional. Dr. Nathan Allen, of Lowell, Mass., has just read an essay on this topic (June 5,) before the Massachusetts Medical Society, of which we propose to give a brief abstract, premising that no abstract can give an adequate idea of its actual value, or of the vast importance of the suggestions and advice incidentally embodied in it.

Dr. A. commences his essay with some remarks on the meaning of the terms "health" and "disease," their relative connection, the causes of disease, and the necessity of investigating these causes in and through the study of pathology and physiology.

He then proceeds to the more particular con-

sideration of hereditary diseases, using the phrase in its popular sense of diseases transmitted from parents to children. For convenience he divides them into three classes: First, those commonly known as congenital, cases in which we meet with abnormal forms and features. Second, those in which merely the germs or seeds of disease are handed down, which require time and fit occasion for their development. Third, those when the development of the organization is such that, under certain circumstances or influences, disorders of structure or function are sure to be generated.

The existence of such forms of disease was recognized by many ancient writers; but it was reserved for Bichat to give a new impulse to their investigation, and enlarge the bounds of pathological anatomy. Since his day these inquiries have been pushed with fresh vigor. Sir Henry Holland is cited as testifying to the surpassing importance of this branch of physiology; and whilst some have neglected, for lack of faith or zeal to pursue their inquiries, others have sought in every direction to trace the origin of disease and widen the province of pathology.

He then proceeds to speak of the law of propagation, for upon this must depend the law, or laws, of inheritance. This law is simple, based on perfection of structure and function. Were the organs of the human frame perfect, and allowed free scope to perform their functions, perfect health would be the result; and as "like begets like," both organs and health would, other things being equal, be transmitted unimpaired. But, so far from this, we everywhere and always meet with irregularities or defects; and the more prominent they are in the parents the more so they become in their children, especially where both parents resemble each other in their defects or weaknesses. The transmission of such defects follows naturally from the law of propagation. To verify this statement we have only to look at the diseases of the first class, such as hernia, hare-lip, cataract, etc. These are mostly traceable to ancestral abnormalities, though the actual origin in

remote times or in some obscure cases may still remain a mystery.

To this class may be referred idiocy, insanity, blindness, etc. In a large proportion of these cases we recognize the potency of hereditary influence in transmitting defects, and are justified in concluding that the disease or imperfection may have a like origin in cases whose history we cannot trace.

Similar remarks are applicable to the second class of hereditary diseases, exemplified in syphilis and scrofula, where though the seeds may, perhaps, lie dormant for a long time they will yet germinate as occasion warms them into life. Consumption, too, presents another marked illustration of this class, about which there is great unanimity of opinion. Cancer, rheumatism and many other diseases may be ranked in this class, though sometimes assignable to a different and a special cause.

Here, too, we may notice such diseases of the nervous system as epilepsy, paralysis, etc., which often originate in a similar way, and descend to successive generations.

Similar observations may be made on the third class, where, owing to some peculiar structure or organization, disease will inevitably follow in the wake of certain accidental or exciting causes. In this connection the application of the laws of propagation and of hereditary descent gives us new and very important views of physiology, in its relations to disease.

He then calls attention, first, to the advantage which a knowledge of these primary laws affords in studying the phases of each and every case of illness; secondly, to the consideration of the relative importance of nature and of art in the treatment of disease; and, thirdly, to the real object of medicine; what it seeks to do, and what it may hope to achieve. Disease can be most effectually prevented by a wider diffusion of the knowledge of physiology, and of those principles or laws which regulate the increase or decline of races. A large proportion, perhaps a third of the sicknesses and infirmities under which society now groans might

be avoided or prevented by attending to the principles of hygiene, and by a more strict observance of sanitary laws.

With some general remarks on the practice of his profession, and the resistance which novel views are apt to encounter, he closes, rejoicing that as we live in a day of progress the secrets of nature are being rapidly unfolded. We cannot, however, part company with the Doctor without quoting a short paragraph which occurs near the close of his disquisition, in which he says: "As society is now constituted there is one standpoint from which a view may be taken of our duties that is not very ennobling. It is this, that so much of our time, thought and labor are expended upon those constitutionally puny, feeble, diseased and sickly, for the sake of preserving life, when these very individuals, it may be, will transmit to posterity the seeds of still more weakness, disease and suffering. Such a view of our labors is not at all pleasant or gratifying. While, therefore, we attempt to discharge the duties of the hour in relieving pain and suffering, let us faithfully expound, as far as possible, the great laws of life and health in the prevention as well as the cure of disease."

FRUIT PUDDING.—Make a crust of Graham flour, sour cream, soda and a pinch of salt. Pass the flour through a coarse sieve, so as to relieve it of the larger bits of bran. For a family of six persons line a quart basin with the crust, a quarter of an inch thick. Fill the basin thus lined with fruit—plums, or peaches are best. Let the fruit be of the choicest variety. Cover the whole with a rather thick crust, and steam until the crust is thoroughly cooked. Serve with white sugar and sweet, thick cream. This is the queen of puddings, and can be eaten with a (comparatively) clear conscience.

S. E.

THE AMUSING ARTICLE entitled "Fifty Questions," which we publish in this number, was composed by Mrs. Hunt, of Amherst, Mass.

THE ART OF SWALLOWING PILLS.—The Pacific Medical Journal declares that children ought to be taught the art of swallowing pills as a part of their early education. We should think that if there is any virtue in hereditary genius every child in this country would by this time have inherited the art from several generations of ancestors. They inherit the art of swallowing bread and milk, sugar, cherry-stones, meat and potatoes: but the art of swallowing pills does not seem to be inherited.

WILL OUR CONTRIBUTOR, Anna Linden, please to send us her address.—Ed.

QUERY.—I fill the station of teacher in a primary school, and am often at a loss and utterly unable to call to mind dates of events, names of places, definitions, maxims, verses, and scriptural texts and readings, with which I have been formerly well acquainted. I wish to know how can loss of memory be cured.

I sometimes become embarrassed even in the presence of my pupils. I have tried to divest myself of this excitement in school, in social gatherings and public meetings; but it seems to be next to an impossibility. Please inform me the best course to pursue in order to secure and perpetuate self-government.

ANSWER.—Probably you do not take sufficient exercise out of doors, so that your blood is not well oxygenized and your food not well digested; or perhaps your school-room is not well ventilated.

Regarding your embarrassment, it may be that your nerves are weak and your early education defective. The best remedy is self-discipline, and determination to overcome the weakness.

TO THE EDITOR.—In the August—'72—number of THE HERALD OF HEALTH you gave the proportion of lead contained in various hair restorers, without note or comment thereon. Please to let your readers know whether any

lead thus used is injurious. The question to one's mind arises from the fact that lead is, in some cases, used as a medicine.

ANSWER.—We suppose the millionth part of a grain would have no appreciable effect, but an appreciable quantity would.

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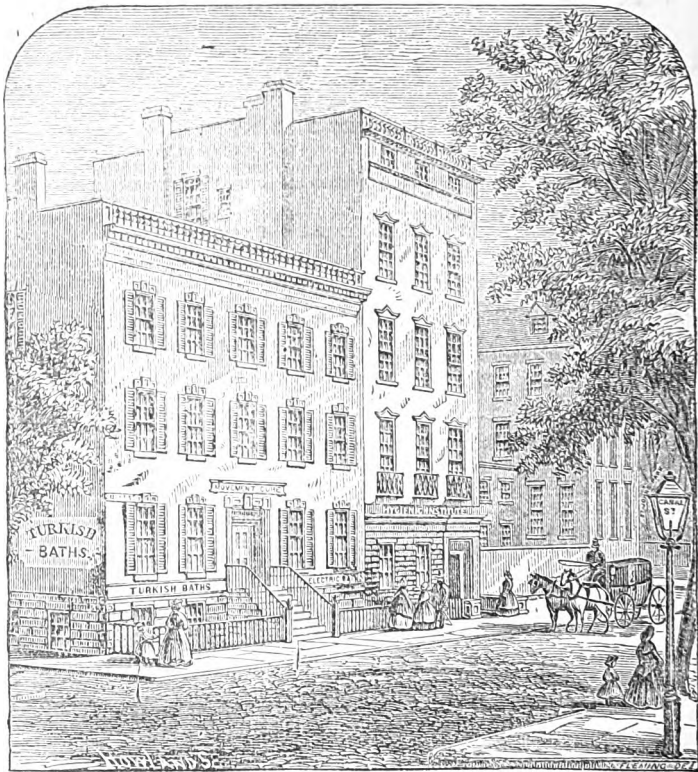
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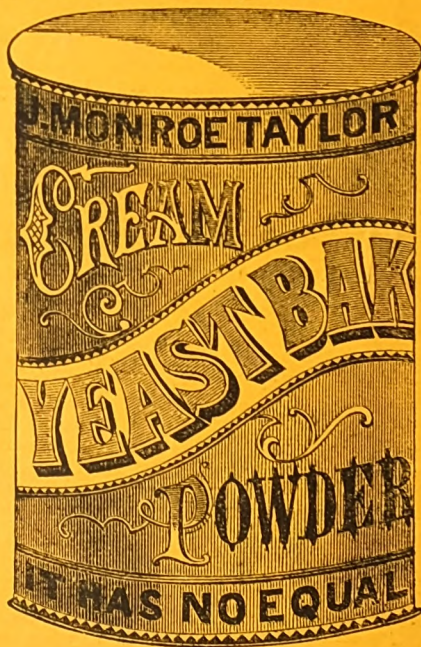
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BY C. G. SALZMANN. (1797.)

WE do not always find things go on smoothly through the whole course of our lives. People are daily exposed to dangers and inconveniences, to which we pay so little attention in education as if we thought our children exempt from them. Our education is calculated more for the parlor, for a quiet, still, inactive life, than for living among things as they really are, which requires energy, exertion, presence of mind, and not unfrequent sacrifices of our own ease or convenience.

Youth is the golden age of life; let us not embitter it by severity; yet let us remember that youth will not last forever, and prepare our pupils for the change. The parent who feels a tender affection for his children, should not be misled by it to treat them with imprudence. At an early period he should make them acquainted with the dangers that threaten us, and ask them how they would ward them off, or how they would extricate themselves. He should not content himself with this; he should

give them practical instructions, and teach his children to act as if the danger or inconvenience were really present.

Instructions of this kind appear to me of great importance, as they concern our own preservation. We would not, therefore, by any means neglect, even at the expense of a little learning, to acquire a habit of presence of mind on the occurrence of unexpected accidents, and a knowledge of the best mode of acting in them.

At the alarm of fire we start from our sleep, tremble with fear, and know not what we shall do. At the fire of Gera, a wealthy man snatched up his backgammon table in a fright and left his money all behind him. Our children stand crying in their shirts; for they have no idea of what is passing, or what they ought to do. The only way to prevent all this, is to anticipate such a danger, lay down a proper plan of proceeding, and frequently act it over as if it really happened. A cautious parent,

therefore, will often converse with his children on this fearful event, render it familiar to their minds, instruct them what first they ought to do, how to provide for their own security, what they should endeavor to save, and the like, according to the local circumstances of his house and family and the imminence of the danger.

But verbal instructions are not sufficient, the business requires active practice. Accordingly, I would sometimes rouse my children from their sleep at midnight, and let them perform everything that they must do in case of a real fire. This may seem hard; but is it not in reality affectionate care? Can it be expected that children should act properly in such an emergency unless they be in some degree prepared for it?

In one house which was on fire I saw the master leap out of the garret window, by which he ruined his health for the remainder of his life; his wife, who was pregnant, killed herself by the fall; his servant and child were both burned to death; and this in a place well provided with active firemen. Should not this be a warning to us not to depend wholly on the assistance of others, but to prepare ourselves as much as possible against such a misfortune?

It is not sufficient to teach children how they should act in case of fire, and to carry youth to see houses in flames, if opportunity offers; that they may have a more lively idea of such an event, they should be familiarized with the terrible element that too frequently destroys both dwellings and their inhabitants, and taught to rush through it unhurt. How many persons suffer themselves to be miserably burned to death because they want courage to dart boldly through the flames, which are as permeable as the air itself, instead of possess-

ing the solidity of a brick wall? That this is practicable we ought to know from the common tricks boys play at bonfires. There is a school at which the following exercise is practiced: A long line of straw is placed on the ground, narrow at the beginning and gradually widening at the end, so that the flames, where the line is largest, ascend as high as a man's head. The straw being set on fire youths and boys jump over it as speedily as possible, backward and forward, under careful inspection, of course. Whoever has practiced this exercise a few times in his youth, will not be afraid, I imagine, to rush out of a house through a burning doorway.

I am a strenuous advocate for allowing children a due portion of sleep, as it is requisite to their growth; but I am of opinion at the same time, that we ought to accustom them to watching; and deem it proper, therefore, that, when the body has attained a considerable degree of strength, as at the age of twelve or fourteen, they should be occasionally exercised in keeping awake, that they might not be slaves to sleep; for times may come when they may find it necessary to refrain from rest.

The same doctrine is applicable to eating. The stomach and palate rule the world. It would certainly be advantageous to our children to emancipate them from the despotism of these tyrants, which may be effected by gradually teaching them to subject their appetites to their reason. Occasionally I see a whole school, with their master at their head, make a common cause against appetite, and cheerfully content themselves with a piece of dry bread, relinquishing their usual dinner.

But I am now stepping into the confines of moral education, and must therefore break off.

The Experiences of a Mesmeric Patient.

BY J. BURNS, EDITOR OF *Human Nature*, LONDON, ENG.

I AM naturally a man of good constitution—sound, hardy, and enduring. When I was examined for life insurance about fifteen years ago, the physician was astonished at the absolutely healthy condition of my body. Recently I have undergone a similar operation, and every organ was declared sound and satisfactory. I have enjoyed a state of good health

with but few exceptions till about four years ago. The exceptional condition to which I refer has, in every instance, been brought on by hard work. Since I was quite a boy my strength, physical and mental, has been constantly on the stretch, to which I attribute in a great degree the soundness and compactness of my constitution; but oftentimes I have been

obliged to live in impure air and prevented from having sufficient rest and recreation, and these causes, coupled with severe exercise of the mental faculties, my indispositions have been due. I may state that my habits have been temperate and cleanly. I have never used tobacco, and have practically abstained from alcohol all my life. With the exception of a little fish during a peculiar condition of the body I have been a vegetarian for upwards of twenty years. I need scarcely add that, under all circumstances, I have religiously abstained from drugs.

The duties which have been thrust upon me these last six or seven years have gradually exhausted my strength and induced indications of an incipient disease. Four years past last winter I confined myself very much to the house, writing incessantly, and allowing myself no time to walk abroad and circulate my blood. My feet became cold and clammy, and suddenly one day I felt a sharp, stinging thrill in the upper portion of the right side of my chest. This feeling settled into a burning sensation, and in cold weather I felt as if the wind were blowing through it; when very much exhausted it felt worse, but when I had opportunities of repose or a change into the country it would disappear. During the winter of 1869-70 the pressure upon my energies was exceedingly great, and my general strength declined in consequence. I made a lecturing tour into Wales, and caught cold, which shortened my visit. The state of my health became worse and worse, till I was so weak that my chest could scarcely bear the weight of my clothes, and I was so intolerably shivering that the clothing necessary to keep me warm was insupportable. I tried the Turkish Bath and various hydro-pathic appliances; but as I could not devote time to my recovery, such treatment seemed to exhaust vitality rather than restore it. I became sleepless and for nights never closed my eyes. My appetite left me and I was almost incapable of assimilating food. I attended the Electric Baths at High Street, Kensington, superintended by Mr. Adolphus, and found that the lungs, liver, kidneys, and other portions of the abdominal viscera were badly congested. My mind became gloomy and morose, and life was not a blessing but a terrible punishment. The cares of business and of my position seemed to increase; and, to fill the cup to overflowing, I sustained a bitter attack from those who would have been supposed to be at one with me.

Such was my state when I put myself under Mr. Perrin's treatment. At that time I seemed

to have neither hope nor care for my own existence; but my deep attachment for the work in which I am engaged compelled me to crave life for its sake. Many a day have I sat at my table writing in the greatest agony. No master could have extorted such service from me except the great high priest—Truth—under whose divine guidance it is my constant hope and aim to be engaged. At first, after being mesmerised for thirty minutes, no perceptible benefit was realised, and I would doggedly turn round to my table and commence to write with the firm determination to work with my last ounce of strength. After a few days I fancied Mr. Perrin had obtained some control over the pain, which would be easier till about the evening, when it would return. I also experienced some little more strength, and found that I set about my task with a more cheerful spirit after Mr. Perrin's visit.

Here I was confronted by a host of difficulties of another kind; one sympathetic adviser (and I gratefully acknowledge that I met with many such) would labor to convince me that the mesmerism was acting as a stimulant, exciting me to renewed activity, but at the same time exhausting my normal vitality. Another earnest adviser thought that since I had given mesmerism a fortnight's trial I ought to be better, if it could do me any permanent good at all. These influences, coupled with my own dismal condition, were as great impediments to my recovery as my disease; and had it not been for Mr. Perrin's persistent kindness and attention in keeping me up to the treatment when I otherwise would have discharged him, I believe I would never have gone through with it. Persons in the condition in which I was are not by any means their own best advisers; a fact which I hope other mesmeric patients will, for their own sakes, bear in mind.

Mr. Perrin commenced his daily treatment by making passes from the head down to the knees, as I sat in the chair while he sat in front of me. His influence I never felt, except as a cold sensation on the brain. When he made long passes over my head he stood up. The mesmerism fitted me, nevertheless, for I am not a sensitive, and hence was unconscious of the mesmeric action. Neither could Mr. Perrin put me into the sleep, though to facilitate the cure I rendered myself as calm and passive as possible; my wakefulness proved to be no impediment, and after a few weeks I found that Mr. Perrin had obtained complete mastery over the pain in the side. His mode of operation in respect to it, was to grasp with his open hand

at the spot, and then throw the magnetism into the fire; a few such passes would relieve the pain entirely. Mr. Perrin would then put his palms on my chest and a warm glow would pass through my body; passes down the legs, down the back and over the head, from the front backwards, to take any mesmeric influence from the brain, usually completed the half hour's hard work. When a few weeks had elapsed, Mr. Perrin would come in and find me quite prostrate and unable for thought or action. After treatment I would turn round to my table and do a hard day's work from the effects of his visit. These were the conditions under which my recovery was effected.

After about six weeks' treatment I experienced a severe attack of fever, accompanied by inflammation in the chest. This I regarded as a favorable symptom. It was the crisis in that part of the body affected, and relieved the congestion therefrom. A little hydropathic treatment was of great service in controlling my good friend the fever, and in two days I was recovered from it, and quite renewed in the tone of my body. Appetite began to return, food was eaten with pleasure, and was digested comfortably. I was impressed that I should have other attacks of fever, and accordingly, in about two more weeks, I was seized with a violent pain in the liver, accompanied by my energetic friend fever, and slight alternate seasons of delirium and unconscious vacancy. Bathing, the wet-sheet pack, and patience, righted me in twenty-four hours, and I found myself much nearer recovery. In a few days, I again had another attack, accompanied by symptoms in the lower portions of the body. Mr. Perrin continued his kindly services for about ten weeks, when he visited me thrice a-week, instead of daily. The pain in the breast had gone; I slept well from about the third week of treatment; my appetite was restored; my strength and activity had returned; and I was rapidly recovering my wonted endurance, so that after a short time it was not considered necessary that Mr. Perrin should mesmerize me except when unpleasant symptoms manifested themselves.

Ever since my treatment by Mr. Perrin, my strength has been increasing, and my general health consolidating, and now I find myself more efficient than I have ever been in my life. The late events in London and the labor which they devolved upon me, left me completely used up, and I have again had recourse to Mr. Perrin three times a week. Though unable to leave town for a holiday, I had a very good

substitute in the harmonizing and restoring treatment of the gentleman I have named. At the time of writing, I am again without any necessity for further attendance on his part.

I will conclude with a few words on the lessons to be derived from my experience. My benefactor resorted to none of the diagnostic efforts of the medical schools. He did not enquire whether the grievance lay in the muscles, the membranes, or the pulmonary structure. Vitality was deficient and deranged in its action throughout the body, and the operator supplied the deficiency and restored harmony. How different the result would have been if I had resorted to drugs. Before treatment could have been instituted the disease would have required a name and a series of experiments ending in further loss of vitality, and permanent derangement of the vital forces would have been the result. A chronic condition would have ensued, and, like thousands of others, I would have been a snug property to the drugging trade. We may ask, is there such a thing as disease at all were it not for maltreatment—that stupid persistence in poisoning every person who happens to be sick? What we call disease of the normal class are indications of inharmony and the effort of nature to restore equilibrium.

Let us understand these efforts, and cordially second them by removing or administering heat, imparting vitality, or distributing it. Positive cruel diseases are the result of drugging and maltreatment, and to be cured in the usual way is the most dangerous operation which a human being can possibly submit to.

It gives me great pleasure to testify to these facts, and to express the deep obligation I am under to Mr. Perrin for what he has done for me. All who participate in the labor I have been enabled to accomplish, also owe some slight regard to Mr. Perrin for had it not been for his timely interference no one can tell what my humble place in the ship of progress might have been to-day. There is ample scope for multitudes of such establishments as that conducted by Mr. Perrin, and I rejoice to know that Mr. Jackson has intimated the formation of a committee in London for the purpose of imparting a knowledge of the mesmeric art. He has already trained a numerous class at the Progressive Library, and I hope soon to hear that substantial good is being done not only to suffering but to ignorant humanity.

There has been in London for twenty-five years a mesmeric hospital for treating certain diseases, and it has done much good.

Alexandre Dumas.

BY FREDERIC R. MARVIN.

WHAT Alice Carey said of George Sand has been thought of Alexandre Dumas: "The great author has as much cunning as is consistent with manliness, and as much manliness as is consistent with success." But a wiser mistake could not have been committed. Dumas lacked all those strong virtues which enter into manly character. He lacked faith, constancy, industry; and as for personal purity, he seems not to have known the meaning of the words. He was careless and indolent—even to sybaritism and debauchery. A writer, he seldom wrote his own books; a poet, he never sang two songs to the same lady; a man, he never paid his debts; a lover, he married to conceal an obligation; a courtier, he flattered and deceived with the same breath; a conversationist, his wit was scorching, dazzling, merciless, and impure.

Many pages might be consumed in naming the books, valuable, indifferent, and worthless, of which Dumas is reputed author; but to name the books of which Dumas is actual author would not require half a page. Dumas possessed a habit—not reputable but common—of employing impecunious authors to write his books; he bought their brains, and paid for them in money. This system, called the *sweating system*, Dumas is credited with having introduced into French literature. He made the plots and others made the stories, and in this way it frequently happened that Dumas managed to construct more books in a year than could possibly have been transcribed by one person in twice the time. The most genuine as well as the best of his works are "Henri III. et sa cour," "La Comte de Monte-Cristo," "Les Trois Mousquetaires," and "La Reine Margot;" all of which have passed through many editions, and are regarded as standard in French literature.

Dumas never chose his friends—in fact he had no friends. Men and women congregated about him, used his money, sunned themselves on his wit, and behind his back plotted against his reputation and what they were stupid enough to call his character. Every one praised Dumas. Paris liked him, not for any good he accomplished, nor for any light he shed on life, his relations and duties; but because he amused the people. He was too intent on amusing

them to be truthful; but Paris cared nothing for that. Paris wanted to laugh. Take the hasheesh scene in "La Comte de Monte-Cristo," which in the original sparkles like a cave of diamonds. It is brilliant enough, but utterly untrue. The phenomena of hasheesh-intoxication are overstated and misunderstood; but what did Paris care? The critics did not notice the monstrous exaggeration, in fact they liked it. The Parisian cannons of criticism were loaded with sugar-plums and fired only in sport, on given occasions, when the people wished to celebrate a new novel, or a sensational poem. Dumas wrote a treatise on the Sacredness of Marriage, but nobody read it. Monod published a book on the Trinity; Paris said: "how stupid," and critics passed it by; but Dumas wrote a novel, not unlike some of Sardou's plays, at the expense of common decency, and all at once every one asked his neighbor if he had read the book. The critics said bravo, Monsieur Dumas, and the whole city resounded with his praise. Darbois, the Parisian priest, who pronounced the "La Dame aux Camelias" of Dumas the younger, the "Apotheosis of Crime," attacked Dumas with a degree of vindictiveness of which none but Romish priests are capable. What was the result? Paris laughed, the people pointed to the ladies of the bishop's palace. Dumas shrugged his shoulders and wrote another novel, and Madame Switcheb changed her confessor.

Dumas was a dreamer—not in any ideal sense, nor after any poetic fashion—he was a realistic dreamer. His books are romances, and so fanciful that to finish reading one of them is like waking from a dream. They are dreams; not of paradise nor purgatory, but of earth. The men and women of his dreams are neither angels nor phantoms; they are real flesh and blood. They are as human as ever—sin with the same daintiness, are virtuous with the same carelessness, and live, love and die with the same shallow brilliance that men and women exhibit every day in the streets of Paris.

But was there no other side to Dumas? was he only a superficial trifler? a butterfly in the sunlight? a rainbow on pillars of mist? No, Dumas was a philosopher. True, his philosophy was the philosophy of pleasure; but it was genuine, so far as it went. It was not the

highest philosophy, neither was it the lowest. Dumas never rose to that philosophy which induced our own Theodore Parker to say: "It is needful that a man be true, not that he live. Are men dogs, that they must be happy?" But he never sank so low as to sing with Cobans:

"Oh subtle arms of flesh and blood!
Ye are my paradise alone."

Or pray with Swinburne:

"Forgive us our virtues, forgive us,
Oh Lady of Pain!"

The kind of happiness taught by Dumas is real and valuable, sometimes noble and even elevated; but it is sentimental and often passionate, and even delirious. Its great defect consists in divorcement from the idea of duty. Had Dumas risen to the idea of duty he would have eliminated the noxious element of caprice from his philosophy; and, after all, it is caprice that is the worm at the heart of French morals.

The philosophy of pleasure is not so bad a

thing as moralists would have us believe. It is not so good as the philosophy of duty, but it is better than that cheap misanthropy which is so often called virtue. The philosophy of duty is the philosophy of reform; its adherents are apostles, prophets, saints, reformers and martyrs, not the average worldly nor churchling; few hold to the iron tenets that make heroes of men. The philosophy of pleasure is the philosophy of the people. Men do not build cities, sail ships and civilize savages from a sense of duty or a love of right. They do not go to church, believe the creed, and take the sacrament from an overpowering love of God and goodness. Happiness is at the root of civilization, trade, and religion. Men civilize that they may be comfortable; trade that they may get wealth, and worship that they may go to heaven. Dumas's mistake was not in expounding the philosophy of pleasure, but in expounding it on too low a plain. His pleasure was so completely sensual that it left no room for fine feeling, high thinking and noble effort.

On the Tramp.

BY R. R. BOWKER.

TO roam free as the air under the open sky, what bit of life better worth the living? There is no other traveling which gives such utter satisfaction, none in which one is so thoroughly his own master, hampered by no conditions, fretted by no anxieties over catching trains, or meeting friends, or taking care of baggage. With the friendliness for sky and earth that comes of it, you are at home anywhere; the knapsack on your back carries everything you need, and your path is where you will. Your plans are perfectly flexible—there is no little glory in that independence—and you can rightfully allow yourself to be beguiled by whatever that is beautiful in nature tempts you to stray or stray and gives you, in your very content with it, the best of recreation. The air breezes through your very veins. Ah, yes, it is oxygen that is the *elixir vite*! Yet now that it is discovered, how few are the philosophers who will quaff its youth-giving delight!

It is amazing how few of our young men have practically found this out. At half a dozen of our colleges it is an open secret, and

parties sally forth each vacation season for the tramp that has been the longing of the whole past year. But even among these, your trappers are too few. The Williams boys sing uproariously:

"O proudly rise the monarchs of our mountain land;"

but when "Mountain Day" comes, which the college sets apart for the practical realization of the song,

"Away to the mountains, away, boys, away," the most of them make the most of it by going down to North Adams to play billiards. Yet there stands Greylock, most beautiful of mountains, ever with its silent, inspiring appeal to "come up higher!"

But, after all, it is the city man who should most value country tramping. Bulwer-Lytton hits a half truth in saying: "If you want to keep young, live in a metropolis; never stay above a few weeks in the country," only he should have made the last clause positive. For it is the teaching of a practical experience that your city gentleman can, as a rule, endure far

more, of tramping especially, than most countrymen whom he meets. It is strange but true. The mere physical development of the magnificent distances from our homes to our offices counts for much; many New York business men walk their twelve miles a day, without a suspicion of the fact, and the will-power over the muscles and nerves that the educated man gains is to be added. The city man is usually in trim for good work at tramping, and the mountains and forests, fields and roads, fresh, expansive, are glorious relief from the cramped sidewalks and stupid offices of the city. Who that once knows walking will thereafter shut himself up in the little pens of your summer resort hotels and summer and summer at once in-doors?

It is by no means necessary to attempt camping out when one starts for a tramp. This entails too large a pack, and considerable worry in looking out for camping places. There are few parts of the country where houses are not sufficiently thick and farmers not sufficiently hospitable—or greedy—but you may safely rely upon finding lodging and meals at convenient distances; and charges for such accommodations are usually very moderate—from a dollar to a dollar and a half a day. Or there are plenty of country inns at which to put up. It is the least expensive way of spending a vacation, as well as the best way. Nor is the outfit costly. At the small stores where quartermaster's goods—which the government periodically sells out at less than cost price—are re-sold (there are a number of such in Dey street, New York), you can get nearly all that is wanted for five dollars. The army shoes, as coarse as they are and costing but a dollar and a half the pair, are save for one difficulty, the best shoes for tramping. They are as wide as mud scows, and by no means pretty; but they give the feet full room. The difficulty is, that being so wide, you stub your toes against your shoes at every step down hill, and in any long-continued descent this becomes painful. Any pair of stout, low shoes, that are not tight, will do; but never hope to make city use of them again. One of the enormous straw hats, that sell for twenty cents, or a white duck one that you can buy for six shillings, is the best head covering. Pants of some stout but light material, that does not catch or tear—a pair of blue cotton jean, if one is given to much mountain work, so that it pays to make a special expenditure—that belt close about the hips, so that suspenders are not needed; two *negligee* flannel shirts of gray or blue; a light coat

and a paper collar or two, if one harbors a desire to look respectable occasionally; one change of light underclothes, four pairs of stockings, as many handkerchiefs—this is the proper outfit as to clothes. Even in the mountains one scarcely needs overcoat, blanket or shawl, which are burdensome to carry, if proper precautions are observed as to entrance into changes of temperature; if one wants to stay over night, rubber blankets can be bought at these army stores at \$1.50 or thereabouts, and woollen blankets of dark colors at three dollars the pair. A rubber blanket with a hole in the centre, called a poncho, serves as overcape on emergencies. What you are to carry needs to be made into a compact, oblong bundle, wrapped in a light rubber blanket or the rubber cloth which can be had at from twenty-five cents a yard, and of which it is well to buy a little more than your own length, say two yards; a shawl strap fastens the bundle; two carrying straps attach it to your shoulders for most of the journey, and the handle of the shawl strap gives you a secure mode of carrying for relief from the shoulder-weight. The best thing of this kind is, however, the knapsack invented by the Alpine Club of London, which costs a guinea there. It will last forever, holds an infinite amount of goods in its several compartments, is very easy to carry, and convenient to pack and to reach. But it is difficult, if not impossible, to find them here. Your comb and brush and such little things it is well to carry in one of the enameled cloth toilet cases which have a place for such, so that you are not likely to leave anything behind; all which roll up into the minimum of space. Of course you want a good knife, needles and *linen* thread, some stout hempen cord, pins, matches; a small pair of scissors is very convenient, a small field glass greatly extends one's pleasures, and a tin drinking-cup should be strapped on to the pack. Try to get everything except these latter two articles into the pack, for to have more than one package to take care of is an unmitigated bother and very tiresome. A pocket compass is an essential, and a good local map should be procured, if there be such a thing. As soon as you get into the woods cut a tramping stick about four feet long, and your outfit is complete.

It will be seen that most of the things enumerated are such as one has already in the house, and that the other things can be had very cheaply if one goes to the right place. Rubber goods at the regular dealers cost from two to four times as much.

So much as to getting ready. As to the places for tramping, there are few parts of the country where the right kind of region is not found within reasonable distance. A rolling, wooded country, with frequent streams, is very enjoyable; mountains are best of all. There is probably no finer or more interesting tramping ground in the world than the Catskills, half a day from the metropolis itself. A four days' trip in May through a great part of those beautiful mountains, with some hours stay each at those other interesting places, Rondout, Saugerties and West Point, cost but \$13, including fares from and to New York; and there was no especial economy beyond the avoidance of the larger hotels. The Berkshires from Greylock south afford most glorious opportunity, and there is much to be enjoyed on the way—the sail up the Hudson, and a visit to the Shakers at Lebanon. But within two hours' walk from New York, north from Hoboken and behind the Palisades, is an interesting illustration of how near home such walks are to be enjoyed, in the curious old Dutch region which still presents its early characteristics. The Adirondacks, the White Hills, the Maine Woods, are the greater achievements of the pedestrian.

It is not nearly so pleasant and vastly more tiresome to walk alone, and in the mountains it is dangerous. Yet small parties of three or four are best; it is difficult to find "casual" accommodation for a larger number. Go prepared to ask all manner of questions, and to swerve from your planned paths at any moment for anything that holds out sufficient promise. Some of the most useful and pleas-

ant hours of a journey are those in which a practiced traveler makes the best of the hour or two of waiting for a train and happens by exploration or questioning into the most entertaining episode of his vacation. Yet it is well to be as thoroughly posted as possible before starting, for, as a rule, the country people know very little about the historical associations and scarcely more about the other features of their neighborhood; so that there are few places of which a more intelligent description could not be written in any great library than from talk with all the people one meets in a day's tramp.

These brief suggestions are thrown out in the hope that more Americans may be led into that happy fashion of traveling on Foot's horse. They will be found reliable for even a first tramp, and any one may safely start out across the country in the certainty of finding something to eat when meal time comes, and somewhere to lodge when the night is at hand. It is not wise to venture to cross mountains except with some experienced person, or after other tramping experience of one's own; but otherwise it is plain sailing. It would be a great thing for America if her young men should adopt this fashion, so general among German youth, of spending their vacations. A city man is pretty sure to stand the test well, especially if he confines himself to ten or a dozen miles the first day, and twenty thereafter. It is a mistake to attempt much more in pleasure-walking. Mount afoot and start, young men, and come back, as surely you will, with such new life for a new year's work as you can gain in no other way.

Our Jennie.

BY ELLERY HART.

REALLY, you know, there were two of them, and people did seem to get confused when we talked about them; but, dear me! it was all plain enough. You see, Jennie—*our* Jennie—not our Jennie at the top of the page, but the other one—was a baby—no, she was a colt—no she wasn't either, she was—

Well there; I'll begin all over again. Now, Jennie the first was a baby, the funniest, cunningest baby that ever lived; and the other

Jennie—Jennie, you know, was a colt, the funniest, cunningest colt that ever lived; and as we were the proud possessors of both these pieces of perfection, what wonder that we should give them the same name?

The baby had about twelve months the start in life, but the colt had a good deal more than twelve months' start in size. Why, she was at least six times as big even when she could just stagger around on those lank long legs that

were so dreadfully in her way, and that stood out like this $\Delta \Delta$ when she tried to use them; and then she grew so fast that Jennie, the baby, was discouraged at once and didn't even try to catch up. She learned the use of her legs soon enough, though, and found they were good for other things than to walk on.

One day we had her lunch nicely prepared in the peck measure—meal and sliced potatoes it was—and started to take it down to the pasture through the broiling sun. There was not a tree anywhere near the fence and, of course, Miss Jennie was quite too wise to stay near it. Half-way across the field she and her handsome mamma were standing under a wide-spreading maple; old Mary's great, heavy tail sweeping off flies for both, though Jennie's ridiculous little club moved vigorously enough to do the work for a whole herd.

"Come Mary, come Mary, come Mary," we called, in the most approved way, as if we had half-dozen colds in the head.

Mary heard, looked around, and slowly walked toward us; Jennie prancing beside her as if she had not the slightest idea who the lunch was for. We kept on our side of the fence, and rested the measure on one of the boards. Jennie kept on hers, and eyed the measure carefully.

"Come Jennie, come Jennie, nice fellow, come." Rather won by being called "fellow," Jennie dipped her high-bred nose into the bran and tasted it, while her patient maids smoothed her velvety throat and held her ladyship's plate. So busy were we admiring the pretty curve of her neck and smoothing out her ruff of a mane that we never noticed that she had to dip more and more into the measure, until all at once there was a heavy blow from her foot which knocked the measure clear on to her side of the fence, spilling bran and all on the grass; and Miss Jennie, congratulating herself on the improvement made by her own skill, finished her meal and scampered back, I hope, to get a lesson on good manners from her mother, who was a lady, every inch.

Soon after she was put into another pasture by herself, where she looked so lonely that no heart could resist her as she pressed close against the fence and rubbed affectionately against you, if you but held a hand to pat her white-starred head. She recovered her spirits after awhile, though.

It happened one day that the Major went to pay his respects to her. He wore a large broad-brimmed hat, which was his special

pride, inasmuch as no one else had anything like it. Whether Jennie thought her master in danger of turning Quaker and wished to express her dislike to that body, I don't know. Certain it is she walked gravely up to him, stood a moment meekly while he rubbed her head, and then, with a dash at the obnoxious hat, scampered off in high glee shaking and tossing it as a cat does a mouse. It was of no use to chase her, and all the unfortunate Major could do was to breathe vows of vengeance under his breath and utter aloud persuasive calls to the thief to return. The hat was rescued at last, not much the worse; which fact speaks well for its maker.

But the most remarkable of Jennie's feats were in the second summer of her life. Whether she thought that being the baby's namesake made her one of the family, or whether she only wanted to see how we lived, I cannot say; but her endeavors to join the family circle were unceasing.

"Och! sure ma'am, an' the horris is in me pantry an' his nose intil the corn, ma'am, an' what'll we do?" screamed Kate from the kitchen.

Out we went. Sure enough Miss Jennie had found the side door open, had walked into the kitchen closet, and finding her quarters too narrow to turn in was philosophically making the best of the situation by devouring a panful of corn waiting to be cooked for dinner. All the screams and "shus" of the feminine brigade moved her not the least. Only when we sent for Ben did she condescend to withdraw under the gentle stimulus of a masculine hand upon her nose and a masculine voice in her ear.

But that visit only whetted her curiosity. Several days after, finding another of our innumerable side doors open, she made her way to the store-room, where the Mother Superior had left the morning's picking of cucumbers preparatory to pickling.

"Too bad to take so much trouble," thought Jennie. "Such a lot of young ones, too. I declare, I'll help with these."

I don't know how long she had been there when we found her, but she had cleared the table of cucumbers, and tasted the yeast cakes, and was beginning at the sugar.

All this was funny at first, but it began to be a nuisance; the more so as the courage of the home-guard vanished at the sight of her powerful legs and big body; and we must always send to the barn for one of the men. How

well she knew our weakness and her strength—just as well as we did!

Well, we found the only way to keep her out was to shut the doors, and keep them shut. So this order went out through the household, and Jennie was vanquished—so we thought.

"What's that tramping on the piazza?" asked Mother Superior of the Daughter of the House.

"The children, I suppose. What an awful noise they make; I'll speak to them."

Out she went.

"It's that everlasting Jennie, and she's knocked down the melon seeds you put there to dry and broken the plate," was the report given in accents calm in despair.

"Oh dear, Jennie! Do call the girls; they must drive her off; and I suppose she's at my dried corn, too."

"The girls! they won't do anything. I'll do it myself; it's ridiculous to be afraid of a two-year old colt."

So the daughter went to the charge—an admiring crowd gathering to watch her success through the side lights. She walked up to Jennie, put her hand on her nose and said "back!"

Jennie, too surprised to resent, looked down.

"Back!" ordered the Daughter of the House again, encouraged by this unsuspected quietude.

Jennie recovered herself and tossed her head high in the air, refusing to back one step. The two looked at each other. If you have never stood in front of a horse you wanted to manage and couldn't, you have no idea how big they are. Jennie, like Faust's black poodle, seemed as big as an elephant.

"Now see here!" reasoned the House Daughter, "you've got to go, you know, and you might as well begin. Perhaps you'd like a lump of sugar. Come along," and she moved toward the edge of the piazza. The glistening sweetness worked upon Jennie's feelings; she took one step forward, stretched out her long neck, and—well the sugar was gone and Jennie wasn't.

The crowd gave signs of impatience and scorn.

"You *shall* go," said the Daughter of the House, impressively; and again held out an alluring lump, just an inch beyond the longest stretch of Jennie's neck.

Jennie stepped forward, the sugar retreated; Jennie advanced a little further, sugar still out of reach.

"Once more," thought Jennie.

"All right," cried the House Daughter, pushing the sugar between the eager lips. "Chick, chick, clear out," and a whip snapped at Jennie's heels, which so astonished her that she walked as in a trance off the steps and stood on the grass below. After that a war waged fiercely between the two. No one dared attempt to drive Jennie but the House Daughter, and Jennie never yielded without a struggle. Apples and sugar were usually the last resource; and when they had beguiled the expectant colt to the edge of the piazza, a snap or two of the whip was necessary to finish the business, or she would march back at once to her original post.

Then, to be thoroughly in the spirit of the family, Miss Jennie, like any other young lady, became enamored of croquet. Morning, noon or night, let the click of balls and mallets sound across the lawn and presently a dainty head, a long, curved neck would appear at the top of the bank, and then, satisfied the game was really in progress, a stride or two brought her in the midst of the *mdee*. It was great fun at first; but, like her other tricks, after awhile it became monotonous. Think, ye energetic croquetters, of your feelings if, at the precise moment when Anna and George and Belinda and Will have their balls beautifully grouped for an artistic and scientific play, if at that moment unrelenting fate should appear in the shape of a big bay horse, who wouldn't be driven, nor coaxed, nor frightened away; who would take her stand directly over the balls, and stamping to keep off the flies, kick them here and there until you couldn't tell which belonged where, nor anything else about it.

Sometimes, if unusually amiable, a lump of sugar would draw her attention from the game long enough for a play or two. But she had made herself umpire for the season, and couldn't or wouldn't be driven from her self-imposed duties. A favorite trick was to pull up the wickets, and many a morning have we found every bridge upset and tossed half way across the field. At last the reply to a challenge would be "Where's Jennie?" How many doubtful contests she settled I shouldn't like to say; and if her rulings were not to the liking of either party, why the same may be said of every ultimate appeal.

It is said "a clear conscience knows no fear." That being true, Jennie's might have been immaculate. A whip had no terror for her, it was only a surprise; a halter was a joke, enjoyed by both parties; an umbrella, a harmless though frightful phenomenon, which no

horse of ordinary strength of mind would allow to influence him (or her), for an instant. Add to this fearlessness intense curiosity, and the next adventure of our Jennie will not be so surprising.

A loose board or an open gate one day suggested the idea that a colt of her age and size should see a little of the world. I have reason to believe that an idea never entered her head without being put into execution. Accordingly the next morning she was missing. The men folks spent that day and the next hunting her up; but it was not until the third that she was brought home, a little downcast, perhaps, that she should be returned like a runaway; but otherwise in good condition.

"Well, sir," said the man who brought her to the Major, "I've seen a good many bits of horse flesh, but I vow, I never see the equal o' that 'un. My place is down to the east end, 'long side the railroad track, jest over Barney's lane. Well; you see, I was workin' in my patch yesterday, an' I looked up asuddint an' that's true as you live, thar stood that air beast on the track an' thar not a quarter of a mile below was the train acomin'. Well sir, my har kind o' riz, for says I that's that colt o' the Major's, an' the pesky critter'll know no mor'n to be run over. I hollered and yelled like mad, an' flung two or three chunks o' light wood at her; but she jest looked an' never budged, an' all the while that train a comin' nearer. Well, thinks I to myself, she'll be skeered when she hears that ere whistle. Then the ingineer he scen her an' tooted enough to wake the dead, an' she never moved a har. I declar, I bleeve she thought it was some kind of a livin' creatur. They tried to slack the ingin, but t'want no use; an' I was a creepin all down my spinal collum, when she jest turned about and walked up to the crossing an' trotted down the lane. And I vow she stood thar an' looked at them cars like a sensible human, with not a har turned, nor no more skeered than I be this minit."

We remonstrated with Jennie in public on the error of these new ways, and in private petted her exceedingly for her courage; so that her views of the morality of running away must have been a little mixed.

After that when she broke bounds she took pains to have company with her; sometimes four or five younger or less venturesome spirits would follow her lead; but we never heard of her leading them into anything worse than the North Saginasset pound, where all five spent

two or three days before their master discovered them.

But Jennie felt her superiority to her four-footed companions. She played with them when it suited her to relax her mind; she even patronized them and admitted them to a sort of friendship—condescending on her part, admiring on theirs. But her best love was for the human race. Sunday afternoons and evenings we always spent on the broad, shady piazza, and here, soon after our early dinner, Jennie would come, stretching out her nose to be rubbed and stroked, and then standing patiently for an hour at a time to gather the scraps of conversation and family news that slipped in between the pages of our books. And when we had our evening concert, in which all joined from the Major to our Jennie's namesake's successor, no quieter or more appreciative audience could be asked, as she stood near, with ears bent forward and head raised to catch every sound.

Jennie, like the other children, I have no doubt, made many good resolutions on those lovely summer evenings. But her oughts and ought-nots were perplexing, no doubt. Why she should go into one door that led to the barn and not into that other that led to the house; why law permitted her the range of the west meadow and steadfastly set its face against her appearance on the other side of the yellow fence in the garden; why she was free to walk undisturbed in front of the house and on the side thereof, but was ruthlessly driven off from the back where those strange looking white spots on the grass and queer, flapping lines demanded investigation; she could in no wise discover.

But the summer days were over, and we were to leave Saginasset. The evenings were growing cold, and all the sunshine caught by open doors and windows during the day we needed for our evening comfort.

One day after dinner the Major and the Mother Superior had resolved themselves into a committee of ways and means, and had retired for consultation, the House Daughter had voted herself in, the children were out of doors somewhere, and over the house rested the afternoon stillness of an October day.

"Well, yes," said the Mother Superior, "I think that will be best; and those preserves will go nicely in a champagne basket; but the jelly jars and pickie pots—"

Tap, tap at the door, an agitated voice without; "Please, ma'am, Jennie's in the dining room. Will the Major drive her out?"

The committee broke up in disorder, and adjourned in a body to the door of the dining-room.

There stood the table as we had left it, glass, silver, and china in their places. Harry's well filled plate awaiting his return, and over it Jennie, her long tongue sweeping through potatoes, corn, everything except the meat, which she had pushed delicately aside on the table-cloth.

There was a moment's astonished silence, then the Mother Superior forgot her accustomed calm and wrung her hands despairingly; seeing already in prophetic vision broken crystal and damaged plate. Then the House Daughter retreated to the stairs, and controlled her emotions as best she might in seeing the good Mother make frantic dashes back and forth as considerations of demolished crockery and of personal safety by turns presented themselves; while the Major coaxed and patted and gently insisted that that room was reserved exclusively for family use.

Jennie walked slowly around the table, examined the pictures on the walls critically as she passed, walked into the hall, and was almost out of the door, when she caught a glimpse of the parlor door a little open. It was a chance too good to be lost; in she went, walked quietly around, compared the pictures with those of the dining-room; and then, completing her survey, quietly withdrew.

She had accomplished the purpose she had cherished all summer, she had seen the inside of the front of the house, and she was satisfied; she never tried it again from that day to the time she disappeared from our sight, bound for her home in an other State.

Oh! Jennie, if this true record of your early doings reaches the hands of your present master, may he give you a warm greeting from your first friends, who still hold in loving remembrance your beauty, your mischief, and your Yankee shrewdness.

Cerebral, or Brain Exhaustion.

BY C. B. RADCLIFFE, M. D., F. R. C. P.*

I CONFESS to being a heretic in matters of diet. Do what I will, I cannot bring myself to accept the current belief that butcher's meat is food *par excellence*, and that all other food is little more than "padding." On the contrary, I feel convinced that views and practices in this respect have changed infinitely for the worse during the last few years, and that herein, perhaps, may be found one main reason why various nervous disorders are so numerous and often so difficult to deal with.

Few persons with any practical experience, I think, will maintain that the diet of "training," which is relatively rich in lean meat and poor in the other constituents of diet, especially in the oleaginous, can be kept up for any length of time with absolute impunity. The fact, indeed, is simply this, that an extraordinary degree of muscular strength is got up, not by the diet simply, but by the whole plan of training, in six weeks or thereabouts, and that afterward the man in training gets out of "condition;" every day perceptibly losing muscular energy

and firmness and pluck, and becoming head-achy, feverish, and out of sorts in every way.

Few persons, also, will nowadays be prepared to contend uncompromisingly for Bantingism, which is practically the diet of training carried still further to extremes on the side of meat; and not a few, I take it, will have begun to suspect that there may even be something actually hurtful in the practice. For myself I will simply say that I have quite come to a conclusion on the subject, and that I very much doubt whether there ever was a fallacy, which, to use a common phrase, has more effectually "played into the hands" of medical men—of those especially who are sought after by persons suffering from disorders of the nervous system.

These are extreme cases, but after all not so extreme as to be beside the purpose. Often, indeed, I meet with persons who are just in the state of those who have been over-training, who are not "up" to any work, bodily or mental, and who tell you that they cannot for the life of them tell why they are so, for they have not been taking it out of themselves by work

* Delivered at the Royal College of Physicians, London, March, 1873.

of any kind, and they have been doing all they could to keep up their strength; drinking beef tea by the quart, eating meat three times a day, etc.

It is certainly possible for people to enjoy excellent health upon the most different kinds of diet. No doubt there are individuals who take kindly to animal food, and others who do not do so. Most probably a properly mixed diet is best for the generality of persons, in this country at least; but all the evidence, as I can read it, is against the notion that meat is to be looked upon as the food which must be had at any price. At all events, I cannot help but think that the present practice of urging persons at all weakly, especially children, to eat as much meat as they can, may have not a little to do in causing the development of many nervous disorders, and in deranging the health in many other ways besides; perhaps (as the inquiries of Dr. Parkes would lead one to expect) in causing liver and kidney and other glandular diseases by over-taxing the eliminative power of these organs.

It is high time, I take it, now that meat of all kinds is only to be had at almost famine prices, that people, and especially the poor, should be taught to think that animal food is not so essential as they believe it to be. It is high time, for instance, that the English should be taught to imitate the French in their diet. But I must not dilate as I would fain do upon these matters, nor must I attempt to lay down any definite rules of diet. Indeed, all that I must allow myself to do is to reassert my belief that a excess of animal food, relative or actual, is a very important cause of many disorders of the nervous system; and that in the prevention and treatment of these disorders it is all-important that the oleaginous and farinaceous articles of diet, rather than the nitrogenous, should be fully supplied. I maintain, indeed as I have long done, that the nerve tissue (which consists in large measure of a kind of fat) is starved if the hydrocarbons are withheld; and that this withholding is one main reason for the speedy breaking down in training or in Bantingism; and I further believe that this is not the only way in which the want of hydrocarbons operates mischievously. Indeed, the fact that muscular work shows itself in the amount produced, not of urea, but of carbonic acid, convinces me that the hydrocarbons are necessary for action, as well as for nutrition in nerve and muscle; are necessary, perhaps, in keeping up the electrical charge of nerve and muscle, which, as I believe, has so much

to do in nervous action and muscular action. Possibly, also, these hydrocarbons may have some work to do as "floating fuel," though not much; for if much work of this kind had been required of them, it is not easy to believe that the natives of hot countries would have been so ready to stoke themselves with oily matter; the Hindoo, for example, with ghee and the Italian with olive oil.

WALKING OVERESTIMATED.

I am also very much disposed to maintain that too much stress may be laid upon the importance of walking exercise in very many cases, in cerebral exhaustion among the rest. Of this I am confident that very many cases of the latter disorder come under notice, in which over-walking would seem to be no insignificant cause of breaking down in health, and in which little or no progress is made toward recovery until the patient begins to economize his strength in this direction, in standing quite as much as in walking; perhaps more. It would often seem as if the amount of vital power at the disposal of the individual did not allow of much head-work and much leg-work together, thought quite sufficient to allow of a fair amount of either kind of work singly; and that, under these circumstances, if the head-work must be done it is expedient to avoid walking exercise rather than to seek opportunities for taking it; and often to settle down in an easy chair and have a nap rather than to walk at all. It is a common thing for a person suffering from cerebral exhaustion to find that he cannot stand or walk, except for a short time, and that if he persists he soon becomes faint and breathless and unable to talk, though comparatively fresh and well before he began to walk and stand. It is also a common thing in such a case for walking exercise, however moderately indulged in, to be followed by inability to keep the thoughts to this point, or by distressing drowsiness or actual sleep; the walking exercise, in short, having brought on head-symptoms which were not present previously. Upon this point I am thoroughly convinced. I am also constrained to believe—indeed the simple facts of experience leave me no alternative—that in very many cases the persistence in walking and standing, when the opposite rule of rest ought to have been observed, has had mainly to do, not only with bringing on and keeping up a state of cerebral exhaustion, but with pushing matters to the crisis of paralysis. I do not remember a single case of homiplegia in any form, in which the attack was not preceded by marked failure in locomotive power,

and in which the history did not countenance the notion that the attack might have been averted if there had been more prudence in the matter of walking or standing. The simple occurrence of hemiplegia must show that the brain had become unequal to the full amount of locomotive work demanded of it; and if so, then there must surely be grave danger that a jaded brain may break down in paralysis if it be overtaxed in the direction of this particular work. In a word, I cannot help but look upon this and other forms of paralysis in which locomotion is compromised, as in the main preventable, when people in whom symptoms of cerebral exhaustion are beginning to declare themselves are more alive to the necessity of saving their strength in the direction of locomotion. At all events, upon one point I have no doubt, namely this: that in many cases of cerebral exhaustion, both with a view to prevention and cure, it is necessary to check rather than to encourage walking exercise.

REST FROM HEAD WORK.

I am also disposed to think that rest from head work may be too much insisted upon in cerebral exhaustion, and in other cases of the kind. Often and often I have met with patients with jaded brains who have certainly let their minds lie fallow too long. More than one over-worked barrister, who could scarcely drag on until the long vacation, has complained to me that the vacation was too long, and that it would have been better for him if he had returned to his own work sooner, or if he had changed his work. Mere distraction, even travel, is not enough. Weeds will grow apace under such circumstances; and soon, very soon the difficulty is to get the mind under cultivation again. What is wanted generally, even at the beginning, is not that work should be given up altogether, even for a short time, but that it should be moderated in amount, or changed. It is given to few to imitate the example of the present Premier,* who, when thoroughly over-wrought at the end of the session, recruited himself by spending a great part of his holidays in writing "Juventus Mundi;" but the fact is full of significance in the present place. Indeed, the longer I live the more am I convinced that it is a grave mistake to let the mind lie fallow, even for a short time; not only in the particular cases under consideration, but in all cases where head symptoms have to be dealt with; in epilepsy, for example, no less

than in cerebral exhaustion. In epilepsy, indeed, I have long maintained that it is the very gravest blunder in practice to suspend education—that the very basis of successful treatment is only to be laid in education. In the case of an epileptic child I should be altogether hopeless of arriving at a satisfactory result, except by building the plan of treatment on this foundation; and the same feeling would influence me considerably, even in the case of an adult suffering from cerebral disorder. Let this disorder be what it may, if in one way or another I could not keep his mind from preying upon itself, by providing him with some proper occupation. Of course this notion may be carried too far. Undoubtedly harm, much harm, may be done by pressing the necessity for work too strongly; but, practically, this danger will prove to be small in comparison with that of letting the mind lie fallow.

POSITION IN SLEEP.

Much might easily be said upon the importance of attending to the position of the head, where the object was to conciliate sleep, or the contrary; and in many other cases. The recumbent position has obviously very much to do with sleep. A person sleeps on lying down, and for the most part as long as he continues to lie down. Undoubtedly sleep may happen in the sitting posture, and even while standing; but these cases are exceptional, and the broad rule remains, that sleep has to do with the recumbent, and wakefulness with the sitting and erect positions. It is certain, also, that sleep in bed is, as a rule, sounder with a low pillow than with a high pillow. If, then, there be a state of wakefulness at night, the head should be kept low. If, on the contrary, undue sleepiness be the state of things then met with, the head should be kept high. Nay, it would even seem to follow that the degree of sleep and the amount of it may be regulated by simply taking care that the head is in the right position. The facts would seem to be too obvious to require notice, and yet they certainly have not been realized and applied in practice to the extent which might be expected. It might be expected, for example, that hospital beds would be so constructed as to allow, with a view to the conciliation or counteraction of sleep, of the head being easily depressed or raised; it might be expected that the same want would have been met in one way or other in the construction of ordinary beds but this expectation as yet is not warranted by the facts.

* Gladstone.

A Talk with Wives and Mothers.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

It is a sad fact that the joyful, healthy mother is the exception and not the rule; and it is sadder still to know that notwithstanding our present remarkable facilities for sound physiological education, there is no improvement in this particular. The average American woman, who for conscience's sake decides that she will bring her allotted number of children into the world, as perfect as circumstances will admit, is a peevish, discontented creature, tired in the morning, tired at night, and so generally used up physically and spiritually, as to be quite unfit to minister to her family. Now it is this class I am anxious to reach in this paper. Each one supposes that she has abundant reasons for her ill health and nervousness; and yet it is as true as the gospel that three-fourths of the misery can be distinctly classed under the heads imaginary or splenetic, and immediately remediable. This little conversation I overheard the other day, and as it bears directly on the subject in hand, it is altogether too good to keep. Two women—one plump and rosy, with a firm and serene expression; the other thin, hollow-eyed, and with such a rasped look about the delicate mouth as to be absolutely painful.

"You don't go out doors enough," said No. 1.

"Go out doors!" snarled No. 2. "You don't know what you are talking about. If you could have seen the time I had getting off this morning just long enough to do a little shopping, you would advise me to remain at home to imagine."

"But you are out now," replied No. 1; "why don't you enjoy it? It is a lovely day, and everything is so bright and lovely."

No. 2 smiled derisively. Her companion did not know what she was talking about. That question she would not deign to answer. No. 1 continued:

"I think the great trouble with us women is, in the first place, that we do not take sufficient exercise in the open air; and next, that we scarcely ever free ourselves entirely from our cares. I wonder now what you are thinking about this morning?"

"What I am thinking about?" repeated No. 2. "You may well ask that. A thousand things. I am wondering if the baby is scream-

ing, and how the girl will get on with the washing, and how long it will take me to embroider Minnie's sacque, and whether John ordered dinner or not on his way to the office. I am longing for something to make my stomach feel better, and can't help speculating as to whether I shall sleep to-night or not—"

No. 1 interrupted with a hearty laugh. And then continued No. 2: "I can't help thinking about yesterday's sermon. It has run through my head all the morning. The text was: 'Cast your burden on the Lord, for He careth for you.' The idea was that everything that oppressed and troubled us was to be thrown off upon God; as if anybody under the sun could do it. I should be mighty glad to, I can tell you."

I heard no more; but here was food for thought surely. This woman was one of a large, and rapidly increasing class. The domestic rut, or groove, in which she was traveling offered no outlet, no resting-place. She was completely walled in and compressed by the duties—so called—of housekeeping, wifehood and maternity. Now it may appear a most unsympathetic thing to say, but I verily believe that woman did the greater part toward building those walls herself. I should like to have heard what No. 2 replied to her friend's last thought. "Cast your burden on the Lord, for he careth for you." Of course he does, but how? What kind of care does the person need who deliberately sits down, and for doggedness or experiment sticks himself with pins? Why more pins, of course; and perhaps a few red hot darning needles would prove of service. We are to cast our burdens on the Lord—but what burdens? Embroidered sacques and delicate needle-work, that try our eyes and split our heads with pain? What kind of treatment does the Lord prescribe for such exhaustion, such wretchedness? For the poor seamstress, who labors to support a family, and who must do this or see those she loves starve, I believe He provides a very present help if she will only let Him; but for the mother of a family, who must either do this work herself or go without, he clearly says: "Let your children wear plain clothes, or suffer the consequences. If you will ignore the vital considerations of health, sin on; and by means of

this very sinning and the misery it entails, you shall by-and-by see the light."

Pain is the greatest educator the world has ever known, but there are some sufferings that education should have put an end to before this time. Parents are conscientious about sending their daughters to Sabbath school; and just here comes a fact I think it is about time to air. A lady who had charge of a young ladies' bible class speaking of defective home training, said that her best pupil, eighteen years of age, had caused her the most acute anxiety. Rain or shine she was always at her post. The girl's whole soul seemed absorbed in the straightening out of intricate theological problems; "and yet," said the teacher, "the girl was so pale and wan that I was afraid every Sabbath would be her last in class. One day she fainted, and in trying to restore her I loosened her dress, and what do you think I found? Corsets so tightly drawn that a full respiration was impossible. I removed them and found that the girl's ribs actually lapped. I took her to her mother, a very prominent and useful church member, and stated the case without reserve. 'Well, you see,' said the parent, 'Fanny never had any figure. I shouldn't be surprised if the lacings were drawn a little too tight. Her waist is naturally so large that it is almost impossible to make anything fit genteelly on her. How is your class prospering, Miss —? I hope you are drawing many souls to Christ?'"

Bible classes are excellent institutions; but for real, vital religious instruction for the youth commend me to a conscientious teacher of physiology. Teach a girl how to live physically, what she is to expect if she omits this or overdoes that; show her by actual eyesight the position of her heart, lungs, liver, womb, etc., etc., and their relations to each other, and you will have prepared a foundation for an unexceptionable moral and spiritual superstructure, that neither moth nor rust will corrupt nor thieves break through and steal.

To those women who have not had this education, and who find themselves tired out and unnerved with the cares of housekeeping and a constantly increasing family, I say, once a day make up your minds that you will step entirely out of all care and responsibility; even if it be only for an hour or two. If you go out to walk don't lug your house and husband and dinner and children with you. Forget everything except the blue sky and the fleecy clouds, and the God over all. Now I know from experience that this can be done; and,

take my word on it, that from these moments of entire and uninterrupted rest you will gain strength enough to overcome any amount of domestic difficulties. Look at your husband; see how hale and hearty he appears, and with what a healthy appetite he sits down to the meal whose preparation you have so agonized over. Why not help him eat, instead of drawing down your face behind the teapot? What makes the difference between you? It is not difference in constitutional caliber. Ten to one you are as well put together as he. It is not giving birth to children. You make a great mistake when you think this has weakened you. Exercise and variety keep him strong. Why have you not sense enough to see that the same treatment will be equally beneficial to you? You "can't do it." Why not? Oh! "the sewing;" and then you have "but one girl," and you had "rather not go out at all than be bothered with children." Never mind the sewing, let the beds go unmade. Make Bridget a present now and then, bribe her to leave her kitchen and take care of the babies. You will come back so refreshed after a few days' trial of this prescription that you won't know yourself! But mind now, if you are dress-making and embroidering and cleaning house all the time you are out you might just as well go and sit in a cemetery, for all the good it will do you. Your children should be a joy to you, instead of a burden and a hindrance; and if you are ordinarily healthy, and live according to the rules of common sense, the months of pregnancy should be doubly joyful. There are hosts of careless and unprincipled husbands to whom a wife is little more than a machine. God have mercy on the women tied to such! On the other hand there are more noble, earnest fellows, who understand and appreciate to the fullest extent God's best gift to man. I don't think a husband and a father is to be utterly condemned because he prefers a walk and cigar to the close atmosphere of his wife's chamber and sewing-room. No doubt he would be better off without the cigar; but that's his business. If he don't drink I can even go so far as to enjoy the scent of his cigar, if it is a good one. A man marries, his home is a paradise. His friends are all invited to see how charmingly he is situated. A baby is born, and the scene changes. Mrs. Dash is confined to the nursery—the baby absorbs her. William ceases to talk so much about his garden of Eden. Another baby makes its appearance. Mrs. Dash wears a wrapper, drinks tea by the quart, entertains none but companions in mis-

... sighs over her book, snivels when her husband asks her to go out with him: "as if her days of amusement were not all over; as if a mother of two children had any leisure for recreation." I believe this kind of talk, this selfishness and perpetual unrest among wives, has laid the corner-stone to most of the club-booms in this country. I don't take the least stock in that "smile," so much talked and written about by old maids and discontented husbands. A man should fully sympathize with his wife's discouragements, should constantly bear in mind her inexperience in the new life she has opened up to her. I have known many women who professed the most ardent love for their husbands become permanently soured because they were not able to make them thoroughly understand the agony they were compelled to endure giving birth to children. Equivalent to cursing the fate that had married

them to men instead of women. Such love has a taint of selfishness about it as destructive to the real article as a tainted spot in an article of food. It ruins all. Equilibrium is the *desideratum* in everything in nature. Some wives do too much for their husbands, some too little. The first is as demoralizing as the last, although not so considered. Very few understand their "rights" sufficiently to attain the happy medium. Education alone (physiological) can point out the way. In the absence of other knowledge remember this: Oxygen, exercise, frequent bathing, with crash towel friction, a nutritious diet (minus tea—tea has wrecked more happiness in this country than naturally bad temper ever begun to) will make you healthier physically, sounder morally, and wiser spiritually; and will promote a desire for more instruction. When you arrive at this point, begin in earnest the study of yourselves.

Women in Council. No. 6.

EDITED BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

ALICE FAIRVIEW'S PAPER.

I HAVE given attention to all that has been said and read in this little conclave, from the date of its formation. I have, in my character of an unmarried woman, been especially pleased that the subject of woman's dress was the one first taken up. This is because unmarried women have a special interest in the discussion of this question. Dress is to them—until they become "too old to care"—of much greater importance than it is to married women. Or rather, I should say that custom and fashion have decreed that it should be the important question to them. I should not object to the great prominence given to what may seem at first glance but a trivial subject, if the ends aimed at in connection with it were consistent with moral and religious beauty, as well as physical and intellectual, and with our advancement in these. But the whole mass of popular ideas on the subject of woman's dress has become vitiated, and is totally unfit to be supported and put into practice by a Christian and civilized people.

A young woman's getting married now-a-days at too often depends upon the measure of personal display which she is enabled to make in

"her set;" and the boldest and the most pushing girls make the best (so called) matches. It really does seem as if the highest and the holiest sacrament of life is made to be dependent upon how much costly stuff and tinsel a young woman can load upon her person, and carry with "an air." "Beauty unadorned, adorned the most," is a perfectly ridiculous quotation, as read in the light of the luminaries of fashion in the nineteenth century, and would be received with explosions of laughter in any stylish circle, if illustrated by a practical exemplification. Then again, leaving its matrimonial bearings out of the question, the social status of a single woman is much more dependent upon her dress than is that of a married woman. The latter may be a dowdy if she chooses, and it is benevolently set down to over-preoccupation with domestic cares. She may dress as plainly as she will, without so much fear of compromising position; for are there not her house and its appointments, her husband and his business, to testify for her? But a single woman has no such latitude. She must be forever spick and span new, and appear in the "very best the market affords," if she doesn't wish to be the subject of dispar-

ging comment to both men and women. She is in bondage to fashion, and if she dares to slacken her gyves ever so little she is at once voted "eccentric," or "dowdy." And either of these sentences pronounces virtual killing upon social popularity among certain sorts of people—that stereotyped set who fill our churches and ball-rooms (I put the words in juxtaposition premeditatedly) with fine clothes, expensive jewelry, Mrs. Grundy, and fuss and feathers generally. You must not think that I object to making the clothing of our bodies an object of primary importance. Far from it. The great things depend upon the little. Much of the soul's serenity is contingent upon the condition of the frame in which it dwells; and the well-being of that frame depends, in a great measure, upon the way in which it is clothed. You have to know a good many things before you know how to apparel the body properly. It requires some knowledge of physiology, of hygiene, and of those artistic principles upon which grace in costume depends. Without such knowledge as this we are not likely to make much improvement upon barbaric and heathen attire. And are we doing so? We prate a great deal of the refinement and civilization of our century. In the matter of woman's dress it amounts to little more than refined barbarism. If women do not put rings in their noses they do put them in their ears. They are horror-stricken at the crippled feet of the Chinese women, but pray how much better do they treat their own? How many a woman is to-day suffering tortures from enlarged great toe joints, produced by wearing the stilt-like French heels, which were all the rage a year or so ago? How many can you find me whose feet are not disfigured by corns and bunions? How many can walk a mile or so in the shoes which they ordinarily wear, with any sort of comfort? How many of them know how to walk decently? We ought not to consider the custom the Flathead Indians follow—which gives them their name—as anything strictly barbarous, so long as we persist in compressing the pliable waists of our growing girls in a sort of vice, composed of whalebone and steel. The Japanese women choose to blacken their teeth. Well, is that any worse than putting chalk, white lead and rouge upon your face, and golden hair dye upon your head? The Modoc wears his scalps at his belt, and Christian women wear the hair of other women upon their heads. They laugh at the absurd, puffed-out trousers of the Turkish women, yet only a few years ago they

were going about with their persons encased from the waist downward in a sort of inverted balloon with the top cut off. Regarded as an article of dress, there's not much difference between a balloon intact and one divided into two sections. Don't they torture their hair with hot irons and crimping-pins until they are nearly bald before they are thirty? Don't they hang all sorts of ornaments upon their persons, rings, bracelets, chains, pins, etc., and then sneer at the poor savage for his love of frippery? They think the death of the Hindoo women by suttee is "so horrible," and yet the lives of many of them are but one long, lingering sacrifice to the terrible goddess who presides over woman's dress in the nineteenth century. Thousands are crushed beneath her triumphal car every day, yet new thousands throw themselves forward to be crushed by it. There is now hardly any part of the poor feminine body that fashion does not torture. Tight gloves, tight shoes, tight dresses; weights hung from the hips; head hot and heavy from a mass of artificial hair! This may be a clever mode of slow torture, but it certainly cannot lay claim to be considered a style of dress befitting highly civilized women.

And if the persecution of the body were all, yet it is but the beginning of the trouble. The mind, the soul, the heart of woman is now held in bondage to Dress. There is only here and there one who has the sound natural sense to give it the place in her thoughts and in her labors that it deserves.

This entire self-abnegation of women to her clothes is upheld by several pretty little traditions, which are cherished a great deal more fondly than gospel truths by her. First, that this way of doing things is necessary to the enthrallment of man—that a woman's chances of having one fall in love with her are greater if she is be-frizzled and be-jeweled—screwed up to within an inch of her life; and if every dollar she gets goes toward dressing herself.

Secondly, that woman ought to sacrifice everything else to the possibility of looking beautiful; which last axiom is a moral horror. But granting it were true, they take just the opposite course from that which would improve their looks, since there is no beauty apart from mental and bodily comfort. Then, that she may dress herself beautifully, according to the present acceptation of the term, a woman must give very nearly all her time to it. The little that is left goes for the ordinary routine of life; none is reserved for mental culture. All her money, too, goes in that direction, and there is noth-

more destructive of true religion than thus
 king an idol of the body. Nothing so stik-
 every benevolent impulse as the passion for
 e clothes. Let every intelligent woman who
 strictly following the prevailing modes just
 consider for a moment their physical, mental
 and moral bearing, and ask herself if I say too
 much in declaring that American women of to-
 day are giving time, thought and money to
 an extent that is ruinous and criminal.

The Stonecutter King.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.

A STONECUTTER poor, in Japan, they say,
 Hammered and chiseled and toiled all day.

"I wish I were rich and could rest," he said;
 On a silken couch I could lay my head."

In heaven an angel heard his prayer,
 "Thou hast thy wish," breathed on the air,
 And the stonecutter laid his weary head
 On the rich man's softest silken bed.

Happy and proud as the best in the land,
 Till the king passed by with his heralds grand,
 And cavaliers gay, and attendants hold
 Above him parasol gleaming with gold.

"What good is it me to be rich," he said,
 "With no gold parasol over my head;
 Why can't I a grand emperor be,
 With gay cavaliers to herald me?"

The angel said: "Thou shalt emperor be,
 While shining escorts herald thee,
 Above thy head shall attendants hold
 The parasol's resplendent gold."

On the stonecutter king the sun shone down,
 Kindled with glory his jeweled crown,
 Till weary and hot, with aching eyes,
 "'Tis a great thing to be king," he cries.

"My head is tired of this heavy crown,
 These splendid robes most weigh me down,
 The sun exhausts me every hour,
 I wish I had his mighty power."

"Thou shalt be the sun," the angel said,
 And dazzling light around him spread;
 And a sun he shone o'er sea and land,
 Till a great cloud hid his face so grand.

It kept the earth from his burning rays,
 And veiled from mortals his dazzling blaze.
 "Alas!" said the sun, "the cloud has my place,
 And veils from earth my glorious face."

"Were I a cloud 'twould be better still."
 Said the angel kind: "Be a cloud if you will."
 And he became a great dark cloud,
 And covered earth with his shadow shroud.

He showered down on every land
 Mighty rivers and torrents grand.
 But one thing alone his power defied,
 A rock stood unmoved in its haughty pride.

On the rock defiant the tempests beat,
 And waste their fury at its feet.
 "Oh!" cries the cloud, "rock's superior to me,
 I'd rather a rock than frail cloud be."

"Thou shalt be a rock," the angel said,
 Sunshine and storm shall crown thy head."
 So the cloud was a rock, moveless and steep,
 Where the winds and the waves their fury beat.

But at last one day a poor man came there
 And hammered away at that rock so fair.
 Blow after blow and shock after shock,
 Thrilled to its heart the brave old rock.

"What!" cried the rock, "shall that man rend me!
 Am I weaker than man? Then man I must be."
 "Have your will?" said the angel, and lo! he became
 A stonecutter free in the quarry again.

With chisel and hammer he patient wrought
 Till the cold stone breathed his glowing thought,
 And Fame did her crown of glory fling
 Round the brow of the peerless sculptor king.

You who tire of the burden you bear,
 Hammer away at the rock of care,
 Chisel each day at life's rough block,
 And find your crown in the heart of the rock.

You'll never to highest wishtop climb,
 Up some cloud-castle stairs sublime;
 Through long and weary march of soul
 You'll reach at last your longing's goal.

With the crown of success your toil hath won,
 Grandeur than cloud, or king, or sun.
 Search stars and skies and earth all o'er,
 Fame's kingdom you'll find at your own soul's door.

A Society for Promoting Cheerfulness.

BY MRS. H. C. BIRDSALL.

ABOUT two years ago a lady residing in Sheffield, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, Miss M. E. Dewey, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Dewey, D. D., was influential in the organization of an association which has for its principal object "the increase of good and kindly feelings, and the promotion of intelligence and cheerfulness." Miss Dewey was the principal mover in this enterprise; but she has had hearty and efficient aid in her labor of love, and the result has been such as to encourage her in her undertaking; and also, as it seems to me, to induce others to make similar attempts.

The first step was to arouse an interest in the enterprise among a few persons; then a society was organized, with the usual officers, president, secretary, treasurer and directors. A few regulations were adopted, the only one of interest in this article being the one relating to the manner of becoming a member of the society. The payment of fifty cents a year constitutes a person a member and gives the privilege of voting at all the business meetings of the society.

The Union has a large hall devoted to its use which is open three evenings in the week. The hall is furnished with benches and chairs, a raised platform and stand for lecturer or reader, large plain tables and a piano. About the walls are numerous pictures, a few paintings and chromos, but principally wood engravings of that better class which has been so greatly improved, and has thereby become so important an educator of the popular taste. Games of several kinds are provided, also a stereoscope and miscellaneous views. A library has been collected of between 300 and 400 volumes, and increases from time to time as contributions of books are made to it.

The best papers and magazines are furnished, and are all the other privileges of the association, to all over the age of twelve years who will come and observe the few regulations which have been thought necessary. One evening is devoted to reading and an occasional lecture or public reading; another to music, games and conversation; and the original intention was that the third evening should be employed for an evening school for persons who

were desirous of improving their education and were too old or too busy to go to school in the daytime.

Whether this class of people thought it "folly to be wise," or considered their education already complete, or what was the reason I know not; but at all events this part of the enterprise was not a success, and the third evening is now devoted to reading and social intercourse. Eminent lecturers sometimes give their services from a kindly wish to further the objects of the association, and amateurs find opportunities for the exercise of their new-fledged powers. I had the pleasure of attending one of the meetings of the association in January, and of hearing a lecture from a young lady who was then making her first appearance before the public. That she had a natural shrinking from the publicity of her position was very evident, but this undoubtedly had its effect in making her audience more lenient toward her peculiar views, which were certainly not such as could be approved nor adopted.

The young lady discoursed upon prisons, and spoke with much warmth and earnestness of the terrible abuses in their management. Thus far she had the hearty sympathy of her hearers; but when she proceeded to propose as her remedy the abolition, instead of the reform and purification, of government, it was hardly to be supposed that she could carry the judgment of her audience with her. A closely packed collection of people listened to her intently, and at the close of her lecture applauded her; but there were very evident indications that her youthful face, her gentle manners and her warm, womanly sympathy with the suffering, had gained the applause, rather than her views; which were plainly first impulses rushing out to the light without being duly weighed and modified.

No man would have been applauded for similar views. The lecturer made use of the saying that "the least governed are the best governed," in coming to the conclusion that we would be better off without any government; and in doing this apparently lost sight of the truth that the saying refers rather to much complication of machinery in government, than to the true spirit of government.

Family control is, in its best form, as little as any other fettered by rules and restraints; but *some* it has, and enforces them, too.

Nobody worthy the name of parent or teacher can expect success without the use of restraints, and still less may those who have the charge of the most depraved of human kind.

But to return to the Friendly Union. Its originator may well be gratified at the success of her undertaking. Its influence in increasing and improving social intercourse is invaluable. In most places throughout our land the want of natural, hearty, and, at the same time, intellectual association exists; though the need is not always distinctly felt. Social requirements increase in formality, and in most places intercourse is almost entirely confined to formal calls, staid tea-parties, and, the most objectionable of all, fashionable evening parties. The public taste is elevated by the free use of books, music and pictures, and by the interchange of thought and feeling unrestrained except by the gentle bonds of propriety, and refinement. Would not then the adoption of a similar plan to that which I have sketched, be an advantage to all country places?

Individual societies need not be precisely alike. The distinctive elements of a community should have their weight in deciding the nature of the constitution of the society. In one place public spirit may be so thoroughly diffused and wealth so impartially distributed that the best plan will be for all to share in the expense of sustaining the society. In another village there may be good reason for having a small admission fee to the meetings of the association for all but the members.

As a general thing, however, it would probably be expedient to make the meetings free to all. There is something in the mind disposing it to think favorably of superior advantages bestowed upon it without apparent cost. No matter if we are indirectly taxed double for them if we can have intellectual benefits without payment we are delightedly ready to receive them.

And of what vast importance is this subject of intellectual growth and improvement to our children! There are thousands of families in this dear, free land of ours very near to the privileges which they crave, or ought to crave, and yet hopelessly cut off from them, unless some benevolent person takes upon himself the burden of bringing these privileges to their door. If parents, have they essential knowledge, and ability for using what they know, they can provide from their own stores for the

intellectual sustenance of their children; but for one who has this power there are fifty who have it not, or think they have it not, which amounts to the same thing; and so their children are destined to grope their way, and, perhaps, come far short of what they might be for want of the proper intellectual exercise and development. We do not want more rigid confinement to study—young people already have too much of this. We do not want a crop of mushroom blue-stockings. But there is little fear of this; the blue-stocking *per se* is unpopular, and is becoming more and more rare. With few exceptions the young people "of the period" have no desire for more than intelligence, which has come to mean a good understanding of the branches of a school course. The novel is the beginning, mean and end of their reading; and they know absolutely nothing of authors, their works and lives, which should have been to them as household words. A gentleman, who has long had young ladies under his training, said to me not long since: "I sometimes think there are no more intellectual young ladies. They are sufficiently intelligent, they have energy and a desire for information which carry them through an extended list of studies, and thoroughly, too; but at this point they stop. Their reading is confined to novels and periodicals; and if a person takes up one of the latter which has passed through their hands he is quite sure to find it well worn at the sensational stories, and fresh and unsoiled at the more substantial parts. By the time a young lady is twenty-one or twenty-two years of age she should show her intellectual tastes, if she has any; but my experience is, that not more than one in thirty average young ladies evinces any such taste."

Of course the person of very decided intellect will push his or her way up through surrounding difficulties; but it is rather of that very large class, who would have better tastes if they were but cultivated and strengthened by the proper influences, that I am thinking. Refined and cultured family associations very early in life have an important part in this matter; but much may be accomplished between the ages of twelve and twenty by extraneous influences. When the long evenings of fall and winter come, we like to pull down the shades, light the lamps, gather round the pleasant table, and wander each at his will, or all together, whither good authors lead us; and we are far too much inclined to do this constantly and exclusively, practically denying that we are "our brother's keeper."

Would it not be well, then, if we would
 make a duty of going energetically from our
 warm, cosy and self-ish firesides to share with
 others our treasures?

Tent Life on the Beach.

BY L. L. HOLBROOK.

IF YOU ever live in a tent, be sure to have a fly over it. You have no idea what a difference it makes. We had one put upon ours yesterday, and it changed the temperature inside from 88° to about 70°, and now we realize for the first time the full luxury of tent life. For two weeks we literally *baked* six hours of the day. We would awake in the morning with the first singing of the birds and the tooting of the early stage-horn, and from then until ten o'clock tent life was a luxury you who have not lived it can scarcely dream of. The constant undulations of the roof by the wind affect one like the waving of the meadow grass on a summer afternoon. The blue sky playing "peek" as it comes through the white curtains as the winds shift them, and the sweet, salt air of the ocean give a wonderful feeling of contentment. To put the same surroundings into wooden walls and the charm would be half gone; but the cozy tent life is full of enchantment—until nine o'clock in the morning, as I said. Then the whole thing begins to change into the fiery furnace we read of in the book of Daniel. As soon as the wind flaps the curtains and the sky looks blue, we wish it would cloud over. We put on a large straw hat with a cabbage leaf inside, and hoist an umbrella over our heads and wait anxiously until the tide is out and we can cool ourselves in the waves, half expecting to *miss* as we plunge in.

But a fly remedies all this. It is a double roof—I explain to any unsophisticated reader who may not know—fastened to the ridge-pole and tied down at the sides in such a way that there is about a foot of space between it and the tent roof proper. It breaks the sun's rays, and the wind blowing between sweeps off the hot air, and we can sit in the middle of the day as satisfied as Jonah was under his gourd.

Now the thing is perfect, nearly; the only trouble of which I am apprehensive is, that if the wind should blow very strong the fly may burst as a balloon, and, lifting us off our "pegs," float into space with us.

Our tent had nothing to begin housekeeping with but a rough board floor and two hard-looking bunks, with some bundles of straw; but we have covered our rough boards with matting, and made tempting couches on the bunks, where we can lie at night with the cool breezes blowing through the open curtains, the stars looking down upon us, and the grand, deep base of the ocean singing us to sleep.

We have made nails of hair-pins and hung pictures about the walls, made fancy pockets and sewed them to the sides of the tent, twined evergreens and oak leaves around the room, and improvised tables and chairs.

We have glorious sunsets on the beach. I have never seen an artist tinge the waves as the setting sun does, crimsoning the foam-crested wave as it comes leaping along from away out at sea.

Sabbath evenings we have "experience" meetings on the ocean shore, and the good old Methodist tunes ring out sweetly over the roar of the waves. Even the sisters are moved to "testify," probably because their hearts are so full they must give some utterance, and they are pretty sure no one will hear them in that din. Anyway, I am sure no one does.

But we have one character here to whom all draw near and listen. She is an negro wash-woman, who has given up her wash-tub to labor in the vineyard of the Lord. She rebukes, exhorts and advises, with an originality and fervor, and a simple, terse directness that goes straight to the hearts of her hearers and makes them feel that she has indeed the "power of the Spirit."

Rebuking the freedom of talk in the camp meetings she said: "I do not believe in the Lord's people telling all that comes into their hearts; not but that there are wonderful things to tell, but the people cannot bear it. Even Christ said, 'I have many things to tell you, but ye cannot bear them now.' Some of God's dealings with the soul are too sacred; like the

secrets of the family, which ought not to be bleated out."

Our "culinary department" is not as yet a decided success; for we share our little wooden kitchen with our next tent neighbor, a well-known reader and teacher of elocution, Mrs. Anna Randall Deihl. We have a little stove that has two little griddles, and a little pot and spider to cook with. But all these little things do not correspond with our huge appetites, and occasionally we are brought into straightened circumstances. Then we apply to science, and persuade the Doctor to leave his books and come to our aid. He makes a hole in the ground, builds a fire therein, and attempts to bake some clams. But that does not always succeed either, for occasionally he miscalculates the amount of heat necessary, or grows absent-minded and lets the clams burn; but he is improving.

The great consideration here, now that the Union camp meeting is closed, is to get enough to eat. We came here expecting to accomplish a great deal of work, but what with sitting at our tent door and watching for the coming of the "angels" in the disguise of market men and in cooking our food over a poor stove when we get it, we are ready for a sound night's sleep when evening comes.

We do our own marketing something after this fashion: A dilapidated cart drawn by a rack-of-bones horse, or horses, slowly "heaves in sight" (we use nautical terms by the ocean). There are a dozen women besides ourselves at their tent doors watching, and the "angel" knows it and basely takes advantage of our infirmity of appetite. He jogs along as if we were beneath his notice, until we hail him: "What have you to-day?"

"Hey?"

"What have you in your wagon?"

"Du you mean what have I got?"

(You can't make a Jersey man understand you without saying "got.")

"Yes."

"Well, potatoes, onions and turnips."

That is the average; some are so far advanced in civilization as to add squashes, cucumbers and string-beans; but the latter article usually requires two or three days' steady boiling to masticate readily.

Then the prices! This is my test of whether they are really angels or not. If they do not ask more than twenty-five per cent. over New York prices they pass. I buy until my "change" gives out and then, as sweetly as I know how, entreat them to come again; which they seldom do, for our beautiful locality near

the beach puts us at the foot of all the inhabitants of the place; and they are apt to leave they express it, "cleaned out" before they reach here.

Then the milk man comes and doles out to us a pint, short measure; and if we venture to ask for more, snubs us without ceremony by asking if we expect he is going to fast one by "stinting" the rest.

The really *brisk* man of the village is the ice man. He drives about delivering his ice in an open cart, and so serves the double purpose of watering the streets and cooling our refrigerators. He drives his one-horse cart as if it were a four-in-hand; and, dropping his five or ten cent lump at the door, is away like the wind.

But do not think from my story that we are starved here; far from it. We have a meat market, bakery, two groceries, and plenty of huckleberries.

Excuse me for dwelling so long upon eatables, it is such a serious subject with us, you see. Our easiest way of arousing the sleeping family to breakfast in the morning is to put our head within the tent and call "victuals." The word acts as it did upon Dickens's "Fat Boy," in dispelling their slumbers.

Besides the voice of the waves and the prayer-meeting we have most extraordinary sounds and speeches from our elocutionists—a numerous class. We are accustomed to it by this time, and when a fair maiden proclaims from a neighboring tent that she "comes not here to talk," we simply don't believe her.

But the milk man turned suddenly one morning and drove hastily away, regardless of his slopping milk cans, because a little woman tragically shouted just as he drove up to the tent, "Now for the fight!" and we all went without cream in our coffee in consequence.

And the clam man took it as a personal insult because, as he opened the tent curtains, Miss S—, busy studying Milton, recited with proper emphasis, "Whence and what art thou execrable shape?" and we had much ado to pacify him.

We have just experienced a thunder-storm; that I must speak of before I close this article. It came upon us suddenly yesterday afternoon, and we had barely time to fasten the curtains of the tent ere the storm burst. The flashes of lightning were vivid and incessant, and shining in through every inch of canvas, we could not hide away from the blinding light, while the crashes of thunder silenced the roar of the ocean.

There was a speedy disrobing of hoops and

bustles, and as science advised a "recumbent position upon a feather bed," we took to our straw bunks, with blankets over our heads, and lay in silence listening to the warring elements and the beating of the rain against the tent. It was a great comfort then to have a man amongst us; not that he would or could have been any manner of protection; but he stood through it all, with his head outside the tent curtains, like De Foe in the pillories, calmly looking with scientific eye upon the storm and

reporting to us when his voice could be heard.

When the storm had abated a little, first one white face and then another flitted in from the neighboring tents, and crawled under the curtains like chickens into a coop. Thanks to the Christian honesty of the association at Ocean Grove, our tent was water-proof; and though we felt exceedingly *damp* we were not drenched, and an hour's sunshine after the storm and this porous Jersey sand, dried us completely.

Ocean Grove, N. J., August 1st.

An Eastern Story for the Children.

BY BISHOP FERETTE.

HOW is it that some of the best friendships have to come to an end without the fault of either friend? The following story was told me in Arabic during my travels in the East:

There was once an old shepherd who was very poor, but he was the best flute player in the land, and used to play the flute while his sheep were grazing. One hot day, while he was thus playing, sitting under an old tree near a dry brook, he happened to gaze vacantly in different directions, when an object caught his attention. Was it? Yes, it was the head of the snake, peeping out of a hole in the trunk of a tree looking at him, and apparently listening. The old man was so frightened that he dared not move to run away, and having heard that music would charm serpents he continued to play until the end of his tune, when the snake began slowly to crawl out of its hole and move directly toward the old man, who now was almost dead with fear and struck motionless. But, contrary to his anticipation, the snake having approached him within convenient distance made a very polite bow with its head, opened its mouth and deposited at the feet of the old man a gold dinar (an Arab coin of the value of about two dollars). The snake then turned back, crawled away just as it had come, until it entirely disappeared in the hole from which it had emerged.

The old man took the gold, blessing Allah for this visitation of Providence, for his wife had on that very morning expended the last penny in the house in getting the breakfast for the family—consisting of the old shepherd, his old wife and one son. The next day the shep-

herd went to play under the same tree, and, as he hardly dared to expect, the snake at the end of his tune exactly repeated its actions of the preceding day. This went on day after day for a long time, the shepherd every day getting a gold dinar; and as this is a considerable sum among the Arabs, in whose country money goes a great length, he began to purchase many things and to be deemed rich. But he spent the money as he got it—as those who are not accustomed to have are seldom accustomed to save—until he became ill and could not go to play the flute under the tree for several weeks; at the end of which all the furniture of the house having been gradually sold for necessaries, there remained absolutely nothing to purchase the materials of the next meal. So, by the advice of his wife, he sent his son, who was, after him, the best flute player in the country; entrusted him with his flute, and instructed him how to find the tree and how to act.

"Perhaps," said he, "the snake lives in the tree no more, but seeing that no one came for such a long time has sought another abode. Perhaps also it will not do to you what it did to me, as it knows you not. But if it comes out beware not to hurt it."

"Father," answered the son, "am I a child to require to be thus instructed? Give me the flute, for I know how to act." So the son went with the flute, but also took the ax under his arm.

When he reached the tree he sat under it, and having laid the ax by his side began to play. The snake peeped out and listened.

When the time was terminated it crawled out, as it had done in the case of the old man, and laid at the feet of the boy a dinar. While it was slowly crawling back the young man thought within himself: "There must be a treasure within that tree. I will kill the snake and get all the gold at once, and not be obliged to come so often for a paltry dinar a day." So he rose and took the ax, and when the snake had already put its head in the hole he struck at it with all his might, in order to sever the body from the head. But in the excitement his aim lacked precision, and it was only at the third or fourth blow, when the snake, hastening its retreat, had almost entirely disappeared, that he succeeded in crushing and nearly severing its tail. The mangled tail, however, crept in as the body had done, and the boy now began to strike at the tree in order to cut it down and get the gold. But the snake in the meantime had crawled out again while he was unawares, and taking aim at the boy jumped at him, plunged in him its venom fangs. The poison was so violent that the boy died immediately.

The old parents not seeing their son come back began to fear the worst. So the old man, sick as he was, managed to rise from his bed and found his worst anticipations realized; for near the tree were the flute, the dinar, the ax, and the dead body of his son. His heart was too sad for music, but hunger's power is strong. So he took the flute and began to play as he

had done before. The snake peeped out and looked at him with a sad, not unfriendly look. Then it crawled out, but in a sort of lame way, when it appeared that it had lost its tail. It approached the shepherd, bowed as it had always done, laid at his feet the customary dinar, and turned back.

"O, reverend snake!" said the father, "will you not stay while I say a word?"

"Say," said the snake.

"Do not be angry," said the father, "with me or with my family. The poor boy was my son and I grieve for his loss; but I know he deserved his fate by ill-treating you after all your kindness to us. Let not this, I pray you, put an end to our intercourse such as it has been; for without your help I and my poor wife cannot live."

"Old man," said the snake, "before you spoke I understood that you were not to blame. Now let me ask you. When you came here every day to play for me did I pay you?"

"Yes," said the old man.

"When your son came and played for me did I not pay him?"

"Yes," said the father, "and here is yet the dinar."

"When you came to play for me this last time did I pay you?"

"Yes," said the old man.

"Now," said the snake, "after this come no more; for you cannot forget your son and I cannot forget my tail."

EDITOR'S STUDIES IN HYGIENE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

TEACHING CHILDREN.

I. To the Editor: We have a family of six boys and girls. I wish to have them know how to be useful about the house and know how to do the various kinds of labor of the household. How shall it be done?

ANSWER.—Set apart each day some household work for them to do, and see that they do it promptly and well. It is very important that the younger branches of the family, both boys and girls, should take a share in these domestic arrangements, which, while it would train them in the science, might also be the

channels through which they may be taught the first principles of other branches of knowledge. Thus, while the mother is sewing or knitting, and one of the children is attending to the bread, cakes, beans, rice, or potatoes, she enters into familiar conversation on the subject before them, by telling them of the manners and customs, the geography, history, character, laws, and dietetic habits of the various nations adverted to in speaking about the food; and as the minds of the children were made ready for it the mother might speak of the elements of food, its chemical nature, the methods of raising it, the chemical changes produced by cooking it, and, finally, the effects

produced on the human constitution by its use; which would lead to familiar conversation on comparative anatomy, vegetable and animal physiology, the laws of health, and their influence on mind and morals. Thus cooking ought to be one of the most highly intellectual, scientific and pleasurable employments.

SIZE OF HEAD AND INTELLIGENCE.

II. Is there any truth in the belief that a large head gives more intellectual power than a small one?

Ans.—We find in *The Revue Scientifique* a very interesting lecture delivered by Dr. Broca at a late sitting of the Anthropological Society of Paris. The learned physiologist stated that in 1861 he had his attention called to the subject of the influence of education on the development of the human head, and that, being surgeon on Bicetre at the time, he had measured the heads of the servants and the medical students at that establishment. About 1836, Parchappe had effected the measurement of the heads of ten workmen, and as many men of distinguished learning, and he found those of the latter to be much more voluminous than the others, and especially distinguishable by a great development of the frontal region. These results were the more remarkable because of the author's known antipathy to Gall's system of phrenology; but Dr. Broca thought them insufficient, inasmuch as they did not exactly show whether the difference was owing to education or merely to natural intellectual superiority. His measures being especially taken with this in view, his ultimate conclusion is that the cultivation of the mind exercises a special influence on the development of the brain, and that this action particularly tends to increase the volume of the frontal lobes; which are considered to be the seat of the higher intellectual faculties. This view is corroborated by a very curious result he obtains from a comparison of Parchappe's measure of his learned men with those of the unlearned; in the case of the former the frontal development was considerable while in the case of the latter it was the posterior part of the brain that had grown more than the anterior.

MORAL HEALTH.

III. What is moral health?

Ans.—Uprightness of mind, ability to speak the truth simply and plainly. Morality is wonderfully simple. Its laws are self-evident—based in the nature of man, and therefore as easily recognized as the most fundamental mathematical truth. It is no more a "matter of

opinion" whether things are right or wrong than it is a matter of opinion whether two and two make four, or that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. Man has no right to injure himself, because he belongs to others—to God who made him, and to the society of which he is a member. He has no right to injure others, for his true relation to them is that of comrade, helper, friend, brother.

INHERITED DISEASE.

IV. Is deafness ever inherited from father to child?

Ans.—Yes. The following case from Mrs. H. M. T. Cutter is in point. She says: "The grandfather, one of the early settlers, used to go down to New Orleans with rafts of lumber. He was a very strong man, and never spared his strength. On some occasions he lifted so that he forced blood out of his ears, and after that he began to lose his hearing. None of the children born before this, nor their descendants, had any tendency to deafness, but those born after had most of them an early tendency to lose the hearing in one ear, and sometimes partially that of the other. This tendency is more or less manifest in the grandchildren. The young lady mentioned showed no signs of deafness till after a severe attack of diphtheria, since which time she has been gradually losing the hearing of one ear; the submaxillary glands being very susceptible to enlargement from the slightest exposure."

Parents must be very careful of their own health if they would not transmit deformity physical and mental, to their children.

SOROSIS AND DRESS REFORM.

V. Has that society of intellectual women called "Sorosis" ever done anything in the way of dress reform?

Ans.—We do not know as they have set any example in this direction, but they have passed the following resolutions. We hope they practice them themselves:

Whereas, the dress and customs of a people are the outward indications of its character, and at length become a part of its history; and, whereas, the manufacturing industries of all nations are to a great degree directed to the creation of fabrics wherewith to clothe men and women, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the dress of a nation, is worthy the thoughtful attention of its most intelligent men and women.

Resolved, That the clothing of the civilized and enlightened men and women of the world

should be regulated by climate and the well-established laws of health, should facilitate easy, graceful locomotion, and should combine the great art of neatness with beauty, and should likewise afford enough variety in fashion to permit the fullest expression of individual taste.

Resolved, That in this portion of our country the present style of woman's dress does not, in some important particulars, conform to the climate or the well-established laws of health, and does not facilitate easy, graceful locomotion, or represent to any good degree the taste or character of the individual; and should be, therefore, justly subject to the censure of the physiologist, the anatomist and the philanthropist.

Resolved, That, with but rare exceptions, the dress of woman has been left too long in the hands of persons either ignorant or careless of the laws of health, and who have manufactured waists of torture and skirts of burden, and created of stuffs and silk, female figures with but very slight resemblance to the free, graceful, natural woman, and have thereby corrupted the tastes and impaired the good sense of far too many of the women of our own country.

Resolved, That women of science and art should instruct the milliner, the dressmaker, the hairdresser and the shoemaker how to design hats, dresses and other articles of woman's dress so as not to endanger health, ease and grace.

Resolved, That for our instruction and information upon this very important subject of "suitable and becoming dress for women," we invite such of our members as are either physicians or artists to give us yet more fully their scientific and artistic opinions, by essays, disquisitions, lectures, or by familiar conversation; as shall be most agreeable to them, or as they may deem most profitable.

The following resolution was laid upon the table for further discussion:

Resolved, That as the mothers of daughters and sisters to all womankind, we pledge ourselves not to dress either ourselves or our daughters in any style or fashion which shall be condemned as injurious or as interfering with natural ease or grace by the wise, artistic and prudent.

STRENGTHENING THE VOICE.

VI. How can I strengthen my voice so as to be distinctly heard in conversation?

Ans.—By strengthening all the muscles of the chest and abdomen through wise physical culture. By vocal gymnastics, declaiming, sing-

ing, hallooing. Take lessons of a teacher of elocution. By complete and thorough enunciation.

ALCOHOLIC DRINKS FOR NURSING WOMEN.

VII. May a nursing mother drink wine, ale, and such like drinks to increase the flow of milk?

Ans.—Dr. Bessey, in *The Canadian Medical Record*, deprecates the common practice of giving alcoholic drinks for the purpose of increasing the mammary secretion. He says that the increase which follows the use of alcohol is deceptive, since an analysis of such milk shows it to be more watery and to be deficient in caseine. Moreover, this milk contains alcohol, which injures the child.

A better method for nursing mothers is to drink a bowl of rich oat, corn or rye meal gruel twice a day. Make it with milk if this agrees, and salt sufficiently to suit the un depraved taste.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

VIII. What are the causes of Bright's disease?

Ans.—The *New York Medical Record* contains a very interesting lecture on this subject by Dr. Alfred L. Loomis. In speaking of the causes producing the disease he says: "The most common cause is exposure to wet and cold, or, in other words, to changes in temperature. This is proved by the fact that it occurs most frequently in those who are exposed to sudden changes in temperature. Firemen are a class of men who are very liable to suffer from this disease. That class of men who are accustomed to go on a "sprec" are favorite subjects. Sometimes a very simple exposure is sufficient, like removing the clothing on a hot summer's day and sitting down by a window, or in an open draft of air; a sudden chill follows, pain in the back, etc. Usually the exposure must be more severe than this; but exposure to wet and cold may be set down as the common cause. The next most frequent cause is blood poisoning. Under that head may be included all those diseases which depend upon a blood poison for their cause, such as scarlet fever, typhus fever, pyæmia, rheumatism, and the whole class of diseases which are recognized as due to blood poisoning, are fruitful causes of Bright's disease in its inflammatory form. It occurs in scarlet fever because the patient has a poison circulating in the blood; but not every case of scarlet fever has Bright's disease. In some seasons, perhaps, almost every case of scarlet fever will be followed by it, and in the next perhaps not a single case will occur, be-

cause of the difference in the type of the fever. In certain types and intensity of the poison there is a very strong exciting influence to the development of tubular nephritis. Another cause exists in certain irritating substances which may be taken into the stomach, and have the power of increasing the urinary secretion. Among these are cantharides and balsam of copaiba."

Another cause is intemperance. This is more potent than any other.

PHYSICAL POWER.

IX. Among which class of people is there most physical power, and should not the stronger rule the weaker?

Ans.—T. W. Higginson says: "Physical power lies mainly in the hands of the masses; whosoever a class or profession possess more than its numerical share of power it has usually less than its proportion of physical vigor. This is easily shown from the vast body of evidence collected during our civil war. In the forthcoming volume containing the medical statistics of the Provost Marshal General's Bureau we have the tabulated reports of about 600,000 persons subject to draft, and of about 500,000 recruits, substitutes and drafted men; showing the precise physical condition of more than a million of men. The Portland (Me.) State, of June 28, 1873, gives many of the results obtained by this report.

It appears that out of the whole number examined rather more than 257 in each 1000 were found unfit for military service. It is curious to see how generally the physical power among these men is in inverse ratio to the social and political prominence of the class they represent. Out of 1,000 unskilled laborers, for instance, only 318 are physically disqualified; among tanners only 216; among iron-workers 189. On the other hand, among lawyers 541 are disqualified, among journalists 740, among clergymen 951. Grave divines are horrified at the thought of admitting women to vote because they cannot fight, when not one in twenty of their number is fit for military duty, if he volunteered. Of the editors who denounce woman suffrage, only about one in four could himself carry a musket; while of the lawyers who fill Congress, the majority could not be defenders of their country; but could only be defended. If we were to distribute political power with reference to the "physical basis" which The Saturday Review talks about, it would be a wholly new distribution, and would put things more hopelessly upside down than did the worst phase of the French

Commune. If, then, a political theory so utterly breaks down when applied to men, why should we insist on resuscitating it in order to apply it to women? The truth is that as civilization advances the world is governed more and more unequivocally by brains; and whether those brains be deposited in a strong body or a weak one becomes a matter of less and less importance. But it is only in the very first stage of barbarism that mere physical strength makes mastery at all, and the long head has controlled the long arm since the beginning of recorded time.

RULES ON HEALTH.

X. Please give me a list of rules of health to teach my children and frame to hang up in the school-room.

Ans.—Dr. Geo. H. Everett, a successful and able expounder of the laws of health, has furnished us with a list of twenty health rules, which will, we think, suit our inquirers. Here they are all in a nutshell. See that each boy and girl learns them as soon as they know the multiplication table, or how to read. Let them be taught to every class in school before the students are ten years old. We will, some other time, add a few more to the list.

1. Remember, the Author of the laws which govern the human body is the author of the *Ten Commandments*.

2. Infidelity to the laws—established that mankind should be healthy and happy—is the greatest sin of the present generation.

3. Be cheerful, trustful of others, and faithful to your own best conception of duty. Never brood over troubles that you have, and be sure you never borrow any.

4. Be much in the sunlight, and prefer light colored clothing.

5. Drones must die. Exercise liberally and live. Be out doors all you can while the sun shines.

6. Breathe pure air. Live with open windows, and the windows of heaven will be more likely to open for you.

7. Pray with a pure heart and a clean skin. Bathe often.

8. Avoid stimulation by spirits of all kinds, strong coffee and tea, opium and tobacco.

9. Keep the head cool, feet and heart warm, hopes heavenward, and finger nails clean.

10. Eat only three times daily, and never between meals—not a nut nor an apple. Drink nothing while eating.

11. One hearty meal of meat per day is sufficient. The other two should be spare.

12. Avoid late, hearty suppers, pork, spices and pepper, rich pastry, and imperfectly cooked beans.

13. Wheat, oat and barley meal, with beans, peas, lean meats, fish and wild game are the best articles of food.

14. Fruits are cooling to the blood, and specially adapted to warm weather.

15. Eat slowly, masticate your food well, and eat nothing for three hours before retiring.

16. Let the time spent at table be happy. Encourage pleasant, cheerful conversation; joke, but do not argue. Rest a half hour after every hearty meal.

17. Sleep eight hours of each day.

18. Brain, bone and muscle are built of different material, and the brain-worker should have food different from the muscle-worker. He is not thoroughly educated who cannot select food adapted to his needs.

19. Avoid corsets, and suspend no articles of clothing from the waist. Protect every part of the body from chill and exposure.

20. Study hygiene, attend health lectures and read health literature. As you are ignorant or intelligent in physiology will your habits be wise or otherwise.

FLESH OF DISEASED ANIMALS.

XI. Q. asks us if there is really any danger in eating the flesh of diseased animals, and sends us the following to prove there is none:

"Whether the flesh of animals so diseased is poisoned as food is an important question. Probably it is not. But as we eat various carnivora who feed on the flesh of dead animals, the query is pertinent to our own comfort. A French *savant*, M. Decroire, denies that any disease renders meat unfit for food. Recently M. Decroire invited several of his friends and a small company of scientific men to dine upon the flesh of horses that had died from the glanders, of cows the victims of rinderpest, and of an ass just killed for hydrophobia. It was a 'test banquet,' one that proved the devotion of each man there to science, in that he was willing to risk his life to demonstrate in the most practical manner that the flesh of animals is not affected, as human food, even by the worst diseases."

Ans.—In reference to the above we will say that the lowest native tribes of negroes in Africa eat the flesh of the dead elephant after it has laid for days in the hot sun of that torrid clime, as a choice morsel; but as civilized beings we should not do it, and sensible people

will not do it. Whether it is dangerous or not is not so much the question as whether it is in accordance with good taste, refinement, and the artistic spirit. We have no objection to the French *savans* experimenting to their heart's content if it will give them any scientific pleasure; but let them not urge us to follow their example.

DANGEROUS PRACTICE.

XII. Is there any danger to the nurse or physician in dressing wounds and gangrenous sores?

Ans.—Yes. The Bordeaux Medical states that Dr. Marc Girard, an eminent surgeon of that city, has lately died from a prick of a pin. He was operating upon the shoulder of a patient for a wound in which mortification had set in, and in placing the last sutures he accidentally scratched his finger. The effects appeared trivial, and the hurt soon apparently healed, but shortly after again inflamed, the poison extending through the body; and a lingering death was the result. M. Declat states positively that there is no necessity for any ill effects as above being caused by inoculation of the blood of either a diseased patient or the cadaver, when so simple and sure an agent as carbolic acid will promptly and almost infallibly arrest them.

MOST LAUGHTER.

XIII. In what country do people laugh the most?

Ans.—In France. Even negroes do not surpass the French in this respect; and it is good, honest laughing, not giggling. The French are a light-hearted, joyous people, in spite of many deficiencies of character and lack of stability.

CLEANLINESS NEXT TO GODLINESS.

XIV. In what part of the Bible is the verse "Cleanliness is next to godliness?"

Ans.—We don't know. It has never yet been found there. It must be in the great Bible of humanity that you will have to look for it. It is curious how the notion is so prevalent that this expression is from the Bible. A school teacher once punished a pupil because he could not find this verse in the book of Proverbs.

PERFUMERY.

XV. Is it proper for a lady to perfume herself with strong perfumes before going to a party?

Ans.—No one has a right to do for her own personal gratification that which is unpleasant or disagreeable to others. A certain kind of

perfumery may be pleasant to some, while to others it will be disagreeable, or even sickening; therefore, a person has no more right to use strong perfumery while in the company of others than to puff tobacco smoke into other people's faces. A person who will do either, either knows what true politeness is nor cares for the comfort and welfare of others. If one wishes to smoke or use perfumes, let him do it in private, not in public.

LEMON ACID.

XVI. What substitute is there for vinegar?

Ans.—The Health Reformer says: "When people feel the need of an acid, if they would get lemon alone and use lemons or apples, they would feel just as well satisfied and receive no injury. A suggestion may not come so much as to a good plan, when lemons are cheap at the market. A person should then purchase several dozen at once, and prepare them for use in the warm, weak days of the spring and summer, when acids, especially citric and malic, or the acid of lemons, are so grateful and useful. Press your hand on the lemon and roll it back and forth briskly on the table to make it squeeze more easily, then press the juice into a bowl or tumbler—never into a tin. Strain out all the seeds, as they give a bad taste; remove all the pulp from the peels and boil in water, a pint for a dozen pulps, to extract the acid. A few minutes' boiling is enough; then strain the water with the juice of the lemons, put a pound of white sugar to a pint of the juice, boil ten minutes, bottle it, and your lemonade is ready. Put a tablespoonful or two of this lemon syrup in a glass of water and have a cooling, healthful drink."

STUBBORNNESS.

XVII. What is the best method of treating a stubborn child?

Ans.—Manage it wisely and it will not have a chance to show its stubbornness; but if you can't do this, try the following: When you are a stubborn child to conquer, and you become alarmed at its willfulness and at the symptoms it manifests of insane, ungovernable fury, use cold water, gently bathing its temples with it, and at the same time remain immovable in your decision. If this does not wholly abate the bad symptoms have the feet immersed in warm water, at the same time bathing the temples in cold water as before. I have seen remarkable results follow this treatment upon refractory pupils in school. Satan dominates the use of water in such cases.

FLIES.

XVIII. How can we rid our rooms of flies?

Ans.—We don't know. We will pay \$50 for a receipt that will answer. The Health Reformer says: "You may drive them out with a brush; but unless something is done to render the place uninviting to them they will return immediately. There are many weeds or plants emitting an empyreumatic odor which answer well for the purpose. Of such, to be found about the country in this neighborhood, I know none more effectual than the wild chamomile, a species of anthemis, known also as cotula, or Mayweed. The odor of this plant is not at all disagreeable, and branches of the weed when in flower, or some of the dried flowers scattered about a room will soon rid it of all flies."

Another means, perhaps quite as efficient and certainly more easily resorted to, is to throw some powdered black pepper on a hot shovel and carry it about the room. The generation of empyreumatic vapors in the same way from other spices will also, it is said, answer the purpose. A few drops of carbolic acid or creosote on a cloth hung up in a room, or used in the dressings, would probably be effectual; but the odor is not usually so acceptable to one's olfactory.

UNRIPE FRUIT IN MARKET.

XIX. Is it right for fruit-growers to send unripe fruit to market?

Ans. No. The following is the report of the Sanitary Committee of the Board of Health in relation to this subject: "We respectfully call the attention of the Board to the large quantities of unripe fruit exposed for sale in different parts of the city, and especially in the poorer districts. The effect of these fruits upon the health of those who consume them is most disastrous. They induce diseases of the bowels of the most intractable and fatal character. With the advent of these fruits the death-rate from diarrheal diseases is largely increased, and though other conditions at that season of the year aggravate such affections, yet it is a matter of common experience among medical men that unripe and decayed fruits are far too often the exciting cause. The present season has been unfavorable for the growth and ripening of many fruits now in market, and it is the testimony of market men that the amount of unripe fruit offered for sale is in excess of former years. Therefore we think this Board will be justified in taking measures to prevent their distribution among the poor."

OUR DESSERT TABLE.

APPROPRIATE CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SOLICITED.

MY HOME.

My home is not a palace grand,
Nor like enchanted fairy land;
It standeth in a village fair,
A laughing river glideth there.

No costly robes my loved ones wear,
Nor shining jewels deck their hair;
No dazzling beauty there you'll meet,
'Tis love that maketh here home so sweet.

Many a queen with crown of gold,
Jeweled scepter and wealth untold;
Would with her gems most gladly part
For half the joy that fills my heart.

More to me than a crown of gold,
Is my father dear, now growing old;
More than a scepter's mighty sway,
My mother, slowly growing gray.

Better by far than countless gems,
Better than fortune's changing friends,
Better than robes of richest hue
Brothers and sisters fond and true.

I cherish them all, each loved one;
Their work in life may soon be done,
Heaven may claim them as its own,
And leave me in the world alone.

In years to come though I may be,
Far from these hills and valleys free;
And when for me life's work is o'er,
This sunny home be mine no more,

Then, then at last to sleep beside
The Susquehanna's crystal tide;
Oh! may they lay me down to rest,
Beside its calm and peaceful breast.

Hattie C. B.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

Paraphrased, in part, from Plutarch.

True happiness springs not from opulence,
From fertile acres or rich palaces,
Bedight with royal furniture, for ease
And luxury wrought; nor yet from eloquence,
Music, or gauds that gratify the sense;
For it is well content in cottages

To bide, unthinking of such things as these,
That, at the best, but short-lived joys dispense.
A mind untainted is its origin,

Whose fruits are noble needs and pure desires,
And love that love from all mankind would win,
And hopes that sweeter are than memory.

From these comes good that evermore aspires
To better, and breathes celestial fragrant.

W. L. Shoemaker.

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day,
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night!
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of morn!

Mrs. Sangster.

TRIO.

I.

* Heigh ho! N. Y. Battery! so, so!
The task complete, a swimming we go.
We swim, we float, we duck, we dive,
And just like ducks we come up alive;
The breath a-puffing, the water a-snuffing,
With cheeks all a-glow, ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho!

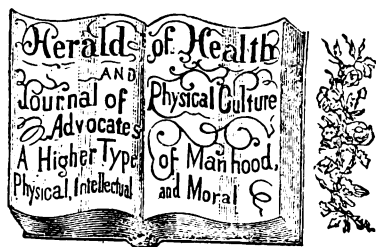
II.

But after awhile so shivery;
And oh! so quivery;
The lips look livery;
Teeth chatter, teeth clatter,
Tongue st-st-stutters,
Then mu-mu-mutters
Something about going out.

III.

Like so many frogs then out we crawl,
And line the rail—men, boys and all
A-standing in the sun.
'Tis nice to see the others swim:
That man so straight just plunging in,
Just like a fish! just look at him!
And him, too, standing in the sun.
(Just two lines more and then we're done—
"The image of God created he him."
We think of this when going to swim.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT



NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1873.

WATER.

"To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light."

THE PUBLISHERS do not hold themselves as indorsing every article which may appear in THE HERALD. They will allow the largest liberty of expression, believing it by so doing this magazine will prove to be more useful and acceptable to its patrons.

Exchanges are at liberty to copy from this magazine giving due credit to THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D., EDITOR.

TENT LIFE IN HOT WEATHER.—Some months ago the Editor of THE HERALD OF HEALTH with a number of friends determined spend the months of July and August tenting on the beach or in the woods. What location should be chosen was the first subject of consideration. Whether it should be inland among the pine trees, or on the border of a fresh water lake, among the mountains in the Adirondacks, made famous by Murray's enthusiastic sketches of life in that great wilderness, on some bay or arm of the ocean, or on the broad shore of the Atlantic, was not at first so easy to decide. At last those concerned decided that we would boldly pitch our tents by the ocean and not hide behind trees, in moun-

tain shelters, or in the neighborhood of tame, quiet lakes. July and August were sure to be warm months, perhaps hot, in which case no ocean gale could blow too hard to cool our brows or temper our blood. The thought of its being cold never entered our heads. Old Sol is sure not to forget his proper function at this season of the year.

The point of location selected was Ocean Grove, a camping ground six miles south of the railroad station at Long Branch, N. J., and about three miles south of the cottages of President Grant, George W. Child, the famous newspaper publisher, of Philadelphia; Tom Murphy, of unfortunate renown connected with our New York Custom House; Maggie Mitchell, the sweet and famous actress, and other dignitaries too numerous to mention.

The reasons for choosing this spot were these:

1. It is easy of access to New York, most of the way by the elegant steamer Plymouth Rock, connecting with the New Jersey Southern Railroad at Sandy Hook. This gives a most delightful ride over the lower bay and harbor, one of the finest in the world.

2. It suited our little party, who were to join us, as more convenient and desirable than any other.

3. The Grove is protected from intruders by the gates of the proprietors—The Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Company. The grounds cover about 200 acres, and while the ocean bounds it on the east it is hemmed in by two fresh water lakes north and south.

4. Camping is the fashionable style here, there being several hundred tents in use during the season, and as many more cottages.

Early in July tents for our party were made ready. The spot chosen was rather outside of the thickly settled camp, and within a few rods of the ocean, and a few hundred feet from the

lake. Our tents were of heavy duck, fourteen by fourteen, with walls on the sides five feet high, and a sloping roof from the eaves over twelve feet high. They opened at both ends. A good floor, covered with pretty matting, kept us off the ground. At first it seemed rather rough; but the hands of fair women soon made the inside pleasant, and as for the outside, so it was clean and free from mud we did not care. Luckily mud cannot be made from Jersey sand. This is its highest recommendation. A week of hard rain would not make a puddle as large as the hollow of your hand.

"Well, how do you like it?" asks a multitude of our readers, who by this time are tired of details, to all of whom we answer: We like it. There is a charm about it that must be felt to be appreciated. We like it for these reasons:

1. You cannot exclude fresh air if you will. Tie down your tent walls as closely as you can, and still the cool, bracing ocean breeze comes driving through between every fiber and thread. For the first time we sleep in a perfectly ventilated room. You feel almost as if you were out of doors, and yet not out of doors. How the lungs expand in such mixture of oxygen and nitrogen. What a calm, peaceful condition comes over mind and body. You feel kindly toward all the world. You would not harm a hair on the head of your worst enemy.

2. Then the light of the tent is evenly distributed from every point. It seems a little too bright at first, but the eyes soon grow stronger under it. The sun's rays penetrate from every direction. It is all window, but not of glass. The capillary action of the skin rapidly improves under the influence of the sun's rays thus mildly received. It is a perpetual sun bath, mild and gentle, rather than severe and scorching.

3. The constant movement of the tent under the breeze is a perpetual delight. It seems as if you were dwelling in a living domicile, and not a stiff dead wooden one. I believe the charm would disappear if the tent was stiff like a board or brick and mortar wall. It is won-

derful how large a 14x14 tent is, and how many people it will accommodate. This is partly owing to the fact that we keep the tent open at both ends, except at night or in a storm, and yet get the benefit of seeming to be both out of doors and well housed.

4. From present experience sleep in a tent is more refreshing and satisfactory. You hardly touch the bed before you forget where you are and are off to the land of rest. The cares of business are off your minds, and you spend no hours rolling and tossing about in uncertainty as to whether you will not hear the morning cock crow before you close your eyes. In case it rains you enjoy it all the more. The drops, as they come pattering all about, but not on you, make music finer than on any roof. The only trouble is that you cannot lie awake long enough to enjoy it.

5. The expense of living is trivial compared with what it is at a first class watering place hotel. We calculate it is about one twelfth as great for food and shelter, and for clothing the saving is almost as great.

The effect of tenting on the beach on the health of our party, some of whom were invalids, has with one exception been excellent. Young women whose strength had been much exhausted by teaching have improved rapidly in vigor; not altogether from the mere fact of living in a tent, but from the simple, natural life, free from the curse of fashion and the dissipation of fashionable society. The only case not benefited was one of bronchial troubles which seemed to be aggravated by the too bracing sea air. For such a case a similar life inland would be better. Children enjoy tenting very much; there is a novelty about it that quite suits their natures.

Of course there are drawbacks, things unpleasant and disagreeable; but these must be met everywhere, and it is better to face them than to be cowed by them. People of too fastidious habits will not easily conform to such rude, simple ways; but they might be equally benefited for all that.

Should any of our readers desire to know

ore about this subject we will gladly answer
y questions in **THE HERALD OF HEALTH**, if
our power.—**THE EDITOR.**

HYGIENIC HOTEL.—The proprietors of
e New York Hygienic Institute, at Nos. 13
d 15 Laight street, having renewed their
ase for five years, have thoroughly renovated
e entire establishment and made many im-
ortant changes, as increasing the number of
oms, enlarging the dining-room, putting in
e most approved cooking appliances, chang-
g the main entrance and the office from No.
5 to No. 13, enlarging and improving the en-
ance hall, etc.

It will henceforth be known as the Hygienic
otel, and no efforts will be spared to make it
hat its name indicates, a home for the transient
r permanent accommodation of those persons
ho desire the best kinds of food healthfully
repared, in connection with the cheerful and
omelike feeling for which it is noted.

While more attention than heretofore will be
aid to the accommodation and comfort of
uests, the same careful attention will be given
to the treatment of invalids, by means of all
e great health-restoring agencies of the Hy-
enic system.

LETTER FROM SARA B. CHASE.—The
estion, "Shall we rear children?" pro-
ounded in the July number of **THE HERALD**
OF HEALTH is suggestive of many thoughts, *pro*
and *con*, yet I do not know as anything can be
added to the very able remarks of the editor;
ho, in reply, has covered the whole ground.

I would that all parents, before assuming
his responsibility, would ask themselves this
question seriously and prayerfully, and answer
by the light of science and the promptings
of their higher spiritual nature.

I would that every mother in the land could
ave the privilege, which by nature is inalien-
ably hers, and should therefore be granted her,
deciding for herself in this matter; and that
every child born might not only be welcomed,

but earnestly and lovingly desired; and I
would, moreover, that thoughtful mothers
would arrive at their conclusions upon this
momentous subject from other than selfish mo-
tives, that they would allow the deep and holy
maternal instinct implanted in their nature by
a wise Creator to influence them in their de-
cisions.

The exalted privilege which lies within the
reach of woman properly endowed by nature
and circumstances for the performance of this
wondrous function, it might seem, would out-
weigh every selfish or mercenary consideration,
and they would accept the high prerogative
with thankfulness and joy. If the grand pos-
sibilities of motherhood were universally un-
derstood and adequately comprehended, who
would place ease, comfort and selfish indul-
gence in the opposite side of the scales, expect-
ing them for a moment to compare in weight?

When we take into consideration the sublime
truth that mothers are artists in the most ex-
alted sense, and that they have it in their
power to model and perfect the most beautiful
types of humanity—perfect in physical, intel-
lectual and moral organization—complete in
all its parts; or, on the other hand, their work-
manship may exhibit a want of forethought
and skill in its completion, decidedly inartistic
in every respect. I say, when we consider
these truths and comprehend their full import
we shall not enter into this relation thought-
lessly, but will weigh well the possibilities and
probabilities, and direct our lives in accordance
with the laws by which this function is gov-
erned. A child properly born is half educated,
and the most important period in its whole ex-
istence—that which shall decide its weal or woe,
its future of strength, its nobility of bearing,
its earnestness and purity of purpose, the main-
spring of its whole life, whether good or evil—
is that which precedes its entrance upon inde-
pendent life. Much is said about the training
and education of children; and this is wisdom,
for culture will improve, and the young and
plastic mind is susceptible of receiving impres-
sions which will tell upon its future destiny;

and yet good seed sown in uncongenial soil will make but a sickly growth, and in spite of our instructions, our anxiety and watchful care, our purest endeavors, naught but failure will attend our efforts.

Could mothers be taught the fact that the period prior to and during gestation is all-important in the preparation of the souls of their off-spring for their life work, and that as the foundation is then laid the superstructure will be beautiful or otherwise, the world would make rapid strides toward human perfection.

This subject is one fraught with intense interest to every possible mother, aye and father, too, and yet how little are the great universal laws connected with it understood. The laws of reproduction as applied to the rearing of horses, cattle, swine and poultry have long been made the object of careful investigation, and the success which has attended these researches, and the application of these laws, shows plainly that their control is within the province of science; and yet they are ignored in their application to the human family. Strange wisdom! Fatal policy! Is not the human soul of greater importance and more worthy of care in the observance of physiological and psychological law than the brute? Why is this a tabooed subject when considered in its application to the human family? Why have we placed an impenetrable screen between ourselves and a knowledge of ourselves, between the performance of a holy function and a knowledge of the laws by which this function is governed? Why has mankind constituted that "common and unclean" which God has created pure? Why should this, the most important of all subjects, be enveloped in thick darkness, and humanity therefore be compelled to grope blindly from generation to generation, peopling this fair and beautiful earth with undeveloped, unannointed specimens of humanity, which are a sad commentary upon our impurity of thought.

Recently a lady physician was kindly advised to remove her medical books from her office library to where they could not be seen,

thus to save her reputation because the rumor was afloat that she had "obscene" books in her library. Gray's Anatomy obscene! (?) Where, oh! where is the purity that would thus pervert science, and make it subservient to ignoble thoughts? "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*"—Etil to him who evil thinks.

Some time since, in returning from a trip to "The Islands," I found it convenient to take an excursion train, and I here had an opportunity of studying a different phase of humanity from that which I was accustomed to meeting. Here were six cars loaded to their utmost with people of all ages, dressed in holiday attire, and out in the pursuit of pleasure. I walked through from one car to another for the purpose of witnessing the sight and of studying uncultivated human nature. My eye did not rest upon one amid this whole throng whose countenance and bearing betokened intellectual culture. The boys and young men were talking loudly, in slang phrases and ungrammatical and uncouth language, prefacing their declamations with coarse jests and oaths. Some were quarreling, and finally got into a fight; which the conductor was compelled to silence by stopping the train and threatening to put the offenders off. And these people were not foreigners, but Americans, and a fair sample of what may be found among the inhabitants of the rural districts in our enlightened Ohio, and I doubt not throughout our whole country. The scene I witnessed that day stamped itself indelibly upon my sorrowing heart. I thought, *what have the mothers been about that such progeny as this should curse our fair land?* And yet those who have made such utter failure in the workmanship entrusted to them are the very ones who would hold up their hands in holy horror at the "impurity" of the mere suggestion that children were begotten in accordance with fixed laws, and that by a knowledge of and obedience to these laws they might have borne children who would have brought blessings rather than curses upon themselves and their country.

There is truly a great work to be accom-

shed—a broad field of labor is spread out before every earnest worker, and it seems to me that there is no reform more needed, no work more philanthropic than the dissemination of a knowledge of these great principles which are so intimately connected with the well-being and perfection of humanity.

SARA B. CHASE, M. D.

BROWN SUGAR.—*To the Editor.*—Your correspondent, E. R. Branson must be a veritable artist in cookery. Her hints and recipes are always worth heeding. I was interested in her communication to your August number. But it surprised us to see her recommendation to use *brown sugar* in the preparation of food. I queried whether she had ever seen the process of the manufacture and refining of sugar. Does she know that *brown sugar* means, simply and solely, moist and dirty sugar? Does she comprehend the quality and nature of the dirt which constitutes its brownness? Does she know that pure loaf, crushed or granulated sugar, is not only perfectly free from dirt and is incapable of adulteration, but much cheaper, pound by pound, even at the slight additional price usually charged for it, than a *brown sugar* of any grade, because you get no dirt or moisture, but pure saccharine matter? Does she know that the notion that *brown sugars* are sweeter than white is a pure fancy, and that the contrary is true? I suppose we are each and all destined to eat our bread of dirt sooner or later, but there is dirt—*and dirt*—and save us from the dirt that makes *brown sugar brown*. If you, Mr. Editor, or one of your able contributors will give us an article on the manufacture and refining of sugars you may not only save our pennies, but merit the perpetual blessing of our much-used stomachs. Yours, prejudiced against *loaf* (in sugars.)

L. G. JANES.

WORMS.—*Mr. Editor.*—I am a reader of your estimable magazine, and as you are always ready to help the needy, I will ask you

a question: From a child I have been troubled with worms of all sorts and kinds. I am thirty years old, and have tried every remedy known to me, but only for a short time have found any relief. They gnaw at my stomach with such voracity that I have to eat, eat to satisfy them; for it actually seems to me the moment my stomach is empty they begin to eat the flesh, or stomach itself. And it is the same way with the small worms, or pin-worms; they have caused such irritation that I am troubled with piles so badly as to be unable to walk for days together. Sometimes they are more troublesome than at others, but I am never free from them. I have taken medicine that sent them away in large quantities, but it did not benefit me except for a little while.

Now if you will please tell me of some relief I cannot tell you how thankful I should be, for I am as thin as a shark all the time, and am troubled beyond measure by the troublesome creatures. What should be my diet? I have a ferocious appetite most of the time; although at times am troubled with nausea and loss of appetite.

L. F.

ANSWER.—Your story is rather over-told—that is, you have exaggerated your case. If you really have worms you had better, for a few weeks, live almost exclusively on *brown bread* and milk, or cream, with fruit, especially baked sweet apples, mild sour apples eaten raw, rice and milk, oatmeal and cream, or milk. Take also daily an injection of warm water, say a quart at a time, and a sitting bath, temperature about 90°, for ten minutes. Eat moderately, and chew your food very thoroughly. In a few weeks the action of the bowels will become normal, and the worms find it a poor place to hold their carnivals.

PERCEPTION IN DOGS.—Perhaps you will think that the following story of a *Mentone dog*, Pietrino, is worth adding to the similar stories which have appeared in your columns: “The Archduchess Maria Regnier passed the winter of 1871-2 at the Hotel Victoria in

Mentone. While there she became much attached to a spaniel belonging to M. Milandi, the landlord, and on her return to Vienna in the spring she took the dog there. Not long after the dog reappeared at the hotel in Mentone, having returned on foot a distance of nearly one thousand miles, over a country totally unknown, excepting having once traversed it by rail. The fatigue caused the poor fellow to die a few days afterward, and Pietrino is honored with a grave and a monument in the hotel gardens. JAMES B. ANDREWS.

PERHAPS the following anecdote on the instinct of dogs, which has lately come to my knowledge, may prove of interest to some of your readers:

A family residing in Yorkshire possessed two dogs, one a mastiff and the other a small dog. The owner, visiting Hastings, took the little dog with him, and at the house where he stayed there was a larger animal, which, disregarding the laws of hospitality, woefully maltreated his youthful visitor. The little dog, upon this, disappeared, and in a few days returned, bringing with him the mastiff from Yorkshire, which set upon the Hastings dog and thrashed him to within an inch of his life. Having performed this piece of retributive justice he returned to his home in the north, while the little dog stayed to rejoice over his fallen antagonist. A. PERCY SMITH.

INSTINCT—MOVING IN A CIRCLE.—In a recent number of Nature a letter appeared with the initials N. Y., in which it is stated that it is believed in North America that a lost man always strays in a circle toward the left. I may mention that whilst walking in a woody and hilly part of the New Forest I found, to my great astonishment, that I had described a complete circle, and it was toward the left.

My father also tells me that he has been informed—although under what circumstances he does not recollect—that the same idea obtains in Australia. It has been suggested that the reason of this fact (if fact it is) is that the right side of the body is stronger than the left. In

confirmation of the truth of this explanation it is worthy of notice that Dr. Wm. Ogle (in a paper on Dextral Pre-eminence, *Medico-Chirurgical Transactions*, vol. liv.) finds that men are right-legged as well as right-handed; although the rule has not so universal an application. One of the points adduced by him in evidence is that bootmakers generally find the right foot larger than the left. G. DARWIN.

WHY ARE GIRLS AFRAID?—The other day a large, fine, good-natured dog found his way into the school-room where over thirty young ladies were studying or reciting their lessons. What do you suppose was the result? The dog was good-natured, and bent on no mischief. Every girl but one was frightened, and knew not what to do. One girl, who knew no fear without trouble, put the trespassing mastiff out the door. The other day in the New York harbor a young woman capsized a boat and not only lost her own life, but sacrificed that of her husband, because she was frightened at a little wave, and jumping to reach her husband's arms capsized the boat. In the fatal Atlantic disaster it is said not one woman's life was saved. Fright, lack of physical strength and inability to swim were probably the causes. Would it not be well to train girls as well as boys to be brave? Moral bravery they have in abundance, but physical bravery is too often at a discount among the fair sex. Men even are often not much better. Curious stories are told about them. It is said by Salzmann that once at a fire a wealthy gentleman caught his chess board and ran into the street with it, leaving all his money behind. There was once a father—he lived a hundred years ago—who was so anxious his children should be calm in danger that he used occasionally to rouse them in the middle of a dark night with the cry of fire, to give them instruction as how to act, so that at a real fire they might not jump out of the window and ruin their health, as a man and wife once did on such an occasion because they were frightened and did not know how to act. There

is once a school in Germany where to make the pupils brave in case of fire the teacher used to make a long line of straw and then train the pupils to jump over and back, under careful instruction. We fancy girls were not permitted to exercise this feat, but if they were they would not fear to rush out of a house through a slightly burning doorway in preference to running headlong from the garret window. Do we not bring up our children, especially our girls, too tenderly? They are not fit to endure hardships and privation. If they miss a meal they are in agony, and in great and sudden emergency they lose their lives and health, because they don't know how to act.

CAMP MEETINGS.—Camp meetings are getting to be so popular, and there is so much connected with them, that it is good that we could have them made more perfect by the omission of the tremendous excitement sought by the leaders, the late night work and the over-stimulation of the feelings and emotions. This overwrought excitement is wrong and wicked. It does no good, and is contrary to the true spirit of religion. In multitudes of cases the reaction that comes on renders the persons cross and irritable, morose and sour, and often ends in premature death. The religious element of our nature should not be trifled with. It is well for good people to meet by the seaside for mutual improvement; but when such effects, as the following, reported in the New York Tribune, are the result we can only cry shame! His paper says:

"The morning was clear, the air loaded with harvest scents, the dew yet resting on the brown, short-cut stubble fields; the whole earth, as it seemed, rejoiced in its fresh strength and beauty. But the session of the camp meeting had lasted late into the night: the brethren, pale and jaded, had no eyes for the delights of form and color God had spread before them. Half a dozen of the sisters, colorless, nervous, exhausted, apparently with emotion, lay back in their seats and took doses of dynamite to revive them. Whether the result

of the camp meeting had been to bring them by some nervous exaltation into closer communion with the author of health and strength and cheerfulness, we do not venture to decide; but it is certain they were unfit to be of any use whatever to God's creatures. The whole scene was a common one after a camp meeting, and, knowing this, we simply present it to our Methodist brethren (whom we believe to be possessed of as much exceptional sound common sense as faith), with a hint that even in the best modes of preaching Christ there are defects, which it is for outsiders to observe and Christians to amend."

A CRITICISM.—It is a long time since I have penned a line for THE HERALD OF HEALTH. Just now a fitting occasion offers in the letter which you publish in the last HERALD from Sara B. Chase, M. D., giving an account of her long illness. The communication gives us a curious medley of orthopathy and heteropathy mixed up together. The closing paragraph is beautifully orthopathic, but much of the letter is strongly tainted with heteropathy. Sara ought to be a straight out, consistent, confirmed and well-established orthopathist. On this account I will notice some objectionable features in her communication: "I was suddenly attacked," she says. Now attack implies an attacking party. Somebody, thing, or dynamic agency that makes an onslaught. What was it in this case that so ruthlessly "attacked" poor Sara? Sir Wm. Gull says: "Disease is no entity, and this must at all times be insisted upon." * * * "To the ignorant disease is an entity—an evil spirit which attacks us and seizes us." If an intelligent and discreet miller comes to the conclusion that an important department of his mill needs a thorough overhauling, repairing, and general refitting, and to this end should shut off so much of the mill-power as must necessarily result in great derangement of its action, would there be propriety of language in saying that the mill was "attacked" with disordered motion? "I am convinced that my

disease was, in the commencement, nervous dyspepsia." "Disease is no entity, and this must at all times be insisted upon." Up to the time of the first derangement of the stomach every function of the body was well performed, simply because that up to this time they were adequately supplied with sustaining energy. When this failed derangement of function was inevitable, and all the subsequent derangements and their results had deficiency of force for their proximate occasion. The most poignant and alarming symptoms are signals of poverty of organized properties.

The change from the natural secretions of the stomach to those of an acrid fluid was owing to feeble vitality, debility of the secreting vessels; and the secretion of purulent matter arose from a still lower degree of vitality in the same organs. There was no ulceration of the stomach in the sense of decomposition of matter, or of abrasion of surface. Before a single symptom manifested itself nature had surveyed the field and knew exactly the condition of every department of her complicated domains. She knew that the stomach was running low in vital funds, and that her coffers needed replenishment; and that, in order to effect this, changes must be wrought out that would be the occasion of much suffering, and of alarming appearances. All this was unavoidable under the best of regimental treatment, and should have been so accepted, and a ready acquiescence proffered to the promptings of natural instinct. I know Trall says that vital force is instinctive, but not intelligent. I would sooner trust natural instinct to manage the internal affairs of my physical corporation than the combined intelligence of the whole medical profession. When did natural instinct ever make a mistake, and when did human intelligence ever fail of making mistakes since the fall of Adam?

"I tried every article of food thought fitting for such conditions of the stomach, but could find nothing which it did not reject." This trying was anti-orthopathic, unphysiological. There is no kind of food "fitting for such con-

ditions of the stomach." Revitalization was what the stomach needed, and food can in no wise aid in that essential process. Food is good building material when there are forces to work it up. In Sara's case no forces could be spared for common building purposes, and therefore the whole nutritive apparatus was put at rest, and all the functions of the body were put under contribution, as far as they could be, consistently, to aid in the great recuperative and vitalizing process. There was no danger of starvation. A long siege had been deliberately and understandingly entered upon, and all departments of the fleshy tabernacle had been carefully and nicely adjusted to the new order of things, and were therefore prepared to hold out to the last extremity. Whenever in the progress of the renovating work any part or vital interest was perceived to be in jeopardy, General Economy would be sure to order forces to the rescue of that part or interest, if he had them to spare; if he had not, there was no help for it—art might stand by and sputter, but could furnish no vital aid. If starvation became the paramount danger, forces would be detailed to the digestive function sufficient, if need be, to enable it to digest oatmeal porridge, though milk would be more economical under existing circumstances. It would be orthopathic to correct vitiated secretions by mild alkalies or alkalescent absorbents, as far as it could be done without disturbing the enfeebled secretory vessels. As soon as these get strength they correct their own product.

This may suffice for the first lesson in orthopathy for Sara, and I would like to have her see it and meditate thereon. I believe her little farm is not more than ten or twelve miles from Oberlin, and I may at some convenient time take a ride there and have a thorough talk with her on the general subject of health.

Yours, with esteem, I. JENNINGS, M. D.

THE CHOLERA.—The cholera seems to hold its own in the West and South, but not to be the means of destroying many lives. It no doubt produces a wholesome state of fear,

and leads the people to improve their sanitary condition more or less. There is this curious fact worth mentioning: It is probable that cholera morbus and cholera infantum carry off one thousand where Asiatic cholera does one, and yet the former disease does not produce half or a quarter of the alarm that the latter does. If the people would fight cholera morbus, cholera infantum, consumption, scarlet fever, etc., as they do cholera and small pox, there would be much greater good come of it. Cholera is an unfrequent visitor, now little feared. Cholera infantum is the means of destroying thousands upon thousands every year. There ought to be a crusade against it till it is unknown, except in history as a dark spot upon our semi-civilization.

VIA BALLOON TO EUROPE. — We are glad that Professors Wise and Donaldson are going to try the experiment of crossing the Atlantic in the great balloon building for them by the proprietors of *The Daily Graphic*. It was real good in these men to furnish the money for this enterprise. We thought of doing the same thing ourselves, only on counting over our odd change found it lacked a little of being enough for so great an undertaking. We hope the sail will prove a healthful pleasure excursion, and that they will return much benefited. For our goodwill in the matter we beg Professor Wise or some of the party to keep watch of the effects of their altitude and journey on the pulse, respiration, appetite, digestion and sleep.

We are afraid, however, they will not sleep very much. There will be too much at stake, too much excitement of the nervous system. Still, after all, it will be of exceeding interest to physiologists and hygienists to know what effects are produced on the body by this first voyage. We have for years hoped and believed that when ballooning becomes safe and practical for the thousands it would be used as a means of health. Will not the time come when invalids instead of going to the mountains, or sea shore, will go to the higher re-

gions of the air? Could they not thus help more perfectly to make their own climate? If perfect safety could be secured, would it not be a great luxury this hot weather, when sleeping in the house is so unpleasant and unwholesome, to have a balloon to lift us high into the air to make our beds? So hurry up, Messrs. Wise and Donaldson, and bring about the "good time coming." Even if you never come down again, which we will not for a moment admit, the effort is worth trying. It is well to risk a life, or a score of them, with the hope of bringing London within three days' ride of New York. Better to die in such a cause than to not make the effort, and die ignobly in a bed surrounded by friends, to the neglect of such possibilities.

HYGIENE IN MEDICAL COLLEGES. — We have looked over the catalogue of a score or two of medical colleges for 1873-4 to see if they were giving any attention to the study of hygiene. With the exception of Harvard and the Thompson Free Medical College for Women, and perhaps one or two more, this subject seems to be ignored as a part of a medical education. Perhaps, after all, this is well. Hygienic knowledge is for the people, and should be taught in the schools to every child, and at home by every father and mother. We are not sure but the people do already know more about hygiene than the doctors. We hope they do. Let them be wise and keep ahead of them, and the result cannot fail to be good. The time will come when it will be as great a disgrace not to know all about hygiene as to know nothing about the multiplication table. We propose to help bring about the day by the spread of knowledge through *THE HERALD OF HEALTH*.

DISINFECTANTS.—A student undergoing his examination was asked what was the mode of action of disinfectants. He replied: "They smell so badly that the people open the windows, and the air gets in."

BOOKS.—BURNS'S PHONIC SHORTHAND,
By Eliza Boardman Burns, New York, Burns
& Co., 33 Park Row; price \$1.

Phonography is a progressive system. Though crude and incomplete at first, it was at once seen to be superior to all other systems of shorthand; and though not yet claiming to be perfect in the thirty-five years or thereabout that have elapsed since its invention, it has been from time to time so improved as to have now arrived at an astonishing degree of symmetry and completeness.

Mrs. Burns's little manual is the first phonographic school-book ever published. In it phonography is brought to rule. It follows the Munson system as distinguished from the system of Graham; but many changes have been introduced, some of which we think will work well in practice and are therefore improvements. The *ter* hook has changed sides with the *shun* hook on straight consonants. Now as the words which end in *ter*, *der* and *ther* are vastly more numerous than those having the termination *shun*, there is an advantage in writing such words in that when you have finished, the hand is left nearer the place of beginning for the next word. Besides that the *shun* hook is now on the same side of the stem as the *n* hook, where analogically it belongs. This is a change which we have long contemplated making in our own shorthand.

We cannot, however, so cordially commend the method of writing the word *auction* in order to distinguish it from *caution*. Mrs. Burns joins initial vowels to consonants with a tick. We write that way ourself when it is a word of two or three syllables but requiring only one consonantal outline, but not when it is a word of one syllable only.

These are but a few of the changes and improvements in this work; our limited space will not allow us to refer to all of them. Improvements will be made in the future, no doubt, as in the past; for phonography is not yet a perfect system, hence the presumption of those who publish "*Standard Phonographies*," and "*Complete Phonographers*." Mrs. Burns does

not claim that her book is a finality, but we cheerfully yield to her the palm of superiority over all that have preceded.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISEMENTS of an appropriate character will be inserted at the following rates: Short advertisements, 25 cents per line; thirteen lines, for three or more insertions without change, 20 per cent. discount; one-half column, \$12; one column, \$22; one page, \$40. All advertisements must be received at this office by the 5th of the month preceding that on which they are to appear.

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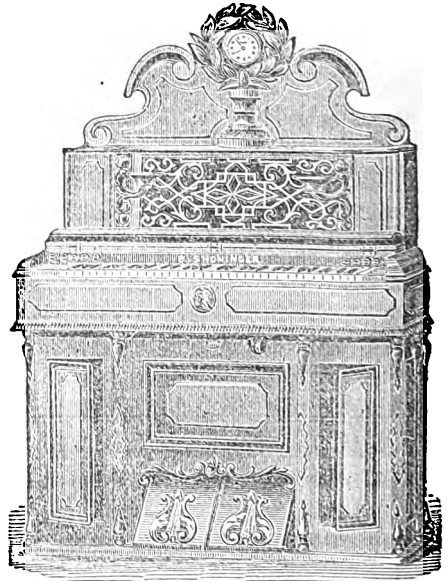
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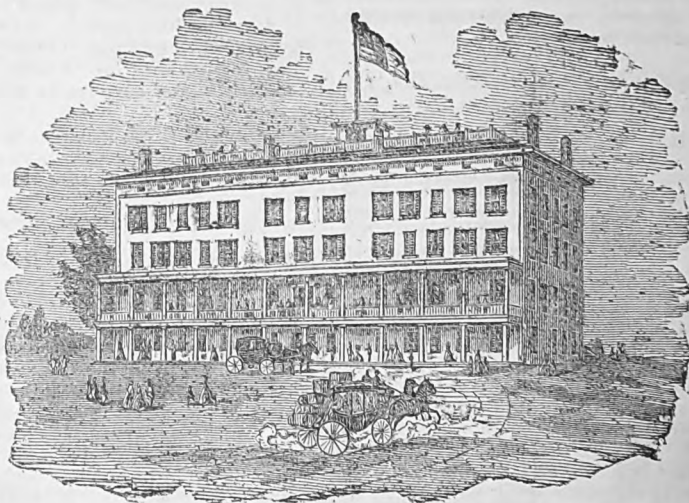
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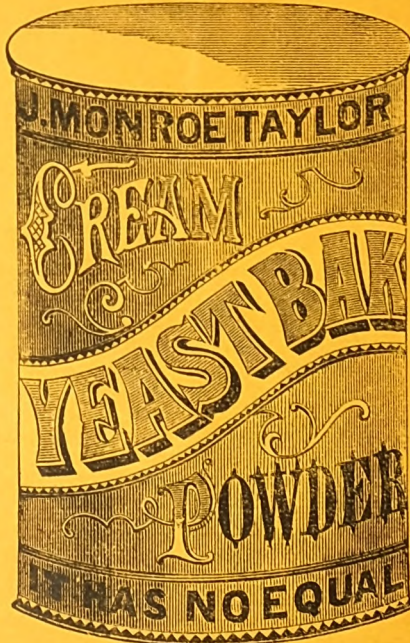
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REMARKABLE ESSAYS ON HEALTH AND MORALS,
By Ancient and Modern Writers. (No. 22.)

Old Age.

BY MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.*

WHEN I consider the several causes which are usually supposed to constitute the infelicity of old age, they may be reduced, I think, under four general articles. In the first place, it is alleged that it incapacitates a man for acting in the affairs of the world; in the next, that it produces great infirmities of body; thirdly, that it disqualifies him for the enjoyment of the sensual gratifications; and, lastly, that it brings him within the immediate verge of death. Let us therefore examine the force and validity of each of those particular charges.

"Old age disqualifies us from taking an active part in the great scenes of business." But in what scenes? let me ask. If in those which require the strength and vivacity of youth, I readily admit the charge. But are there no

other? none which are peculiarly appropriate to the evening of life; and which, being executed by the powers of the mind, are perfectly consistent with a less vigorous state of body? Did Quintus Maximus pass the latter end of his long life in total inactivity? Were the Fabricii, the Curii and the Coruncanii utterly bereaved of all useful energy when they supported the interests of the republic by the wisdom of their counsels and the influence of their respectable authority? Appius Claudius was not only old, but blind, when he remonstrated in the senate with so much force and spirit against concluding a peace with Pyrrhus, to which a majority of the members appeared strongly inclined. And upon this occasion it was that he broke forth into those animated expostulations which Ennius has introduced into his poem.

"Shall folly now that honored council sway?
Where sacred wisdom went to point the way?"
This celebrated harangue Appius delivered sev-

* Marcus Tullius Cicero, the celebrated Roman orator, was born 107 years before Christ. He was the first Roman who found his way to the highest honors of the state by the power of his eloquence and his merits as a magistrate.

teens years after his second consulate, between which and his first there was an interval of ten years, and prior to both he had exercised the office of censor. It is evident, therefore, that he must have been a very old man at the time of the Pyrrhic war.

It appears, therefore, that nothing can be more void of foundation than to assert that old age necessarily disqualifies a man from engaging in the great affairs of the world. As well might it be affirmed that the pilot is totally useless and unengaged in the business of the ship, because while the rest of the crew are more actively employed in their respective departments he sits quietly at the helm and directs its motions. If in the great scenes of business an old man cannot perform a part which requires the force and energy of vigorous years, he can act, however, in a nobler and more important character. It is not by exertions of corporeal strength and activity that the momentous affairs of state are conducted; it is by cool deliberation, by prudent counsel, and by that authoritative influence which ever attends on public esteem; qualifications which are usually strengthened and improved by increase of years. The truth is, if abilities of this latter kind were not the peculiar attributes of old age, our wise ancestors would not surely have distinguished the supreme council of the state by the appellation of the *Senate*. The Lacedæmonians for the same reason give to the first magistrates in their commonwealth the title of *Elders*; and in fact they are always chosen out of that class of men.

If you look into the history of foreign nations, you will find frequent instances of flourishing communities which after having been well nigh ruined by the impetuous measures of young and inexperienced statesmen, have been restored to their former glory by the prudent administration of more discreet years. "Tell me," says one of the personages in a play of Nævius, addressing himself to a citizen of a certain republic; "tell me whence it happened that so considerable a state as yours has thus suddenly fallen to decay?" The person questioned assigns several reasons, but the principal is, "that a swarm of rash, unpracticed young orators had unhappily broke forth and taken the lead among them." Temerity, indeed, is the usual characteristic of youth, as prudence is of old age.

But it is farther urged "that old age impairs the memory." This effect it may probably have on those memories which were originally infirm, or whose native vigor has

not been preserved by proper exercise. But is there any reason to suppose that Themistocles, who had so strong a memory that he knew the name of every citizen in the commonwealth, lost this retentive power as his years increased, and addressed Aristides, for instance, by the appellation of Lysimachus? For my own part I still perfectly well recollect the names not only of all our principal citizens, but of their ancestors also; and I am so little apprehensive of injuring this faculty, as is vulgarly believed, by the perusing of sepulchral inscriptions, that on the contrary I find them of singular service in recalling to my mind those persons whom death hath long since removed from the world. The truth is I never yet heard of any veteran whose memory was so weakened by time as to forget where he had concealed his treasure. The aged indeed seem to be at no loss in remembering whatever is the principal object of their attention; and few there are at that period of life who cannot readily call to mind what recognizances they have entered into, or with whom they have had pecuniary transactions. Innumerable instances of a strong memory in advanced years might be produced from among our celebrated lawyers, pontiffs, augurs and philosophers; for the faculties of the mind will preserve their powers in old age, unless they are suffered to lose their energy and become languid for want of due cultivation. And the truth of this observation may be confirmed not only by those examples I have mentioned from the more active and splendid stations of the world, but from instances frequently to be met with in the paths of studious and retired life. Sophocles continued in extreme old age to write tragedies. As he seemed to neglect his family affairs whilst he was wholly intent upon his dramatic compositions, his sons instituted a suit against him in a court of judicature, suggesting that his understanding was impaired, and prayed that he might be removed from the management of his estate; agreeably to a custom which prevails likewise in our own country, where if a father of a family by imprudent conduct is ruining his fortunes, the magistrate commonly interposes and takes the administration out of his hands. It is said that when the old bard appeared in court upon this occasion, he desired that he might be permitted to read a play which he had lately finished and which he then held in his hand. It was his "Oedipus in Colonus." His request was granted, and after he had finished the recital he appealed to the judges whether they could discover in his performance any symptoms of an insane mind;

and the result was that the court unanimously dismissed the complainants' petition. Did length of days weaken the powers of Homer, Hesiod or Simonides; of Stesichorus, Isocrates or Gorgias? Did old age interrupt the studies of those first and most distinguished of the Greek philosophers, Pythagoras or Democritus, Plato or Xenocrates? or, to descend into later times, did gray hairs prove an obstacle to the philosophic pursuits of Zeno, Cleanthes, or the famous stoic, Diogenes? On the contrary, did not each of these eminent persons persevere in their respective studies with unbroken spirit, to the last moment of their extended lives?

The next imputation against old age is, that "it impairs our strength;" and it must be acknowledged the charge is not altogether without foundation. But for my own part I no more regret the want of that vigor which I possessed in my youth, than I lamented in my youth that I was not endowed with the force of a bull or an elephant. It is sufficient if we exert with spirit, upon every proper occasion, that degree of strength which still remains with us. Nothing can be more truly contemptible than a circumstance which is related concerning the famous Milo of Croton. This man when he became old, observing a set of athletic combatants that were exercising themselves in the public circus, burst into a flood of tears, and stretching forth his arm exclaimed: "Alas, these muscles are now totally relaxed and impotent!" Frivolous old man! it was not so much the debility of thy body as the weakness of thy mind thou hadst reason to lament; as it was by the force of mere animal prowess, and not by those superior excellencies which truly ennoble man that thou hadst rendered thy name famous. Never, I am well persuaded did an exclamation of this unworthy kind escape the mouth of Coruncianus, or Ælius, or the late Publius Crassus, men whose consummate abilities in the science of jurisprudence were generously laid out for the common benefit of their fellow-citizens, and whose superior strength of understanding continued in all its force and vigor to the last moment of their extended lives.

It must be confessed, however, that the powers of an orator (as his function cannot be successfully executed by the force of his genius alone, but requires great exertion likewise both of voice and gesture) must necessarily become languid and enfeebled by age. Nevertheless there is a certain sweetness of utterance which is not subject to be impaired by years. There is a species of calm and composed elocution ex-

tremely graceful and perfectly well adapted to advanced years; as I have frequently observed an eloquent old man captivate the attention of his audience by the charms of this soft and mild tone of delivery. But if age should render the orator unequal even to this less laborious application of his talents, they may still be usefully employed; they may be employed in forming young men of genius to a nervous and manly eloquence. And can there be a more pleasing satisfaction to an old man than to see himself surrounded by a circle of ingenuous youths, and to conciliate by these laudable means their well merited esteem and affection? It will not, I suppose, be denied that old age has at least a sufficient degree of strength remaining to train the rising generation, and instruct them in every duty to which they may hereafter be called; and there cannot certainly be a more important or a more honorable occupation.

Imbecility of body is more frequently occasioned by the irregularities of youth, than by the natural and necessary consequences of long life. A debauched and intemperate young man will undoubtedly, if he live, transmit weakness and infirmities to his latter days. The virtuous Cyrus, in the discourse which Xenophon relates he held when he lay on his death-bed, and which happened at a very late period of life, declares he had never perceived that his old age was attended with any sensible decay. I perfectly well remember Lucius Metellus, when I was a boy. Four years after his second consulate he was chosen chief pontiff, and he presided two-and-twenty years in the sacred college. This venerable personage preserved such a florid old age to his last moments as to have no reason to lament the depredations of time. I wish I had reason to boast with Cyrus that I feel no sensible decay of strength. But although I do not possess it in the same degree, yet it has never been found to fail me, either in the senate or in the assemblies of the people, when my country or my friends, my clients or my hosts, have had occasion to require my service. The truth is I have never governed myself by the cautious maxim of that ancient proverb so frequently quoted which says: "You must be old soon if you would be old long." On the contrary, I would rather abate some years from that season of my life, than prematurely anticipate its arrival. In consequence of this principle I have hitherto been always open to access whenever any person desired to be introduced to me for my advice or assistance in their affairs.

A moderate degree of force is sufficient for all the rational purposes of life; and whoever will not attempt to exert his particular portion farther than he is well able, will assuredly have no great cause to regret that he is not endued with a more considerable share. Milo is said to have entered the lists at the Olympic games bearing the whole weight of an ox upon his shoulders. Now whether would it be better to possess this man's extraordinary powers of body, or the sublime genius of Pythagoras? In a word, my young friends, make a good use of thy youthful vigor so long as it remains, but never let it cost you a sigh when age shall have withdrawn it from you; as reasonably indeed might youth regret the loss of infancy, or manhood the extinction of youth. Nature conducts us by a regular and sensible progression through the different seasons of human life; to each of which she has annexed its proper and distinguishing characteristic. As imbecility is the attribute of infancy, ardor of youth, and gravity of manhood; so declining age has its essential properties, which gradually disclose themselves as years increase.

As to those effects which are the necessary and natural evils attendant on long life, it imports us to counteract their progress by a constant and resolute opposition, and to combat the infirmities of old age as we would resist the approaches of a disease. To this end we should be regularly attentive to the article of health; use moderate exercise, and neither eat nor drink more than is necessary for repairing our strength without oppressing the organs of digestion. Nor is this all; the intellectual faculties must likewise be assisted by proper care, as well as those of the body. For the powers of the mind, like the flame in the lamp, will become languid and extinct by time, if not duly and regularly recruited. Indeed the mind and body equally thrive by a suitable exertion of their powers; with this difference, however, that bodily exercise ends in fatigue, whereas the mind is never wearied by its activity. When Cæcilius therefore represents certain veterans as "fit subjects for the comic muse," he alludes only to those weak and credulous old dotting mortals, whose infirmities of mind are not so much the natural effect of their years as a consequence of suffering their faculties to lie dormant and unexerted in a slothful and spiritless inactivity. The fact, in short, is plainly this: as irregular indulgences of the amorous passions, although a vice to which youth is in general more prone than age, is a

vice, however, with which those young men alone are infected who are unrestrained by principles of virtue; so that species of delirium which is called dotage is not a common weakness incident to every old man in general, but to those only who have trifled away their frivolous days in idleness and folly.

Let us now proceed to examine the third article of complaint against old age as "bereaving us of the sensual gratifications." Happy effect, indeed! if it delivers us from those snares which allure youth into some of the worst vices to which that age is addicted. I will here relate the substance of a discourse which was held many years since by that illustrious philosopher, Archytas, of Tarentum, as related to me when I was a young man. "Nature," said this illustrious sage, "has not conferred on mankind a more dangerous present than those pleasures which attend the sensual indulgences; as the passions they excite are too apt to run away with reason in a lawless and unbridled pursuit of their respective enjoyments. It is in order to gratify inclinations of this ensnaring kind that men are tempted to hold clandestine correspondence with the enemies of the state, to subvert governments, and turn traitors to their country. In fact there is no sort of crimes that affect the public welfare to which an inordinate love of the sensual pleasures may not directly lead. And as to vices of a more private tendency, rapes, adulteries and every other flagitious violation of the moral duties; are they not perpetrated solely from this single motive? Reason, on the other hand, is the noblest gift that God or nature has bestowed on the sons of men. Now nothing is so great an enemy to that divine endowment as the pleasures of sense; for neither temperance nor any other of the more exalted virtues can find a place in that breast which is under the dominion of the voluptuous passions. Imagine to yourself a man in the actual enjoyment of the highest gratification that his animal nature is capable of receiving; there can be no doubt that during his continuance in that state it would be utterly impossible for him to exert any one power of his rational faculties." From hence our philosopher inferred "that the voluptuous enjoyments are attended with a quality of the most noxious kind, since in proportion to their strength and duration they darken or extinguish every brighter faculty of the human soul."

The inference I mean to draw from the authority I have cited is, that if the principles of

reason and virtue have not been sufficient to inspire us with a proper contempt for the sensual pleasures, we have cause to hold ourselves much obliged to old age for weaning us from those appetites which it would ill become us to gratify; for the voluptuous passions are utter enemies to all the nobler faculties of the soul, cast a mist over the eyes of reason, and hold no sort of commerce or communion with the manly virtues.

It must be admitted that in the fine season of life the soul receives a stronger and more exquisite impression from the pleasures of the senses. It will also be admitted, in the first place, that these pleasures are in themselves but of little value; and in the next, that notwithstanding old age cannot enjoy them in their utmost extent and perfection, yet it is not absolutely excluded from them. If a spectator who sits in the first row of the theatre enters more thoroughly into the beauties of Turpio's acting than he who is placed in the remotest ranks, the latter, nevertheless, is not totally debarred from all share in the entertainment. In the same manner, if youth holds a less obstructed communication with the sensual gratifications than the circumstances of age will admit, an old man, though not equally affected with delight, feels at least as quick a relish of them as is necessary to content his more subdued desires.

But whatever may be the condition of old age with respect to the instances I have been examining, inestimable surely are its advantages if we contemplate it in another point of view; if we consider it as delivering us from the tyranny of lust and ambition, from the angry and contentious passions, from every inordinate and irrational desire; in a word, as teaching us to retire within ourselves and look for happiness in our own bosoms. If to these moral benefits naturally resulting from length of days, be added that sweet food of the mind which is gathered in the field of science, I know not any season of life that is passed more agreeably than the peaceful leisure of a virtuous old age occupied in some literary pursuit.

It remains only to consider the fourth and last imputation: "Old age must necessarily be a state of much anxiety and disquietude, from the near approach of death." That the hour of dissolution cannot possibly be far distant from an old man, is most undoubtedly certain; but unhappy indeed must he be, if in so long a course of years he has yet to learn that there is nothing in that circumstance that can reasonably alarm his fears. On the contrary, it is an

event either utterly to be disregarded, if it extinguish the soul's existence, or much to be wished if it convey her to some region where she shall continue to exist forever. One of those two consequences must necessarily ensue the disunion of the soul and body; there is no other possible alternative. What then have I to fear if after death I shall either not be miserable or shall certainly be happy? But, after all, is there any man, how young soever he may be, who can be so weak as to promise himself with confidence that he shall live even till night? In fact young people are more exposed to mortal accidents than even the aged. They are also not only more liable to natural diseases, but as they are generally attacked by them in a more violent manner, are obliged to obtain their cure, if they happen to recover, by a more painful course of medical operations. Hence it is that there are but few among mankind who arrive at old age; and this will suggest a reason why the affairs of the world are no better conducted. For age brings along with it experience, discretion and judgment, without which no well formed government could have been established or can be maintained. But not to wander from the point under present consideration; why should death be deemed an evil peculiarly impending on old age, when daily experience proves that it is common to every other period of life? It will be replied, perhaps, that youth may at least entertain the hope of enjoying many additional years, whereas an old man cannot rationally encourage so pleasing an expectation. But is it not a mark of extreme weakness to rely upon precarious contingencies, and to consider an event as absolutely to take place which is altogether doubtful and uncertain? But admitting that the young may indulge this expectation with the highest reason, still the advantage lies on the side of the old; as the latter is already in possession of that length of life which the former can only hope to attain. "Length of life," did I say? good gods! what is there in the utmost extent of human duration that can properly be called long, even if our days should prove as numerous as those of Arganthonius, the king of the Tartessi, who reigned eighty years and lived to the age of one hundred and twenty? In my own opinion no portion of time can justly be deemed long that will necessarily have an end, since the longest when once it is elapsed leaves not a trace behind; and nothing valuable remains with us but the conscious satisfaction of having employed it well. Whatever the extent of our present duration

may be we ought to be contented with the allotted measure; remembering that it is in life as on the stage, where the actor is not permitted to choose in what part of the drama he shall make his final exit; it is sufficient in whatever scene his part may conclude if he supports the character assigned him with deserved applause. Youth is the vernal season of life, and the blossoms it then puts forth are indications of those future fruits which are to be gathered in the succeeding periods. Now the proper fruit to be gathered in the winter of our days is to be able to look back with self-approving satisfaction on the happy and abundant produce of more active years.

The distaste with which in passing through the several stages of our present being we leave behind us the respective enjoyments peculiar to each, must necessarily I should think, in the close of its latest period, render life itself no longer desirable. Infancy and youth, manhood and old age, have each of them their peculiar and appropriate pursuits; but does youth regret the toys of infancy or manhood lament that it has no longer a taste for the amusements of youth? The season of manhood has also its suitable objects, that are exchanged for others in old age; and these, too, like the preceding, become languid and insipid in their turn. Now when this state of absolute satiety has at length arrived, when we have enjoyed the satisfactions peculiar to old age till we have no longer any relish for them, it is then that death may justly be considered a seasonable event.

Every event agreeable to the course of nature ought to be looked upon as a real good; and surely none can be more natural than for an old man to die. It is true youth likewise stands exposed to the same dissolution; but it

is a dissolution contrary to nature's evident intentions and in direct opposition to her strongest efforts. In the latter instance, the privation of life may be resembled to a fire forcibly extinguished by a deluge of water; in the former, to a fire spontaneously and gradually going out from a total consumption of its fuel. Or, to have recourse to another illustration, as fruit before it is ripe cannot without some degree of force be separated from the stalk, but drops of itself when perfectly mature; so the disunion of the soul and body is effected in the young by dint of violence, but is effected in the old by a mere fullness and completion of years.

Every stage of human life except the last is marked out by certain and defined limits; old age alone has no precise and determinate boundary? It may well, therefore, be sustained to any period, how far soever it may be extended, provided a man is capable of performing those offices which are suited to this season of life, and preserves at the same time a perfect indifference as to its continuance. Old age, under these circumstances and with these sentiments, may be animated with more courage and fortitude than is usually found in the prime of life. The most desirable manner of yielding up our lives is when nature herself, while our understanding and our other senses still remain unimpaired, thinks proper to destroy the work of her own hand; as the artist who constructed the machine is best qualified to take it to pieces. In short, an old man should neither be anxious to preserve the small portion of life which remains to him, nor forward to resign it without a just cause. It was one of the prohibitions of Pythagoras "not to quit our post of life without being authorized by the commander who placed us in it;" that is, not without the permission of the Supreme Being.

How Mrs. Rand Was Converted.

BY BERTHA DAYNE.

THE Rands were always in a ferment. Go there when you would, morning, noon or night, you felt that you had fallen upon some great domestic convulsion, a family earthquake, tornado, or volcanic eruption, so frequent was the upheaval of the serene surface of commonplace in their home.

And well might one ask the reason. For the Rands were a family far removed from one prolific cause of internecine conflict—poverty. The vulgar clamor of unsupplied needs had no echo in their consultations; they never were exasperated by the importunity of ceaseless demands upon a void exchequer, nor ever wit-

nessed the spiteful warfare of "must haves" and "can't gets." Their home was the abode of luxury, and every elegance of house and wardrobe forbade the suspicion that perplexed committees of ways and means ever brought discord into the family harmony.

Neither would it be a jangling of unattuned tempers, each struggling for a victory, which would no sooner be gained than again contested. It could not be, for the Rands, father mother and children, were well known to be striving earnestly, with deep religious faith and steadfastness, to put a camel through a needle's eye, to realize the ancient paradox of a rich man in the kingdom of heaven, by a subjugation of the natural to the spiritual nature.

They were a family of unusually strong attachments, and although the little foxes of petulance might occasionally nibble at their vines of content, as a rule the whole family were gentle and agreeable, full of thoughtful regard for each others comfort, tenderly solicitous each for the others welfare. Neither was "taste" a war-cry with them, the commotion a contest as to whose pictures should hang on the wall, whose taste should decide the patterns of the carpets, whose choice the rare statuary which idealized their home. No; for though the esthetic element which enriched the Rands, and came both by heritage and culture, assumed protean forms; those forms never strove with each other, but united in a graceful and many-sided symmetry of development. Thus Laura had a fine poetic temperament, whose voice, cleaving the vapors of morbid sentimentalism, sometimes soared upward in beautiful poems; such poems as are hymns to the grandeur of the life which may be lived if the soul sets its mark high enough in the heavens.

Sometimes! alas, that not *always!* for often the voice which should chant triumphantly, uttered only hopeless wails, as if its spirit were tortured with bitter ills.

While Laura made verses, Sara, whose temperament was the same illumined one, only turned at a different angle to the great sun of inspiration, set them to music. Many a lyric went out into the world, was caught by a thousand ears and dwelt upon a thousand tongues, which had a dual birth in the fine organizations of these girls. And then, too, and again alas! many a plaint, sorrow-freighted as the wings of night with darkness, stole from Sara's soul into those minor-keyed ones whose only utterances are of woe, while her own dwelt in darkness.

So, too, Charlie, the only brother, was also

an acolyte in the temple of the ideal, ministering at its altars with the rich sacrifice of form and color. Thus his artistic sense was vitalized often by Laura's poetical conceptions, as well as electrified by Sara's power of music, as all good gifts of genius enrich each other. But unfortunately, Charlie, too, often found every power prostrate beneath the baleful influence which made Laura's poems threnodies, Sara's strains gloomy requiems. Then his studio would take on a grotesqueness of expression that crucified his divine instinct of beauty. Then gnomes, imps, dragons, all weird and uncanny creatures would riot in unclean atmospheres on his canvas. Then would he choose corpses rather than angels for his easel, while bated sins, personified in foul deformity, desecrated his imagination before reaching his canvas. Strange! for in his normal state Charlie's deft hand wrought the daintiest of images. Then his easel would glow with radiant tints, the warm shimmer of sunshine, the opalescent hues of summer clouds, the dreamy atmospheres which enchant the sensuous eye, the Rembrandt-like shadows which so gloriously intensify bright lights. There one could dream midsummer dreams before his scenes, where were forest vistas, sun-illumined, yet softened by gracious shadows through which sweet spirits of beauty flashed like dancing stars. And always were these charming pictures the garb of some poetical allegory, or the tracing of some subtle analogy between spirit and sense.

It did seem as if some spectre of beauty, with its own festering corpse clinging to it, lay in wait continually for Charlie and his sisters. And with all three was the same fate—a natural life upon the fair mountain tops of aspiration and endeavor, with unnatural sinkings down into black abysses, whence every bright thing fled affrighted.

But while Father Rand was a quiet, studious gentleman, whose pale face and shrunken features seemed out of place elsewhere than in his study, and Mother Rand was an ethereal creature who oscillated between her invalid chair in her chamber and her invalid chair at the family table; as I have said, the family was always in a ferment. Go there at any time and there was either an *existent* fuss, or you would be conscious of that atmosphere of lassitude which follows all great excitement; usually there would be a potent odor of camphor in the air, or the incense of burnt feathers would salute your olfactories. Sometimes it would be nauseating valerian which burdened every

breath you drew, or as often fumes of disgusting asafetida which strangled you.

Sometimes it would be impossible to analyze the horrible smell into its constituent odors; but you would sicken as if you had absorbed a whole allopathic pharmacy. Usually upon these occasions the library sofa would support an extended figure, supine beneath mustard plasters, camphor bandages, hop poultices and vinegar compresses, bearing an expression of wan misery wholly in unison with the *Jobian* idea of virtue, which consists in cursing every body and everything, and calling the spiritual condition thereunto prompting patience!

O Patience! how fierce and unlovely was thy Hebrew antetype.

Sometimes the passive figure described would be Father Rand, sometimes Charlie, often Laura, and as often Sara. But no matter who it might be, whenever the sofa held a victim then would Mrs. Rand rise superior to the infelicities of her invalidism and become infused with the vital force of a Piute squaw. Then would she run up stairs for her precious box of pills, down stairs for her beloved bottle of drops, and in my lady's chamber for her priceless powders, as if her soul gloried in her opportunity to dose somebody. For dosing somebody was the very climax and acme of all Mrs. Rand's aspirations for enjoyment. Like a pagan priestess over sacrificial victims, she would exult over any case of disturbed health which afforded scope for her powers of dosing. Nothing gave her more saintly elevation of spirit than to see pills, powders, draughts of her prescribing go down throats which had a very dim idea of how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong. For years her own alimentary canal had been a highway for pills and potions, bit ters, herb teas, sarsaparillas and elixirs, concocted from her own or her friends' recipes, or purchased from the patent medicine manufacturers which scatter death broadcast over the land. For years she had been blistered and purged, cupped, bled and setonized, till it had become the loftiest of her triumphs to relate the area of her blistered surface, the number of times she had been salivated, the frequency of scars that dotted the veins of her arms. Really one might suppose she did penance for some hideous sin, or so tortured her mortal frame that its immortal indweller might long to flee out of it into a world where blisters are not, and where physic cannot enter in.

Had this lamentable zeal without knowledge finished its work upon her own ill-treated body the result would have been less disastrous. But

Proserpine could more easily have escaped Plutonian captivity than her children Mrs. Rand's maniacal fervor in the killing or curing art. So from their birth they had been dosed for every ill they had, or were imagined to have, were soothed with syrups and roused with stimulants, cayenne-peppered with Thompsonian zeal, quinned with allopathic rigor, till the wonder was that she didn't celestialize them all. She did succeed in making herself the mother of three little angels, but the other three, either from superior tenacity of constitution or a spiritual obliquity of perception which couldn't see the angels beckoning "come, come away," managed to struggle along to maturity even under the galling cross of her pious ministrations.

Poor Mr. Rand! he had early fallen a victim to this modern Borgia, and with shattered constitution was creeping wearily down the gloomy byway of disease, weighed down with a burden, not of years, but of uneliminated pills; weary not with the pangs and penalties of life, but with vile fluids incorporated in his blood; hollow-eyed, not with much study or profound thought, but with a paralyzed liver, which had ceased its operations in sheer disgust of calomel and podophyllum.

These family commotions, therefore, the reader must now understand were the sublime occasions when this feminine *Æsculapius* scented victory, when a slight paleness or a transient hoarseness was the signal for her batteries to be unmasked and a volley of pills to be poured into the attacked body.

Under her treatment the nervous systems of her children had become so weakened that all three were, in some slight measure, what their aunt Betsy used to call "fitty." That is, Laura gave way often to hysteria, Sara had spasms of the epigastric nerves, while Charlie had a universal nervous excitability which threatened sometimes to end in *St. Vitus's* dance. And it was the malign influence of the maternal pill box, reaching through their physical organizations to lay crafty touch upon their mental faculties, which forced Laura into lugubrious verse, Sara into melancholy music, and Charlie into grotesque moods that were a sin against all his beautiful capabilities.

Ab, mothers, mothers! how ignorantly you tear down, and believe that wisely you build up! Oh, holy motherhood! how many sins are done in thy name!

One bright, breezy day in spring, when the timid violets were just beginning to raise their blue eyes heavenward, the usual turmoil

was visible in the Rand mansion. This time it was rather more of an excitement than usual, for by a most masterly strategy Mrs. Rand succeeded in vanquishing two of her children at once, and had both Sara and Charlie riveted down—one in a large easy chair the other on a sofa—while she performed strange sorceries over them. Sara had a slight cold, contracted from rising early in the morning before the furnace fires were raked over, to compose a dirge over her dead happiness and her murdered peace. How her peace and happiness met such untimely fate is not known, for her "mood" attacked her in the night, and she never told. But having a cold she was swathed to the chin in flannel, had a tub of boiling water beneath her chair, hot bricks at her feet, six patent pills in her stomach, four others on the table by her side, likewise a tumbler of scalding "composition" in her hand, while her mother, like Nemesis, stood over her with another glass of steaming mixture, waiting for a chance to add its contents to poor Sara's concatenation of miseries.

Charlie, upon the sofa, had been noticed at breakfast to have very little appetite. Thereupon he had been most adroitly seduced into acknowledging a slight headache, had been forcibly dispossessed of his liberty, drugged with blue pill, frescoed over the liver with mustard, turbaned like a Turk with camphor bandages, and exulted over as a candidate for a course of medicine. Poor boy! he lay there with clouded brow, and utterances which betrayed a very unregenerate nature; and it was probably only the fear that his tormentor would treat him for cerebral inflammation, softening of the brain, or even delirium tremens, that prevented his rising up in wrath and defying her.

Laura sat at the window book, in hand, pitying them both but not daring to speak, lest she, too, come under the discipline.

"Mother you seem to regard my poor body only as a convenient sort of crucible in which to fuse your minerals," expostulated Sara as her mother declared that she, too, needed a good "clearing out" with blue pills.

"Or the alembic wherein to distil beastly fluids," echoed Charlie, helping along Sara's unusual insubordination.

"Now children you'll think of this when I'm in my grave, and you have no one to stand guard over your health," answered the irrepressible chemist, with virtuous indignation, as she flitted about adjusting a bandage here, examining a plaster there, stirring a pungent mixture elsewhere.

Oh mother! you'll be chief mourner at all our

funerals, unless you let up a little in this infernal cossetting," howled Charlie, as the blister began to gnaw.

"You're growing nervous, my son; I must run for my bottle of valerian," was Mrs. Rand's only reply, as she fled away with triumph in her movements and exultation in her tones that here was yet another bodily infirmity which besought a remedy.

The moment she was gone Charlie gave a desperate lunge and came to a perpendicular, sheeted and shrouded like an unshrined ghost.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, tearing the bandage from his head, showing crisp bright curls laying in rings over a manly brow; "is this thing going to last forever, I wonder. Must we always be drugged and dosed like charity patients at a public dispensary, with whatever medicine happens to be in the house? I'm growing desperate, and half inclined to swallow enough of mother's concoctions to finish me at once, instead of by degrees.

"Well, here's something to expedite your passage through this vale of tears," said Sara, with grim humor, holding out a box of vegetable pills and a bottle of "Liver Invigorator."

"If mother could only be unseated from her hobby long enough to be reasoned into the knowledge that we pay a fearful penalty for her physiological errors, we would be saved; but how it is ever to be done I don't know," said Laura, with a long drawn sigh.

"If she could only be induced to talk with some conscientious, well-read, largely-experienced physician, instead of poring over quick advertisements, and almanacs devoted to extravagant puffing of some special nostrum, it would open her eyes, I think," panted Sara, with a face vermillion-dyed and decorated with moving globules of perspiration.

"Oh yes, if we only could entice her into conversation with a high-principled, well-read physician," chorussed the others.

"Girls I'll do it; don't be frightened at what you see, but I've got a grand idea," Charlie said hurriedly, just as his mother entered the room with valerian bottle in one hand and teaspoon in the other.

"There are only two doses left, my son," said she; "you had better take them both at once, so that I can have the bottle refilled."

Charlie looked nauseated, but acquiescent; he was too solemnly wonted to his mother's usual way of clearing out her bottles to make any protest. But there was a wicked gleam in his eyes, a sardonic curve to his lips that spoke volumes of mischievous intent.

He lay back upon his pillow after swallowing his potion, and such a saintly meekness of expression fell upon him as made Moses, by comparison, seem like a villainous pirate. He only remarked:

"Mother that was the strangest valerian I ever tasted!" turned his face to the wall and was still.

Suddenly, just as his mother had trotted across to the bay window to examine Laura's tongue, if perchance she, too, might not be benefited by either purgative or emetic, she was horrified by a wild shriek from the direction of the sofa. Turning, her heart stood still, her limbs became paralyzed with terror at what she saw and heard.

There was Charlie, her pride, her idol, her only boy, writhing in dreadful spasms upon the floor. He had fallen from the sofa in his contortions, and with eyes rolled far up into his head, with teeth clenched as in mortal agony, with arms madly clutching as if for relief, he cried out fiercely: "I'm poisoned! it was not valerian!"

As she remained fastened to the spot as if in dreadful nightmare, the paroxysm grew more and more violent. He ceased to make articulate utterance, only an ominous gurgle sounded in his throat, his arms dashed in more phrenzied movement, and his teeth gnashed each other as if in torment which could not be uttered.

Then Mrs. Rand centralized her scattered senses enough to say:

"Girls what *shall* we do! my boy, my boy!"

"Send for Dr. True instantly," commanded Laura, turning her back to her mother and bending over the prostrate Charlie. It was well she turned her back, for had Mrs. Rand seen the smile upon her face which threatened every instant to ripple into laughter, she would have thought the shock of Charlie's condition had plunged Laura into semi-idiocy, and idiocy was an ailment for which she had no panacea.

Then there was hurrying to and fro, the usual upsetting of chairs, spilling of liquids, stepping on toes and bodily collisions, till the doctor came. But before his arrival Charlie's convulsions had ceased, his eyes came down to their usual level, his arms were still and his voice hushed. It was a little singular that his recovery was so immediate upon the servant's departure in quest of the doctor. It was strange, too, that such strong convulsive symptoms were manifest in both the girls, as if some subtle law of sympathy made Charlie's suffering theirs. But Sara hid her face beneath her

blanket, while Laura abruptly retired to her room, there to fall into fits—of laughter.

"Why Charlie, then it was only a nervous spasm after all," ejaculated Mrs. Rand as she wiped her anxious face on a deposed plaster in grateful unconsciousness that it wasn't her creosote-scented handkerchief. "If I had only known it I could have treated you with my own remedies. It's too bad we sent for the doctor, but I'll send Betsy after John to tell the doctor we have no need of him now."

"Mother if you do I shall have another spasm, and die in it," said Charlie, with ghastly solemnity; "indeed, I feel another coming on this very moment."

"Do you?" she cried with alacrity, "well then I'll run right up stairs for my nervine, or perhaps my nerve sedative would be better; I'll bring both, with my nerve-subduer and my nerve-strengthenner."

"Don't leave me, mother," pleaded Charlie, varying his emotional expressions to suit existent conditions; "don't leave me till the doctor comes."

When soon after the quiet, wide awake doctor entered, Charlie's desire for the benign influence of his mother's presence seemed to lapse into a fatal languor. Indeed he grew so indifferent to her spiritual emanations as to request her to leave him alone a little while with Dr. True.

Wonderingly she departed for a little season, little dreaming, poor monomaniac, that she had been made the heroine of a farce.

Poor Mrs. Rand was sadly dwarfed in her reflective faculties, and had only such small mental stature as belongs to those who make their eyes and ears their only avenues of knowledge. Her whole being found forms in her perceptive faculties, and aimless as a drifting cloud were her ideas on all matters abstract from things of sense. Consequently, while her bias was to a continual testing of the qualities and effects of medicines, a continual experimenting with as fierce a greed for results as followed the old alchemists in their search for the secret of gold, she worked only by her eye, not with her understanding. Therefore if morphine brought a restless patient calm, she saw that the eyes were closed, that the form was still, and she called it sleep. For neither study nor reflection had convinced her that the heavy stupor which fell upon the brain, robbing it of its sentient power and crushing it into semi-death, was not sleep, only an almost fatal lethargy. So when a harsh, execrating purgative forced its rude way through a body, she

aw that the headache temporarily disappeared, while the nausea and heaviness grew less grievous to be borne. Then she lauded physic, making pills her battle cry, and inscribing aperients upon her banners, unwitting that the results of violent purgatives come with disastrous delity, not to-day, or perhaps to-morrow, but surely *some*time, as comes death to all of woman born.

Therefore had all her treatment of husband and children been on this principle—which all true philosophy repudiates—of working only by sight. And the chaos of disorder, nervousness, dyspepsia, melancholia, into which it had plunged her family, was not to her knowledge a natural working of the law which has effect or cause, for she never thought beyond the immediate, the present.

But her riot among the Paracæ which deal in poisons, was about ended, for after a long interview with Charlie the doctor sought her presence. For two long hours he held her in close confinement, binding upon her the manacles of his convincing words, fastening her in bondage by his trenchant speech. *What* he said time fails us to repeat. But as Doctor True was to her one of the *media* through which superhuman wisdom spoke, she managed to strain her pigmy height of intellect up to a low pitch of dim and transient reflection, and was long thoughtful over the interview.

Her family noticed a blessed change in certain phases of her domestic management. The closet in her room which for years had been crowded with medicine bottles and boxes was cleared of its rubbish, swept and garnished, and but for the vile odor which long defiled it would have seemed never anything else than a guileless clothes-press. It was suspected that she emptied the contents of those bottles about the roots of a cottonwood tree in the front yard, which had long annoyed her with its annual white showers, for the tree sickened about that time, grew worse, till finally it was cut down and cast into the fire. But this was only suspicion, for Mrs. Rand discreetly held her peace, and the secret, like many others in life, could set in only one current toward revelation.

She also ceased to buy mustard by the wholesale, and was actually known upon one occasion to take up a patent medicine almanac from the door-step where it had been left, march straight down stairs and thrust it into the furnace, without so much as opening its covers, with such an air of fierce exultation as if she vanquished haunting fiends.

She no longer rushed insanely up stairs for remedies whenever the timidest allusion was made to unhealthful symptoms, though her motherly heart never ceased its loving guardianship over her dear ones. But "symptoms" grew beautifully less in her family, as she gave her attention more largely to prophylactic measures than to therapeutic agencies. Graham bread became a feature of her meals, in place of the hot biscuits upon which she had once thought her housewifely virtue depended. Dainty pastries and rich cake became sweet memories, rather than cogent facts in her *cuisine*, and a wise motive ruled whence a senseless ambition was deposed.

"Who would know mother now?" said Charlie to his sisters one morning, when upon casually remarking that his throat felt a trifle sore, his mother said: "Bathe it thoroughly and repeatedly in cold water, dear."

"Who would recognize her as the same mother who all our lives has watched every ail, that she might thrust vile drugs down our throats?"

"And who would know our Charlie?" said Laura, blithely; "he who so little time ago was so wan and worn, as if sicklied o'er with the pale hue of disgust for everything in the heavens above, and the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. How buoyant are his spirits, how staunch his nervos. Moreover, how glowing is the complexion, both of his body and of his mind. Rosy effects on his cheeks, and roseate flushes upon all his spiritual visions. No more gnomes and imps on your canvas, or post-mortem horrors; are there, my boy?"

"Thank God that you do not speak untruthfully, Laura, and that we all have come, though tardily, to our birthright of healthful, happy bodies. We have more fantasies than dirges, now don't we, Sara?" he asked, playfully pinching her cheek.

"More fantasies than dirges, more epithalamiums than threnodies," answered Sara, returning his pinch, and the usual romp followed.

And Mrs. Rand, sitting behind the coffeeurn opposite to her husband, sorrowed remorsefully while she looked upon the wan, worn face, so bright and fresh in the early days of her marriage.

"To think," whispered her aroused conscience, "how I tampered with the lives of my family with those hellish drugs. Dr. True told me that half the ill health in the world is caused by ignorant drugging, while the other

half is the result of ignorance of the simple laws of life. Epicurean food, scalding drinks, improper hours of eating, and neglect of fresh air and bathing he considers the Molochs which devour us. When I remember all he told me of the iniquitous practice of drugging, I feel that I have sinned against God and my poor husband and children. I never knew till Dr. True told me that half the wise physicians who are called to visit patients, in innumerable cases give bread pills and syrups of colored water, with powders of chalk, realizing the danger of drugs themselves, yet making a seeming concession to the deep-seated conviction of their patients that nothing but medicine can heal the wounds made by their own gluttony,

indolence or uncleanness. Thank God for sending Dr. True to me before it was forever too late, and may He spare the life yet for many years which I so ignorantly jeopardized."

Then aloud she said: "Father will you take another gem?"

"I think I will," he said; "strange that the older I grow the younger I feel; I haven't had such an appetite for years, and life grows brighter to me every day with renewed strength and recreated powers. Why, I haven't taken medicine for a long, long time."

And Mrs. Rand swallowed a sob as she murmured: "God forgive me, for I knew not what I did."

"A Time to Dance."

BY REV. J. L. CORNING.

I DO NOT wish it to be understood from the topic which I have chosen that I am about to elaborate a defense or apology for the special form of amusement indicated in these words, though it may incidentally fall in my way to say something concerning it. My design is rather to offer some rational and, as I dare modestly to judge, some Christian thoughts upon the general topic of amusement, its nature and demands, and the legitimate place which it occupies in the activities of mortal existence.

Ever since religion had a history, and particularly ever since Christianity asserted its power of exalting the realm of moral and spiritual obligation, amusement has been a subject of grave question and serious debate. Among all the subordinate facts of human nature—by which I mean those facts which are not pronounced by the universal judgment of mankind as having a moral character for good or evil—this one has been chiefly selected by religious philosophers to mark the dividing line between the people of God and the people of the world. The notion that amusement is neither a necessity nor a right of members of the household of faith has obtained a very wide prevalence, not only in the Church but out of it. A sort of unquestioning deference has been paid by both classes of people to the decrees of the regularly authenticated teachers of religion;

and hence, on this question as on many others, their judgment has been taken without appeal, to the forfeiture or the partial ignoring of the voice of common sense. Now while we must insist on the egregious mistakes which almost all religious teachers, past and present, have made in their explicit or implied hostility to amusement, we must acknowledge on the other hand that their morbid and one-sided judgments have not been without some plausible foundation. If we look only at two facts to which I will briefly call your attention we shall find abundant reason for charity toward the extremists of asceticism who have felt it their duty to assume an attitude of unfriendliness toward all the recreative instincts of human nature.

The first of these facts pertains to the composition of the mind itself, the second belongs to the practical history of life.

And, first, considering the wide contrast (on a superficial view) that exists between the religious and the mirthful departments of human nature, it is not much wonder that most religious philosophers have regarded them as necessarily hostile one to the other. If the problem had been to reconcile the intellectual with the religious faculties of the soul it would not have presented such seemingly insurmountable difficulties; though as between these there is even at this late date of the world's advance

ent an almost hopeless rivalry, religion in ost of its recognized forms claiming that ason has little or nothing to do with its affirmations.

But the distance from an act of devotion to an act of intellect is not so great, superficially considered, as the distance from an act of devotion to an act of mirth. And if religious philosophy in its present stature has not been equal to compass the former distance, how should it be expected to be equal to compassing the latter? If religious teachers for the greater part have thus far been unable to see how the mere human being might pray and think, how could they see by what legitimate process the mere human being might pray and laugh?

The practical complications of this problem have been greatly augmented by the fact that religious teachers have never pretended to represent more than that single segment of the soul, which for convenience sake we designate as the religious nature. They are set to utter simply the demands of the spiritual nature, to echo the voice of conscience, to teach men to pray. They are not ordained to teach men to think. This is the business of the school-master and the college professor. They are not called to cognize the social or esthetic demands of the soul. Others have these matters in charge. They are not elected to teach men how to eat and drink. This is the vocation of the physical philosopher. And least of all have they any concern with the mirthful demands of human nature. Would it not be beneath the sacred and solemn dignity of a religious prophet to tell men and women that they might laugh, and to set them a practical example of this laughing art? The whole business of religious teaching has been projected upon the idea of a monopoly. Religious teaching since the beginning of the world has been as much of a trade as painting portraits or making shoes. The stately demeanor and attire peculiar to the profession of preaching have been in entire harmony with this idea. The coat and the necktie, the voice and gait of the preacher whose portrait is engraved on the memory of our childhood all told us that he was the representative of one solemn and gloomy idea. There is a tendency in all men to claim a sort of monopoly for their particular business and the interests which it contemplates. And the higher the business and the more important the interests the more promptly does this tendency develop itself. The literary man is very apt to look down with a sort of semi-contempt upon the mechanic. The artist often finds it

difficult to see the useful mission of the agriculturalist. And so when a man undertakes that calling which is confessedly the highest of all, viz., the spiritual and religious culture of man, it is only natural that he should go to the extreme of despising and excluding from all legitimate realms that sort of culture which lies nearly on the opposite extreme—the culture, I mean, of the mirthful instincts of human nature. And now if you will follow out this single hint which I have given to you out of the many-leaved volume of human nature and human life, I think you will easily find a reason for the attitude of religious teachers against amusement which will excite charity toward them.

Secondly, I find a still stronger argument for tolerance toward the enemies of amusement in the abuses and excesses which to so large a degree attend this department of human activity. Perhaps nothing has been more abused by unlawful admixtures and insane indulgence than the mirthful instinct. The problem of separating the pure from the vile and confining recreation within just limits, if possible, as it certainly is, yet waits for anything like full and satisfactory realization. People who demand the right to mirthful exercise almost universally demand something in kind or degree associated with it which is wholly incompatible with the higher and nobler cultures of the soul. If asceticism has shown a tendency to extreme development, so on the other hand has mirth. If the devotees of worship have contorted their faces with starched sobriety, the devotees of amusement have likewise contorted their faces with chronic grins of frivolity. The laughing part of mankind have been for the most part very unfortunate in the attitude which they have presented to the praying part of the world. Religion has had a great many incontrovertible facts of history on its side in its accusations against mirth. It has found this element of the soul, however normal in the abstract, linked in almost inseparable wedlock with unlawful associations. It has found human nature on its mirthful side running to a species of insanity which nearly ignored intellect, and God and immortality. Monks and mirth have both been hobby-riders, and if one must choose his hobby it is not much wonder that sober minded people have elected the former, as on the whole the most dignified and respectable. In spite of all the protestations of monkery I shall insist upon the divine right of mirth. And yet, to be honest, I must confess that mirth must present a different aspect, both in quan-

tity and quality, before it can successfully rebut the arguments of asceticism. Mirth must not be a monopolizer of the soul and life if it demands the sanction either of reason or religion. Mirth must eschew the contaminations of vice ere it gives itself allowance in the imagined smile of God. These are grave problems, which any advocate of amusement must fairly take into account before he claims for this subordinate realm of human activity the approbation of the thinking and the pious portion of mankind. I have honestly endeavored not to ignore them in the thoughts which I intend to present to you in defence of the recreative activities of life. And the more I have considered that side of the question, of which I have now given you only a passing hint, the more have I been inspired with a feeling of toleration toward all who take what seems to me an ascetic extreme in disposing of it.

Having conceded thus much to those who oppose amusement from religious considerations, I shall now undertake to show that this form of activity has a legitimate, because a divinely appointed, place in human life. I lay it down, then, as a general proposition, which defies controversy, that any theory of creation which leaves out of view a single divinely ordained constituent thereof must necessarily be erroneous, and cannot abide the test of comprehensive investigation. If, for example, an astronomer were to construct a philosophy of the solar system without allowing a place to a planet or any satellite, his conclusions would inevitably be false in some essential particular. If a physiologist were to make up a code of statutes for man's physical frame without admitting a place for every member according to its respective rank, his verdicts could not stand before the tribunal of truth. Nobody questions these broad and fundamental principles as applied to material organisms, and it is only when they demand affirmative response in the subtler realms of spirit that people are skeptical concerning them. Now I hold that the whole question of amusement ethically considered, resolves itself into the question: What is man organically considered? But it is on this very question that religion and philosophy take widely divergent paths. Religion through most of its authenticated doctrines, for these ages past, has stubbornly maintained that human nature is, organically, a bundle of good and evil elements; and, moreover, has pressed this morbid theory so far as to affirm the essential predominance of evil over good, to the degree of pre-

destinating a moral depravity total and entire. It is certainly a very insignificant inference from a premise so all-comprehensive in its sweep, that human nature has *some* elements in its organization which have no business there. It would be no more than logical to maintain from such a theory that nothing of the original structure of the soul had a right to abide under the supremacy of God's moral statutes. But even the most misanthropic of religious philosophers have never dared press their syllogism quite to this extreme. There can, however, be no question that the old morbid theory of human nature, which I have stated to you, is responsible for almost every false conclusion which has insinuated itself into men's narrow codes of moral obligation since the beginning of the world. If one should attempt historically to describe asceticism as a military campaign, the volume would be entitled, according to apostolic phraseology, "The War between the Flesh and the Spirit." That is to say, those faculties which ally man with spiritual being, waging warfare, not only for the purpose of supremacy but of extermination, against those faculties which ally him with physical being. You would be astonished were I to tell to what lengths this morbid theory of human nature has carried men in instances not a few. The edicts of the Rbmish See for more than a thousand years, canonizing solitude and starvation and prohibiting the marital tie in the case of its priesthood and other representatives of ecclesiastical service, have only been the legitimate fruit of the same germ of falsehood which in Protestantism has borne the sour grapes of ascetic righteousness.

And so, if you will allow the expression, I will call asceticism, in whatever form, the spiritual rickets of human life; which nothing but common sense applied to the soul's harmonious development will effectually cure.

And now let us honestly locate the responsibility of the mirthful instinct, which is the parent of all recreative activity. Human nature, spiritually considered, is no more responsible for this constituent than human nature, physically considered, is responsible for lungs and nerves, and veins and arteries. The creative Power, which called all things into being, asks no other to share with Him in the responsibility for every planet in the firmament and every limb and fiber in the human body, and every appetite and instinct in the human soul. Hilarious activity in a human being is not necessarily any more a defiance of a divine statute

an devotional activity. The human soul in its organic structure ordains mirth, and this is nothing but another phrase for saying that God, the maker of the soul, ordains it. If human nature in its original organization is any reliable interpreter of the primal thought of its divine Author concerning it, then it follows that any moral philosopher who takes an attitude of unfriendliness toward any of its appetites, is simply at issue with the Supreme Architect, who built the structure according to His own elected pattern.

As I regard the needs of the world in the matter of ethical instruction there is no subject that more imperatively calls for calm discussion, and a kindly yet honest interchange of sentiment, than this one. Let any man who as an earnest conviction concerning it, whether that conviction be soured with asceticism or excessively savored with liberality, ut-

ter it, that the world may hear and be helped toward a final verdict. There will needs be much of false conception uttered on both extremes before the golden mean of thought is attained. But error is not the most dangerous thing in the world; for since the birth of time it has been performing unconsciously the mission of setting men on the search for truth.

In the latter day of human history religion will not be a segment, but the whole round circle of human life. It will not as now exile intellect as a half suspected foe, but clasp it in fraternal alliance. It will not ignore or anathematize any appetite, but by bringing all within the horizon of loyalty to the divine will it shall hallow and beautify all with its consecrating touch and its protecting shelter. Then shall human life in all its breadth and largeness become sacred and wear a radiant face, for "Holiness to the Lord" shall be written upon it.

Half-way Houses.

BY MRS. H. C. BIRDSALL.

THERE is a very general belief that there is something amiss with the present generation of women, and our constant experience justifies to the truth of this opinion. Much is thought, written, said and preached upon the various phases of this subject; but, as may be observed, it all has but little or no effect in changing the course of those most objectionable ones who are continually using the influence of their example in deteriorating the moral standard of American society. There is a strong, yearning desire, however, among a large portion of our people for a better state of things; and to them accrues the benefit of the brave, earnest words we hear; and *through* them, if their lives are but guided by the principles which they advance, these words must have an immense influence in improving the lives of coming generations.

I have thought that the difficulty may be comprehensively accounted for by the incomplete way in which our girls are trained and educated. In this fast country girls are hurried from their baby raiment into short clothes, for their limbs early begin to extend themselves in quest for freedom and independence; soon their childish attire is exchanged for that of a surger growth, and so on to the end. And, as is with the clothing of the body, so is it with

the more important apparel of the mind. The mind is not allowed to pursue one subject long enough to become acquainted with it; all its pauses are at *half-way houses*, suspending at these places courses of study and thought which should have been carried on to completeness.

When very young I lived four miles from the business center of a small New England city, to which my grandmother and other relations made frequent excursions for the purchase of household necessities and luxuries. As the baby of the family, I frequently had the pleasure of going with them, and during these rides received impressions, finally molded into opinions, from my observation of things that I heard and saw, just as every child learns to think. Of course many of these opinions have been modified by time and experience; but the recollection of them is distinct and ineffaceable, and has had much influence in the regulation of my maturer thought.

Half way between the city I have mentioned and the old town in which I lived was a house of the kind now fast disappearing, but in former days to be seen at every few miles along country roads—the country tavern. This particular one had come to be known as the Half-way House, and it now seems to me that I heard it more frequently mentioned than any

other landmark. If there were lack of other material for conversation the Half-way House could furnish an abundant supply of stories—some romantic, some rough; but all containing that element of mystery which is so fascinating to a child's imagination.

My first query in regard to it was, "What is it called a half-way house for?" The natural, apparent answer was given, and, for the time, satisfied me; but as my mind expanded new inquiries were suggested. It seemed to me wholly unnecessary that there should be a stopping place between two towns so near each other. By pondering the matter, and by putting this and that together, I at length arrived at the conclusion that this half-way house was not used nor needed for the *real* wants of the people, but that it was employed in an attempt to satisfy that artificial want of strong drink which necessitates so much halting on the highway of life, and which insures a final stop at a hopeless distance from life's goal.

Then the Half-way House began to lose its charm. Before it had possessed a weird interest of its own, and never failed in supplying me with thoughts when precluded from conversation by the remark that "children should be seen, not heard." But hereafter it was to be shunned, as having something of contamination about it, even to the thought. In the course of years the news came that the Half-way House had been burned to the ground. Little sorrow was felt, or expressed; and after a temporary revival of the "o'er strange tales" about it, it was suffered to be forgotten. Well would it be for all of us if the half-way house in our imperfect, mistaken or wrong courses could be, like this, easily destroyed and never rebuilt. By our will—but often only by strong and difficult exertion of it—can this be accomplished. A half-way house of rest all may have in their onward course, if their progress is but upward as well as onward; a house called Beautiful, at which they may gain increase of every needed virtue.

But half-way houses are too often of another kind, at which access of slothfulness self-indulgence, love of dress and kindred faults are acquired.

I think that every thoughtful and intelligent woman will acknowledge that one of the most serious obstacles to her thoroughly enjoyable intercourse with her various female friends is their incompleteness, either of education, habits of thought, or tastes.

Mrs. C. is a most estimable person, to whom we have been drawn by the sympathetic attrac-

tion of loveliness, gentleness and purity of character; but as we become better acquainted we discover that our friendship cannot be a complete one, for Mrs. C. has stopped at an educational half-way house, and our sympathy is therefore confined to a limited sphere.

Miss L. is a pleasing person, attracting by her bright, sparkling and apparently intelligent manner; but she is found possessed of an indifferent, half-way moral standard. She has little thought of the duty of one human being toward another, and drifts along from one impulse to another very easily.

Mrs. S. is so bound by the love of dress, and the belief that it is a positive necessity to be in the fashion, that she has lost all independence of action in regard to every subject. Mrs. T. has vigorous ideas, but they are one-sided. She is earnest in her views upon the woman's rights question, persistently reiterating the main articles of her faith, that women are a great deal better than men; that the former are invariably persecuted, snubbed and domineered over by the latter; and that not a man in the universe can be found worthy of the tender love and devotion bestowed upon him by his wife.

Mrs. M. is equally settled in her conviction that women are accountable for all the evil in the other sex, asserting again and again that if all wives, mothers, daughters and sisters were good and consistent, all husbands, fathers, sons and brothers would be equally so.

There is truth in any one of these positions, but not enough to be made a half-way house. There will nearly always be some one leading taste some one controlling principle in every life; but this does not preclude our thinking well and completely upon all subjects. Starting fairly on our life journey, settled and grounded in the habit of thinking clearly and comprehensively, other things being equal, there will be no danger of our pausing at the wrong kind of half-way house. What a moral and spiritual regeneration there might be throughout the world if but half its people were whole-souled, whole-hearted, whole-minded, instead of being found, as so many are, at the half-way houses which I have indicated, and often at far worse ones. Good fruit must come from good stock and superior culture; and may we not think it a hopeful sign for the coming children that for the past few years good, strong ideas have been started, and that they are being continually watered by the dews and warmed by the sunshine of good men's and women's heart utterances.

To Professors of Religion who Grow Tobacco.

BY REV. GEORGE TRASK.

CHRISTIAN BRETHERN: Whether raising tobacco for common and popular use is morally right or wrong, is to be determined, I presume, by its effects upon your soil, yourselves and fellow-men.

There are chemists who have advanced the notion that the tobacco culture persistently pursued robs the earth of certain elements essential to fertility, which can never be restored. The soil, they maintain, is murdered. No fertilizers, no culture can restore its vitality, or its original state of fertility. We are in no haste to adopt this novel idea, and shall not without more deliberate investigation; still, it should be said, that what we have long known of the deleterious effects of this culture—a culture, in the language of Mr. Jefferson, “productive of infinite mischief”—would rather incline us to credit this statement, however alarming and however repugnant to our wishes.

The tobacco plant is a great exhauster. Its organic structure makes it such. Whether raised north or south, on the banks of the Danube or the Connecticut, it is all the same. It is a huge glutton, which, consuming all about it, like Homer's glutton of old, cries “more, give me more.”

“Tobacco,” says Gen. John H. Cooke, of Virginia, “exhausts the land beyond all other crops. As proof of this, every homestead from the Atlantic border to the head of tide-water is a mournful monument. It has been the besom of destruction which has swept over the whole of this once fertile region.”

A traveler observes: “The old tobacco lands of Maryland and Virginia are an eye-sore; odious ‘barrens,’ looking as though blasted by some genius of evil.”

You say at once: “This is not Yankee, but Southern culture; my fields are fat and fertile in spite of this exhauster.” But how do you keep them so? It is a fundamental principle that your farm should fertilize itself, and smiling fields acknowledge a return of their own products. Instead of this, do you not rely on foreign manures? Do you not rob your potato and corn patch and impoverish your neighbors?

An acre of corn and an acre of tobacco are different things to the eye of God and man. Your acre of corn feeds you, your children and your cattle; it creates blood, flesh and bone, and

returns in the shape of rich manures, lusty sinews, and grateful hearts to bless the bosom which nourished it. Your acre of tobacco is chewed and puffed by your fellow-men, who, in defiance of God and nature, have created a pitiable appetite for it. It makes no blood, no bone, no muscle, and does nothing to nourish the earth, because utterly destitute of the nutritive principle. Such a crop is worthless, because useless. The blast which destroyed the six thousand dollar crop of Col. Colt, in the Connecticut valley, destroyed nothing of intrinsic value. Should God send hail, frost, or fiery foxes through all your tobacco fields, and lay all waste, nobody should mourn, for nobody would have lost anything of value.

“Tobacco,” says Gen. Cooke, “is the bane of Virginia husbandry, because it requires more labor than any other crop, is the most exhausting of all crops, and is a demoralizer in the broadest sense.”

The general then points us to the barren headlands of Virginia, which have stood year after year, time well nigh immemorial, as gloomy monuments of the folly and wickedness of dooming beautiful lands to this poisonous culture. It is no slight objection to this culture that you must inevitably rob other lands of needful fertilizers in order to carry it on. Do you not rob your corn and potato patch in fertilizing your tobacco fields? Do you not seize upon your neighbors' fertilizers by offering exorbitant prices, and thereby starve his lands? We hear of your paying twelve dollars and more a cord for manure! We hear of your ransacking neighboring towns and counties, and in fact compassing sea and land in quest of fertilizers to nourish this poisonous crop!

The Connecticut river tobacco leaf, my brethren, has gained a wide notoriety, and done much in lining many of your pockets with “filthy lucre;” but there now seems to be some indications of a check upon your prosperity, and if your crop does half the mischief imputed to it, it is high time there should be.

We hear of blighted crops, powerful competitions, low prices, slow sales, dishonored notes, heavy debts for fertilizers, and the reign of hard times along the banks of the Connecticut.

At a late club meeting in Springfield, I notice that the speeches of gentlemen were some-

what doleful and significant. Mr. Parsons declared he had bought tons of special fertilizers, and had lost money on nearly all. Mr. Reuben De Witt read a short satirical poem on the tobacco crop. Then somebody threw a firebrand into the club in the form of the following resolution:

Resolved, That the use of tobacco should be encouraged in the public schools, so that the accomplishments of *chewing* and *drawing* may grow up side by side.

This brought Dr. Stickney to his feet. The doctor said that tobacco was comparatively a useless weed. It is a powerful narcotic and rarely used as a medicine. It deranges the stomach and induces what is known as tobacco dyspepsia. It is a bad habit, often tending downward. A higher refinement and civilization would rule out tobacco. He believed that the world would be better without tobacco. The better the stock the better the progeny. "The evil that men do lives after them," and may be visited "on the third and fourth generations." Dr. Prince, formerly superintendent of the Northampton Asylum, was cited as saying that nearly half of the patients came there from the use of tobacco, and that its tendency was to ruin body and soul.

By this time the club was wide awake, and half a dozen tried to get the floor at once. Mr. Mattoon said he regretted the use of tobacco, and said he would gladly give \$5,000, if he could borrow it, to stop. Mr. M. S. Kellogg made an effective speech on the moral side of the question. He thought the golden rule and the glory of God should lead us to overcome the temptation, and said that the love of money prompted men to raise tobacco. He had been farming twenty-five years and had never been obliged to resort to tobacco culture to support his family.

Your business, my brethern, has long borne a bad character in the judgment of impartial and sensible men. Dr. Humphrey and Dr. Hitchcock, precious men, denounced tobacco raising long ago, and classed it with the business of "distilling liquid death and damnation." An eloquent and godly Scotchman moving up and down your river, ever and anon rebuked this pernicious business in trumpet notes—in notes of no uncertain sound. He told you he had as lief hear the Indian whoop along your valley; he had as lief see coils of slaves delving upon your banks, as to see your church members, orthodox church members, professed disciples of Jesus, pursuing a business so completely degrading and destructive. There are

some sins and crimes which it is not perfectly easy to designate or name. You take luxuriant and beautiful soil, which God designed for the good and happiness of his children, and desecrate it by a vile crop whose tendency is "evil and only evil, and that continually." You poison the soil, you kill the vital principle, and in some sense you murder the very mother from whose bosom we all draw our nourishment. Now call this matricide, call it what you please; but in the light of a better day it will be branded as a sin, a crime of peculiar magnitude.

There was a crime perpetrated in Germany about forty years ago, which jurists were puzzled to name. A boy called Kasper Hauser, about eighteen years old, was found in a secluded dark shed, solitary and alone. He had never seen the face of day—the sun, moon or stars. Though furnished with food by his keeper, he hardly knew him, he had hardly seen him; hence his mind was stunted, undeveloped, and when taken from his dark and life-long imprisonment, when wrested from the unknown, mysterious power which had cruelly placed him there, he knew but little more than a mere child, a babe. An object of wonder and pity, he tottled about the streets of Nuremberg awhile, but was soon stabbed to death by the hand of some mysterious assassin; a hand perhaps from behind the throne, for many supposed him to be a sprig of royalty. An unearthly crime had been committed. Germany was aroused. German lawyers were perplexed to find a name for the crime. Some author, however, gathered up the few details of all which could be known of this poor mysterious boy, and made a book with this title: "Kasper Hauser, an Example of a Crime against the Life of a Soul!"

The analogy may be far fetched, but if the testimony of Mr. Jefferson, General Cooke and certain chemists is reliable, you are murdering your soil, our mother earth; and for want of a fitting name we may call it an example of a crime against the life of the mother of us all.

Dr. Chalmers says, that were he to go in search for a specimen of the most wicked of men in the sight of God, he might not go to any of the great rendezvous of iniquity or any hot-bed of vice, but to the Church, and there he might find his man, hypocritically and sanctimoniously intrenched in a holy profession; for it requires such professions to give the utmost intensity to depravity!

Now that here and there a good man, but uninformed and ignorant, may make it his

business to raise tobacco, I admit; but how men of intelligence in your churches, who know that this "crop is productive of infinite mischief," can do this and be otherwise than desperately wicked at heart, answering to the description of Dr. Chalmers, we are unable to divine.

Some of you make sport of clergymen for their timidity in not denouncing your sins; but convene any dozen of your clergy, of any denomination, and inquire what amount of money would induce them to become tobacco raisers, and probably nine to ten of them would give you to understand that no amount could be a sufficient bribe.

One might say I would as soon be a slaveholder. Another, I would as soon be a distiller and traffic in whisky and rum. Another, I would as soon be a pirate on the high seas. In a word, I think they all would quickly let you know that they are gloriously above a business whose tendency is "evil and only evil"—a business which has nothing to commend it but the acquisition of "sordid pelf."

Ah, gentlemen, you are doing a bad business! Christian philanthropists as they pass over your railways and look right and left upon your desecrated fields, bitterly reproach you; as your

children may when you are dead and gone.

This poisonous crop is your great institution. If statistics are reliable it employs more hands, handles more money and probably wields more influence, makes more drunkards and destroys more men—body and soul—than any other whatever.

The Connecticut River leaf is the "wrapper" for nearly all the "Spanish cigars" manufactured in America. These cigars poison rising and expanding millions. These millions in turn, poison posterity, and the fearful death wave rolls on forever.

We are proud of Amherst College, we are proud of Holyoke seminary, Williston and other noble men did well to endow them; but had done better had they given half their fortunes to forestall the tobacco curse, which is now pouring the blight of death upon us.

Satan is a better general than any of us. Give him the Connecticut Valley from "Oxbow Curve to Lyme," from end to end, for a tobacco field, and he might throw his tobacco crop into one scale, and the princely donors might throw a half dozen colleges and a half dozen female seminaries into the other scale, and the Arch Fiend might stand by and laugh them all to scorn.

Air and Ventilation.

BY T. STERRY HUNT, LL. D.*

COMPOSITION OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

THE most careful analyses of Regnault and others show that in the purest air the quantity of oxygen varies from 20.99 to 21.08 parts in a hundred. In the streets and parks of London in summer, 20.95 parts are found; in crowded court-rooms and theaters, 20.74 to 20.65; in mines, 20.14. Candles cease to burn when the proportion sinks to 18.50, and breathing becomes very difficult when it stands at 17.20. It is sometimes very convenient to express the proportion by stating the number of parts *per million*. In this mode of representation we find that air which is proper to be breathed contains from 209,000 to 209,999 parts of oxygen in the million; and any variation too great to be expressed in the last three figures is not permissible.

Carbonic acid is normally present in the amount of three parts in ten thousand of atmospheric air. More exactly, it varies from 332 to 341 parts in the *million*. In the streets of London 380 parts are found; in Manchester during still, foggy weather, 679; while in theaters and crowded work-rooms it is increased tenfold—from 3,000 to 3,200 parts being present. In mines it averages 7,850; and in one mine in Cornwall, 25,000 parts, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Pettenkofer found in Munich, in ordinary dwellings by day, 540 parts of carbonic acid; in partially open bed-rooms, 870; in the same rooms by night, with closed windows, 2,300; in schools, 2,000 to 4,100 parts per million.

It is curious that the air on mountain tops contains more than double the proportion of carbonic acid found at lower elevations, viz., from 700 to 900 parts. This fact is due to the presence of organic matters, which become oxi-

* Abstract of a paper read before the Social Science Association of Boston.

dized at those very high levels, producing carbonic acid. It is doubtless also due, in part, to the decarbonizing action exerted by large masses of living verdure upon the lower strata of air.

In all the above statements reference is had to the volume, not to the weight of the gases.

HOW CARBONIC ACID AFFECTS HEALTH.

Good ventilation implies that the air shall not contain more than seven hundred parts per million of this gas. But the injury done by the presence of excessive amounts depends on many circumstances. Animal exhalations are more distressing sometimes than carbonic acid, for we are quite comfortable in winter in places which in summer oppress us, unless the ventilation is increased. In sleeping it is of advantage to reduce the quantity of oxygen a hundred or two hundred parts in a million. The habits of men and animals illustrate this fact, and suggest that it has become an instinct, as it were, to correct the stimulus of pure oxygen by increasing the amount of carbonic acid; which, of course, is accomplished by simply consuming part of the oxygen. Miners do not suffer perceptibly from the heavy charge of this poisonous gas which they have to inhale. The human frame is certainly capable of accommodating itself to such abnormal conditions; just as it does to the use of tobacco, alcohol, and coffee, and even to the inhalation of sulphuretted hydrogen and the vapors of prussic acid.

It is incorrect to ascribe the poisonous effects of carbonic acid to the simple fact that its presence excludes a certain portion of the oxygen requisite to sustain life. It is possible to breathe for a time in a close chamber containing the enormous proportion of four per cent.; one must only take a deeper inspiration. The symptoms of actual poisoning by this gas are not those of asphyxia. The patient, in other words, is not "drowned," but is subjected to a narcotic influence. It is probable that if the carbonic acid formed in breathing could be removed immediately from the air a person would not suffer much from a partial diminution of oxygen, except after a lapse of time.

The carbonic acid and the oxygen must in any case enter the system through the lungs, by absorption into the current of the blood. It is probable that the physical laws governing this process, by which gases are dissolved in a fluid, do not differ greatly from those which have been established by Bunsen's observations upon water. He has shown that water

posed to an atmosphere containing the normal ingredients, but in varying proportions, absorbs carbonic acid in a very different way from oxygen; for the former gas is taken up pretty nearly in proportion to the amount present; so that from air containing forty parts in a thousand forty times as much carbonic acid is absorbed in a given time as from air containing one part in a thousand. With oxygen the case is different. The water absorbs rather less from the heavily-charged atmosphere than from the one which contained a smaller quantity.

These rules cannot be exactly applied to the case of respiration. The temperature of the water in Bunsen's experiments was 68°, while that of the blood is 98°; and the chemical constitution of the blood must contribute to alter its capacity for absorption.

Regnault and Reiset found that animals could live twenty-four hours in an atmosphere containing from seventeen to twenty-three per cent. of carbonic acid, and from thirty to forty per cent. of oxygen. It is presumable that a larger amount of oxygen was absorbed by the system in these experiments, and acted as a stimulus to counteract the effect of the carbonic acid.

OTHER IMPURITIES.

Carbonic oxide need only be alluded to as a source of impurity in the winter season, when stoves of bad construction are used. Some sulphuretted hydrogen is pretty generally present, as evinced by the tarnishing of silver. Coal-gas, if properly made, should contain none; but sulphide of carbon is almost inevitably present, which gives rise, by combustion, to sulphurous acid, producing the foul odor of gas flames.

The test for organic impurities consists in shaking a certain quantity of a solution of permanganate of potassa with a measured quantity of the air to be tested. The amount of decoloration produced in the fluid gives a criterion for estimating the quantity of organic matter present. In a hundred cubic inches of air from the Alps from 1.4 to 2.8 were found; in the like quantity of sea-air, 3.5 grains; in London air from 22 to 45 grains, and in air from pigstyes from 63 to 79 grains.

Disinfection is accomplished by nature in various ways. Plants assimilate carbonic acid and some other gases. Ozone, a disinfectant of the most active character, is generated in many ways, especially under the influence of the sun's

direct rays. Rain washes the air clear of carbonic acid and other gases, and of organic impurities, which are then brought immediately in contact with vegetable life and assimilated.

Animal effluvia remain very long recognizable by the smell. A portion is slowly deposited as a sticky film on surfaces of glass and wood in a room; but if a portion of air from a "close" room is bottled up, it retains its odor (of perspiration) a great while.

FLAME TEST FOR CARBONIC ACID.

When a candle goes out in foul air it is far too foul to be breathed; when a candle burns dull a man feels a little depression, which he can overcome by taking a deep breath. It is not altogether the deficiency of oxygen that puts out the candle, but the absorption of the radiant heat from the flame by the carbonic acid preventing the melting of the wax or tallow. Steam acts in a like manner. If twenty-one per cent. of oxygen is present, a candle is nevertheless extinguished when four per cent. of carbonic acid is added to the atmosphere it burns in. With three per cent. of carbonic acid the candle will go out if the percentage of oxygen falls below eighteen. Men can work for ten minutes at a time in air as foul as this. At the top of Mt. Blanc a candle burns perfectly, but slowly, and with a large blue flame.

In pure air of ordinary dryness a candle will burn one hundred and twenty grains of itself in a certain time; if the air contains twenty-two hundred parts of carbonic acid per million only a hundred and ten grains will be consumed in that time. And so a rude measure of the purity of the air may be established.

Minimetric analysis is a method for estimating the quantity of carbonic acid in the atmosphere by ascertaining how small an amount of the air will give a precipitate, when shaken up in a bottle with half an ounce of lime-water. In applying this test bottles of given sizes are used, into which air is forced by a bellows; the above quantity of lime water is introduced with a pipette, and the bottle is stopped and well shaken. When the precipitate indicated by a slight turbidity of the water occurs in a bottle holding ten ounces and a half, the air contains six-tenths of one per cent. carbonic acid—six hundred parts in a million—and may be called a practically pure air; but if the precipitate can be produced by the quantity of air which a nine-ounce bottle holds, the air contains seven-tenths of one per cent. The following table gives the tests for carbonic acid up to the proportion of one per cent. :

Capacity of bottles.	Per cent. of carb. acid.	Capacity of bottles.	Per cent. of carb. acid.
20 1/2 oz.....	.03	6 1/2 oz.....	.1
15 1/2.....	.04	3 1/2.....	.2
12 1/2.....	.05	2 1/2.....	.3
10 1/2.....	.06	2.....	.4
9.....	.07	1 1/2.....	.6
8.....	.08	1 1/4.....	.8
7 2-10.....	.09	1 1-10.....	1.0

VENTILATION.

In ordinary cases carbonic acid is what we have to get rid of. One-twenty-fifth of one per cent. is a normal quantity; five times that, or one-fourth per cent., affects a candle, as tested by the photometer. The human frame is apparently less sensitive, and we do not feel the presence of three or four times the normal quantity of this gas; although the organic exhalations that often accompany it may compel us to ventilate for the sake of comfort.

A man would expire a quantity of carbonic acid in an hour sufficient to impregnate a thousand cubic feet of air to the extent of one twenty-fifth of one per cent. (.04 p. c.); but as the air already holds that amount in a normal state, he will, of course, expire sufficient to raise the percentage of two thousand cubic feet from .04 to .06, which we have stated to be the limit that ought not to be passed; therefore we must supply two thousand cubic feet of fresh air hourly per man. Donkin's estimate of the carbonic acid given off is one half greater than the above; he therefore states that three thousand cubic feet per man are required. De Chaumont concludes that our standard of purity ought not to be lower than .06; and, assuming Smith's estimate to be correct, we ought to add one-half to the number of feet stated by him, and demand that three thousand cubic feet per man be introduced hourly. This addition is made on account of the fact that the gases diffuse themselves very slowly and unequally, and when the draught is strong (as in a small room), not at all. If now we could change the air of a room at the rate of once every ten minutes we should renew the air six times in an hour; and each man, if allowed five hundred cubic feet of space, would get his three thousand cubic feet of air per hour. But the fact is that such rapid ventilation is not to be expected; and the least space that it is safe to allow per head is a thousand feet. To provide for the supply of three thousand feet per hour, so that the velocity of the current at the point of entrance shall not exceed five feet per second, forty-eight square inches of total inlet and outlet area should be provided. In cold weather we can endure much more than .08 per cent. of

carbonic acid; and this is an important point in our cold climate, when the air must be warmed before it is introduced.

Foul air, when generated by the body, is apt to ascend, on account of its warmth. The same is true of the gases (including sulphurous acid) which are formed in the combustion of coal-gas. Of this fact the books in the library of

the British Museum furnish an illustration; the bindings of the backs of those in the upper part of the room having rotted more or less from impregnation with the acid just named, which was imbibed by the leather from the atmosphere. This consideration is of importance in deciding where the ventilation holes shall be put.

My Mother's Motto.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.

In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He thy path shall guide,
O'er deep affliction's stormy sea, through every trouble's tide;
Up difficulty's highest Alps, o'er danger's peak sublime,
"He shall direct," "He shall direct," in direst trials' time.

From crag to crag of duties hard, come echoes thundering down,
And answering back, "He shall direct" to victory's triumph crown.
In doubt's dark dungeon, walled up high, in starry written lines
"He shall direct," "He shall direct," down unseen skylight shines.

Oh, dizzy heart! look smiling down care's wild abyss,
Hear cheery singing up grief's darkest precipice,
Forever ever singing up, through shadows dim;
"In all thy ways acknowledge Him," "acknowledge Him."

'Twas my noble mother's motto, through patient years well tried,
"Always acknowledge Him, and He through all shall guide."
Cheerful care's cross she bore, through all life's bitter hours,
Till on her breast we laid love's last sweet cross of flowers.

She by the crystal sea hath glad, safe anchor cast,
Her words are echoing still through all my changing past;
And now abide or journey wheresoe'er I will,
I hear them ever whispering, whispering still.

This bequest munificent, this motto old and grand,
Is my birthright imperial, that shall for ages stand,
No litigating mortal, no dark misfortune's power
Can touch this precious amulet, my peerless mother's dower.

What if through gloom around, above, afar,
There beam for me no meteor, moon or star,
While graven on His royal seal these words shall be,
No mortal grief or gloom can quite o'ershadow me.

Between the star-enkindled poles,
Oh! what an army grand of souls,
These words cheer on their radiant way
Through tribulation's darkest day.

In these ever restless, turbulent days
There are to guide and wreck so many ways,
Guide us Supreme, all-perfect Light,
Down doubt's dark depths, up faith's clear height.

Fun and Physic.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

THE funny side of a doctor's life, if frequently presented to some of his patients, would do them more good than his medicines. It would make them laugh, and "laughter doeth good like a medicine." A physician whose manner suggests the undertaker, and whose face reminds you of a funeral, is very likely to "cast the shadow of a coming event" which most people desire to keep at a distance. On the other hand, the happy, hearty, hopeful doctor comes into the sick-room like the sun, "with healing on his wings." His step is elastic, his speech is electric, his smile a benediction. His puns are better than his powders, his anecdotes more effectual than his anodynes. There will be no more system in this sketch on Fun and Physic than there is in a hearty laugh. A family physician is a privileged character. He is permitted to express his thoughts and feelings freely, and if nature has endowed him with a fund of ready wit, even the smallest coin from the mint of his mind will be recognized as genuine gold. If his natural quickness of perception has been improved by education and culture he will become a popular favorite. His praise, if not his pills, will be in everybody's mouth; unless his mirth, like his medicine, has a bitter taste to it, then it will be swallowed with a wry face.

Dr. Abernethy, whose name begins with the first letter in the alphabet, while it stands among the first in the history of medical practice, had a good share of wit—and a love of brevity, which is the soul of wit. A detailed account of the troubles of a patient would sometimes bring a Parthian arrow from his quiver. A lady patient, knowing his love of the laconic, having scorched her hand called at his office and showing him her hand, said: "A burn." "A poultice," said the doctor. The next day she called again, and said, "Better." "Keep on poulticing," said the doctor. A few days after she made her last call, and made a speech of three words, "Well, how much?" The answer was, "Nothing—you are a sensible woman."

Doctors must be ready to take jokes as well as to give them. They may refuse their own prescriptions, but they should be philosophical enough to shut their eyes, open their mouths, and swallow the sharp things which other peo-

ple give; and they had better take them without making faces.

"How is your wife?" inquired a doctor of one of his patients. "She is dead, I thank you," was the witty and wicked answer.

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, once urging the duke her husband to take a certain medicine, spoke with great enthusiasm, and said, "I'll be hanged if it don't prove serviceable." Doctor Garth, who was present, exclaimed, "Do take it then, my Lord Duke, for it must be of service one way or the other."

If doctors have to take some unpalatable doses of wit and criticism, they can console themselves with the thought that they can retaliate with pills and powders, almost as bitter if not so fatal as the larger pills and the larger doses of powder administered at the muzzle of a gun.

Doctor Blank attempted to defend himself against the facetious assault of a friend by saying, "I defy any person whom I ever attended to accuse me of ignorance or neglect." "That you may do safely," said his assailant, "for you know, doctor, dead men tell no tales."

A physician passing by a stone-cutter's yard cried out to the man at work: "Hard at it! You finish your gravestones as far as 'In memory of,' and then wait for somebody to die?" "Why, yes," answered the mason, "unless you are doctoring the patient, then I keep right on."

One of the brusque and unamiable representatives of the medical profession, who hated lawyers and sought opportunities to annoy them when they came in his way, accused a barrister of using unintelligible phrases. "For example," said he, "I never could understand what you lawyers mean by *docking an entail*." "It is doing," said the lawyer, "what you doctors never consent to—*suffering a recovery*." Lord Byron, whose wit was as brilliant as his poetry, wrote as follows: "Lady — has been dangerously ill, but it may console you to learn that she is dangerously well again."

The attendant of Mathews, the famous wag, gave him by mistake some ink from a phial instead of the medicine which the doctor had left for him. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the man, "I have given you ink." "Never mind,"

said Mathews, faintly, "I will swallow a bit of blotting paper."

Very frequently do we find a good lesson under the cover of facetious advice. A gouty gentleman of fortune once asked the celebrated Doctor Francis, of New York, what he had better do to effect a cure of the ills that his flesh was heir to, and he was promptly advised to earn twenty-five cents a day and live on it. One of the famous disciples of Æsculapius declared that tight lacing was a public benefit, because it killed off the foolish girls and left the wise to grow into womanhood.

In the last illness of George Coleman the physician apologized to his patient for being so tardy, saying that he had been called to see a man who had fallen into a well. "Did he kick the bucket?" inquired the patient.

When Queen Caroline was Princess of Wales, she said in one of her—to use a Yankee word—cute letters: "My better half, or my worse, which you may choose, has been ill, I hear; but nothing to make me hope or fear."

There is a flavor of genuine wit in the following: Some person said to Sterne that apothecaries bore the same relation to doctors that attorneys do to barristers. "So the do," said Sterne; "but apothecaries and attorneys are not alike, for the latter do not deal in *scruples*."

"I sometimes employ myself as a doctor," said a quack to Lord Ellenborough. "Is any one fool enough to employ you in that capacity?" asked his lordship.

"If I should leave my patients what will become of them when I am away." "They will probably get well," was the answer.

A physician, who had been several years absent from the parish where he had formerly practiced his profession, expressed a wish to see his former friends and companions. Judge his feelings when a heartless wag advised him to go to the graveyard. Doctors, like lawyers and ministers, are pretty sure to have a merry time when they meet socially. Dr. Barton being in company with Dr. Nash—who had just published a book that bristled with mistakes—said: "Pray, doctor, are you not a justice of the peace?" "I am," answered Dr. Nash. "Then," said Dr. Barton, "I advise you to sent your work to the *house of correction*."

Dr. Abernethy did not care a fig for the fat grocer's vote, and he committed himself in the following curious way: The doctor was canvassing for the office of surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, when he called upon a wealthy grocer. "I suppose you want my vote in this momentous epoch of your life?"

said the pompous grocer. "No I don't," said Dr. Abernethy; "I want a penny's worth of figs. Come, look sharp and wrap them up, I want to be off."

After a consultation of physicians upon the case of a man who thought water was only useful for navigation, they agreed that tapping was necessary. The patient reluctantly consented, when his son cried out: "Oh, father! father! don't let them tap you. Let them do anything else, but don't let them tap you." "Why, my dear child," said the father, "it will do me good, and I shall live long in the enjoyment of health to bless you and make you happy." "No, father, you will not; there never was anything *tapped* in our house that lasted longer than a week."

An old lady, hysterically afflicted, had an impression that she had swallowed a mouse. She sent for her family doctor, and he was angry when he heard her make her silly statement about the mouse in her stomach. Oh, doctor!" she exclaimed, "I will swallow anything you will advise me to take." "Well, then, swallow a cat!" shouted the indignant doctor.

A loquacious woman, ill of a complaint of many years standing, called on Dr. Abernethy for advice, and had begun back forty years, when the doctor interrupted her, saying he wanted to go into the next street to see a patient. He also asked her to inform him how long it would take to tell her story. The answer was, twenty minutes. He told her to proceed, and expressed a hope that she would endeavor to finish by the time he returned.

A sailor who had lost a leg in the service was made a captain for his gallantry. Afterwards in an action a cannon ball hit his wooden supporter so that he fell upon the deck. The seamen at once shouted for a surgeon. "Confound you all!" said the captain; "no surgeon, no surgeon—a carpenter, a carpenter."

"Douglas Jerrold at a party noticed a doctor in sober black, waltzing with a young lady who was dressed in a silk of brilliant blue. "As I live!" exclaimed the wit, "there is a blue pill dancing with a black draught."

Mark Lemon gives an account of a notorious wit, and physician and man of letters, having quarreled with the members of the Royal Society, who had refused to admit him as an associate, resolved to avenge himself. At the time Bishop Berkeley had issued his work on the marvelous effect of tar water, Hill addressed to their secretary a letter purporting to be from a country surgeon, and reciting the

particulars of a cure which he had effected. "A sailor," he wrote, "broke his leg, and applied to me for help. I bound together the broken portion, and washed it with the celebrated tar water. Almost immediately the sailor felt the beneficial effect of this remedy, and it was not long before his leg was completely healed." This letter was read and discussed at the meetings of the Royal Society, and caused considerable difference of opinion. Papers were written for and against the tar water and the restored leg, when a second letter arrived from the pretended (country) practitioner. "In my last I omitted to mention that the broken limb of the sailor was a wooden leg."

In a case respecting a will, evidence was given to prove the testatrix, an apothecary's widow, a lunatic; among other things it was deposed that she had swept a quantity of pots, lotions, potions, etc., into the street as rubbish. "I doubt," said the learned judge, "whether sweeping physic into the street be any proof of insanity." "True, my lord," replied the counsel; "but sweeping the pots away certainly was."

A certain physician was so fond of administering medicine that seeing all the phials and pill-boxes of his patient completely emptied and arranged in order on the table, he said: "Ah! sir, it gives me pleasure to attend you; you *deserve* to be ill."

LESSONS FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY THE EDITOR.

LESSON XXI.

HABITS.

The word habit has several definitions. It means, for instance, dress, garb, clothes, a coat worn by ladies.

It means a state of body; as any condition that is permanent is called a habit. One man is *habitually* active, another slow; one from habit a drunkard, another temperate.

The word is from the Latin word *habeo*, which means to have, to hold; and as applied to the subject for our lesson to-day, means any disposition or condition of the body or mind which we have or hold as a permanent inheritance. For instance, here is one of you boys who habitually walks about with his hands in his pockets, in spite of the councils of his mother that it is not becoming to do so. Another boy has the habit of lounging about the house, or barn, or store, instead of attending to his work or study. If a boy was to do these things but once, or only occasionally, they would not be habits; but if he does them frequently they become habits of a dangerous character. A habit, then, is a practice that is held or retained permanently. It may be good or bad. All persons have habits of some kind. Even a baby has them. One baby has the

habit of crying, another is habitually good. One boy has the habit of loafing, lying, stealing, swearing; of eating nicknacks, sweetmeats; of making a great deal of fuss when his hair is combed, or his face washed, or when he is sent early to bed. He comes into the house and throws his hat on the floor, and when he takes off his clothes he scatters them right and left. Perhaps he has the habit of speaking cross words to his brother and sister, and being disrespectful to his father and mother. Perhaps he has a habit of keeping bad company, of staying out late nights. All such are bad habits. Another boy speaks the truth, eats nice wholesome food, is kind to his brothers and sisters, and loves tenderly father and mother. These are good habits.

Some habits that boys get fastened onto themselves are very hard to break. They become parts of themselves. They practice them without knowing it. After a habit has been repeated a few times it becomes very easy to do it. What at first was hard almost does itself. Education makes perfect in habits as in anything else. Girls as well as boys have bad habits. The habit of eating chalk or pencils, drinking tea or coffee, reading silly love stories, talking sentimental nonsense about their lovers and going with boys who are not good, are bad habits which girls are often apt to acquire.

When boys and girls get bad habits they must break them up at once. This they are loath to do. They get quite out of patience with their teachers, friends, or parents for telling them of their naughty ways. This is wrong. Every child should be thankful to any one for telling them of their faults, and never get angry about it. Sometimes those they do not like can tell them of faulty habits better than their friends. It is not very pleasant to have them speak evil of us; but what they say may be true, after all, and it is best to take the truth rather than the insult, and thus get good out of what was intended for evil. There was once a father who tried to teach his little boy the habit of saving; but the boy did not like his father's council. My friend, Lydia M. Millard, has put this little story into some verses which I think you will enjoy reading. The story is called

THE BROKEN HORSE SHOE.

A little boy walked with his father to town,
When the sun's hot rays were pouring down;
"Look there!" all at once the father cries,
"On the ground a broken horse shoe lies."
"Pick it up, my son," said the father; "do
Put in your pocket the old horse shoe."
"Why, father, that shoe," little Thomas said,
"Isn't worth the trouble of stooping my head."
Not a word more the father replies,
Stoops to the ground, where the horse shoe lies,
Put in his pocket the iron old,
And in the next village the shoe he sold
To the smith for three farthings, honest and
bright,
With which he bought cherries, rosy and ripe.

Then father and son walked fast on their way,
Till hotter and hotter grew the warm summer
day.

They saw no woods for far and wide,
No house, no spring the road beside.
"I can't walk much more," poor Thomas cried.
With fatigue and thirst he almost died.

Then a ripe red cherry his father dropped down,
Thomas picked it up quick as a golden crown.
A few steps more and the father let fall,
One by one, till he dropped them all.

"If thou hadst been willing, my boy," he said,
"Once for the horse shoe to stoop thy head,
Thou hadst not bent so low to the ground,
Hundred times for the cherries you have found."

* * * * *

The Father above, to us often cries:

"Look! there before thee some blessing lies."
If we'd stoop to grasp the least good we behold,
We are paid in pleasure a rich hundred fold.
To-day's smallest blessing, treasured may grow,
In to-morrow's great need great comfort bestow.

I shall give you some other lessons on this
subject next month.

QUESTIONS.

1. What does the word "habit" mean?
2. What is the Latin word?
3. What does this mean?
4. What bad habits can you mention?
5. Have babies any habits?
6. What ones?
7. Are habits easily broken?
8. What should we let our friends and teachers do to break our habits?
9. What story is given in verse?
10. Who can learn it by heart.

EDITOR'S STUDIES IN HYGIENE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

HEREDITARY GENIUS.

I. What does Galton expect to prove by his writings on hereditary genius?

ANSWER.—Galton says: "What I profess to prove is this: that if two children are taken of whom one has a parent exceptionally gifted in a high degree—say as one in a thousand or as one in a million—and the other has not, the former

child has enormously a greater chance of turning out to be gifted in a high degree than the other. Also, I argue that as a new race can be obtained in animals and plants, and can be raised to so great a degree of purity that it will maintain itself—with moderate care in preventing the more faulty members of the flock from breeding—so a race of gifted men might be obtained under exactly similar conditions." He does not propose to abrogate marriage,

to make it more sacred by bringing together those best adapted to each other.

LONELINESS.

II. I am lonely in the country where I see few people and lack society, and this loneliness affects my health. What is the remedy in such a case?

Ans.—Get acquainted with nature, especially birds, animals, insects, flowers. A horse is a capital substitute for a human friend, and so is a dog. If you can, occasionally go among people and make new acquaintances. By these means you will not need to be lonely.

EATING WHEN TIRED.

III. Is it injurious to eat a hearty meal while very tired?

Ans.—Yes, it is very injurious. Always arrange your labor so as to have a short resting spell both before and after every hearty meal.

ILL TEMPER.

IV. Are men as much given to ill temper as women?

Ans.—T. W. H. says: "Men are certainly much given to ill temper as women; and if they are less given to tears they make it up in rills, which are just as bad. As Nicholas Pickleby, when the pump was frozen up, was advised by Mr. Squeers to 'content himself with a dry polish,' so there is a kind of dry despair into which men fall, which is quite as mournful as any tears of women. How many a man has doubtless wished at such times that the pump of his lachrymal glands could only run out, and he could give his emotions something more than a 'dry polish.' The unspeakable comfort some women feel in sitting for ten minutes with a handkerchief over their eyes! The freshness, the heartiness, the new life visible in them when the crying is done, and the handkerchief comes off again!"

A SECRET.

V. What is the secret of prolonging life?

Ans.—It consists in not shortening it.

HYPOCHONDRIASIS.

VI. What is hypochondriasis?

Ans.—It is a dreadful disease. It consists in imagining we have evils which we have not, and in dwelling too earnestly on those troubles which we do have. It is often transmitted from one person to another by sympathy.

ATHLETIC EXERCISES.

VII. A parent asks our opinion as to boat-racing and other athletic exercises at colleges—whether they do not do more harm than good.

Ans.—They may do some harm, but they also do much good. That famous literary man, Mr. Tom Hughes, in distributing some prizes recently at Oxford, observed that he did not believe athletic exercises were in the least incompatible with scholarship. The boys who went most vigorously into the pursuits to which they ought to pay the greatest attention were also the foremost in games and exercises. The scholars of our time have three fields of instruction—that of nature, that of books, and that of action; and he who uses these three aright will attain the highest of all rewards—self-reliance.

ONE CHILD OR SIX.

VIII. Is it not six times easier to rear one child than six children?

Ans.—No. In some respects it is harder to bring up one child well than six. In a large family the children help to bring one another up. It is not merely that the elder ones assist in taking care of the younger, but they all influence one another profitably in other ways: vanity is sometimes laughed into modesty and arrogance is snubbed into humility. Each child is kept constantly in mind that others have rights, and feelings and preferences as well as himself; he forms the habit of considering those rights, feelings and preferences, and is thus prepared to "get along," as we say, with those among whom his lot may be cast. Parents with one child have a difficult task, and their best way is to get for their solitary chick as many play-fellows of its own age as they conveniently can. It is bad for a child to associate too much with persons of mature age.

OVER-TAXING MEMORY.

IX. The teacher of my children insists that the little ones shall commit to memory much of their lessons. Is it wise to do this?

Ans.—Memory should be educated with the other faculties, not stimulated more than any other part of the mind. Dr. Richardson says: "I knew an instance in which a child was 'blessed' with a marvelous gift of verbal memory. This being his 'forte,' his teacher, who wished every scholar to be remarkable for something beyond other scholars, played on his 'forte' powerfully, and with wonderful effect. By constant cultivation of the one faculty this marvelous boy could learn off fifty lines of Paradise Lost, or any other English book, at a single reading, and could repeat his lesson on the spot without missing a word or omitting a comma. But the result was this, that when the remarkable boy was sent to a university to

learn a profession he was beaten in the learning of detailed and detached facts by every fellow-student. Seeing slowly but surely where his weakness lay, this student ceased at last to call into play his remarkable talent. It was a terrible task; he accomplished it at last, to a considerable degree, but never effectually. For a long time he made mistakes that were most annoying; he was unable, for instance, to cast up accurately any column of figures; he forgot dates, he ran over or under important appointments, misnamed authors in speaking of works of art or letters; and in reasoning he would mix up two or three subjects. It took him full ten years to unlearn his wonderful technical art."

CLIMATE AND HEALTH.

X. In what way does climate influence health?

Ans.—A pure, moderately dry air generally produces great mental sprightliness, especially with full-blooded persons. A cloudy and moist atmosphere, on the other hand, produces mental relaxation; and, with many, melancholy. This explains why suicides so often happen when the sky is overcast. The depressed mental state is thus further enhanced. Villeneuve reports that of every ten suicides which were committed in Paris during two years, nine took place in the rainy season. The influence of the climate is also well exemplified in the case of mountaineers. They are quicker, more active, and excitable.

From the unequal action upon the body and its reaction upon the mind the character of various nations may be explained.

The influence of a moist atmosphere is strikingly illustrated in the case of individuals who have been weakened by previous illness, from the great number of suicides committed at the close of the year 1828 in the Dutch places, Groningen and Sneek. Most of the unfortunates had suffered from the epidemics of 1826 and 1827. In the city of Sneek, with 6,000 inhabitants, not less than four suicides took place in one week, and among those was a boy of eight years.

The Swiss naturalist, Desor, in a recent essay, describes the climate of North America as very changeable and dry. After having explained a number of phenomena produced by the climate in general, he depicts its influence upon the inhabitant of this country. He derives from the climate his activity, acuteness, his tall stature, his eagerness for gain, his practical talent, and his love of adventure.

It is also well known that the inhabitants under a preponderating clear sky possess more talent for art, while those under a gloomy sky have more propensity for speculation and thought.

CULTIVATION OF MIND.

XI. How can a business man cultivate his mind?

Ans.—1. By devoting an hour each day to mental culture.

2. By calling about him cultivated people.

3. By reading the best books. F. E. Abbot says: "Young men with excellent purposes sometimes make a great mistake in thinking they ought to give up every moment of their time to business, and to neglect everything else. This is a sad error. Every young man entering life ought to give some portion of his time *regularly*—I don't care if it is only half an hour a day—to the development of his mind, to the gaining of useful information, to the cultivation of some innocent and ennobling taste. Why, a man who has no soul except for his business is a 'poor stick,' a mere machine. A taste for reading is worth more than a hundred thousand dollars to him who has it—nay, worth more than any sum I could name. A rich man without that or some similar taste does not know how to enjoy his money. His only resource is to keep on making money, unless he prefers to spend it; and a mind that is not well developed does not know how to spend it wisely. A man worth his two millions used to tell me that he would gladly give it all if he could only have himself the education which his lazy and stupid boy refused to acquire. If you will pardon the advice, I would say: Make it a rule—never to be broken—to devote at least half an hour a day to the reading of some useful book—not stories chiefly, neither. Stories are good in their place; but every man needs a knowledge of history, the elements of science and other useful subjects; and if he has only half an hour to give to reading he will be very foolish to give it all to novels. Be hungry and thirsty after *knowledge* of all kinds; and be sure you will be none the worse, but all the better, as business men."

HONORABLE BUSINESS.

XII. Has a man a right to follow a business useless to the world if he can make more money by it?

Ans.—Some writer has said: "There are a great many kinds of business, and some of them are too mean for decent people. Every man who produces something—something that the world

ds—is a public benefactor. So every man who does something that the world needs to be done is a public benefactor. But any man whose business makes the world any worse than it was before cannot be, in my opinion, a business man as he ought to be. The right thing, then, is to choose a business that will make the world better, not worse. Perhaps you may not thus choose the business which will make you rich the quickest; but, nevertheless, you will have chosen as you ought to choose."

To which we say, this is our opinion.

GOOD LOOKS.

XIII. Why is it that the same face is sometimes beautiful and sometimes ugly?

Ans.—Because the face is a reflex of the condition of body and mind, and when these are in distress the face shows it. Self-discipline would prevent this, but few people are self-disciplined. In keen wind and frost people cannot command their best looks. Observe the face after another as you drive along the road on a summer's day. How many faces are twisted into a permanence of ill looks merely by screwing up the eyes against the sun's rays! The poor tramp cannot help the nose, nor the freckles; but the utter abandonment to the screw—nose, mouth, forehead, all gathered into an unnatural coalition for miles of a time—implies an absence of self-respect; and this he could help. It is the interest of the employer to call himself to account on meeting one of these masks—to compose his features, so that he should give way to the degrading, yet natural temptation.

TOUGHENING CHILDREN.

XIV. Do you believe in toughening children?

Ans.—Yes, if it is done in the right way. The Agriculturist says: "To be tough is to be strong and able to endure hardships." Strength is born of struggle. Ability to endure hardship is the result of discipline in the way of endurance. Some children are born with 'iron constitutions,' apparently, or were in our grandfathers' day—and they bore a wonderful amount of knocking-about and deprivation of one kind or another. You may think they turned out well enough in spite of it, but I don't. I think that many of those foreparents of remarkable attention came out of the hard mill in which they were ground pitifully stunted and deformed in more ways than one; and that, too, in spite of their iron constitutions—constitutions so used up by their hard early life that

they could not bequeath one-half their own native vigor to the sons and daughters born of them.

"Yet we believe in toughening children, and in discipline; but these are consistent with perfect tenderness and unceasing care. Turn them out of doors—no, never turn them out, but let them go, or coax them out if they have morbid fears. But have them so well protected with warm overcoats (give sleeved sacks to girls, instead of bothersome pretenses called shawls), oversocks or overshoes, with leggins, mittens, and hoods, or caps with ear-tabs that they can run, and coast, and skate, and slide, and snowball without any discomfort from the north wind or the ice.

"Teach children to wait upon themselves, and to take pleasure in helping others. Encourage them to bear necessary pain with as little fuss as possible. Give them good tools, and show an interest in their use of them. Show them how to work as you do; but require very little at first, letting them make things for friends, or do their tasks to 'help' those they love, until they learn to feel an ambition about doing their work fast and thoroughly. Expect them to keep their engagements, and not allow them to back out of an undertaking as soon as the flush of novelty wears off. Therefore let them not attempt too much—unless to cure a habit of bragging. Give them long, warm night-clothes, and bedding enough (too much will induce perspiration) to keep them warm in any position; and let them sleep in cool, ventilated rooms, and give them all the natural sleep they can take."

DEADENING PAIN.

XV. Is it wise in sickness to deaden pain by opiates?

Ans.—The deadening of pain by opiates may gain for the doctor delighted applause of the sufferer, although not unfrequently the benumbing of sensation is the first step in the course of hopeless retrogression. It is this benumbing influence of sedatives which makes them often so injurious; they induce an artificial calm, and say "peace, peace, when there is no peace."

GRIEF.

XVI. Is there any value derived from grief?

Ans.—Mr. F. E. Abbot says: "I hold it to be a truth of great import that while grief ill-borne demoralizes and deteriorates, grief well borne—borne with fortitude, and patience, and wisdom—yields the soul a bountiful harvest of compensations. Increased moral power is de-

veloped by this battle with pain. It is *easy* to surrender and give way to despair—easy to complain, and mope, and forget the wants of the world in our own private misery—easy to become so absorbed in the indulgence of our own emotions that by degrees we lose the consciousness of high duty to mankind. But it is very *hard* to suppress the pain in our hearts, and pluck out of the wound the barb that has pierced us. Yet grief is disintegration of character, unless we subject it to this heroic treatment. Before the first outburst of the tempest we are overborne, and we inflict useless agony on ourselves if we choose to break rather than to bend. In a stern struggle with disaster, nevertheless, lies its only power to bless us in the end. The effort we *must* make, painful as it is, to get the mastery of our own soul. There is no sadder sight than to see one permanently crushed and broken in spirit under sorrow. And there is no grander spectacle than that of a free soul rising superior to evil, distilling honey, like the bee of Samarcand, out of poison and death. Vigor of will and nobility of character are to be learned nowhere but in the stern school of misfortune."

HOMŒOPATHY.

XVII. What is the scientific argument to prove the virtue of homœopathic remedies?

Ans.—We hardly know. Perhaps this one is as good as any: With the spectrum the most minute quantity of any substance can be discovered in any flame. Now the nervous system is the most delicate apparatus known, and can discover by the senses the most minute objects, as the odor of flowers, therefore, why may it not discover and reap benefit from infinitesimal doses. It is, however, believed that homœopaths are giving more medicine than they used to, and allopaths a great deal less. We should not wonder if in the end the latter reached the no-medicine practice first.

CHOCOLATE.

XVIII. Is chocolate good, better, or worse than tea or coffee?

Ans.—About the same, hardly better, probably worse.

FELON.

XIX. What is the best cure for a felon?

Ans.—In its early stage it may be cut short by the surgeon's knife, but after it has advanced but little can be done but apply warm or hot compresses as is most agreeable.

ABSORBING POWER OF THE SKIN.

XX. Has the human skin any power to absorb?

Ans.—The human skin has a slight power of absorption, but it is less than was once supposed. Some substances it absorbs more easily than others, and some not at all.

ODOR OF FLOWERS.

XXI. Is the odor of flowers wholesome?

Ans.—Some odors are healthful and beneficial, others not; some are positively poisonous. As a rule, the wholesome odors are those which we most like, and the reverse. If wholesome odored flowers were cultivated in marshy and filthy places they would add to the healthfulness of such places immensely.

GREEN KID GLOVES.

XXII. Do green kid gloves poison the hands?

Ans.—It has been observed in several cases that the hands of those wearing gloves of this color soon become covered with an eruption, which physicians find hard to cure, as the poison seems to enter the system. Upon analysis it has been found that the green used for dyeing the kid contains arsenic. Though not all the green kid gloves in the market are so dyed, it is, nevertheless safer to wear others of a less bright and less dangerous color.

HOSE FOR WINTER.

XXIII. What kind of hose would you advise ladies to wear in winter?

Ans.—Fine heavy cotton ones. Change them every day. If any part of the clothing should be clean and fresh every day it is the stockings. Try it for a week, and you will think so too.

PLANTS IN THE ROOM.

XXIV. Is it healthy to have plants in the room?

Ans.—Yes, such as do not give out a disagreeable or poisonous odor.

SWEATING AT THE ARM-PITS.

XXV. Is the excessive sweating at the arm-pits a nervous disorder, and how can it be remedied?

Ans.—It is not a nervous disorder, nor necessarily a disease. The region about the arm-pits is very vascular, and the vessels are well filled with blood, while the clothing is generally tight here to prevent the free escape of the insensible perspiration. The result is it accumulates and often gives out a rank, offensive odor. The only remedy is loose clothing and frequent bathing of the parts with cold water.

WARM FEET.

XXVI. Please tell me how to keep the feet warm.

Ans.—Wear thick-soled shoes with wide bottoms, so as not to pinch the feet; wear thick woven cotton stockings, and change them daily. Exercise with the feet a good deal; but the kind of exercise is important. For instance, stamping on the hard floor with the shoes on is excellent exercise, and not exhausting. Soak the feet five minutes in hot water, and then wash on a little cold water and rub them briskly for ten minutes. Eat best food for warmth.

DISSIPATION.

XXVII. I am getting dissipated, use tobacco, drink, smoke, am out late nights, read bad books, am afraid I am going to ruin. What shall I do?

Ans.—Go to bed early, get up early, eat regularly and carefully, drink no fermented liquors of any kind—not even cider, stop smoking and chewing, read no such trash as you have been indulging in. Associate with healthy, wholesome people, and employ your time in useful work. Do not yield to temptation; read the best books, and pray God to help you. Follow this advice strictly six months, and then let us hear from you again.

CHANGE OF CLIMATE.

XXVIII. Will you please give some manner of accustoming ourselves to the various temperatures of this climate, so as to be able to go out of doors on rides or walks without taking cold; in other words, tell how a person, not strong and of a nervous temperament, can go out walking every day and keep well enough to work.

Ans.—Take a thorough bath every day in a warm room, but in cool but not cold water, using much friction afterwards. Sleep eight hours every day, and be regular in your habits. Dress according to the weather. Do not overwork, over-eat, nor dissipate in any way.

FLESH BRUSH.

XXIX. Do you approve of using a stiff flesh brush, or would you advise a coarse towel?

Ans.—It makes little difference which you use. The same object is attained in either case. The moistened hand is better in our opinion than either.

'STANDING OVER A REGISTER.

XXX. Is it hurtful to stand over a register?

Ans.—Yes, for any great length of time. Young people are apt to forget this, and are sometimes greatly injured by it.

RUBBERS.

XXXI. Do you believe in ladies wearing rubbers?

Ans.—Yes, light ones, out of doors in wet weather, over other shoes; but not next to the stockings in the house, or any longer than is necessary to protect the feet from wet and mud.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

XXXII. Give us some hints about the best mode of treating the hair.

Ans.—The hair needs little care, except to be properly cut, and cleaned, and combed, and kept free from oils, chignons, etc. Ladies' hair should be cleaned by shampooing once a week, and left to dry on the shoulders in a warm room, or in the sun.

CURING A DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

XXXIII. My husband, once my pride and my glory, is becoming dissipated, stays out late at night, and is little at home. What shall I do?

Ans.—A young wife once cured her husband of a disposition to absent himself from home at night by providing him with an excellent dinner, and saying to him afterward: "George, if you find a sweeter spot than our home, describe it to me, and I will rival it if I die in the attempt." A kiss and a few tears completed the victory. Perhaps a similar method might work in this case; if not, write us again.

LIGHT AND DARK CLOTHING.

XXXIV. Please state why light-colored clothing is more healthful than dark?

Ans.—Dark clothing is best in winter, because it absorbs the sun's rays and thus adds to the warmth of the body. White clothing is best in hot weather because it reflects the sun's rays when they might prove uncomfortable and even dangerous. Light-colored clothing is best next the skin even in winter, because it absorbs the heat of the body less rapidly than dark-colored clothing.

MUCILAGE.

XXXV. How can I make good mucilage?

Ans. The best quality of mucilage in the market is made by dissolving clear glue in equal volumes of water and strong vinegar, and adding one fourth of an equal volume of alcohol, and a small quantity of a solution of alum in water. The action of the vinegar is due to the acetic acid which it contains. This prevents the glue from gelatinizing by cooling; but the same result may be accomplished by adding a small quantity of nitric acid. Some of the preparations offered for sale are merely boiled starch, or flour, mixed with nitric acid to prevent the gelatinizing. Those preparations are very inferior in quality to that made from glue.

OUR DESSERT TABLE.

APPROPRIATE CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SOLICITED.

DINNA ANSWER NAY.

Dinna think and look afar
For chance o' doing good,
For ye have duties where ye are,
If they are understood.

There is nae lack o' good to do
All along the way;
And our days at best are few,
So dinna answer nay.

The daily task wi' patience done,
Wi' kindly voice and smile,
Is seen by God the Holy One,
And noted down the while.

It leaves its footprints plain to see,
All along the way;
Though homely duties call for ye,
Oh dinna answer nay!

Ye need nae seek for happiness
Wi' only self to please,
For they receive small blessedness
Who live for selfish ease.

Ye find the sorrowing and distressed
All along the way;
And if ye would be ever blessed,
Oh dinna answer nay!

The good example ye may set,
Where'er your lot is cast,
May be a blessing to ye yet.
A crown o' joy at last.

So if ye wish for good to do,
'Tis all along the way;
And our days at best are few,
So dinna answer nay.

The little deeds in kindness done,
Where there is chance or time,
May be to some poor sorrowing one
A blessing most divine.

And though no voice o' thanks are heard
For aught ye do or say,
Our Father sees each deed and word,
So dinna answer nay.

Save not the kindly word and smile
To carry off abroad,
If home is destitute the while
Ye have nae thanks o' God.

It matters not what praise is won
In some fair, chosen way,
If life's stern duties are undone
Ye have more need to pray.

Anna Linden.

SAY IT SHORT.

If you'd strengthen the weak, or curb the too strong;
Or bold, brave words speak, to right any wrong;
If you've advice or entreaty, rebuke or reformat,
Or counsel to give, say it short, say it short,

If you'd soothe, if you'd cheer, or charm, or inspire,
Or wake some dull soul with fervor and fire;
If you've wise word, or kind word, or far sounding thought
To echo forever, say it short, say it short.

Lydia M. Millard.

ANTICIPATION.

When failing health, or cross event,
Or dull monotony of days,
Has brought me into discontent
That darkens round me like a haze,
I find it wholesome to recall
Those chiefest goods my life has known,
Those whitest days, that brightened all
The checkered seasons that are flown.

No year has past but gave me some;
Oh! unborn years, nor one of you—
So from the past I learn—shall come
Without such precious tribute due.
I can be patient, since amid
The days that seem so overcast,
Such future golden hours are hid
As those I see amid the past.

Chambers's Journal.

MATED.

As the bird that sings, unknowing
Half the ecstasy it gives,
As the rose, that only blowing,
In a world of beauty lives;
So we two were each created
For the other's sweet content,
By the stars of heaven mated
Ere our souls to earth were sent.

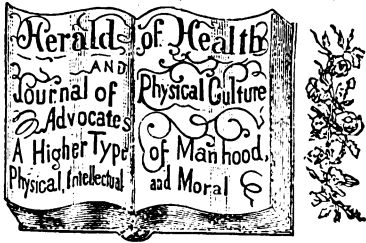
Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

HOPE.

The wretch condemned with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1873.

WATER.

"To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light."

THE PUBLISHERS do not hold themselves as endorsing every article which may appear in THE HERALD. They will allow the largest liberty of expression, believing that by so doing this magazine will prove to be more useful and acceptable to its patrons.

Exchanges are at liberty to copy from this magazine by giving due credit to THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D., EDITOR.

TEACHING CHILDREN SELF CONTROL.—

The power of self government, like all other powers, can be developed only by exercise. Whoso is to rule over his passions in maturity, must be practiced in ruling over his passions during youth. Observe, then, the absurdity of the coercive system. Instead of preparing him against the day when he shall leave the paternal roof, by inducing him to fix the boundaries of his actions and voluntarily confine himself within them, it marks out these boundaries for him, and says: "Cross them at your peril." Here we have a being who, in a few years is to become his own master, and, by way of fitting him for such a condition, he is allowed to be

his own master as little as possible. Whilst in every other particular it is thought desirable that what the man will have to do, the child should be well drilled in doing, in this most important of all particulars—the controlling of himself—it is thought that the less practice he has the better. No wonder that those who have been brought up under the severest discipline should so frequently turn out the wildest of the wild. Such a result is just what might have been looked for.

Indeed, not only does the physical force system fail to fit the youth for his future position; it absolutely tends to *unfit* him. Were slavery to be his lot—if his after-life had to be passed under the rule of a Russian autocrat, or of an American cotton planter, no better method of training could be devised than one which accustomed him to that attitude of complete subordination he would subsequently have to assume. But just to the degree in which such treatment would fit him for servitude, must it unfit him for being a free man amongst free men.—*Herbert Spencer.*

IN reference to Mr. Spencer's opinion expressed above, we will add that in our opinion he has laid down a very important principle in the government of children; one that ought to receive more than a mere passing notice. It ought to be thoroughly understood and acted on in the daily practice of fathers and mothers.

THE CRIME AGAINST THE CHILDREN.—

It is ascertained that more than six thousand persons are daily employed in the business of disseminating books, pictures, and implements of an obscene nature. Hardly a school in the land has wholly escaped its contagion. Mr. Comstock, acting for the Young Men's Christian Association has seized in New York more than fifteen thousand letters of orders to dealers in

and publishers of these wares, written by students of both sexes. City children going to and from school often have a coarse book or a picture slipped into their hands, with injunctions to secrecy. Before parents suspect danger, irremediable ruin may be wrought.

Wherever this literature is sent, there go with it the means and incitement to nameless vices. Mind and body are so insiduously undermined that the victim seldom knows to what swift end he is tending. Prisons and mad-houses testify not less to his debasement than to his ignorance. There is scarcely a convicted criminal among whose effects is not found some article of this forbidden traffic. Medical experts testify to the frightful percentage of idiocy, insanity, and sottishness, due to the vice which the trade in obscenity teaches and fosters. And by its evil services do bagnios thrive. This standing menace to our social order has never been so threatening as now; first, because the cheapness of manufacture multiplies indecent publications and appliances; secondly, because the cheapness of transit scatters them broadcast. With our system of public schools, the gregariousness of our boarding-houses and hotels, the ignorant immorality of our servants, and the stout democracy of children as to their associates, we cannot sequester the little ones from this contamination. But we can save. It is because we lie to children, and confound their innocent speculation as to simple, normal, and beautiful processes of nature, that these processes acquire a morbid interest for them. The child is a shrewd observer. By our silly inventions he is not long deceived. From hint and innuendo, low jest and dire experiment, he gleans a guilty half-knowledge. As we hide from him our experience, so he hides from us his discoveries. But he pursues them. Evil books and evil tools lie ready to his hand. His stolen waters are sweet. How shall he know that they are stolen?

When God had made man in his own image, he pronounced the whole work of his hands good. But we, wiser than God, call one organ good, and another organ evil; one function fit,

and another function shameful. We teach, perhaps, the system of respiration, of circulation, the need of cleanliness, and exercise and air. But of the system of generation, ignorance whereof is abuse, and abuse whereof is wreck bodily and spiritual, we say no word. Christian mothers let their girls grow up and marry, ignorant of the fundamental law of sex, but not innocent of its violation. Christian fathers let their boys die of secret sin, or live to wrong a new generation.

That ignorance is innocence is the most amazing, as it is the most baleful superstition of the time. But there is not even a question of ignorance in this matter. The only choice is between a free physiological instruction, and a stolen sensual experience. But for the mystery which hides it, the relation of the sexes would have no more permanent interest to the child's mind than any other fact in nature. Taught by modest motherly lips the mystery of maternity, with what new reverence would not the boy regard his mother for her motherhood that is, and all other women for their motherhood that may be! Knowing the significance of her structure and her obligation to an unborn generation, with what religiousness would the girl maintain her purity! With what healthful body and lofty mind would she accept marriage, conscious of its full meaning and extent! When we have taught our children all nature's laws, keeping nothing back, we need not fear that they will outrage her, nor that she will betray them. And until that hour neither legislation, nor watchfulness, nor prayer will save them from this pestilence of obscene suggestion that walketh at noonday. — *H. W. Beecher.*

HOW TO SHUT UP DRAMSHOPS. — You would know how I would get the dramshop shut up. I answer that I would have government class the dramseller with high criminals, and punish him accordingly. This would be my way to shut up the dramshop, and it could not fail to be effectual. In my letter entitled "No Legislating for Temperance" I say: "The

first duty of government is to strike out and extirpate the dramshop; and it is to do this not at all as a temperance measure, not at all to please the temperance reformers, but simply because government is instituted to protect person and property."—*Gerrit Smith.*

DEATH OF DR. TODD.—Rev. Dr. Todd has passed away at the age of 73 years. His life has been a most useful one, and thousands of young men and women may well thank him for starting them in correct, orderly lives. His Student's Manual has been a standard book for over a generation. He had been ill for some months. His recent contribution for THE HERALD OF HEALTH, published in September last year, will be remembered by many readers. It contained a full account of his means of health—his work-shop.

FISH FOR FOOD.—By chemical analysis it is found that fish contains a greater proportion of phosphorus than any other class of animal food, and therefore must be considered the richest "brain food." In land animals the phosphorus is contained for the most part in the bones, in combination with lime, as a phosphate, while the muscle is rich in fibrin, etc. But, on the other hand, the various genera of fish, although not abounding in fibrin, are much richer in phosphorus; and this element, as a general rule, varies according as the fish is lively or slow in its movements and habits. Upon this difference depends, in a great measure, the relative value of different kinds; those containing the greatest proportion of phosphorus, and consequently those of the most rapid movement, commanding the greatest prices. Thus the salmon, a fish of remarkable agility in its movements, and its nearest relative, the trout, are among the most expensive of the varieties in our market, while the less active kinds command but inferior prices. But an exception to this rule, due only to ignorance and prejudice, is exemplified in the New England farmers of the last century, who were often bound by legal obligations not to feed their

apprentices more than three meals a week upon salmon, as it was exceedingly plenty, and, therefore, fit only for those who were too poor to obtain anything else. The same worthy farmers were wont to consider oysters a mere luxury for the epicure, and they were generally associated with champagne, late suppers, and high living generally. But in our seaport towns they are undoubtedly among the cheapest, and by no means the least nutritious articles of diet, although we have recently seen it asserted that they contain no nutriment. We have also seen philosophers who contended that cheese was only a luxury, and contained none of the elements of nutrition, being ignorant of the chemical fact that the casein of the cheese and the fibrin of meats are almost the same, and are both resolved by constructive assimilation into muscle.

Those nations who eat fish with one meal each day are undoubtedly the most active in intellect, and the most capable of brain labor without exhaustion or fatigue. Even those savage tribes who subsist in a great measure upon fish no doubt possess very active, quick minds, although they are uncultivated and ignorant; and other causes may also tend to keep them in a deplorable and degraded condition. But when once civilized and Christianized, these tribes of *Ichthyophagi* become quick and active in intellect, even to put to shame the more stolid beef eaters of our inland towns of Christian lands. Not only is such phosphatic food conducive to the activity of the brain, but it promotes fecundity and increases the ability to endure cold, fatigue, etc.; and, while the facilities for obtaining it are constantly increasing, it would be well for the rising generation were they made to partake of and to realize it as second only in many respects to the staff of life; and the husband and father who occasionally takes half a day from his legitimate business to fill his basket with delicious fish, should not be considered as a mere "sportsman," but a "good provider" for his family of those things which are of vital utility. We would advise every one of our country friends.

who have streams or ponds upon their premises to stock them with some kind of fish most suitable to them, and those who have the facilities for making artificial streams or basins to do so and pursue the same course, that they need no longer be dependent upon distant fish markets and on fish which have been pickled, smoked or dried, when it is desirable to employ nutriment of this description.

W. A. WETHERBEE, M. D.

CURE FOR NARCOTISM.—As Narcotism has become so frequent, I am tempted to add to the length of this paper by giving what I regard as a valuable adjunct, at least, to its treatment. It has, no doubt, been often employed, but I do not remember to have seen any stress laid on the use of hot water, *stinging hot*, to the feet. My plan is to plunge the feet in hot water and hold them there until the patient gives decided manifestations of pain. I renew the application every few minutes, taking care not to dull cutaneous sensibility by too frequent or prolonged use. It has this advantage: you can regulate exactly the amount of stimulant necessary; at the same time it causes an increased diaphoresis, still further "guarding the action" of the narcotic after the manner of ipecac. It seems to stand next to the galvanic battery in power and similarity of action. I have used it in three cases with success, employing it perseveringly for three or four hours. Perseverance and hot water will do the thing.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

INTOXICATION AND WIT.—Intoxicated persons often make remarks when in liquor that show the brain to be in a state to appreciate witty and keen sayings. Here is one, for instance, which relates to drug stores:

An intoxicated man saw two tramway cars passing him the other evening with red and blue lights in the front and rear. His fuddled brain comprehended colored lights, and he was heard to say to himself, "Must be pretty sick—sickly here; they are running chemists' shops about on who—wheels!"

DECLINED TO TAKE HIS OWN MEDICINE
—M. Emile de Girardin gives Dr. Cabarus credit for having the science of a real *savant* and the wit of Rivarol. *Apropos* of his wit, one of the celebrated actresses whom Dr. Cabarus attended, sent for him shortly before his death. He found her weeping on a sofa. "Well, what's the matter, my dear child? The throat, I suppose?" "No, rather the nerves." "Nervous about what?" "Ah, about my future! Beauty is so fragile and animal spirits are so fleeting, and all this luxury, which is dependent on them, may at any moment disappear." "I tell you what it is, you must get married," said the doctor; "there's no anchor like marriage." "What a sensible man you are, Doctor. I always said you were so little of the charlatan; and as I love frank, sensible men, I shall ask you to be my husband." "You are too good, Mademoiselle," returned the doctor, not in the least crestfallen; "but if I took all the remedies I prescribe for my patients what would become of me?" "Nonsense! your homœopathic medicines," argued the actress, can do no harm to the whole, whilst they cure those who need a physician."

BURNING THE DEAD.—A friend writes to ask us if it would not be better to adopt the old Roman custom of burning instead of burying the dead. He thinks the idea of being buried a horrible one; but if burned the elements of the body being restored to the air would soon be taken up by plants, and again used as food and become parts of animal or vegetable structures. This he maintains would be better than to remain buried in the ground. In reply we may say that it really makes little difference what is done with the body after the spirit has left it. As between burial and burning there is little to choose, only so as the taste and feelings of the community are not violated. Even in burial there might be trees planted over or near the body, and these would, as they often do in the course of a century, convert the animal frame into their own substance. When the resting place of Roger Williams and his

life was uncovered, after a lapse of one hundred and eighty-three years, it was found that an apple tree in the vicinity had sent a strong root to each grave. The layer of the two roots had embraced the skull of the founder of Rhode Island, passed down the back bone and then divided itself into two, passing down the length of the extremities. This is interesting, but nothing new in the history of roots. They seem to have almost an instinct in traversing the soil in search of the richest food, or of water supplies. It is not enough to say that a root which has struck a vein of richness will from that very cause grow rank and strong.

MORE HEREDITARY CASES.—Col. Goshen (the baby) of a family of fifteen—ten sons and five daughters—sired by a patriarch now 98 years old, living in the valley of Damascus, and by occupation a coffee planter. This venerable sire weighs, at the present time 520 pounds twoirdupois, and his wife, aged 67, weighs 500 pounds.

The entire family are living, and not one of them weighs less than 500 pounds, and the youngest, our huge client, outstripping them all, weighs 650 pounds. Not one of the family is less than seven feet in height, and the colonel is a stripling of only seven feet and eight inches in his stockings. He is not an unduly fat man—merely what would be called moderately portly, and is 33 years old.

WHAT ENGLISH WOMEN READ.—In none of the houses which I have entered in London, or in the country, have I seen a journal of the fashions. One of my English friends, who has sojourned in France, informs me that here no well-brought-up woman reads such platitudes. On the contrary, a special review—The English Women's Review—contains in the number of which I am turning over the pages statements and letters on emigration to Australia, articles on public instruction in France, and other essays equally important; no novels, neither chit-chat about theaters, nor review of

fashions, etc. The whole is serious—substantial. Witness, as a contrast, in a provincial mansion among us the journals of fashions, with illuminated sketches, patterns of the last style of bonnets, explanations of a piece of embroidery, little sentimental stories, honeyed compliments to female readers; and, above all, the correspondence of the directress with her subscribers on the last page, a masterpiece of absurdity and inanity. It is shameful that a human intellect can digest such aliment. A dress badly made is more bearable than an empty head.—*M. Tuine.*

HEADACHES.—Probably few need be told that, in our physical bodies, while we are taking through our food and drink and the atmosphere, large quantities of nutritious material which is to become part and parcel of our tissues, to be bone and muscle and nerve and gland, and do us good service in these several capacities, there is also constantly accumulating in our bodies, material which has been part of our tissues, which has served its purpose as such, which is, so to speak, worn out, and is, to all intents and purposes, dead matter. This, in technical language, is called *effete* matter; and this must, in order for health to continue, be as constantly cast out of the body as the food and drink are taken in. This discharge is effected through the kidneys, lungs, skin and bowels.

It is a law of the human economy that no very great excess of this matter can be retained any length of time within the body without doing injury, and it happens that one of the first of the deleterious effects is upon the head. And this is the explanation of many of these headaches. A woman takes little exercise, remains in-doors and breathes air not the best, drinks largely of tea, and coffee perhaps, becomes constipated, all her physical energies become weakened, the excreting organs become sluggish, and she has the headache day after day, and no wonder; it is a wonder more of such don't have it and have it more and harder.

Few women who live on farms can be classed

n a category with this one ; yet a few may be. A man after months of active out-door exercise all at once stops work, sits down to study or do nothing, and takes no exercise, but continues eating as heartily and with as much zest as when following the plow ; he complains of the headache, and no wonder, taking food freely and by inactivity allowing the excreting organs and excretion to become sluggish.

In winter the atmosphere is, from the cold, more dense than in summer. We take in from it by the lungs more oxygen and cast out more effete matter through it. When the summer approaches, and the air becomes rarified and the excretion by means of the respiration must grow less, this overplus of effete matter must be expelled by other emunctories, other excreting organs must take on increased activity and do partial double duty ; they do not do this as rapidly as the season changes and the effete matter remaining in the body is in excess, so we have the headache.

A dirty man allows his body to go for a half year without bathing, and then growls because he headache is a daily visitor. No wonder he has the pain ; but to hear him growl makes one feel like saying " good enough for him."

The remedy for this condition we need hardly discuss. A free action of the organs we have classed as excreting structures, by means of regular and proper exercise, good air, bathing, proper food—correct habits in every regard—constitutes about all that need to be gained. If these means fail, then so-called medicines will fail too. The excretions must be natural or health is impaired. We may say, however, that probably more cases of this sort can be remedied by proper and judicious exercise than most people are inclined to think.

POWER IN A TON OF COAL.—There is power in a ton of coal, when burned, enough to raise a hundred pounds weight twenty miles high—providing it could all be saved. By considering this fact we gain some idea of the force stored up in our food.

COTTON AS A DRESSING FOR WOUNDS.—

In a communication of Professor v. Bruhns in Tubingen, Germany, he states that in the surgical clinic of that city cotton has been used for five or six years, instead of linen, for dressing all suppurating wounds, and with the best of success. The principal objection to cotton has been, and still is, its inability of taking up fluids (a tuft of cotton thrown on water remains dry, and swims on the surface for a long while, while linen absorbs moisture rapidly, and sinks to the bottom), and that therefore the fluids of wounds are not quickly enough removed. This property of raw cotton originates in a fatty, wax-like material, adhering to the fibre, and which may be destroyed in a very simple way.

Professor Bruhns keeps, to this end, cotton boiling for about an hour in water, to which he adds four or five per cent. of soda ash, washes it then in pure water, presses out and dries in the air. After pulling it apart it feels rougher to the touch than raw cotton, but presents a soft, even dressing, which may always be procured of the same quality. In using it, the wound is covered first with a piece of large-squared undressed gauze, whereby a great saving is effected by doing away with ordinary lint, and linen in general may be applied to other purposes.

MIRTH VS. CHEERFULNESS.—Addison says : " I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depression of melancholy : on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment ; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity."

A GOOD PLACE FOR CHILDREN.—Two epidemics are now raging in the metropolis of the Mississippi Basin, and of these the cholera morbus makes its appearance every summer. It does not attract so much attention, or cause so much fright, as the Asiatic cholera, but it carries off ten times as many victims. The mortality for one week was at the rate of 33 per thousand in a year, in a population of 100,000; and of all the deaths reported, 69 per cent. were infants—a frightful proportion. In San Francisco the proportion of infant mortality is about 30. As cholera morbus and scarlet fever, which carry off a large share of the children in Eastern cities, do comparatively little harm there, San Francisco is the safest place known for raising children.

CAUSES OF INSANITY.—From some careful statistics concerning the inmates treated in the great Pennsylvania Lunatic Asylum, during a period of years, some important facts may be gleaned, giving valuable hints concerning the age and sex which are most liable to insanity, the habits and occupations which are most conducive to it, and the causes which most frequently result in the overthrow of the intellect. It is between the ages of twenty and thirty years that we should guard most carefully against excitement, for more persons then become insane than in any other decade of life. Men, it appears, get more of the wear and tear of life, or do not stand it as well as women, for out of 2,918 patients only 1,264 were of the fair sex. Widowers stand their grief better than widows, for there were 159 of the latter and only 74 of the former. This is the more remarkable as women patients were, on the whole, less numerous. The number of married and single persons were surprisingly near equal, 1,342 were married and 1,343 single; leaving a majority not sufficient to found any inference on. Woman's suffrage orators might gain an argument from the fact that a majority of all the women were housekeepers, 618 of whom had succumbed under their cares, while

there were only 14 teachers and 25 seamstresses. Doctors would point a moral with the circumstance that the cause assigned for the largest number of cases was ill health. Evidence to corroborate the statement so often made, that Americans live too fast and that the race is wearing out, might be found in the large number of native-born Americans among these unfortunate wrecks of humanity, of whom 2,315 were of native birth, while of excitable Hibernians there was the small number of 270; of beer-drinking Germans 150, and of hearty, contented Englishmen only 51. Perhaps the most surprising item, and the most contrary to received opinions, is the preponderance of outdoor workers. Out of a total of 1,654 crazy men there were 520 who had been farmers and 460 who had been laborers, while of representatives from the brain-racking professions there were not 75 in all—19 of them physicians, 26 teachers, 10 preachers, 16 lawyers and two editors.

A WORD TO VEGETARIANS AND DRESS REFORMERS.—The undersigned would be pleased to correspond with a limited number of earnest, practical vegetarians and dress reformers, with a view to mutual acquaintance and the establishment of a trinitarian or hygienic group home, on a new plan of domestic and general co-operation, for the better realization of a true, pure, peaceful, healthy and happy life by association and conjoint effort upon a common domain, than is possible under the present system of isolation; for the inauguration, at the same time, of a new system of life, designed as a substitute for the existing forms of civilization, for the publication of works relating to a universal scientific alphabet, a simplified and rational education, and a normal socialism—such books, tracts, charts, etc., to be printed mainly in the new letters and rational spelling—and for the development and administration of a practical, self-sustaining home school, or normal university, for both sexes and all ages.

Persons who feel that the *first* proper work

of the would-be reformer is *at home*; that the effort to purify, harmonize, cultivate and perfect *one's self* should precede the effort to rectify society; who desire to *conform their own lives* to nature's laws—so far as understood—of physical and mental well-being, and also to devote themselves to the removal from the earth of disease, discord and misery, and the establishment of universal health, harmony and happiness, and who feel that the reign of peace, purity and contentment can never be established with the sword and the *butcher-knife*, but by peaceful, constructive, educative means—such are invited to address

JAMES MADISON ALLEN.

East Bridgewater, Mass.

WASTE NO TIME.—After allowing yourself proper time for rest, don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study—whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely and clearly; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop out between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let us tell you a secret. Take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file, and follow after like a company of well drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line.

MEDICINES AND WHOOPING COUGH.—

Dr. Arnold, of Maryland, discussed recently, at a meeting of the Medical Association, the question of whooping cough, in the following strain: "I am more and more impressed with the little reliability of therapeutic remedies in this disease. We have so many medicines presented for our acceptance; some based upon certain

pathological theories; some upon no theory at all, and others upon a delusion. In my own family this disease prevailed; I did nothing for it and it got well in six weeks. If I had used medicines I would have thought that I cured it. We know nothing of its cause; there is great diversity in regard to its pathology, and no unanimity of treatment. Many popular remedies are in use, but in bad cases no remedy is of any great benefit."

DR. J. B. F. WALKER.—Some seven or eight years ago, partly at our solicitation, Dr. Walker accepted a situation in New York. He had previously, for three years, been a physician to Dr. Seely's Water Cure in Cleveland, Ohio. By perseverance and close attention to his work he has risen on from position to position until he is now the editor of the *Aldine*, one of the most successful and beautifully illustrated papers published anywhere. We congratulate him on his advancement.

Mr. Editor.—A lady from New England tells me it has been proved (by whom she does not remember) that tomatoes are cancer producers, and that in her family, last season, a plentiful supply from their garden was all thrown away for that reason. Will you please inform me through THE HERALD OF HEALTH if they do in any wise have such tendency? I have always thought them a most wholesome article of diet.

Good, well-grown tomatoes are, in our opinion, wholesome, and a very desirable article of food.

DIGESTION AND PARADISE.—All talk of blessings! What a blessing is digestion! To digest! Do you know what it means? It is to have the sun always shining and the shade always ready for you. It is to be met with smiles, and to be greeted with kisses. It is to hear sweet sounds, to sleep with sweet dreams, to be touched ever with soft, cool hands. It is to be in Paradise. Adam and Eve were in Paradise. Why? Their digestion was good.

Ah! then they took liberties—ate bad fruit—things they could not digest. They what we all ruined their constitutions, destroyed their gastric juices, and then they were expelled from Paradise by an angel with the flaming sword. The angel with the flaming sword, which turned two ways, was indigestion. There came great indigestion upon the earth because the foods were bad, and they called it a deluge. Ah! I thank God there is to be no more deluges—all the evil comes from this. Macbeth could not sleep. It was the supper, and not the murder. His wife talked and walked. It was the supper again. Milton had a bad digestion, because he was always so cross; and your Carlyle must have the worst digestion in the world, because he never says any good of anything. Ah! to digest is to be happy. Believe me, my friends, there is no other way not to be turned out of Paradise by a fiery, two-handed, burning sword.—*Trollope.*

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF TEARS.—Dr. Daniel Tuke, who has been investigating this subject, thinks we must confess with Brodie that we cannot answer the simple question why or how a certain state of mind augments the secretion of the lachrymal gland. Gratiolet inferred, partly from his own sensations, that tears result from reflex irradiations which traverse the fifth pair of nerves; that is to say, the emotion of joy or sorrow acts first upon the heart or the other viscera through motor channels, and is then reflected upon the sensory nerve supplying the gland. But this does not seem anatomically or physiologically justifiable. It is much more likely that the influence is transmitted directly either to the capillaries of the gland by actively dilating motor nerves, or through nerves to the lachrymal cells themselves, directly exciting their functional activity. We might apply to the lachrymal gland Sinitzin's conclusions in regard to the trophic influence of the cervical sympathetic and the fifth pair on the eyeball; but some difficulties present themselves, however, to which we cannot now enter. The *quality*

of the secretion also seems to be altered by powerful emotions; the saline ingredients being increased, causing "a strong brine." Lastly, the secretion may be entirely checked. The intensity of feeling or the suddenness of the sorrow is the most frequently witnessed cause of this.

Daily observation shows that the first result of distressing intelligence is a negative one— inability to cry. See, too, what the want of a handkerchief may do. "I went," says Hunter, "to see Mrs. Siddons's acting. I had a full conviction that I should be very much affected; but unfortunately I had no handkerchief, and the distress I was in for the want of that requisite when one is crying, and a fear that I should cry, stopped up every tear, and I was ashamed that I did not, nor could not cry."

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In the remarks we have now made we have spoken only of the comparison of this article with other vegetable preparations. It is hardly necessary for us to quote the many authorities who have borne testimony to the unsuitableness of meat extracts and juices for very young children—valuable as these are for older invalids, they do not meet the requirements of the infant, upon whom they act as stimuli only. We feel certain that no such verdict can be brought in regard to Papoma, but that it will be found to be as we assert,

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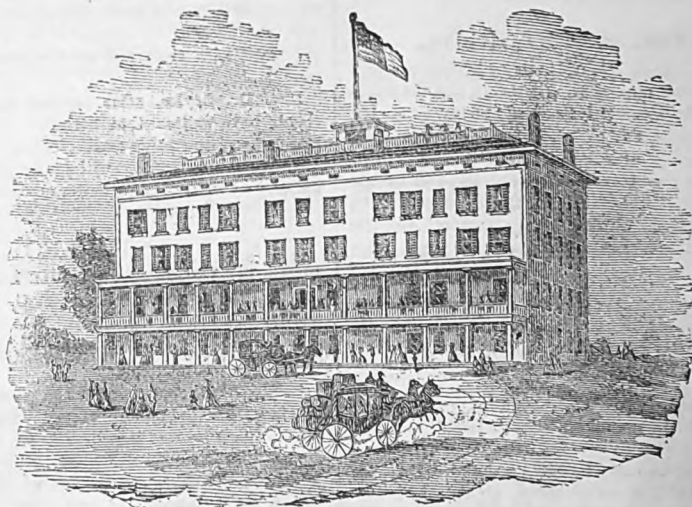
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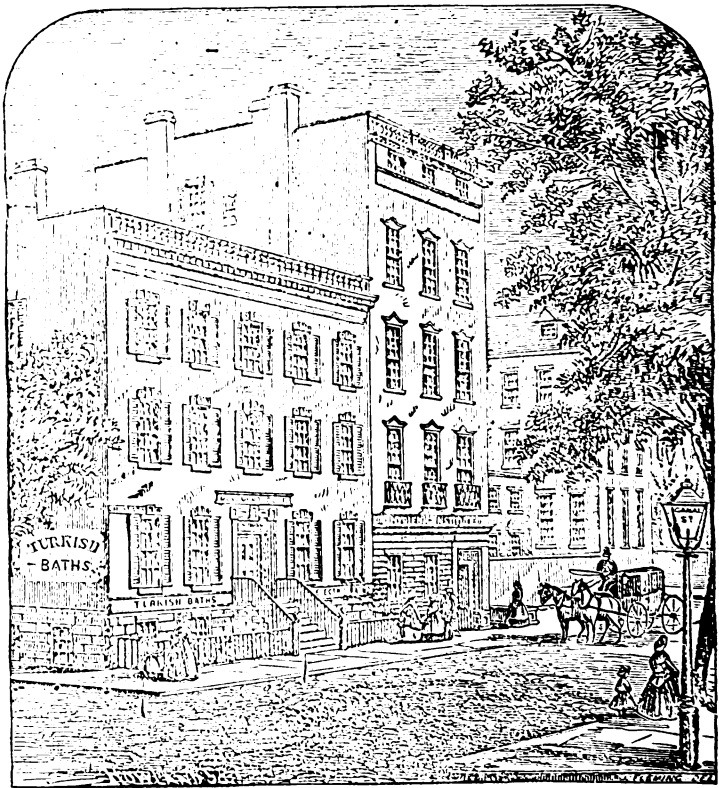
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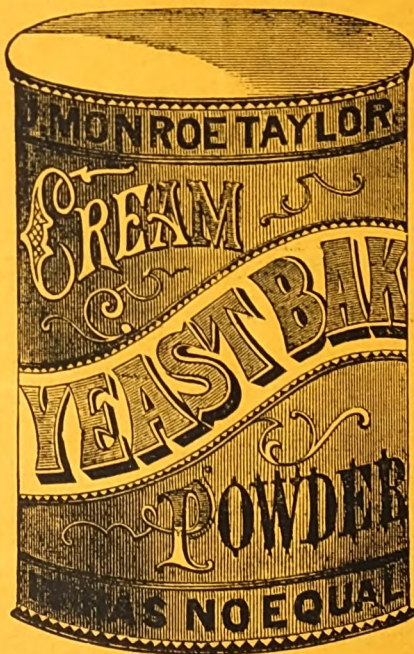
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Vol. 22, No. 5.] NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1873. [NEW SERIES.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOOD & HOLBROOK, 13 & 15 LAIGHT STREET.

REMARKABLE ESSAYS ON HEALTH AND MORALS,
By Ancient and Modern Writers. (No. 23.)

The Rights of Women.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.*

JUSTICE knows no difference of sex. In its vocabulary the word *man* must be understood in a generic, and not in a specific sense. The law of equal freedom manifestly applies to the whole race—female as well as male. The reasoning which establishes that law for men, may be used with equal cogency on behalf of women. The Moral Sense, by virtue of which the masculine mind responds to this law, exists in the feminine mind as well. Hence several rights deducible from that law must obtain equally to both sexes. This might have been thought a self-evident truth, needing only to be stated to meet with

universal acceptance. There are many, however, who either tacitly, or in so many words, express their dissent from it. For what reasons they do so does not appear. They admit the axiom that human happiness is the Divine will; from which axiom what we call rights are primarily derived. And why the difference of bodily organization, and those trifling mental variations which distinguish female from male, should exclude one half of the race from the benefits of this ordination, remains to be shown. The onus of proof lies on those who affirm that such is the fact; and it would be perfectly in order to assume that the law of equal freedom comprehends both sexes until the contrary has been demonstrated. But without taking advantage of this, suppose we go at once into the controversy.

Three positions only are open to us. It may be said that women have no rights at all, that their rights are not so great as those of men, or that they are equal to those of men.

This essay appeared first in *The Westminster Review*, in 1849. It will be interesting as one of the early most powerful arguments for woman's rights. It is doubly profitable for the thoughts on the right relations of husband and wife. The idea that the man has right to rule the woman, and domineer over her as a tyrant, is handled in a most philosophic manner. In our next we shall print Mr. Spencer's essay on "The Rights of Children."

Whoever maintains the first of these dogmas, that women have no rights at all, must show that the Creator intended women to be wholly at the mercy of men—their happiness, their liberties, their lives, at men's disposal; or, in other words, that they were meant to be treated as creatures of an inferior order. Few will have hardihood to assert this.

From the second proposition, that the rights of women are not so great as those of men, there immediately arise such queries as, if they are not so great, by how much are they less? What is the exact ratio between the legitimate claims of the two sexes? How shall we tell which rights are common to both, and where those of the male exceed those of the female? Who can show us a scale that will serve for the apportionment? Or, putting the question practically, it is required to determine by some logical method whether the Turk is justified in plunging an offending Circassian into the Bosphorus? whether the rights of women were violated by that Athenian law which allowed a citizen under certain circumstances to sell his daughter or sister? whether our own statute, which permits a man to beat his wife in moderation and to imprison her in any room in his house, is morally defensible? whether it is equitable that a married woman should be incapable of holding property? whether a husband may justly take possession of his wife's earnings against her will, as our law allows him to do?—and so forth. These, and a multitude of similar problems, present themselves for solution. Some principle rooted in the nature of things has to be found by which they may be scientifically decided—decided, not on grounds of expediency, but in some definite, philosophic way. Does any one holding the doctrine that women's rights are not as great as men's, think he can find such a principle? If not, there remains no alternative but to take up the third position—that the rights of women are equal with those of men.

Whoso urges the mental inferiority of women in bar of their claim to equal rights with men, may be met in various ways. In the first place, the fact may be disputed. A defender of her sex might name many whose achievements in government, in science, in literature and in art, have obtained no small share of renown. Powerful and sagacious queens the world has seen in plenty, from Zenobia down to the empresses Catherine and Maria Theresa. In the exact sciences Mrs. Somerville, Miss Herschel and Miss Zornlin, have gained applause; in political economy, Miss Martineau; in general

philosophy, Madame de Stael; in politics, Madame Roland. Poetry has its Tighes, its Hemanses, its Landons, its Brownings; the drama its Joanna Baillie; and fiction its Austens, Bremers, Gores, Dudevants, etc., without end. In sculpture, fame has been acquired by a princess; a picture like "The Momentous Question" is tolerable proof of female capacity for painting; and on the stage it is certain that women are on a level with men, if they do not even bear away the palm. Joining to such facts the important consideration that women have always been, and are still, placed at a disadvantage in every department of learning, thought, or skill—seeing that they are not admissible to the academies and universities in which men get their training; that the kind of life they have to look forward to does not present so great a range of ambitions; that they are rarely exposed to that most powerful of all stimuli—necessity; that the education custom dictates for them is one that leaves uncultivated many of the higher faculties; and that the prejudices against blue-stockings, hitherto so prevalent amongst men, has greatly tended to deter women from the pursuit of literary honors. Adding these considerations to the above facts we shall see good reason for thinking that the alleged inferiority of the feminine mind, is by no means self-evident.

But, waiving this point, let us contend with the proposition on its own premises. Let it be granted that the intellect of woman is less profound than that of man—that she is more uniformly ruled by feeling, more impulsive, and less reflective than man is—let all this be granted; and let us now see what basis such an admission affords to the doctrine, that the rights of women are not co-extensive with those of men.

1. If rights are to be meted out to the two sexes in the ratio of their respective intelligence, then must the same system be acted upon in the apportionment of rights between man and man.
2. In like manner it will follow that as there are here and there women of unquestionably greater ability than the average of men, some women ought to have greater rights than some men.
3. Wherefore, instead of a certain fixed allotment of rights to all males and another to all females, the hypothesis itself involves an infinite gradation of rights, irrespective of sex entirely, and sends us once more in search of those unattainable desiderata—a standard by

which to measure capacity, and another by which to measure rights.

Not only, however, does the theory thus fall to pieces under the mere process of inspection; it is absurd on the very face of it when freed from the disguise of hackneyed phraseology. For what is it that we mean by rights? Nothing else than freedom to exercise the faculties. And what is the meaning of the assertion that woman is mentally inferior to man? Simply that her faculties are less powerful. What then does the dogma, that because woman is mentally inferior to man she has less extensive rights, amount to? Just this, that because woman has weaker faculties than man, she ought not to have like liberty with him to exercise the faculties she *has*!

The desire to command is essentially a barbarous desire. Whether seen in the ukase of a Czar, or in the order of an Eton bully to his fag, it is alike significant of brutality. Command cannot be otherwise than savage, for it implies an appeal to force should force be needful. Behind its "You shall," there lies the scarcely hidden, "If you won't I'll make you." Command is the growl of coercion crouching in ambush. Or we might aptly term it violence in a latent state. All its accessories, its frown, its voice, its gestures, prove it akin to the ferocity of the uncivilized man. Command is the foe of peace, for it breeds war of words and feelings, and sometimes of deeds. It is inconsistent with the first law of morality. It is radically wrong.

All the barbarisms of the past have their types in the present. All the barbarisms of the past grow out of certain dispositions; those dispositions may be weakened, but they are not extinct; and so long as they exist there must be manifestations of them. What we commonly understand as command and obedience, are the modern forms of bygone despotism and slavery. Philosophically considered, they are identical with these. Despotism may be defined as the making of another's will bend to the fulfillment of our own; and its counterpart, slavery, as the having our own will subordinated to the will of another. True, we apply the terms only when the rule of the one will over another is extreme; when the one wholly, or almost wholly extinguishes the other. But if the subjection of man to man is bad when carried to its full extent, it is bad in any degree. If every man has freedom to exercise his faculties within specified limits; and if slavery is wrong because it transgresses that freedom, and makes one man use his powers to

satisfy not his own wants but the wants of another; then, whatsoever involves command, or whatsoever implies obedience is wrong also; seeing that it, too, necessitates the subserviency of one man's actions to the will of another. "You must not do as you will, but as I will," is the basis of every mandate, whether used by a planter to his negro, or by a husband to his wife. Not satisfied with being sole ruler over his own doings, the petty autocrat oversteps the boundary dividing his sphere of action from his neighbor's, and takes upon himself to direct his or her doings also. It matters not, in point of principle, whether such domination is entire or partial. To whatever extent the will of the one is overborne by the will of the other, to that extent the parties are tyrant and slave.

There are, without doubt, many who will rebel against this doctrine. There are many who hold that the obedience of one human being to another is proper, virtuous, praiseworthy. There are many to whose moral sense command is not repugnant. There are many who think the subjection of the weaker sex to the stronger legitimate and beneficial. Let them not be deceived. Let them remember that a nation's institutions and beliefs are determined by its character. Let them remember that men's perceptions are warped by their passions. Let them remember that our social state proves our superior feelings to be very imperfectly developed. And let them remember that, as many customs deemed right by our ancestors appear detestable to us, so many customs which we think proper our civilized descendants may regard with aversion; even as we loathe those barbarian manners which forbid a woman to sit at table with her lord and master, so may mankind one day loathe that subserviency of wife to husband, which existing laws enjoin.

A future belief that subordination of sex is inequitable, is clearly prophesied by the change civilization is working in men's sentiments. The arbitrary rule of one human being over another, no matter in what form it may appear, is fast getting recognized as essentially rude and brutal. In our day the man of refined feeling does not like to play the despot over his fellow. He is disgusted if one in humble circumstances cringes to him. So far from wishing to elevate himself by depressing his poor and ignorant neighbors, he tries to put them at their ease in his presence; encourages them to behave in a less submissive and more self-respecting manner. He feels that a fellow-man may be enslaved by imperious words and

manners as well as tyrannical deeds; and hence he avoids a dictatorial style of speech to those below him. Even paid domestics, to whose services he has obtained a right by contract, he does not like to address in a tone of authority. He seeks rather to disguise his character of master: to this end wraps up his commands in the shape of requests, and continually employs the phrases, "If you please," and "Thank you."

In the conduct of a modern gentleman to his friend we have additional signs of that growing respect for another's dignity. Every one must have observed the carefulness with which those who are on terms of affectionate intimacy shun anything in the form of supremacy on either side, or endeavor to banish from remembrance by their behavior to each other, whatever of supremacy there may exist. Who is there that has not witnessed the dilemma in which the wealthier of two such is sometimes placed, between the wish to confer a benefit on the other, and the fear that in so doing he may offend by assuming the attitude of a patron? And who is there that does not feel how destructive it would be of the sentiment subsisting between himself and his friend were he to play the master over his friend, or his friend to play the master over him.

A further increase of this refinement will show men that there is a fatal incongruity between the matrimonial servitude which our law recognizes, and the relationship that *ought* to exist between husband and wife. Surely if he who possesses any generosity of nature dislikes speaking to a hired domestic in a tone of authority, if he cannot bear assuming toward his friend the behavior of a superior, how utterly repugnant to him should it be to make himself ruler over one on whose behalf all his kindly sentiments are specially enlisted; one to whom he is bound by the strongest attachment that his nature is capable of; and for whose rights and dignity he ought to have the most active sympathy.

Command is a blight to the affections. Whatsoever of refinement, whatsoever of beauty, whatsoever of poetry there is in the passion that unites the sexes, withers up and dies in the cold atmosphere of authority. Native as they are to such widely separated regions of our nature, love and coercion cannot possibly flourish together. The one grows out of our best feelings; the other has its root in our worst. Love is sympathetic; coercion is callous. Love is gentle; coercion is harsh. Love is self-sacrificing; coercion is selfish. How can they co-

exist? It is the property of the first to attract, whilst it is that of the last to repel; and, conflicting as they thus do, it is the constant tendency of each to destroy the other. Let whoever thinks the two compatible imagine himself acting the master over his betrothed. Does he believe that he could do this without any injury to the subsisting relationship? Does he not know rather that a bad effect would be produced upon the feelings of both parties by the assumption of such an attitude? And confessing this, as he must, is he superstitious enough to suppose that the going through a form of words will render harmless that use of command which was previously hurtful?

Of all the causes which conspire to produce the disappointment of those glowing hopes with which married life is usually entered upon, none is so potent as this supremacy of sex, this degradation of what should be a free and equal relationship into one of ruler and subject, this supplanting of the sway of affection by the sway of authority. Only as that condition of slavery to which women are condemned amongst barbarous nations is ameliorated, does ideal love become possible; and only when that condition of slavery shall have been *wholly* abolished, will ideal love attain fullness and permanence. The facts around us plainly indicate this. Wherever anything worth calling connubial happiness at present exists, we shall find that the subjugation of wife to husband is not enforced; though perhaps still held in theory it is practically repudiated.

There are many who think that authority, and its ally compulsion, are the sole agencies by which human beings are controlled. Anarchy or government are, with them, the only conceivable alternatives. Believing in nothing but what they see, they cannot realize the possibility of a condition of things in which peace and order shall be maintained without force, or the fear of force. By such as these the doctrine that the reign of man over women is wrong, will no doubt be combated on the ground that the domestic relationship can only exist by the help of such supremacy. The impracticability of an equality of rights between the sexes will be urged by them in disproof of its rectitude. It will be argued that were they put upon a level husband and wife would be forever in antagonism; that as, when their wishes clashed, each would possess a like claim to have his or her way, the matrimonial bond would daily be endangered by the jar of opposing wills, and that, involving as it would a perpetual conflict

such an arrangement of married life must necessarily be an erroneous one.

A very superficial conclusion is this. There *must* be an inconsistency between the perfect law and an imperfect state. The worse the condition of society, the more visionary must a true code of morality appear. The fact that any proposed principle of conduct is at once fully practicable—requires no reformation of human nature for its complete realization—is not a proof of its truth; is proof rather of its error. And, conversely, a certain degree of incongruity between such a principle and humanity as we know it, though no proof of the correctness of that principle, is at any rate a fact in its favor. Hence the allegation that mankind are not good enough to admit of the sexes living together harmoniously under the law of equal freedom, in no way militates against the validity or sacredness of that law.

But the never ceasing process of adaptation will gradually remove this obstacle to domestic rectitude. Recognition of the moral law, and an impulse to act up to it, going hand in hand, equality of rights in the married state will become possible as fast as there arises a perception of its justness. That selfish conflict of claims which, according to the foregoing objection, would reduce a union founded on the law of equal freedom to a condition of anarchy, presupposes a deficiency in those feelings with which a belief in the law of equal freedom originates, and would decrease with the growth of these feelings. The same sentiment which leads us to maintain our own rights, leads us by its sympathetic excitement, to respect the rights of our neighbors. Other things equal, the sense of justice to ourselves and the sense of justice to our fellow-creatures, bears a constant ratio to each other. A state in which every one is jealous of his natural claims, is not therefore a litigious state, because it is one in which there is of necessity a diminished tendency to aggression. Experience proves this. For, as it cannot be denied that there is now a greater disposition amongst men toward the assertion of individual liberty than existed during the feudal ages, so neither can it be denied that there is now a less disposition amongst men to trespass against each other than was then exhibited. The two changes are co-ordinate, and must continue to be so. Hence, whenever society shall have become civilized enough to recognize the equality of rights between the sexes, when women shall have attained to a clear perception of what is due to them, and men to a nobility of feeling which shall make

them concede to women the freedom which they themselves claim, humanity will have undergone such a modification as to render an equality of rights practicable.

Married life under this ultimate state of things will not be characterized by perpetual squabbles, but by mutual concessions. Instead of a desire on the part of the husband to assert his claims to the uttermost, regardless of those of his wife, or on the part of the wife to do the like, there will be a watchful desire on both sides not to transgress. Neither will have to stand on the defensive, because each will be solicitous for the rights of the other. Not encroachment, but self-sacrifice, will be the ruling principle. The struggle will not be which shall gain the mastery, but which shall give way. Committing a trespass will be the thing feared, and not to be trespassed against. And thus, instead of domestic discord, will come a higher harmony than any we yet know.

There is nothing Utopian in this. We may already trace the beginnings of it. An attitude like that described is not uncommonly maintained in the dealings of honorable men with each other; and, if so, why should it not exist between the sexes? Here and there, indeed, may be found, even now, a wedded pair who preserve such a relationship. And what is at present the exception may one day be the rule.

The extension of the law of equal freedom to both sexes will doubtless be objected to, on the ground that the political privileges exercised by men must thereby be ceded to women also. Of course they must; and why not? Is it that women are ignorant of state affairs? Why then their opinions would be those of their husbands and brothers; and the practical effect would be merely that of giving each male elector two votes instead of one. Is it that they might by-and-by become better informed, and might then begin to act independently? In such case they would be about as competent to use their power with intelligence as the members of our present constituencies.

We are told, however, that "woman's mission" is a domestic one, that her character and position do not admit of her taking a part in the decision of public questions, that politics are beyond her sphere. But this raises the question: who shall say what her sphere is? Amongst the Pawnees and Sioux it is that of a beast of burden; she has to carry the baggage, to drag home fuel from the woods, and to do everything that is menial and laborious. In slave countries it is within woman's sphere to work side by side with men, under the lash of

the task-master. Clerkships, cashierships, and other responsible business situations, are comprised in her sphere in modern France. Whilst, on the other hand, the sphere of a Turkish or Egyptian lady extends scarcely an inch beyond the walls of the harem. Who now will tell us what woman's sphere really is? As the usages of mankind vary so much, let us hear how it is to be shown that the sphere *we* assign her is the true one; that the limits *we* have set to female activity are just the proper limits. Let us hear why on this one point of our social polity we are exactly right, while we are wrong on so many others.

It is said that the exercise of political power by women is repugnant to our sense of propriety; conflicts with our ideas of the feminine character; is altogether condemned by our feelings. Granted: but what then? The same plea has been urged in defense of a thousand absurdities, and if valid in one case is equally so in all others. Should a traveler in the east inquire of a Turk why women in his country conceal their faces, he would be told that for them to go unveiled would be considered indecent; would offend the *feelings* of the spectators. In Russia female voices are never heard in church; women not being thought worthy to "sing the praises of God in the presence of men;" and the disregard of this regulation would be censured as an outrage upon public *feeling*. There was a time in France when men were so enamored of ignorance, that a lady who pronounced any but the commonest words cor-

rectly, was blushed for by her companions; a tolerable proof that people's *feelings* then blamed in a woman that literateness which it is now thought a disgrace for her to be without. In China cramped feet are essential to female refinement; and so strong is the *feeling* in this matter, that a Chinese will not believe that an Englishwoman who walks naturally can be one of a superior class. It was once held unfeminine for a lady to write a book; and no doubt those who thought so would have quoted *feelings* in support of their opinion. Yet with facts like these on every hand, people assume that the enfranchisement of women cannot be right because it is repugnant to their feelings!

We have some feelings that are necessary and eternal; we have others that, being the results of custom, are changeable and evanescent. And there is no way of distinguishing those feelings which are natural from those which are conventional, except by an appeal to first principles. If a sentiment responds to some necessity of our condition its dictates must be respected. If otherwise, if opposed to a necessity, instead of in harmony with one, we must regard that sentiment as the product of circumstances, of education, of habit, and consequently without weight. However much, therefore, the giving of political power to women may disagree with our notions of propriety, we must conclude that, being required by that first prerequisite to greatest happiness, the law of equal freedom, such a concession is unquestionably right and just.

Delia Sackett's Rod.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

BALL'S CORNER'S had not the distinction of possessing many celebrities, and Mrs. Pritchard—Aunt Sally, as she was called—enjoyed a proud position. To be sure, the Fitches had more funerals in a given time than any other family in the neighborhood; but no other individual in that hard-worked community enjoyed such complete exemption from toil. It was something to be known as the laziest woman in the neighborhood, and nobody but Aunt Sally had ever dreamed of inventing a method of getting a meal without moving from her rocking chair.

She was an extensive, ponderous woman, with a quiver about the head and neck that made one think of an imbodied ague. Her sphere embraced the cookstove, the cupboard, and the window, from whence she exercised a general oversight of Delia Sackett's small, brown domicile. Ball's Corners was an agricultural district; but old Sammy Pritchard did not drop his sweat into the furrow for the rather "skimpy" living he managed to secure. At the back of the little one-story cottage where Aunt Sally successfully worked out the problem of living without toil, there was a little

hop that appeared to have grown upon it like a wen. It had a sign peering blankly into the branches of a cherry tree, where no traveler on the road would have dreamed of looking or it. Whether Sammy had been soured by Aunt Sally's cooking, or was naturally misanthropic, I cannot say. For the general community needing shoes he had undisguised contempt, and he would sooner have starved than have solicited patronage.

He was a small, round-shouldered old man, with an immense shock of stiff gray hair; each particular hair appearing to go about its own business with the sturdy eccentricity of its owner. He was as industrious as Aunt Sally was slack, and from early morn till dewy eve his hammer and lapstone knew no rest. There he forever sat crooked over upon his bench, with nothing to relieve the monotony of life but the cherry tree and that ridiculous hidden sign.

It was a morning in June when the feed on the flats was the best of the whole year. The ten cows belonging to the Sackett farm were yielding their utmost, with udders heavy with milk, that filled the pails brimming in fragrant streams, and was richer than city cream. There was a batch of butter to be churned and worked every day, or else there would appear a falling off in the net profit of the season. The housework in that inconvenient, narrow, crooked dwelling was no small matter. The chimney with its enormous jam and fireplace took up half the room in the kitchen, and the place had never been repaired since grandma Sackett's time; when she raised fifteen children under the old roof, spun and wove the garments they wore, did all her own work, and lived to the age of ninety, as lively as a cricket to the last, and retaining the use of all her faculties. Grandma Sackett was a kind of finger-post to the daughters-in-law of the family, pointing the way they should go.

There were three noisy, robust children to be taken care of now, and what care they got their mother alone gave them. The little one, Judy, was generally clinging to her mother's skirts, or crying to be taken up, and Delia Sackett punished Judy twice as often as she would have done had she not been so hard driven with work, poor woman. Her voice had acquired a shrillness not natural to it, her dress skimmed about her lean, bony form, and the glossy, black hair that once curled in shining ringlets had dropped out and left only enough for a little wad behind, held in place by the tooth of an old comb. Her front teeth

had decayed, and her once pretty, plump cheeks had sunk in and lost their bloom.

Bruce Sackett was as "fore-handed" as any one in the neighborhood, but he had never risen to the point of disinterestedness where he thought he could incur the expense of buying Delia a set of false teeth; but when he went to Buxton to attend the cattle-show he generally came home with a suit of new clothes for himself.

Twelve or fourteen years back Delia Miles was the prettiest girl at the "Corners;" and now, although the bloom was all ground off her exterior, the love of beauty still flickered in her bosom. There was a white rose-bush at the corner of the shop she "lotted" on wonderfully, and some boxes in the kitchen windows were bright with geraniums.

Aunt Sally Pritchard, sitting in her rocking-chair, with her fat, do-nothing hands folded in her lap, and her nightcap still on to hide the unkempt hair, watched the motions of her energetic neighbor with a species of indignation. It tried her soul to see Delia Sackett whew around from morning till night with her petticoats snapping in and out of the old stoop, making the tin pans rattle and the churn buzz. Why couldn't she take things easy for a single day, and give quiet folks a little peace?

To wash on wash-day was not a primo necessity with Aunt Sally, as it was with the rest of the Cornerites. She was not going to be tied up to times and seasons. She washed a piece when she needed it; and things were made handy by the fact that Sammy had bought a buckskin shirt of a "kanuck," and seldom wore stockings except in winter.

Now on this wash-day morning in question, although the sun was shining, and a pleasant drying breeze fluttered the leaves and kissed off the dew, and the turf was vividly green where Delia Sackett's line was wont to stretch botimes, from the limb of the harvest apple tree to the corner of the little gray farmhouse, none of those white signals that belong to a Monday in the country had made their appearance. Mrs. Sackett had been sick since Wednesday—almost too sick to keep up and drag herself about the house—and now she was in bed, held there by the grasp of fever. Her dark eyes glittered, and her breath came hot and with pain through the parched lips.

It was nearly breakfast time, and Bruce had come in from the barnyard with his foaming pails of milk. He had been up nearly all night with his sick wife, and he looked gray, unshorn and miserable. He was a small, tough,

knurly man, with a sharp stubble on his small-featured but hard countenance. Bruce's emotions amounted to uneasiness, a species of mental colic or toothache; and now the conviction had forced itself upon him that it would be necessary to get some help for the house—a thing that had never happened before. Delia was considered the "crack" butter maker of the Corners; her golden balls always brought a little more than her neighbors. Bruce considered it extremely doubtful whether he could hire anybody able to command the extra three cents on the pound. Not that he felt no sorrow for the sufferings of his wife; but the extra three cents were uppermost in his mind. The children were still in their night clothes, clamoring for something to eat. Elihu had mounted on the kitchen table to get at the sugar bowl on the top shelf of the cupboard. Ned had cut his thumb in trying to detach a zig-zag piece of bread from the loaf, and little Judy was sitting on the floor dabbling her fat fingers in a medicine cup which had contained blue mass and molasses.

When Bruce had set the kettle to boil over the fire he went into the family bed-room and shut the door. His suspenders were hanging loose, his shirt sleeves were open at the wrists, he had neither washed nor combed; and altogether his appearance was forlorn.

"You ain't no better, be you, ma?" inquired Bruce, laying hold of the footboard and addressing himself to the sick woman. "It's an awful bad piece of business," he went on in a sort of whine. "Here we are on the edge of haying and harvesting, and there's got to be more hands hired on the farm, and everything is a crowding on to me; and the children running wild, and nobody to tend to the milk. It does seem if only you could have worried along till haying was over—but there ain't no accounting for these things. I 'spose there's a Providence in it, if we could only see how it is. Of course I don't blame you, ma. You don't feel any better, do you?"

"I should if I had a drink," gasped the poor woman, with a pitiable lack of recognition in her wide open eyes. Bruce raised her and moistened her tongue with some crust tea that stood at the bedside. He put her back panting on the pillow again, and she raised her hand, which had once been white and shapely, but was now crooked and hardened with toil. "I guess I could get right up, Bruce," she said, in a rambling sort of a way, "if I could pull these black threads off my fingers. Don't you see, I can't pull them off; and there are black

spots all over the bed quilt. Mother pieced this quilt long years ago, and I know she never sewed these black specks on the patches. I didn't mean to get sick, Bruce. It ain't my fault. I strove against it as long as ever I could, for I knew it was almost out of the question for me to be laid up." A wilder light shone in her eyes. "Let me get right out of bed, Bruce," she exclaimed. "There's heaps of work to do; I must wash and dress Judy, and water my geraniums. Then there's butter to work, and the ironing ain't more than half done. It was yesterday, wasn't it, that I had to come and curl down with that bad headache and pains in my bones? I remember there wasn't more than a loaf of bread in the house."

"Lie still, ma," said Bruce in a frightened way, putting her back on the pillow. "You ain't fit to stir. Don't worry about the work. I sent Tim over with the team at daylight to see if Mary Ann Holcombe wouldn't come and take care of things. I told him to stop at the doctor's on his way back. Mary Ann don't hire out to work, and she is as proud as Lucifer; but I thought mebbe she'd lay by her airs and come in case of sickness, when she can boss and have things her own way. There, ma, lay still and try to go to sleep; I guess we'll pull through somehow."

Mary Ann Holcombe arrived before Bruce returned to the kitchen. There she sat in the rocking-chair, with a large carpet satchel, a band-box, and an extra dress done up in a paper parcel. She wore a smart rose in her bonnet, which was trimmed with pink and white ribbon, and a bunch of curls over her back comb. A showy bosom-pin fastened a collar of transferred work, and she looked as if a speck of dirt had never had the temerity to adhere to her person. Her cut was that of a spinster. Her face was sharp, and her tongue was sharper; but she had as neatly turned an ankle and as trim a foot, in its tidy buskin shoe, as one would meet in a day's journey; and as for turring off work, her reputation was almost paramount, even among the people of the Corners.

There Mary Ann sat holding her band-box by the drawing-string of its calico cover, with little Judy in her nightgown eyeing her from a safe distance.

"Oh, Mary Ann," whined Bruce, giving a hitch to his waistband with the dim consciousness that he was not in a costume exactly fit to receive a lady. "I never was so glad to set eyes on any mortal as I am to see you. We are in a dreadful pickle. Ma was took down

so sudding right here on the edge of hayin—"

"Spouse you would have had her wait till hayin' was over, and the last load mowed away, even if death had come along and asked her to take a ride on his pale horse. That's *all the feeling* men has." And Mary Ann gave a toss to the pink ribbons. "I know all about the men folks round Ball's Corners," she continued. "They treat their wives as if they was nigger slaves, and appear to think a sight more of their horses and cattle than they do of the wimmin. Ketch me putting my neck into harness to be druv by one of them."

Bruce had retired to the obscurity of the kitchen sink to make his toilet, the operation consisting in a species of curry-combing with a crash towel, which left him as red as a boiled lobster about the head and neck. With a cachination from the chest, a species of cackle, he responded :

"Law, Mary Ann, folks do say you ain't so skittish as you pretend. It has got around that if you had a first rate chance to change your name, with the offer of a good homestead free of encumbrance, you would jump at it quick enough, and would any time for the last twenty years."

"I guess I've had offers," snapped Mary Ann, "from men a sight better than you ever was, Bruce Sackett. Folks thought Delia was throwing herself away when she made up her mind to have you, and it shows how much human feeling you've got, to be cracking jokes now she's laying at death's door, as a person may say."

"You needn't think I don't sense Ma's sickness," whined Bruce, as he stood before the little seven-by-nine looking-glass operating on his bristly locks with a pocket comb. "I guess I'm all worn out watching for three nights; then it will be at least fifty dollars loss in butter, and I 'spose, Mary Ann, you'll expect some pay. I know you don't go out to work only to oblige a neighbor, and in case of sickness you'll make allowance."

"I never do a hand's turn for folks that's able to pay for less than twenty shillings a week."

"That's awful dear," groaned Bruce.

"I know it's dearer than you pay your wife," said Mary Ann spitefully, as she clattered the covers of the stove. "I don't believe you give her twenty shillings to spend in six months. She haint been to meeting more than three times this year, and folks say it's for want of clothes to appear respectable in."

"Ma ain't a professor," replied Bruce eva-

sively. "And when Sunday comes and only one of us can be spared to go to meeting, she generally says, 'Bruce you had better go, for you aire a professor, and your example is worth something.' Clothes haven't nothing to do with it. What does a woman want of money when she has got a good husband to provide for her? It's only in the way. I generally buy ma's things myself, spring and fall, when I take a load of truck to the village. I have been meaning all along to get her a new dress this summer, and then after haying to take her in the buggy over to Scrambleton on a visit to her brother Henry. We could stop and stay all night at her cousin Eph's, and save a tavern bill. It was only the other day I told Delia she must have a pair of new shoes; but she said no, she'd send the old ones over to Uncle Sammy to tap, and make them answer a while longer. You never hear a word of complaint from Delia."

"No," snapped Mary Ann, "and it would be a great deal better for her if you did. You need a woman to train you, and make you stand round."

"Mebbe I do," cackled Bruce. "You'd keep a man toeing the mark pretty lively, wouldn't you, Mary Ann?"

He opened the door and tip-toed into the room where his wife lay sunk in the lethargy of fever, while she uttered now and then a broken moan. The hot sun was streaming through the blindless windows. Bruce let down the green paper curtains that excluded every breath of air. It was in those dark ages of medical practice when air and water were considered poisonous in cases of fever.

Aunt Sally Pritchard, when she looked out of her little square of window and saw who it was Bruce Sackett had engaged to do the work during his wife's sickness, felt personally aggrieved. Her peace of mind evidently was nothing to her neighbors. To see Delia go driving around from morning till night was bad enough in all conscience, but Mary Ann Holcombe threw an amount of aggressive snap-pishness into her movements that almost brought the old lady to the point of dropping her blue checked window curtain and withdrawing from the world.

Sammy Pritchard, it so happened, was that very morning engaged in putting the taps on Mrs. Sackett's shoes, thinking to himself that perhaps the poor woman would never live to wear out any more sole leather, and this very pair might fall to a second wife.

Mary Ann, before dinner time, had straight-

ened the house out, mopped the kitchen floor, and made the milk-room as sweet as a rose. She had brought some small degree of comfort to poor Delia, too, by changing her clothes, bathing her face, and combing the little remnant of her once fine, glossy black hair, now streaked with gray. The doctor, who was also an excellent farmer, treated his patients much as he plowed and barrowed his fields—in the strongest manner—and was famed for big doses of calomel, and other potent drugs. He had been in to make a call on Delia, and when he mounted his old roan mare again to go home, Bruce hailed him from where he stood by the fence leaning on his rake, with the sweet clover and timothy piled knee high: "What do you think of ma's case, doctor? Is she going to get around smart pretty soon?"

"Can't say," returned the doctor, rather gruffly; "it all depends on how the fever turns."

"Fever, oh dear! I thought that mebbe it wan't nothing more than a bilious turn an emetic would fetch her out of. You see she's been in the habit of taking an emetic once in two or three months. It kinder clears the system, and then lobelia's cheap—there's lots of it grows all over the pasture."

"Lobelia won't cure this time," growled the doctor. "You will have to incur expense though it does come hard. Go to the village and buy lemons and other things I shall order. Keep near her a healthy nurse. Don't be parsimonious now."

"Then I shall have to drop everything right here in the field, tackle up and go to the village. Doctor I do hope you will do all you can to bring her through this. You see it's going to be a big loss to me, and I have extra help to hire—besides the anxiety."

The doctor muttered something between his teeth, touched his beast and rode away.

Mary Ann had an excellent dinner prepared by the time the noon mark fell along the kitchen floor. She possessed the knack of making everything toothsome and savory. Her cod-fish cooked with cream, wholesome bread, and dried apple pie were the *ne plus ultra* of such culinary performances. Aunt Sally Pritchard didn't think Delia Sackett had been very successful in bringing up her children. It was a shame and disgrace to let them run wild; but Mary Ann found a way to manage the unruly little creatures before she had been in the house an hour. The boys soon learned to hold her in awe, and did not venture to track the kitchen floor as usual. Judy, with the flaxen hair hanging in her eyes, and her fat fingers itch-

ing to make an incursion into mother's work-box, was quelled by one short, sharp exclamation, and with her lip made up ready to cry did not dare utter a whimper; and in a little while her flossy locks were so tightly braided behind in pig tails that there was danger of the child's feet being lifted from the ground. No likelihood of any loose ends being left to fly where Mary Ann Holcombe was. At table she had only to give a look to keep the boys' knives out of the butter plate.

"You do beat all, Mary Ann, for government," Bruce said admiringly. "I never saw anybody before the youngsters were willing to mind. Ma is a little easy, and they run over her the best of the time; and, for my part, I don't feel as if it was a man's business to train the children."

"You ought to be trained yourself, like some other men folks around here," responded Mary Ann, tartly. "Didn't I hear you say you were going to the village this afternoon?"

"Yes," answered Bruce in a tone of grievance; "lemons must be bought, and a few other necessaries. We shall have to get watchers, and I thought I'd call on the way and ask Deacon Pratt's wife and Nancy Blaisdell."

"While you are about it," remarked Mary Ann coolly, "you may as well buy a new churn. I shan't lay a hand to the old one, for the dasher is broke, and its a perfect antediluvian any way, and takes twice as much time and strength to bring a batch of butter as it ought to. Besides I shall want some bake tins. I have been squinting around and can't find anything of the kind. Your wife, I kalkerlate, has done her baking a loaf at a time in what wasn't meant to bake in at all, but was originally a skillet. Now if I work I must have the tools. There'll be a boiler wanting before wash day comes again. The bottom of the old one is riddled with holes. You can get it now, or wait till next time. I must have the pump fixed right away, for I can't do as your wife has been doing for the last three months—pull up every drop of water that's used with a rope and bucket."

Bruce stopped and looked at Mary Ann in amazement. He hitched up one side of his trousers and then the other. He scraped his stubbly face with his horny hand. He gave one of the little dry, hard laughs peculiar to him; but the right words would not come. Mary Ann went on scraping up the dishes and setting away the things quite unconcerned, and finally Bruce turned and walked out in silence. But when he came home from the village there

was a new red patent churn in the back of the wagon, and a boiler and set of bake-pans under the seat.

Deacon Pratt's wife and Nancy Blaisdell watched that night, and it was over the cold neat, apple pie and tea which Mary Ann had left simmering on the stove, that Deacon Pratt's wife intimated to Nancy that she thought this sickness of Delia Sackett's a kind of judgment upon her for not being a professed Christian, and attending more steadily on the means of grace.

"Perhaps so," returned Nancy, helping herself to another slice of cold corned beef; "but you know professors themselves do take sick and die. Being right on the edge of hayin' so, it does look rather marked. We may all be cut off like the grass that to-day is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven. Did you hear Mary Ann say how poorly off Miss Sackett is for necessaries in the house? There ain't hardly sheets enough to change the beds, and the table-cloths are all in holes."

"You don't say so. Well, the truth is, Bruce keeps tight hold of the puss strings. He's an awful small pattern of a man—about as narrar contracted as any around. He's too mean to be pop'lar; but—" and she lowered her voice a little, "if poor Delia should be taken away I guess most any of the girls would jump at the chance of marrying him. He's just as homely as he was ten years ago; but he's richer, and that makes a sight of difference. I shouldn't wonder, Nancy, if you set your cap for him yourself, only Mary Ann Holcombe would have the advantage, being right here in the house so. I guess she wouldn't hang back long, if she does talk hard about the men folks. I should rather like to see Mary Ann married to such a man as Bruce; she'd make him hop around like a parched pea."

"Oh Miss Pratt! how can you be going on with your nonsense when that poor woman lays most at the point of death? I must run and change the cloth on her head. It smokes like fire when I take it off. Oh, dear, we've been talking here most an hour."

After that regular relays of watchers came for a long time, until nearly everybody in the neighborhood was worn out. The day poor Delia's hair was shorn off, and the delirium came on so bad, they sent the children away to Pikeville to stay with their aunt Content. There was no horn blown from the house to indicate to the men in the field that meal time had arrived. The doctor had spent a night

there, and brought over a consulting physician from Allentown; and Ruth Brewster had been sent for to come and do the nursing. She was a large, strong woman, as gentle and comforting toward the sick as a mother with her baby. Nobody knew how to turn a bed or shake a pillow, or soothe all the aching spots, like Ruth. But with Ruth nursing only came in to fill up the chinks of a busy life; and after a time she was forced to go home, and so the "hoft" of things fell on Mary Ann. There was the milk to see to, and the house work, and the nursing, and a great wash every Monday, and ironing all along in between. But Mary Ann never flinched. She grew a little subdued, her tongue lost some of its vinegar and gall; and nobody could view her in those days without admiration.

Poor Delia, to be sure, needed a great deal more attention than she got. She was very patient when the same look came into her great, pathetic eyes in their burnt brown hollows, and her tongue felt a little hot, like a rolled bit of dried leather, and her hands—almost transparent now—were folded together on the quilt. The moments of delirium were the worst, for then she struggled to get out of bed and go about her work. The work was always weighing like an incubus on her disordered brain.

The parson had preached down at the white meeting-house about unbelieving wives and penitent husbands. The text was: "Be ye not unequally yoked;" and some people thought he pointed toward Bruce and Delia Sackett. But there was just enough leaven of dissent in the hearts of some of the "Cornerites" to make them feel that although Delia Sackett was not folded within the pale of the church, she would be pretty apt to hear the words "Well done good and faithful servant," when the gate of the other life swung wide to let her in.

That day Mary Ann had emptied out all the little messes of jelly and custards neighbors had sent in, and spread a clean white towel over the stand by the bed, and set the windows open to let the fresh air and the scent of the white roses, just in blossom now, into the stale room. The day was close, hot and sticky—a hard day for well people to live through, and particularly trying to the sick. Late in the afternoon the doctor came in. It was the third visit that day. He said there must be a change in Delia's symptoms before many hours. She was sunk in a kind of stupor, and seemed quiet now.

Supper was over, the dishes were washed, milking was done with, and the pans set away.

It was just between daylight and dark, with a glow in the sky like fire behind the haystack and the button balls, with a coolness coming in at the open windows, and May bugs and millers fluttering about. It was the first moment Mary Ann had found to sit down since daylight, and her feet ached bitterly. Bruce was with Mary Ann in the dusk of the sitting-room. The bed-room door was wide open and they could hear the slightest movement of the patient. Bruce had not shaved for a week, and his face was covered with a sharp black stubble, which made him look scrawnier than usual. His coat was off, he was in his stockings, and had elevated his feet on the rungs of a chair, with his knees projecting at a sharp angle.

"Mary Ann," said he as he poked his stiff hair up in front with his crooked fingers, "it looks now as if things was going pretty bad with poor Delia."

"I've thought so all along," responded Mary Ann.

"You see she couldn't stood it as she has if it hadn't been for her iron constitution. It's a hard thing for a man to think of losing his partner, Mary Ann, and I don't give her up yet by no means. Scriptur says, Mary Ann, 'It's not good for man to be alone.'" Bruce's tone degenerated to a slight snuffle, which he meant should convey a hint of the finer sentiments of the soul; but Mary Ann answered never a word. She only gave a little hitch to her rocking-chair and made it creak.

"You know," Bruce continued, after a little pause, "there's a big difference in men. I'm one of the kind to kalkerlate and look ahead. I've got all I'm wuth by kalkerlating and saving, and the Lord has prospered me. You see it's my disposition, and I can't help thinking how I'm going to be situated if poor Delia should be took away. It would be an awful lonesome life for me and the children. Widowers are such helpless critters, Mary Ann."

His emphasis on the last words was really pathetic; but Mary Ann never opened her lips to make reply, only the creak of the rocking-chair grew a little harder.

"I thought," he went on, rather nervously, "it wouldn't do any harm just to give a hint like, in case anything should happen. If we could some way come to a mootual understanding it would be satisfactory to me, Mary Ann. I ain't hard to get along with, and I do like your cooking. It suits me exactly. And you can turn off work to beat all, and then you've got such good government over the children. You are a church member, Mary Ann. We

could worship together. And then I can't afford to be hiring help a great while. It would dreen me of all my ready money. I know you're pretty pertikerler, you'd want more things in the house, and I'm not so onreasonable as to make a fuss about that. Your tongue is considerable lively; but I guess we should manage to rub along together as comfortable as folks do in general; and in case it should be the Lord's will to deprive me of my companion, why there'd be a comfort in having things kind of fixed up before hand."

Mary Ann did not utter a syllable, but the hard creak of the chair suddenly ceased. There was a movement in the bed-room, and a tall, gaunt, tremulous figure, with the light of fever in the great glittering eyes and the strength of fever supporting the tottering limbs, came out where they sat. Delia had in her haste caught up an old shawl and wrapped it over her night clothes. "So you're making a bargain with Mary Ann Holcombe before I'm dead and gone," she cried in an excited, half delirious way. "I heard all you said—every lisp; but Mary Ann Holcombe shan't walk a step in my shoes. I tell her that right to her face. Where are my shoes, Bruce Sackett? I want my shoes."

"Your shoes are over to uncle Sammy's getting tapped," stammered Bruce, frightened almost out of his wits. "You must let me carry you right back to bed, Delia. Don't you know you have been sick, and out of your head?"

"I ain't so sick or so crazy but what I can tell what you are conjuring, Bruce Sackett," and with that she darted past him through the door out into the yard and across the road.

Uncle Sammy Pritchard was sitting in his shop in the dusk trying to put in a stitch or two by a lingering ray, when he looked up and saw, as he thought, the ghost of Delia Sackett standing at the shop door.

"Uncle Sammy," said she in hollow tones, "I want my shoes. Mary Ann Holcombe shan't never put her foot in them, if Bruce does court her before I'm cold."

With a clammy sweat breaking out all over him, Sammy obeyed the voice of the apparition, as he supposed, and mechanically handed the shoes down from the shelf. The sick woman had just strength enough to carry her swaying steps as far as the well at the corner of the house. She threw the shoes over the curb, and then sank down in a limp, unconscious, deathly mass.

Bruce carried her in and laid her on the bed, thinking surely it was all over now. But diseases sometimes take strange turns from un-

pected causes. The shock produced a favorable crisis, and that night Mrs. Sackett fell into a refreshing sleep. A light perspiration broke out upon her skin, and a natural color came back to her lips and cheeks.

The next morning Mary Ann Holcombe went home, and Aunt Content sent a girl over from Pikeville. After the story got abroad, Mary Ann always stood out that she had been badly sed, and I'm inclined to think she had some ground for the feelings. She told her friends that she was ströck dumb when Bruce began to speak, and meant to give him a dreadful "hetchellin." 'Tis no doubt was true; but the fact that she failed to administer a rebuke, and let the rocking chair creak louder and louder and louder, combined with her often avowed aversion to matrimony, awakoned suspicions in the minds of the skeptical. When a willing horse has been drivon to water you don't have to make him drink, people said; and at last Mary Ann went west and is now carrying on a farm in daho.

A month after that memorable evening Delia Sackett arose from her sick bed cured—in fact, a new creature. She had changed from the patient, uncomplaining drudge to a resolute, independent woman. Many things shaped

themselves anew in her mind during days of recovery. In fact she had a rod in pickle for Bruce, and meant to use it without stint. The story clings to Bruce like a burr. The neighbors firmly believe that the water of his well tastes of his wife's shoe leather. The little gray farm house has changed, so that you would not know it. It has been repaired and painted inside and out, and a new porch built, where Virginia creepers and clematis climb and twine their foliage. The place is fit for a woman to live and work in now. Instead of a single rose bush and a pot of geraniums in the window, Delia has a nice flower garden, bright with varied tints. There has been a new carriage house built lately, and Bruce has bought a top buggy and a gentle horse, that Delia can drive. No woman at the Corners appears to enjoy life more than Mrs. Sackett. She has time for visiting, for there is an efficient girl in the kitchen now. She has money to spend on dress, and always makes a good appearance. All this comes from the fact that she keeps a rod, and knows how to use it. There are some spaniel-like natures that love the hand which corrects them. Such is Bruce; and, strange to say, he loves, honors and respects his wife now far more than he had in the old days.

Physical Education of Sickly and Delicate Children.

BY MRS. BYRD.

THE proper treatment of delicate children is a subject of deep interest to all parents, but especially to those who are so unfortunate as to have sickly or delicate children.

It is very certain that Nature intended that all her little children should grow up strong and healthy. It is to the artificial surroundings gathered about us by an ill-regulated civilization that may be traced the awful fact that one-third of the children that come into the world leave it before they attain the age of five years.

Could any power of logic convince you that this is *Nature's* doing? Would the most ignorant human mother knowingly treat her babies so? And can we believe that the great, universal mother Nature—a term which implies the feminine manifestation on earth of the Almighty Father—is responsible for all this waste

of infant life? If it were so, all that we could do would be to submit humbly to the decree of Providence, and try to discover a reason for the infliction. Some persons might endeavor to prove that it is all as it should be, by drawing a parallel between the mortality among infants and the enormous destruction of life among some of the lower animals—the fishes, for example.

But there is really no analogy between the two cases. The fish are produced in countless millions *expressly*, as it seems, to furnish food for other fishes. Throughout all nature we find the creatures of a higher organization subsisting upon those that are lower—whether animal or vegetable—and it would be monstrous to assert that man, the most perfectly organized being in the scale of creation, should be ordained to produce a superabundant progeny

merely for the sustenance of the most imperfect—the worm and the grass.

No; this mischief is none of nature's doing. Man alone has caused the evil, and consequently it lies within man's power to provide a remedy. To make this reform thorough or universal is far beyond the scope of any individual man—or even woman! It cannot be effected in a single generation; but must be gradually brought about by the diffusion—among all classes—of such an amount of physiological knowledge as will enable parents to be efficient guardians of their children's health. This can be done only in the course of many generations.

Forty or fifty years ago George and Andrew Combe wrote and lectured on this subject, yet the masses are as ignorant of it as ever.

It is thirty years since Horace Mann raised his powerful voice to advocate the study of physiology in schools. In how many schools in Massachusetts is it taught at the present day?

Every one knows how good they feel when in fine health, how clear and hopeful our minds become, how glorious is the sky, how full of loveliness this bountiful earth; all times and seasons are enjoyable. I can say from personal experience that vigorous health can enjoy a walk in Massachusetts when the thermometer is below zero; and a few months later will step out briskly through a South Carolina cotton field when it stands at 99° in the shade.

And what we value for ourselves we must, as loving parents, desire still more for our children. Who among you that enjoys the happiness of seeing a troop of healthy, rosy little ones growing up around you would barter that happiness for any earthly consideration? What mother, having the misfortune to have a sickly, feeble child, would not give every worldly possession—aye, even a portion of her own life, were that possible, to see her child enjoying that robust health which nature designed for it?

It is not necessary to inquire how far, or in what way our artificial civilization is answerable for the acknowledged deterioration of the public health. All that concerns us is the accepted fact that we have among us a large proportion of delicate and sickly children; and that fact naturally leads to a consideration of the plan for mitigating the evil.

My experience dates from a very early period; so early, indeed, that I can only estimate it by the results. I had the advantage, from my earliest infancy, of an unusual amount of purely

physical training, under the wise care of a most sagacious father, whose ideas were much in advance of his time. The consequence was that at eight years old I could walk twenty-five miles in a day, and jump over a bar nearly as high as my own head. My father's sound judgment also appreciated the advantages of pure air, simple diet, abstinence from all fermented drinks, and clothing which allowed full play to all the muscles.

That which I propose to do for weakly children at the present time is simply a repetition of my father's treatment, aided by the knowledge I acquired during my own maternal experiences, and further supplemented by whatever improvements may be suggested by the discoveries of modern science.

A child may inherit an enfeebled constitution from its parents, or it may be placed in circumstances which are injurious to health; such as may arise from the accidental or unavoidable surroundings of the family, or from injudicious management. Whatever the cause, however, our aim should be to undo the mischief as far as may be, and convert a puny, delicate child into a hearty and robust one.

The most important requisites for raising a healthy child, or restoring one that is sickly, are: pure air, pure water, simple, nutritious and wholesome food, plenty of light and sunshine, plenty of out-door exercise, scrupulous cleanliness, cheerful companionship, plenty of sleep and plenty of play, with perfect freedom of movement—which is perhaps synonymous with perfect freedom from fashionable dress.

How many of these blessings can a town-bred child enjoy? Pure air? Certainly not. Pure water? Possibly; but more probably the reverse. Simple and wholesome food? Let us consider this point: Bread and milk are, or ought to be, the staple articles of a child's diet. In most families the bread is probably bought of a baker, and contains who knows what amount of adulteration? or may be made from weevilly flour—weevils when taken into the human stomach are similar in their effects to the Spanish blistering fly. Or the bread may be made at home, still with the risk of weevilly flour, and eaten hot at every meal, and with plenty of what they call shortening in it; that is, some kind of fat, which, when baked, is about as effectual an article for deranging the stomach and liver as it is possible to procure.

Now for the milk:

Do you usually get pure milk in large towns? Pure, wholesome milk can be yielded only by healthy cows; and cows cannot be healthy if

they live in dark, dirty stables and feed on unwholesome food, as is the case with most of the cows that are kept in towns. These remarks are not of course applicable to *all* towns; but the newspapers assure us that they are quite true of many, and notably of New York.

Does the town-bred child get plenty of light and sunshine? It is quite impossible that it can, unless there is a garden attached to the house in which it lives; and the very fact of there being such a garden belonging to it takes that house out of the category of what we understand by a town house. We may take it for granted, then, that a town-bred child cannot have a sufficiency of light and sunshine under even the most favorable circumstances; and that quantity is usually reduced to a minimum by the practice of keeping the blinds closed in order to preserve the carpet, or from a mistaken idea that it will preserve the feminine complexion. Any lady who labors under this delusion should obtain a lump of unbaked dough, and divesting her mind as far as possible of all prejudices, sit calmly down to its contemplation. If she can find any beauty in it, beyond its undoubted usefulness when properly cooked, let her forthwith shut herself up from the health-giving and beautifying rays of the sun, and at the trifling cost of health and—would she but believe it—of beauty also, her cheeks will soon rival the exquisite *no-color* of the dough.

To this pernicious habit of hiding from the sun in summer, and the use of stoves and exclusion of fresh air during the winter, may be attributed the diminished stature, feeble health, and faded, pallid skin so generally remarked among some classes of American women.

I would rather take up my carpets and live upon well scrubbed boards all summer, than sacrifice my health for their preservation; and as for my complexion I have always left it to take care of itself, and never objected to a little wholesome sun-burning, for I believe in the truth of the Italian proverb: "Where the sun can't come the doctor must."

Does any town bred child, except the very poorest, that runs wild in the alleys and gutters ever get enough exercise? Not any of them while they are so young as to require the care of a nurse; though when the boys are old enough to go to school they *will* have it. Bless them! they will tear their clothes; they *will* come home all covered with mud; they *will* get into scrapes of every kind, thereby indicating the law of nature, that meant them to have the full enjoyment and freedom of their young limbs.

You mothers of very good little boys who never get into mischief, don't be too proud of them. These very good little boys seldom do anything great when they become men. They don't get to be presidents. And you more fortunate mothers, who turn pale at every sudden noise in the street, dreading to see your eldest born brought home with a broken limb, don't be harsh to your boy, nor try to check his exuberant spirits by harsh measures; but strive to control his vivacity by linking with it your own loving sympathy, and thus guide his abounding energies into good channels; for if repressed—they cannot be destroyed—they will most likely flow into bad ones.

So much for the boys. But the girls. How fares it with them?

They may hop about the house like crickets, as lively and as active: but that is not the kind of exercise that is demanded by the laws of health. The carpets, the very boards in a house give off a fine, imperceptible dust; imperceptible, at least, until a partial ray of sunshine is admitted, when the dust is seen plain enough. This fine dust is drawn into the lungs at every inspiration, and though we must believe that in small quantities it can be got rid of without injury, yet if breathed habitually it is known to be productive of very serious consequences by irritating the sensitive organs of respiration, choking up the air cells and inducing consumption.

The next requisite, personal cleanliness, can be enjoyed equally in town and country, and I shall therefore pass it by without remark. Not that it is not of the utmost importance, but because I am now contrasting the relative advantages of town and country life in the important work of training children.

The same remark applies equally to the two following items—cheerful companionship and plenty of sleep.

The term "child's play" is frequently used to express something extremely trivial and unimportant; but the play of children is a very serious matter, and should be carefully watched over, but not capriciously interfered with, by every mother.

Some parent will perhaps say, "I leave nothing to be desired in my treatment of my children in that respect. They have every new toy that is invented, and I give them everything they ask for.

That is very good for the toy-seller but very bad for the children. In the first place it cultivates a habit of extravagance and self-indulgence which may lead to ruin in after life.

Secondly, a child will get more real delight out of a few well chosen toys than he will out of a large number. And, thirdly, when a child is perpetually changing his toys he does not learn to value them, and thus loses the advantage of the moral training which arises from early formation of attachments to even inanimate objects.

Let children invent and transform their own toys as far as possible, and give them such as will enable them to do so, that they may exercise their ingenuity and inventive faculties.

This principle is at the base of the admirable kindergarten system which Miss Peabody has labored so indefatigably to introduce into this country. Play can never be enjoyed in perfection, nor with such satisfactory results to health as when taken in the open air, among the trees and grass, and flowers and sunshine.

We now come to the consideration of the sort of clothing that is most conducive to the health of children.

Clothing should invariably be as light as possible, perfectly easy and loose, and carefully adapted to the season. But, unfortunately, mothers too often study nothing but the prevailing fashion when regulating the dress of their children—especially of their girls—and think very little of the effect it may produce upon their health.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every extreme of female fashion is, without exception, an outrage upon good sense and good taste. Witness the enormous hoops, the high heels, the masses of frills and furbelows, the paddings, the bustles, the chignons, the waterfalls (Heaven help us!) and how many more such like monstrosities with which women have for years past disfigured themselves. And it is sad to think that many of these enormities are inflicted upon little girls who have the rather questionable advantage of belonging to the fashionable circles.

The little girl, accustomed to hear those among whom she is brought up discussing the whimsical and capricious vagaries of fashion as a subject of great importance, naturally regards them in the same light. She yields to the restraints imposed by fine dress and company manners, and the result is a wretched little puppet, stiff and angular in her movements with feeble health and narrow chest, instead of the elastic, graceful, free-limbed, healthy creature that a young girl ought to be. And in course of time she develops—if such a half-growth can be called development—into a puny woman with a Grecian bend.

I do not, however, regard dress as a thing to be despised. So far from that, I consider that it ought to be made a study, both in its useful and ornamental departments. We should study carefully the subject of clothing, or the useful part of dress, because it materially affects our health and comfort. And we should study the ornamental part for the sake at once of satisfying our own taste and of pleasing the eyes of others, by the union of graceful outlines and harmonious colors. When every woman possesses a cultivated, artistic taste, which she will bring to bear upon the arrangement of her own dress, we shall have a series of charming moving pictures, instead of the monotonous reproduction of somebody else's fantastic extravagancies, which are now a weariness to the eyes of men.

There is evidence sufficient—if rightly regarded—to convince the most skeptical that the feeble health so prevalent among children is not due to any law of nature, but to man's infringement of her laws—the cure also lies within our grasp, by returning to and faithfully following the ordinances which we have systematically disobeyed.

The remedy I propose for consideration is the establishment of a juvenile sanatorium in union with intellectual training, in which the physical shall in all cases accompany, and in some cases *precede* the mental culture.

Dr. Dio Lewis's school at Lexington was based on this principle, and was a great success while it lasted.

I was not aware, till some time after I had fully digested my own scheme, how nearly my plan resembles his. All that I know about the Lexington school, even now, is that an admirable system of gymnastics was united to first rate intellectual teaching. The rest I accept on the authority of a friend.

I believe, however, that he did not make it a specialty to receive very young children; while a department for infants of an age too tender to be admitted even to the kindergarten class is an important feature in my plan.

In cases of inherited debility an invigorating mode of treatment cannot be commenced too early.

It is, I hope, to be a school for physical, intellectual and moral training, where children of any age, whether healthy or sickly, will enjoy a maximum of those requisites which I have enumerated as being demanded by nature for the attainment and preservation of perfect health. To carry this out successfully demands careful consideration from first to last.

The house proper for my purpose must be selected with a due regard to the suitability of the soil, the size and loftiness of the rooms, the purity and abundance of the water, the extent of gardens and fields, the distance from marshes or other places which generate malaria—all these points, and others of the same character, must be taken into consideration.

The food must be an object of especial care. No flour shall be used till it has been analyzed and declared free from adulteration and the noxious weevil. To insure wholesome milk a sufficient number of healthy cows must be kept, while fresh vegetables will be secured by raising them in the garden. In process of time even the meat, of which every child requires one meal a day, should be a home production. And no article of food should pass into the hands of the cook till it had been inspected by some person competent to judge of its purity.

General Pleasanton made very successful experiments upon plants and sickly young animals, such as calves and pigs, which were rendered strong and healthy by being placed under the influence of the sun's rays transmitted through blue glass. I propose to carry this out on an extensive scale by erecting a large conservatory, covered with glass of the proper tint, where the little human blossoms may flourish in company with their sister flowers of the floral world. Why should the pigs have to at all to themselves?

Exercise of the best kind must be provided by the gardens and fields.

Horticulture shall be taught to those who may wish to study that most healthful occupation, under the instruction of a skilled gardener.

All the other points—cleanliness, sleep and play—will be carefully attended to; and the

subject of dress I shall take under my sole supervision, discarding everything that could possibly interfere with complete freedom of movement, and substituting a carefully planned costume, which will allow the fullest activity to every muscle.

I have not mentioned one half of the ramifications of my plan. For instance, I have not more than alluded to the important subject of intellectual culture; but let me assure you, in this place, that it shall be of the best kind, and suited to the various ages of the pupils.

For the very young children a kindergarten will be established, under the direction of a trained and efficient teacher.

A gymnasium will be fitted up.

Delicate boys will be instructed in practical and scientific agriculture, on the farm, which my plan of operations must ultimately embrace.

Swimming, rowing, riding, and skating will also be included in my programme.

It is not my intention to limit this school or sanatorium to the reception of sickly children.

In cases where but one child in a family is delicate, the companionship of a healthy brother or sister would be of great benefit. And the same with others. The example of the strong and hearty will incite the weak to a healthful activity, difficult to arouse by other means. It will, in fact, be one of the remedial agencies.

Dr. Lewis, in his clever and very sensible book, called "Our Girls," strongly recommends carpenters' and cabinet-makers' tools as suitable sources of amusement for girls, as they undoubtedly are for boys. A well furnished work-shop I should like to be included in my arrangements. I remember the delight that hammers and saws afforded me in my own childhood.

Golden Drip Sirup.

TO THE EDITOR.—Is, or is not, the Golden Drip Sirup, of which notice is made in your August number, identical with the French sirup, or glucose, at present extensively used by confectioners in the manufacture of their commodities? Glucose is made according to the process you describe, viz. from starch and with the use of sulphuric acid; but I do not think it is generally considered injurious by the parties who use it.

There are several kinds of the article in market, I believe, the best being known as the French, which is generally supposed to be made from wheat; and this is the kind used by confectioners. An inferior article, distinguished as the German glucose, is used extensively by brewers.

The general use of glucose by confectioners in this country is of very recent inauguration, dating back not more than two or three years.

The article is imported in casks weighing about 1,000 pounds, and sells for from seven to ten cents per pound, according to quality. The principal importer in your city, until quite recently, was a broker named Herron. The casks in which glucose is put up are sealed at the ends with plaster of Paris, to prevent leakage.

Now, Doctor, I am interested to know whether or not glucose is prejudicial to health; for if it is there is one confectioner who is using it that does not know it to be unwholesome, and who, when satisfied that it is, will discontinue its use. Is not this same article, glucose, used extensively as food in the old countries? I have been told that it is a common article of diet—a sort of home made molasses.

Respectfully yours, A. C. ANDYMAN.
Philadelphia, Pa., Sept 4, 1873.

REMARKS.—Glucose is not identical with the golden drip sirup spoken of in our August issue; but there is this in common with it: Glucose is the *solid sugar* made by treating starch with sulphuric acid, while the golden drip sirup is a sort of liquid sugar which is made from the starch refuse of the corn starch factories. Glucose is grape sugar. The little masses of crystallized substance found in dried raisins are glucose. It is abundant in fruits, plums, cherries, figs, pears, etc.; but the glucose used in candy factories is not obtained from fruit, but is made in large quantities from starch. Glucose is not very sweet; it takes two and a half pounds of it to sweeten as much as one pound of sugar. Glucose made from refuse starch, which exists in a fluid form, is very pernicious. The sirup of glucose is mainly of this character. We have long contended that the impurities of candy in the form of dirt, and glucose with sulphuric acid, were unfit for children's stomachs; and that pure loaf or maple sugar should be used in their place.

While on this subject we may as well lay before our readers the following extract from an article written by J. H. K., and printed in a recent number of *The Health Reformer*:

"Some time ago my attention was called to the fact that adulterations of sugar of a very serious character were becoming alarmingly frequent. White earth, sand, powdered gypsum, chalk, etc., have long been employed for this nefarious purpose; but these foreign matters are so easily detected that their use has been of late in a great measure discontinued. Compared, however, with the means which have now been resorted to, these are quite

harmless. It has long known to chemists that a variety of sugar could be manufactured from common starch, sawdust, cotton, or woody fiber of any kind, by treating it with sulphuric acid. The sugar thus produced is called grape sugar, and two and a half pounds of it are required to equal one of cane sugar in sweetness.

"For some years this kind of sugar has been used in the manufacture of candy and of alcoholic liquors. It is also manufactured in Germany for commercial purposes, and more recently a number of manufactories have been established in this country for the purpose of imitating and adulterating the various forms of cane sugar. Several such establishments are located in New York and New Orleans, and one in Madison, Ind. The greatest fraud seems to be in the article known as golden drip sirup. This sirup is very superior in appearance, but often contains not the slightest trace of cane sugar, being made entirely from sawdust, paper, rags, starch, and other similar trash, treated with sulphuric acid. This sirup can always be distinguished from the genuine by its reaction with an infusion of tannin. As tea leaves contain a large amount of tannin, a very convenient test is to put a small quantity of it into a little strong tea. If the sirup is of the kind described, the liquid will become black upon being stirred.

"Some months since a gentleman of this place purchased a cask of this sirup which appeared to be of very fine quality, although it had a somewhat peculiar flavor. This peculiarity, though not very noticeable, was detected by one of the physicians of the Health Institute, who accordingly subjected it to the test of mixing a little with strong tea. The mixture immediately became as black as ink; thus revealing the spurious character of the sirup. Some of it was also made into molasses candy, which, upon being eaten, turned the teeth and tongues of the eaters very black. Here was an optical demonstration of the presence of sulphuric acid; and the idea of a stomach in the same condition as the teeth and tongue was not very pleasant. But to place the matter beyond a doubt, a specimen was sent to the state university at Ann Arbor for analysis. Dr. Rose, professor of the laboratory department, after a careful chemical analysis of the sirup, reported that the sugar which it contained was not cane, but grape sugar. He stated, also that, beside grape sugar, the sirup contained a large proportion of sulphuric acid, together with some iron and a little tannin, and must have been made either from old rags boiled with sulphuric acid in iron vessels, or

um sawdust treated in the same way. There med now to be no possible doubt that the up was a most unfit article to be placed in y person's stomach, and it was accordingly turned to the grocer from whom it was obtained.

"Not long since I had the opportunity of con- rsing on this subject with a wholesale dealer sirups and sugars. He informed me that the tent to which these adulterations were prac- ed was fearful; and that he often found ose which were so bad that they could easily detected by the taste. Wishing, however, determine more decisively the truth in regard this matter, I took the pains, a day or two o, to collect from the principal dealers in this y samples of the best "golden drip" in the rket. I procured in this way seven differ- t specimens of the sirup, which varied in or from the best, which was almost as clear d transparent as water, to the poorest, which ked little better than cheap molasses. The ices ranged from eighty-five cents to two dol- s per gallon. All but one or two of the sirups re really so fine, both in taste and appear- ce that I expected to find nearly all genuine. t upon subjecting them to the proper chemical t, what was my surpise and disgust to dis- ver that only *one* among them all was genu- e. All the rest contained a great amount of sulphuric acid, with iron and other impurities. veral specimens of the New Orleans molasses re also tested, but with the same result.

"There are two classes of these spurious sir- s. One consists of sirups made entirely m old rags, sawdust, starch, etc., and the er of those which have been made from ck, inferior kinds, by bleaching with sul- uric acid. The specimens spoken of above re mostly of the latter class; but there is le or no difference in their power for mis- ef to life and health. Nothing can be told the appearance of the sirup, for in this trial y very finest looking, which was sold at per gallon, was found to be about the worst all, containing a large amount of sulphuric d.

New Orleans molasses is often adulterated in same manner, to keep it from souring and nenting, as it is otherwise liable to do. The er day a Detroit cartman was conveying a rel of this molasses (unadulterated) from the ouse to the purchaser in another part of city. He was driving along entirely un- scious of any danger, when suddenly an ex- sion occurred and he found himself thrown ently to the ground, while staves, hoops

and molasses were flying in all directions. So great was the force of the explosion that the man narrowly escaped serious injury. It is to prevent such accidents that sulphuric acid is added; no account being made of the far greater dangers which must result from the destruction of the delicate coatings of the stom- ach by the corrosive poison.

"But not only molasses and sirups are adulter- ated, but the same is more or less the case with sugar, and especially with the cheaper kinds of white sugar. Many sugar refiners make use of nitric and sulphuric acids to "bleach" cheap, inferior varieties; thus converting a very dark brown into a light coffee sugar. This kind of sugar will affect tea or tannin in the same manner as will spurious or adulterated sirups.

"When we see to what an astonishing ext- tent these poisonous adulterations prevail, can we wonder that so many people are dyspeptic? And yet Prof. Welch of the homeopathic col- lege of Chicago says that golden drip is just as good as any, and he wonders that people do not use more of it. Such a statement might appear exceedingly strange to us, did it not come from a man who daily doses his deluded patients with such abominations as asafœtida, jalap, belladonna, chloral, etc."

Glucose is not so wholesome as good cane sugar. It dissolves very tardily in water. One ounce of cold water will dissolve three ounces of cane sugar, but only two-thirds of an ounce of grape sugar. Nor does it when injected into the veins, pass off, like cane sugar, through the liver.

Honey is a form of glucose; at least it re- sembles it in chemical composition, though, being formed in Nature's laboratory—the flow- ers of plants—it is not adulterated like that of commerce, but pure, and used in moderation, wholesome.

NEW REMEDIES FOR BURNS.—Two new reme- dies for burns are added to the long list. The first is charcoal. A piece of vegetable char- coal laid on a burn is said to soothe the pain at once, and if kept applied for an hour cures it completely. The second is sulphate of iron. A child in the Children's Hospital, Lausanne, had been extensively burnt, suppuration was abundant, and so offensive that they ordered it a tepid bath, containing a couple of pinches of sulphate of iron. This gave immediate relief to the pain, and being repeated twice a day the suppuration decreased and the child recovered

Parents, Are You Acquainted with Your Children ?

BY LEWIS G. JANES.

I HAVE just been spending three weeks in getting acquainted with my own little boy. Not that he has been living far away from me. No; nearly every morning of the three short years of his precious life he has awakened me with his sweet prattle, and every night since he was big enough he has greeted me with a kiss. We have loved each other, but have not known each other. To me he has been the baby—the incomprehensible, irresistible, irrepresible darling of the family, the light of the household; but still only the baby. But in these three weeks of more intimate acquaintanceship I have been awed and awakened by the knowledge of the fact that this little three-year-old of mine—dare I call him *mine*?—has a soul, and will and being of his own. He is an individual—has wants, feelings, desires, apart from those of his father and mother, apart from those of any other human soul. Oh, this sweetly awful mystery of life—of life within and life without—of life apart from us yet akin to us—of wills differing, clashing, combining, triumphing over matter; when shall we solve it, and learn its lesson?

Parents, one of you understand my experience of the last few weeks, the awakening, the awe to find yourself face to face with another human soul; another, yet so intimately reaching to your own. You know how has grown the sweet process of acquaintanceship, how day by day you learn to understand the little ways and thoughts of this other being; how you learn to love, with a love yearning, and akin to pain, all the childlike intuitions and blind gropings after a clearer knowledge of the great world. Most mothers will understand me, I think; yet how many fathers or mothers strive as earnestly as they ought to comprehend the thoughts and feelings, and searchings of this young mind; how many sympathize with it, and accompany it, aid it, and encourage it as they ought?

"Except ye become as little children," said Jesus, "ye can in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." And I believe there is no higher heaven than the perfect trinity of father, mother and child; each striving, not for self, but to know and sympathize with the other's needs, and be mutually helpful. Let this spirit of helpful sympathy possess you,

and even the little one's displays of temper, his clashings against the parental will, against even what you know to be for his own good, will bring to you no feelings of anger or deep sorrow. You recognize here simply the voice of another soul saying "I am." And in this assertion of individuality you see the power developing which, rightly guided, shall enable him to overcome all obstacles of inner desire or outward obstruction; and mount finally, by hard climbing, but gaining manly strength with every step, to the goal of a noble manhood.

I dare to say that if parents will thus enter into the life of these other souls entrusted to their charge, with tender love and patient sympathy, they may lead the young life up to an appreciation of right living, and an obedience to its conditions, without any recourse to the terrors of actual or threatened corporeal punishment. To inflict such punishment upon a mere babe is the extreme of cruelty, as all will admit. And I tell you, fathers and mothers, if when this other will begins to show itself, when this other soul declares its desires in opposition to your own, if you cannot lead it by the cords of sympathy and love; if you, a stranger to this little one, shall attempt to crush this will by a superior physical power, you are committing the highest crime against the sanctity of human nature. Better kill the body than thus stifle the soul's budding life; yet there are many, I fear, ignorant, impatient, little heeding what they do, who thus turn away God's little ones when they should open wide their arms to them, and reap abundant misery in after life in viewing the wayward course which their error has thus set adrift.

The parent is the natural leader of the child. In early life I hold father and mother equally responsible for a loving acquaintance with their child, and its fruit in the child's after life. When, as time passes, and their wonderful development of sex separates the brother from the sister, the former passes, by the order of nature, into more intimate sympathy with the mother, as the latter with the father. There is no hand but a mother's that can lead a son over the quicksands of this era in his life to a pure and reverent conception of his nature and its demands. So there is no shield to the daughter like the

ring, sympathetic teaching of a father, whose life should be an example so worthy that a trusting soul of his child can never be led to accept a less noble companion. Instructed by these natural guides in the pure meaning of this newly awakened life, we need not fear to trust our children to the world. Left, as too often the case, to grope their way in ignorance, how can we wonder that we see around us so many fallen women and fallen men?

Fathers and mothers, all these little ones now with us, and yet to come, appeal to us to so live

that we fear not to open our lives, in their motives and actions, to these our children; and thus to meet and clasp hands with those tender lives which will seek and find comradeship and sympathy somewhere. Who so well fitted as ourselves to give it? Shall we reject this ever-present appeal, or be unworthy of this high trust? Then are we putting away from ourselves the very kingdom of heaven; for surely the rejected appeal for our closest acquaintance-ship from these our children would be the knell of happiness to all who know a parent's love.

Relation between Drunkenness and Murder.

BY ELISHA HARRIS, M. D.

DURING a period of eighteen months of inspection of penitentiaries, jails and prisons, ending January 1, 1873, the writer conversed privately and alone with sixteen persons, each of whom had willfully and intentionally killed a fellow being, and two of whom had killed two each; three of these sixteen murderers are now in the lunatic asylum for criminal insane, and of them no further mention is required in this place. The thirteen, whom we will now mention by number, had a record as follows:

No. 1.—A fair and inoffensive appearing man, common education, a religious and indulgent mother, and until he began to indulge in drink, had an active conscience, secretly quarreled with his wife and her legal adviser to obtain funds from her estate to gratify his love of pleasure; though not yet an habitual drunkard. Being delayed and temporarily obstructed in his purpose, he prepared to bring on an issue that should secure the sum he asked, or be revenged. He prepared his rifle for the latter, and in a methodical kind of frenzy, killed the two friends to whom he was already indebted for ceaseless kindness. Sitting with this murderer alone before his execution, I asked him how he prepared his nerves and deadened his manly instincts so as to attempt the murder. "Tell me," said I, "for I know you had to prepare to do it." He replied: "I laid in two quarts of raw gin; and during the ten hours before I began the deed I drank, at five different times, as much as I dare."

No. 2.—A powerful but mild looking man, in middle life; wayward, self-indulgent, and without education; a farmer, with family, and some estate. Returned from a neighboring village full of whisky, went to work in the woodland, and watched the opportunity to execute his fitting design and wish to slay the owner of the land, to whom he owed rents. The owner came to him as he expected, and he clove him with the ax. The murderer declared he could not have had the thought, formed the purpose, or performed the fatal act without whisky; and that, sinful as his life had been, he could not have had such thoughts and wishes, nor have struck the blow, except by the inspiration of whisky. Yet he was not obviously drunk, but hard at work. He says there never was the least provocation for his act.

No. 3.—An educated and pleasant young man, who had done honorable service in the war, yet for five years had frequently and excessively indulged in alcoholic drinks; but had not lost social nor business standing, though his business enterprises had resulted in disaster. After a protracted "spree," he passionately and unprovoked, assaulted an associate and killed him; and, until his frenzy had subsided, he had no compunctions or fear. Such a murder was, in his case, morally impossible, except as a direct inspiration of alcoholic intoxication.

No. 4.—An impulsive and well educated man in the common walks of life had conceived a bitter animosity against another, and after a few days of mental irritation he prepared him-

self to slay his secret enemy. That preparation by alcoholic stimulus rendered him so unsteady that upon meeting an intimate friend of his intended victim, he suddenly and impulsively fired at the former when silently moving in pursuit of the latter. The assailant was incapable of such a purpose, preparation and fatal impulse, without the stimulus and disordered mental effects of strong drink.

No. 5.—A jealous husband, after pleading with his neighbor to abandon his friendly relations, undertook to prepare himself to assail the enemy of his peace; but to that preparation he gave an entire day in two villages, and drank thirty-one glasses of raw whisky, which he knew he could bear until he raved; and thus prepared he shot toward his enemy, but so widely away from the mark that he killed a man whom he regarded with friendly feelings.

No. 6.—A beardless lad, who before twenty years of age, became a desperado. Whisky and low associates rendered him utterly desperate at various times. In a drunken brawl he deliberately and with bravado killed a man without provocation. When sober, this youth was inoffensive, affectionate, and kindly esteemed. The drunken sheriff keenly sympathized with the lad, and at the farewell visit of his released companions and instigators of the murder, that official permitted them to bring whisky and take farewell drinks, that the gallows might not startle the culprit.

No. 7.—A woman, after laboring in a jovial company all day, occasionally sipping some crude whisky, returned to her drunken husband and in a weird frenzy marched back and forth near the window of their dwelling until she saw the man was asleep, then she entered the apartment and clove his head with an ax. She recounted to me the strange fancies and reasons that filled her mind during the hour she waited for that sleep that should permit her to execute her purpose. At the time of that conversation, and even before, she was fearfully sane. She said she never tasted spirits, except to keep her courage and hopes alive. She was an uneducated American, of decent manners.

No. 8.—A young man, of respectable family, deliberately killed his wife, with whom he was living unhappily; but for days previous to the murder he drank freely, and was under the influence of whisky when he struck her down without warning as she passed him while he was preparing fire for their breakfast. He told me that the idea of taking her life had not been definitely formed in his mind; but being

terribly confused and astray in his thoughts, he acted destructively and without plan or conception. Collateral evidence has proved that this was true.

No. 9.—A man of middle age, with habits of command as a master workman and contractor, had passed to the ninth day in one of his monthly "sprees." While walking in a busy street, in which even the houses and pavements seemed moving, he assailed and instantly killed a shopkeeper at his own door. A stranger to his victim, and an enemy to no living being, he murdered without provocation. He told me, after his sentence, he would be glad if execution could expiate the crime; and that the wonder was he had not done some dreadful deed before; for these terrible impulses had made him afraid of himself when recovering from his "sprees."

No. 10.—A stolid man, with conscience and compassion as silent as the grave, killed his own cousin merely for more money to buy beer. Wife, children and home affections had died out in his heart, though his wife and children tried to save him. He was neither imbecile nor insane, yet could murder any person to obtain further means of indulgence. Yet he once carried on a large mechanical business, and had manly instincts and character until he succumbed to the stupor of drink.

No. 11.—A young man, with wife and children, deliberately shot and killed a comrade, firing three times with excited bravado. He gloried in his "sprees," and was proud of his powers in gay drinking, revelry and profanity. But when I parted with him after his sentence, he begged me to see his beautiful child; and he evinced the gentlest sentiments and emotions concerning the wife and children.

No. 12.—He was a young man who could be fired by a small quantity of alcoholic stimuli to do, upon impulse, any desperate act; but when sober would not harm a dog. Yet when not so drunk as to be unsteady-handed, he thrust a huge knife through his mother's body immediately upon her refusal to give him more money for drink.

No. 13.—A drunken farm laborer transacted business for his employer in town, drank freely, when returning home at evening assaulted an inoffensive person, whipped and finally killed the poor creature, dragged the corpse into a schoolhouse, and there cut and mangled it, as though infuriated with diabolic frenzy. He told me he was infuriated, and that for years he had been losing his self-control after drinking. But in this instance, "the terrible effects

ame on before he got home, the roads were so ad." He expected to have reached his lodgings before he was so far gone.

No. 14.—S——, aged thirty, a farmer of some fortune, and who in the past few years was in the habit of dram drinking once or twice a week when visiting the country town near by. A few glasses of whisky or mixed liquors usually rendered him wild. On one of these occasions he imagined himself insulted by numerous bystanders at the door of the dramshop, and in his fury he dashed at one and instantly killed him with a knife, and seriously injured others. He is a pleasant and sensible man when sober, and in reply to my inquiry concerning the actual nature of his offense he said: "Sir, this is the gravest crime I am accused of—nothing less than killing a fellow man who had not wronged me." Deep anguish and the full consciousness of his criminality for being guilty of such an act, and for having been drunk at the time, were unmistakable in this man's conduct and manners.

Let these instances of terrible crimes with which society is continually afflicted suffice to show precisely what part the demon alcohol plays in the murders, arsons, and nameless outrages that shock the public ear and send thrills of horror throughout the state. Enraged tigers and hideous vipers could roam our streets more safely than human beings so poisoned and crazed by strong drink.

In France it is an ascertained fact that about thirty-nine per cent. are perpetrated amidst drunken brawls in or about dramshops. In Great Britain and the United States the percentage is still greater, exceeding fifty per cent.; while among the convicts in prisons and penitentiaries in both these countries over seventy-five per cent. of the prisoners were addicted to ebriation before imprisonment, and nearly or quite half of the total number committed their crimes when in some degree under the poisonous influence of alcoholic drinks.

The history of crimes that are committed against the person, such as those here narrated, sufficiently illustrate the condition under which the conscience and reason become silent, and the rule of *diabolism* is established. Even the educated and socially favored man is in great danger of falling into any kind of vice—irregularity in duty, departure from business, integrity, and even the commission of crimes—if he indulges freely in intoxicating drinks. The prisons and the courts, as well as the history of banking and mercantile pursuits, and the great enterprises of commerce and industry prove this. The fact is here to be declared, boldly, that the intoxicating effect of alcohol prepares the way for the commission of crimes of every kind, and that even for those which require a steady hand and a clear head, there is need of the paralyzing effect of the alcohol upon the conscience and moral sense; and that such an effect is desired and sought by the professional criminal is a fact well known. It is also an important fact that the unpremeditated or gradual sliding into fraudulent and criminal practices by persons who surprise society by their fall, is largely due to the demoralizing effects of alcohol upon the conscience, and the normal hold of moral principles upon the mind and the daily affairs of men.

Does alcoholic intoxication produce positive impairment of the moral sense and the normal operation of conscience and of religious principles? Let the experience of mankind answer. Let the recent revolutions of indescribable corruption and moral defection in high places answer the inquiry.

Other kinds of intoxication, or the various forms of intemperance, gluttony, etc., produce *morbid* effects upon the mind as well as upon the body; but no other poison has yet proved to have that power which resides in alcohol to impair the normal operations of reason and the moral faculties.

Southern California.

BY REV. J. C. HOLBROOK, D. D.

SINCE I have been a resident of California I have received letters of inquiry from the Eastern states in respect to the climate, and the advantages which are presented to invalids by removal here. My reply has been, in gen-

eral, that almost any kind of temperature may be secured somewhere in this state, either in the mountainous parts, or in the valleys, or on the sea coast, which extends as far north and south, as from Maine to Georgia on the At-

lantic; the same latitude here being generally, however, warmer than on the eastern seaboard.

But having just returned from a vacation trip down the coast, and having learned by personal observation and inquiry some facts that may interest your readers, in respect to suitable places of resort for invalids, I give you a few notes. Of course we cannot expect to find perfection of climate anywhere, nor all desirable advantages in any locality, as a place of residence for the sick or well. Italy, the south of France, and Florida, all have their panegyrists; but I doubt if any of them surpass, if they equal, this coast for geniality and salubrity of atmosphere, and abundance of delicious and healthful fruits.

Santa Barbara, a town of some 3,000 inhabitants, on the Pacific coast about 300 miles south of San Francisco, where I have been spending some little time, it seems to me comes as near the true ideal of a place of resort for health and comfort as any of which I have ever heard. It is reached by ocean steamer weekly from San Francisco, or by rail (100 miles) and stage (about 200). At no distant period it will also, doubtless, be accessible entirely by rail. The town is comparatively new as an American settlement, though it was a Roman Catholic mission three-quarters of a century or more ago. It has already become extensively known as a desirable resort for the sick and for those who wish to enjoy a pleasant vacation season; but it is designed to be celebrated hereafter, and to be the chief watering place on the Pacific slope. Its southern latitude, its freedom from all malarious influences, and its position on the coast, its beach, and numerous excellent and romantic roads for drives, its facilities for sea bathing, its proximity to hot sulphur springs (an hour's ride), and its picturesque scenery, all combine to make it attractive to both valetudinarians and those who are in pursuit of recreation. The great objection to San Francisco and almost all other coast towns on the Pacific, during a considerable portion of the year, is that they are exposed to raw trade winds and cold fogs, that render fires and furs indispensable in midsummer. But Santa Barbara is so situated as to be protected from these. The coast makes a bend to the east almost at right angles to its general north and south course for a distance of about seventy miles, and the town stands about midway between the two extremes, facing the south; besides which a lofty range of mountains runs along the coast a few miles from the sea, and thus the north

and north-west winds cannot reach the place. The ocean finely tempers both the heat and the cold, so that it is rarely rendered uncomfortable by either; and invalids and others can continue to reside there, and find it permanently healthful and pleasant all the year through. In this respect it presents great advantages over either Italy or Florida, in neither of which can northern people dwell more than a portion of the year. If at any time, however, the air of the coast at Santa Barbara should be found too bracing, resort may be had to Los Angeles or San Bernardino in the interior, or San Diego, still further south on the coast.

A friend of mine who has long had consumptive tendencies, and been troubled with a severe cough, and would have long since, no doubt, have died had he remained in Wisconsin, came to California and settled near Stockton, residing a portion of the time in that city. He was greatly benefited, although not entirely relieved. Some time ago he went to Santa Barbara, and since then he has enjoyed good health. While in Santa Barbara I became acquainted with a young physician who about two years ago, was nearly gone with consumption; but he went to southern California, spending some time in Los Angeles and in San Diego, but finally settling down in Santa Barbara; where his cough has almost entirely left him, and he is so nearly recovered that he was recently married to a lady to whom he had been sometime engaged, but their union had been prevented by his failing health. I also saw the wife of an eminent Presbyterian clergyman, of Cleveland, Ohio, formerly settled in San Francisco, who was so afflicted with neuralgia that she could not live in either of those cities, who is entirely free from that malady in Santa Barbara, and her husband has purchased a house and lot there.

I was in Santa Barbara at the same time with Mr. Charles Nordhoff, the correspondent of The N. Y. Tribune, and I have just taken up a copy of that paper containing a letter from him, from which I quote the following in corroboration of what I have said, and for the sake of some additional information which it conveys about San Bernardino and San Diego, which places I did not visit. He says:

"Santa Barbara is, on many accounts, the pleasantest of the three places named—the other two were San Bernardino and San Diego—and it has this advantage that one may choose his climate within three or four miles of town. The town and vicinity has a remarkably equable climate. It is free from great and sudden

changes. The coldest day in 1871 was February 22, when the mercury stood at 42°. I do not think there were five days from December first to March first in which the tenderest invalid could not pass the greater part of the day out of doors with pleasure and benefit. The skies are almost uninterruptedly bright. There is but little rain, and there are no gloomy days. Living is from ten to fourteen dollars per week. Horses can be had for twenty to fifty dollars, and donkeys for children at from five to ten dollars."

There is good society at Santa Barbara, largely from New England and the state of New York. The public graded schools are good, and there is a college for males and females, with an excellent brick building. There are Roman Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches, the latter having a gem of a house of worship. There is a circulating library, two weekly newspapers are published there, and the daily mail from San Francisco takes the dailies of that city there on the third day. There is a weekly communication with the metropolis also, by ocean steamer—fare fifteen dollars.

I conclude with the following fact given by Mr. Nordhoff: "A friend and neighbor of my own, consumptive for some years, and struggling for his life in a winter residence of two years at Nice and Mentone, and a third year at Aiken in South Carolina, came last October to Southern California. He had been losing ground, he said, for two years, as his appearance indicated, and last year suffered so severely from night

sweats, sleeplessness, continual coughing and lack of appetite, that it was doubtful whether he would live through the winter anywhere; and it was rather in desperation than with much hope of a prolonged or comfortable life, that he made ready for a journey across the continent with his family. In January I was one day standing in the door of a hotel in Los Angeles, when I saw a wagon drive up; the driver jumped out, held out his hand to me and sang out in a hearty voice, "How do you do?" It was my consumptive friend, but a changed man. He had just driven sixty miles in two days, over a rough road from San Bernardino. He walked with me several miles on the evening that we met; he ate heartily, slept well, enjoyed his life and coughed hardly at all. It was an amazing change to come about in three months, and in a man so far gone in consumption. 'I shall never be a sound man, of course,' he said; 'but this climate has added ten years to my life; it has given me ease and comfort, and neither Nice nor Mentone nor Aiken are, in my opinion, to be compared with some parts of California in point of climate for consumptives.'"

San Diego is some 200 miles further south than Santa Barbara; Los Angeles is 100 miles south-east and twenty from the coast, while San Bernardino is about sixty miles still further inland and in a valley among the mountains. Los Angeles is the centre of the orange and grape-vine culture, and is surrounded by extensive vineyards, and orange, lemon, walnut and olive orchards.

The Comfort of It.

BY HELEN BARRON BOSTWICK.

WHAT need to sigh that bright things fly
 So early from our holding?
 Some newer grace will in their place
 Be constantly unfolding.
 The cloud that hides the noonday sun
 Has light and warmth above it;
 Its brightened beam will shine anon,
 And that's the comfort of it.
 The beauty of this life of ours
 Draws zest from incompleteness,
 As lips pressed evermore to flowers
 Taste not their fullest sweetness.

What need to weep that Truth must keep,
 As erst from Time's beginning,
 Her best gifts high above our eye,
 Full slow and hard of winning?
 Some blessed boon her hand will give
 To those who know and love it.
 To feet that climb and hearts that strive,
 And that's the comfort of it.
 The glory of this life of ours,
 Is struggling and attaining;
 And feet that only tread on flowers
 Will miss its noblest gaining.

LESSONS FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY THE EDITOR.

LESSON XXII.

SLEEP.

Have I ever said anything to you about sleep? I think not. Well, we will talk about it now. The Latin word for sleep is *dormire* , to lull to sleep. I once asked my little boy what the word sleep meant, and he answered: "It means to go to bed and stop thinking all night." This will do very well for a boy's definition. I doubt if Webster's is much better. Let us see. He says sleep means "to take rest by the suspension of the powers of body and mind." Well, you can take your choice of the definitions. One thing is very certain, if we did not sleep we should soon die. To be kept awake all the time would be a terrible punishment. How mean one feels after lying awake all night. Young folks rarely keep awake all night, but older ones do. Indeed it is very hard work for a child, or a boy or girl to lie awake very long after going to bed. I once offered to buy a beautiful pony for a boy if he would lie awake all night. He was sure he could do it. I knew I was perfectly safe. He went to bed. Next morning I asked him how long he kept awake. "Oh!" says he, "I never knew when I went to sleep." "Very likely," says I; "I never knew anybody that did. I have been to sleep several thousand times, but the instant I was never conscious of." Sleep comes on so stealthily. Little by little it steals away our senses, and we know no more than if we were dead. While sleeping what do you suppose goes on in the body? The blood circulates just the same as if we were awake, only not quite so fast. The heart keeps on pumping away for dear life all the while. If it should go to sleep too we probably should never wake up again. The heart never sleeps. The blood must go on its rounds when we are unconscious, to carry good things to the different parts of the body, so any little injury or wearing out that was done in the active hours of the day can be repaired. In sleep the body is repaired, and stores up power for the next day's work. You know when the water is low in the dam the mill will not go; but let it be idle awhile and the water accumulates and turns the wheel again. During sleep we forget all our naughty ways; and if we wake up right in

the morning we are, or ought to be, cheerful and happy—at least as soon as we get washed and corbed and dressed and ready for breakfast. Children who wake up cross in the morning must have something wrong about them. Either worms, or a depressed state of the nerves. The brain in sleep is not so full of blood as when awake. If it was it would keep on thinking all the same. The veins seem to have power to contract their walls in sleep and drive much of the blood out, and then the heart does not send so much there—at least this is my opinion, though people may differ about it.

Sometimes we dream in sleep; but healthy children do not dream much. When there is a little too much blood in the brain it begins to act as if awake, and for a moment or two it, or a part of it, begins to act in a conscious, and sometimes in a very queer way. Dreams, however, are not of long duration. Two or three minutes is long enough to dream of going all round the world. I suppose most dreams last but a few seconds. I have heard people say they dreamed all night long. Such persons are deceived; or if they do dream all night they have a hard time of it.

Sleep means more than to go to bed and forget ourselves for a few hours. It means stupid, careless, thoughtless.

A boy who is stupid is often called a sleepy fellow. He is hardly half awake. Such children don't amount to much.

Children need to sleep a great deal. For this reason they should go to bed early. Don't be tempted by any thoughtless, naughty person to be out late nights; but go to bed early so you can get up early. This is all I have to say in this lesson.

QUESTIONS.

1. What was the boy's definition of sleep?
2. What is Webster's definition of sleep?
3. Could one live without sleep?
4. How does one feel after loss of sleep?
5. In sleep does everything go on the same as when awake?
6. And what more?
7. What is it a sign of when children wake up cross?
8. What sometimes occurs in sleep?
9. Who are most apt to dream, the healthy or the unhealthy?
10. What then does sleep mean?
11. Do children need to have much sleep?

EDITOR'S STUDIES IN HYGIENE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

TYPHOID FEVER AND MILK.

I. To the Editor of THE HERALD OF HEALTH.

—I have seen it stated in several papers that typhoid fever is sometimes spread by milk. Please state how this is possible.

ANSWER.—We will suppose that typhoid fever is in your own family. The members got it by using water not perfectly pure, but charged with poison from a barnyard or privy. You keep a dairy of twenty-five cows, and send the milk to New York market. You wash your milk pans, pails and churns with water from the same poisonous source. You water your milk with it. Don't you see how easy it is to send some of the germs of this disease to your city customers? If you were a good hygienist you would not use water from such a source; but not understanding the matter you are ignorant on this subject, and introduce a terrible disease into many families.

HYGIENIC COFFEE.

II. How can hygienic coffee be made?

ANS.—What is called hygienic coffee may be made from rye, corn, sweet potatoes, peas, beans, etc. etc. It may be made by roasting these articles and treating them in about the same way that coffee is treated. As an occasional drink they are wholesome, and if well made, delicious.

THE WINE CROP.

III. When the wine crop of Europe is abundant, what is the result among laborers?

ANS.—When the wine crop of Europe is abundant the wives of peasants regard it as an added source of sorrow to themselves.

BE AGREEABLE AT MEALS.

IV. You tell us to make ourselves agreeable and entertaining during our meals. Some of us have not the faculty of ready speech. What's to be done in such a case?

ANS.—Every one can do something to add to the social life at the table. If one cannot talk, he can listen, or ask questions, and draw out others who can talk. Good listeners are as necessary as good talkers. Never argue at the table; but tell pleasant stories, relate or read anecdotes, and look out for the good of all. Sometimes a single anecdote from a paper starts a conversation that lasts during the meal time.

CROOKED BACKS.

V. Can a crooked back and round shoulders be cured?

ANS.—A curved spine can generally be cured in young people, unless it is the result of spinal disease. Muscular deformity is the usual form of crooked back. Very few persons but have more or less of it. The best means of cure are wisely directed gymnastic exercises. The movement cure or lifting cure are excellent means of correcting the deformity. The principal causes of crooked backs are malposition in labor or study.

BEAN SOUP.

VI. Suppose children don't like bean soup and coarse bread, what can be done?

ANS.—A wise parent can always manage the diet of children without compulsion. It is useless to compel a person to eat things against their will. All food should be enjoyed, to do good.

GRAY HAIR, CURLY HAIR, ETC.

VII. How can we keep hair from turning gray? Can we make it curly and glossy?

ANS.—The hair grows gray naturally with old age. Premature gray hair may be inherited, or it may result from excessive care, anxiety, over work, ill health; or in premature breaking down of the body. Hair that has any inclination to curl may have the tendency increased by going bareheaded in the open air, by much brushing, by wetting it, and shaking the head so as to facilitate the curling process. Some hair will not curl by any natural means. What is called frizzled hair is not curly, but only bent and distorted; and it is not becoming to cultivated people.

WHEAT BREAD.

VIII. Why do we weary of all sorts of food except wheat bread?

ANS.—Wheat bread contains more of those elements of nutrition than any other article of food, hence it is always in demand in the healthy body. Other articles contain an excess or deficiency of many elements, and hence do not always properly nourish the system. If a diet could be chosen exactly suitable to all needs and seasons we should never weary of it.

BREAKING IN NEW BOOTS.

IX. How can new boots be broken in?

ANS.—1. Never "break in" new boots or

shoes. If they are not easy when new don't take them, for the boots will break your feet oftener than your feet will break the boots.

2. If you go on "breaking in" boot leather you will need a special last, made with all sorts of knobs and protuberances to correspond with your distorted joints. Then you will be sorry.

3. If you have large feet, admit it in all honesty, and have your boots made accordingly. Then you will be happy.

4. If your shoemaker don't know enough to make easy boots and shoes, refuse to take his work, and tell him to learn his trade before asking your patronage.

WINE AT THE WEDDING.

X. To the Editor: I write to ask if I will do wrong to refuse to have wine at my wedding. Father, who desires to make the day joyous, wishes it; but says I may do as I please.

Ans.—On no account have wine at your wedding. Louisa T. Upham has answered you in the following lines better than any words of ours could do:

I am to be married to-morrow, to-morrow!

Yes, I'm to be married to-morrow!

The parlors are decked with bright flowers, pure and white,

The guests are invited for my bridal night,
The feast is made ready, and father, to-day,
Has said that, for once, I could have my own way!

Too long have we worshipped, I fear, at one shrine,

And now, at my wedding, I will have **NO WINE!**

No, no, no, no!

I *will* not have wine at my wedding!

No, no, no, no!

No wine, no wine at my wedding!

Oh, I shall be happy to-morrow, to-morrow!

Yes, I shall be happy to-morrow!

For why should I pass to my neighbor, to drain,
The cup by which thousands and thousands are slain?

Should *he* be destroying both body and soul,
Acquiring a thirst he may never control,
While drinking *my* health, success and long life,
And wishing me joy as a true, trusted wife?

No, no, no, no!

I will not have wine at my wedding!

No, no, no, no!

No wine, no wine at my wedding!

My husband will greet me to-morrow, to-morrow!

My husband will greet me to-morrow!

I'll think of the wives that have stood where I stand,

The brightest home flower of a dear household band,

Who, wretched, now weep o'er their husbands' sad doom,

Or, hopeless, but pray for the rest of the tomb;
I'll fight against wine ere it may be too late

My loved one to save from the drunkard's sad fate!

No, no, no, no!

I will not have wine at my wedding,

No, no, no, no!

No wine, no wine at my wedding!

No wine at my wedding to-morrow, to-morrow!

No wine at my wedding to-morrow!

No one at my bridal shall drink "the first glass!"

No wife say, "My husband her wine could not pass!"

No child say, "My father first drank as her guest!"

No orphan, "She robbed me of all I loved best!"

No widow, "She wrought the disgrace of my son!"

No drunkard say, "There my dark life was begun!"

No, no, no, no!

I will not have wine at my wedding!

No, no, no, no!

No wine, no wine at my wedding!

FINGER RINGS.

XI. Are the fingers in any way injured by three or four finger rings?

Ans.—The habitual wearing of three or four rings on the fingers injures them in this way: First, it, to a certain extent, impedes the growth of the finger and prevents the circulation of blood in it. Then it prevents the person using the fingers, the hand and arm, so fully and gracefully; and this hampers its development, too.

The loading of the fingers with rings is also exceedingly vulgar, and no cultivated, refined person will do it.

WOMEN SWIMMERS.

XII. Can women learn to swim as well as men?

Ans.—Some of the best swimmers are women; but generally they have not the strength to maintain themselves in the water long. Some of the finest swimmers at the watering places are women. The following is a case in which a man's life was saved by an expert woman swimmer: "A young lady, living in a small town on the Mississippi, saved a man's life the

other day in a queer way. He was fishing and tumbled out of his boat, and being unable to swim, would have perished had not the maiden, discovering his danger, swam out to him, and throwing into his hands her back hair, four feet in length, towed him into the land."

OATMEAL DRINKS.

XIII. How is oatmeal drink made?

Ans.—This is highly recommended by those who have tested it: A writer says: "Last year we attended a field trial of plows, and for a drink in the field we had buckets of cold water with oatmeal stirred in, which we found to be both victuals and drink, and mighty refreshing." A Scottish medical journal also says of oatmeal, that, in its raw state, when mixed with water, it is becoming a favorite dish. The brose of "Auld Scotland" is becoming a favorite dish—and we are glad to note this, because we believe it to be a healthy and muscle-forming commodity—with the hunters and trappers of the West, who are substituting oatmeal in this form for parched Indian corn. The same brawny fellows, whose powers of endurance are proverbial, whose scorn of fatigue is known to all readers of natural history, have found out that a very acceptable drink is made by putting about two teaspoonfuls of oatmeal to a tumbler of water. This they—the hunters and trappers—aver to be the best drink they can use; and it is at once nourishing, unstimulating and satisfying.

It is a good substitute for tea, coffee, or any form of intoxicating liquors, which produce so much harm.

'BITE OF A MAD DOG.

XIV. How should one treat the bite of a mad dog?

Ans.—In the case of the bite of a dog where the teeth of the animal penetrated the flesh, whether the dog was known to be mad or not, use the same precautions. Wash the wound with warm water, extract all the virus possible by sucking the wound with the lips, and then cauterize it deeply with the caustic most readily obtained. The time in which the effects of the bite of a mad dog would be seen varies from two to three days to as many years; but if no effects are felt after two or three months, as a general thing, the patient may consider himself safe. Bites made through clothing are seldom productive of much harm, as even if the dog is mad the clothing absorbs the virus before the teeth reach the flesh. Most of all the fatal cases are where the person was bitten on some naked spot.

If one is situated where he can take a Turkish bath soon after being bitten, do so by all means. The perspiration will help to carry off the poison that may lurk in the system.

RED UNDERSHIRTS.

XV. Are red undershirts as healthy as white ones in their action on the skin?

Ans.—No. Many persons have a skin so sensitive and delicate that they at once respond to any unfavorable influence. Especially is this the case with women and children. The Boston Journal of Chemistry says: "Well authenticated instances of poisoning resulting from wearing fabrics colored by some of the dyes in common use are by no means unusual. A highly intelligent gentleman, B. P., Esq., of Byfield, Mass., called a few weeks ago to consult us regarding his own case, which was of so serious a nature as to cause much alarm, not only to himself but to his family.

"He had a few days previous purchased some new undershirts of cotton, colored with various tints, among which aniline red predominated. In a short time after putting on the garment a peculiar eruption, of an irritating nature, appeared on the portion of the body covered by the cloth. The effects were not merely local, but to a considerable extent constitutional, pain and uneasiness being experienced in the back and lower extremities. In proof that the eruption was caused by the dye colors, it may be stated that a portion of the garment about the upper part of the chest was lined with linen on the under side, and wherever this came in contact with the skin no eruption or redness appeared. The gentleman had worn cotton stockings, upon the upper portion of which there was woven in the fabric a narrow line of red. Beneath this band of red, around the leg, appeared a corresponding band of irritated skin after wearing the hose one day. The poisonous influence of the dye colors in this cannot be disputed. It is not probable that the number of persons is large who possess such idiosyncrasies of constitution as to be easily poisoned by dye colors, but that there are some does not admit of a doubt."

We advise white under garments next to the skin for all. They are not only more healthy, but they do not radiate the heat of the body as some other colors do.

UNFAVORABLE CONDITIONS OF LIFE.

XVI. Do unfavorable conditions of life produce degeneracy of the individual?

Ans.—There are some unfavorable conditions of life that tend to produce degeneracy in

the individual. For instance, if one were to live all his years in a sickly country, where food is scarce, the air bad, and the water foul, the result would be unfavorable to physical well being, and the predisposition so generated would be aggravated in the descendants. Morel, an eminent writer, traced the family history of a boy, sixteen years old, who was admitted to the asylum as a stupid, half idiot. He found that his great-grandfather was immoral, depraved, degraded, and drunken. He was eventually killed in a tavern fight. His son was a drunkard, had attacks of madness, and died of paralysis. His grandson had hypochondria, delusions, and suicidal tendency. The great-grandson above mentioned as a stupid half idiot, was the last of the race. Nature did not want to continue the sad experiment. This lad had two sisters, both of which were imbecile. Their mother had an adulterous child while her husband was confined in the asylum, which showed no signs of degeneracy. It may be added, however, that this was an extreme case.

THIN SHOES AND CONSUMPTION.

XVII. Do thin shoes ever cause consumption?

Ans.—Yes, in multitudes of cases this is a prominent cause. In cold, damp weather a pair of thin shoes should not be worn, except in the house, where they are always desirable.

FISH FOR THE INSANE.

XVIII. Should the insane eat fish?

Ans.—Generally not. The brains of the insane usually have an excess of phosphorus, and fish adds to the amount. Insane people should eat sparingly of a mild farinaceous and fruit diet.

A HOBBY.

XIX. Is there any medical value in a hobby?

Ans.—An innocent hobby is often a safety valve, which lets off the mental steam that otherwise would do harm; but people of sound, comprehensive minds do not have hobbies.

INSANE TENDENCIES.

XX. How can the children of parents who have become insane be educated so as to prevent their having the disease?

Ans.—Their physical education should be carefully watched. They should have good food, plenty of sleep, freedom from excesses of any kind, and, like colts and calves, live much out of doors.

PAUPERS.

XXI. What treatment should paupers receive?

Ans.—They should be compelled to earn

their own living. All over the country there are poor-houses, where paupers are sent. They rarely work very much. They should be educated to do farm work, to keep themselves clean and neat, and obey the laws of health.

FEVER AND AGUE.

XXII. Please give us the method of treating fever and ague by hygienic or hydro-pathic agencies.

Ans.—This has often been done in THE HERALD OF HEALTH. For the benefit of those who have not read former articles, we quote from Dr. Wm. Russell, of the Health Institute at Battle Creek, as follows: "When the remote symptoms of the chill are felt, cover the patient warmly in bed, putting hot flannels around the feet, then applying a jug of hot water to them, also to the knees and back; keeping the head cool by applying cold cloths. As there is usually much thirst, give plenty of water to drink. If cold water increases the chill, give warm water to drink. When it is convenient, the patient may be put into water all over, except the head, at a temperature of 90°—increased gradually to 110°. If he is strong, he may remain in the bath until all symptoms of the chill are gone.

"When the chill entirely subsides put him into a pack at 100°, and let him remain until the fever is fully established, then repack in a sheet at 95°, or sponge with tepid water, keeping the head cool.

"After the sweating stage has passed, which usually follows the fever, sponge the body all with tepid water, and rub thoroughly until all dampness is removed from the skin. If it be of the tertian form, on the well day give him a sitz bath at 98°, increased to 110°. Have the patient well wrapped in blankets, and let him remain, if not too feeble, until perspiration starts, then transfer him immediately into a pack at 80°. Let him remain one hour, at which time give a dripping sheet at 90°. Let him then cover up warm in bed.

"On retiring in the evening, apply a fomentation for thirty minutes over the liver and stomach, then remove it and apply a cool compress, to be worn during the night. On removing it the parts should be bathed in tepid or cool water, and well rubbed. If the paroxysms occur daily, give the sitz and pack just described at that time in which the patient feels strongest; or give the pack or sitz, according to strength, as described farther on. Use enemata at 92° to free the bowels, when constipated or in a torpid state. Manipulations and percussions over

the bowels every day will have a very good effect.

"As the kidneys are usually affected in bilious complaints, an occasional fomentation over them (perhaps two or three per week), followed by the cool compress for an hour or two, or during the night, as recommended for the liver, will be found very beneficial. While in the sitz bath have the feet in water varying from 65° to 110°, dipping them a few times in cool water on removing from the bath. The above course of treatment should be kept up until the severity of the disease subsides. Then reduce the treatment, giving only that prescribed for the well day. If the patient's strength should fail to any considerable extent, give treatment only twice a week, which may consist of the pack for from forty minutes to an hour, followed by the dripping sheet; or the sitz may be taken as described, reducing it to 85° for five minutes before leaving it. The patient and attendants must be the judges as to how much treatment can be borne.

"The hot-air bath and the Turkish bath, properly used, are excellent in treating this complaint. Where there are great weakness and complications from diseases of a local nature, which are not infrequent attendants, a hygienic physician should be consulted at once, as it is impossible to explain every point in an article of this kind.

"Diet.—This should consist of plain food, simply cooked, such as good Graham bread, oatmeal in the form of cakes or pudding, gruels, cornmeal bread, choicest fruits and vegetables—taking great care not to over eat. Use lemon quite freely, when the stomach will bear it. Half of one eaten before meals will be beneficial.

"In concluding this article, let me forcibly impress this idea upon the patient, that the state of his mind will have much to do in his recovery. It is not best to check the paroxysms at once, as may often be done by medicines. It is an action to be regulated, and if properly done the system will be purified. Therefore, let the patient be cheerful and hopeful in mind, and patiently wait until the work is accomplished."

TO PURIFY DRINKING WATER.

XXIII. How can water be purified for drinking when it is not good?

Ans.—To purify water in cholera neighborhoods, the most simple and effectual way is to boil it. The air which has been expelled by the process may be added again by simply agi-

tating the water in a bottle or pitcher, or by passing it two or three times through a fine sieve. Generally, however, people will not take this trouble, and so they will suffer. Never settle in any country where the water is impure.

CHASTITY.

XXIV. How may boys be taught to be chaste and pure in their lives?

Ans.—Just as they are taught to be truthful and loving by the precepts of parents and teachers, and the instruction of good books.

Boys are left to work out the most important problem of their lives alone, or assisted by the exaggerated notions of companions a little older than themselves, while the natural guardian stands by stoically indifferent to the life and death struggle going on before his eyes, or is deterred by a false shame from stretching out a merciful hand to pluck the mask from and reveal, in all their horror, the true features of the monster, lasciviousness, clothed by the ardent imagination of youth with the beauty and fascination of a goddess. Whereas, they should be taught that chastity—not merely physical, but mental—is the greatest earthly virtue, and its violation about the gravest social crime they can commit. Instead of which they are allowed, if not encouraged, to believe that their animal passions may be indulged in to their fullest extent with impunity; for their wildest excesses are either quietly ignored by their relatives or noticed with a shrug, and the apology that "young men will be young men," and must "sow their wild oats," as if we do not reap as we sow; and as we cannot gather grapes from thistles, so neither can wild oats produce a healthy crop. No, let it be impressed upon our boys that as chastity is an essential virtue in their sisters, so it is equally indispensable in themselves; and that its violation is morally, as grave a crime in the one case as in the other.

INEBRIATE ASYLUMS.

XXV. Do patients go to inebriate asylums voluntarily, or are they sent there as a punishment?

Ans.—Of the one thousand patients who have been treated for the disease of drunkenness at the Inebriate Asylum, in Binghamton, eleven-twelfths have been voluntary inmates. Of those admitted, one-half had inherited the tendency to intoxication from intemperate parents. The cures at this institution have averaged about thirty-four per cent.

OUR DESSERT TABLE.

APPROPRIATE CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SOLICITED.

COLD.

Oh, cold is the world, and so dreary!
And the wild weird wind—the wind so old—
Hath conspired with the frost and leagued with the cold,
And cruelly comes to our hearts and our homes
And maketh our lives sad and weary.

Yes, the world without is all dreary;
And our hearts within are tossed about,
Mid the ice and the snow, that we cannot keep out;
And instead of the trill we feel the cold chill
Come from other hearts that are weary.

And is the world always so dreary?
This world so queer, this world so old—
Is it ever pinched with the frost and cold?
Doth the sun never shine o'er blossom and vine,
And o'er hearts that have ceased to be weary?

Aye, the summer cometh so cheery;
Its genial ray dispelleth the frost
From the world without, and each poor heart so tossed,
Shall have its summer day—its melting away—
When its cry is no more "I am weary."

Olive A. Davison.

RIGHT.

Blind is that soul which from this truth can swerve,
No state stands sure but on the ground of right,
Of virtue, knowledge; judgment to preserve,
And all the powers of learning requisite.
Though other shifts a present turn may serve,
Yet in the trial they will weigh too light.

BURIED OR SOWN.

There went a man from home, and to his neighbors twain
He gave to keep for him, two sacks of golden grain.
Deep in his collar one, the precious charge concealed,
And forth the other went and strewed it on the field.
The man returns at last—asks of the first his sack.
"Here, take it, 'tis the same; thou hast it safely back."
Unharm'd it shows without, but when he would explore
His sack's recesses, corn there finds he now no more.
One half of what was there proves rotten and decayed,
Upon the other half had worm and mildew preyed.
The putrid heap to him in ire he does return,
Then of the other asks, "Where is my sack of corn?"
Who answered, "Come with me and see how it has sped,"
Who took and showed him fields with waving harvests
spread.
Then cheerfully the man laughed out and cried, "This
one
Had insight, to make up for the other that had none.
The letter he observed, but thou the precept's sense,
And thus to thee and me shall profit grow from hence;
In harvest thou shalt fill two sacks of corn for me,
The residue of right remains in full for thee.

Archbishop Trench.

PATRICK M'CARTY'S WILL.

Patrick McCarty—may the saints be kind
To every spalpeen whom he left behind—
Went to his private drawer one afternoon,
And said, "Diths darts may hit me soon,
And faith as they are mighty quick to kill,
Shure I'll be afther makin up my will."

So, as if all the world and more were his,
He dropped his pipe and lengthened out his pipe:
And then, as in his duty bound to do,
He counted up his treasures old and new;
It being clear, as Patrick wisely tho't,
He couldn't give that which he hadn't got.

Now his possessions were not of the kind,
Which seem attractive to the worldly mind.
No gold had he in any bank on earth,
A check he never handled since his birth;
Of stocks and bonds McCarty knew no more
Than that small Patrick kicked on the floor.
Yet the strange notion carried with him still,
That he was rich, and so must make a will.

What though his good wife Maggie, sitting there
Laughed till she almost slid from off her chair,
Asking if he was going to take for guide
The will Job's turkey made before he died.
What though the pile of wood was getting low,
And the last precious murphy soon would go,
And Kattie's toes were out, and Johny's heel,
And the pig's pen was vocal with his squeal;
Yet there sat Patrick with his thoughts intent
On making his last will and testament.

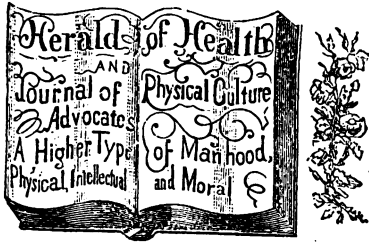
"Now lit me see what hiv I got to give!"
Fust is this shanty in which we do live."
"An' wasn't the ould thing taken long ago,"
Said Maggie, "by the grocer, whom we owe!"
"You're right," said Patrick. Second is the pig:
But stop, that's John's, he bought it off O'Nig.
Third comes the household goods. Let's see," said Pat.
"I bought them all," quoth Mag "so none of that."
"Well, well, we reach the fourth, here is my clothes:
Maggie who needs them—most do you suppose!"
With merry twinkle in her eye, she said,
"The ragman, if they last till you are dead."

Then Patrick thought and thought, 'twas very clear
That if he had wealth it did not appear.
But, be it said, our friend was not the man
To be defeated in a cherished plan.
At last he said, "I have it, boys be still,
While your ould father reads his final will.
My soul I leave with God—all holy name!
My body with the dust, from whence it came.
This is the sum of all that I possess.
I would do more, I can't do any less,"

The paper folded it was laid away,
And there remains perhaps until this day,
Marked so that all may know its great intent,
"Patrick McCarty's Will and Testament."

C. E. B.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1873.

WATER.

"To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light."

THE PUBLISHERS do not hold themselves as indorsing every article which may appear in THE HERALD. They will allow the largest liberty of expression, believing that by so doing this magazine will prove to be more useful and acceptable to its patrons.

Exchanges are at liberty to copy from this magazine by giving due credit to THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D., EDITOR.

PAN.—In heathen mythology Pan was a deity who presided over shepherds, and in later days over forests, and gave success to hunting and fishing. He haunted the mountains and fields, and was exceedingly fond of music. When he was born the very sight of him, being half man and half beast, frightened his nurse so that she ran away in great distress of mind, trembling with fear at every step. A fable has it, that walking through the fields one day he frightened a beautiful nymph out of her wits, and she ran to the river and called her sister nymphs to help her cross and get away. To him were attributed all the loud noises to be heard in the forests. He could fill

a dark gloomy wood with horrible sights and sounds, and frighten away any superstitious being who should come near. Pan is described as an ugly looking fellow; he had a flat nose, horns on his head, the hoofs of a goat for feet. His face was dreadfully wrinkled. His very breath would blow a human being away as if it were but a feather. His skin was spotted like a leopard's, his legs shaggy. He carried a pipe with seven reeds on which he made music. He carried a shepherd's crook for a staff, and he lived in a cave in the mountain. Although possessing many good qualities, yet he inspired more fear than was pleasant, and no doubt timid people wished in their secret hearts that he might be destroyed. It is said that at one time old Pan assisted the Athenians to win a great battle by striking fear into the minds of the Persians.

Pan seems to have a descendant by the name of Panic who makes a great deal of trouble every few years in the money world. He has been around this year amusing himself in frightening people out of their wits. We were on Wall street when he was there, and saw the streets crowded with people going hither and thither, as bees about a hive after a naughty boy has hit it with a stone. The disease spread more or less all over the city and country. Money is made tight, business is injured and the people suffer.

We do not propose to talk of the causes of the panic. Everybody knows what they are. We only wish to add that we believe it is a diseased or weakened condition of the nervous system that allows of it. At the savings bank near by, they tell us that eight out of ten of the depositors who besieged them for their money were unable to write their names, and that their best depositors rarely called for their money.

There is another thought in this connection:

The country was never more prosperous. There is just as much money in it now as last year. There is no need of a panic, but there is need of reform. There is need that men should stop spending money for that which is worth nothing. The panic will divert it from unnatural channels to natural ones. It ought to teach economy. It ought to make people stop buying tobacco, whisky, cigars and gewgaws. It ought for ever to put an end to frivolity and foolish extravagance. Will it?

People ought not, however, to begin their reform at the wrong end—to continue their tobacco, and whisky and wine, and stop their newspaper, their magazine, and cease to buy books. No one can afford this. It puts a stop to mental growth, dwarfs the mind and starves the intellect. To go without a needed book and spend three times its value in some harmful luxury is about as short-sighted and foolish as it can be.

In conclusion let us add that health, industry, temperance, economy, and religion are virtues that will save any country from the troublesome antics of old Pan, and put us all on the high road to peace, plenty, and prosperity.

HOW TIME IS WASTED.—Having breakfasted, you take up the paper, and before sitting down wish to put some coal on the fire. But the lump you seize with the tongs slips out of them, and, if large, you make several attempts before you succeed in lifting it—all because the ends of the tongs are smooth. Makers and venders of fire-irons go on, generation after generation, without meeting this evil by the simple remedy of giving to these smooth ends some projecting points, or even roughening them by a few burrs with a chisel. Having at last grasped the lump and put it on the fire, you begin to read; but before you have got through the first column you are reminded, by the changes of position which your sensations prompt, that men still fail to make easy-chairs. And yet the guiding principle is simple enough. Just that advantage secured

by using a soft seat in place of a hard one—the advantage, namely, of spreading over a large area the pressure of the weight to be borne, and so making the pressure less intense in any one point—is an advantage to be sought in the form of a chair. Ease is to be gained by making the shapes and relative inclination of seat and back such as will evenly distribute the weight of the trunk and limbs over the widest possible supporting surface, and with the least straining of the parts out of their natural attitudes. And yet only now, after these thousands of years of civilization, are there being reached (and that not rationally but empirically) approximations to the structure required.”—*Herbert Spencer.*

INFALLIBILITY.—It is curious to observe how people who have the utmost contempt for any claim to religious infallibility obey their doctors with implicit faith. “The doctor ordered it,” is reason enough for doing any absurdity. The doctor orders a young man to smoke, and his blood and nerves are poisoned for life. He orders a scrofulous child to be fed on bacon, or a consumptive patient to spoil an already poor digestion by drinking gallons of nauseous fish oil. The infallible doctor drenches a feeble, constipated patient with aperients and cathartics, when a proper diet would at once remove all difficulty. There is not much religious superstition now to complain of, but medical superstition is as rife as ever, and quackery more brazen and triumphantly successful. Not satisfied with destroying health, there are doctors now engaged in undermining morality. The sole remedy is the education of the whole people in physiological knowledge—the knowledge of the science of life.

GOOD COOKS.—The way to make good cooks of girls is to set them to do the work—reading about it won't answer. Good books may be useful, but it is exercise in the art that gives skill. Every woman who would feed her family well should study the science of food in the best books, and put in practice her

knowledge. It is said that schools for cooking are being started in New England. The best school for this art is the home, and the best teacher the well informed mother.

ON HEALTH.—To work in this world a man must live. To live well and do good work one must have good health—"a sound mind in a sound body"—the full use of all one's powers and faculties in their highest efficiency. I agree with all enlightened physicians that if individuals and communities would observe the laws of health, disease and premature mortality would be almost banished from the world. It is perfectly simple and practicable to reduce the death rate to twelve, perhaps ten in a thousand per annum; and this means the banishment of the whole class of what physicians call preventable diseases, and the great diminution of infant and all premature mortality. It is a matter of simple science. It is as certain as any fact in physics that if Parliament did its duty, and every municipal government took such care as it ought of the health and lives of the people, we should have no typhus or typhoid epidemics or endemics, no scarlet fever, no small pox, no cholera. Half our children would not lie in infancy. Half our population would not be suffering continually or at intervals from disease. If the doctors would do their duty, seconded by the authorities, in the prevention of disease, the medical profession would itself in a few years, be exterminated, and medicine perhaps become one of the lost arts, because no longer needed.

If doctors were paid for results, and in proportion to health, and not in proportion to the sickness of their patients, there would not be one druggist where there is now a dozen. It seems a hard thing to enter upon a crusade against a great and learned profession, and several important trades or callings; but some of the most enlightened men in the medical profession are with me in this matter. They are ready to sacrifice themselves, and medicine itself, for the good of humanity. It is surely better to save the lives of the thousands of

children now dying in infancy, of men and women cut off in the very prime of existence, to save the suffering, and cost, and waste of pain and disease everywhere, even if doctors were driven to other professions and druggists to other trades, and there were no nurses needed, and no small coffins, and people, after long, healthful, useful and happy lives, were to die the only natural death of old age, from the gradual decay of their vitality, going out like a lamp when the oil is exhausted.

If it were only a question of economy, or the labor which all money represents, it would be worth considering. The loss of money, or the labor which creates money, every year by preventable sickness and premature mortality is greater than the burden of the national debt—greater probably than all other taxation. The municipal government that allows fever, or small pox, or cholera to visit any town, not only murders a portion of its population, kills off a few scores or a few hundreds, but it robs the whole community of labor, of time, of money, of comfort. If a life is lost by my neglect I can be tried for manslaughter, convicted, and punished. But if hundreds of people sicken and die by the neglect of government, national or municipal, no one is punished but the sick and dying and their friends, and the payers of rates and taxes.

The healthy man loves humanity, loves to do whatever he can to promote the welfare of his kind. This natural desire is the bond of society. For its gratification men group in families, make acquaintances, form friendships, meet in clubs, organize societies, and in a thousand ways act together for the common good. The true life of man is in society—a helpful human brotherhood is his natural sphere of action and enjoyment. When religion enjoins upon us to love our neighbor as ourselves, to do unto others as we would have them to do unto us, to devote our lives to the relief of human suffering, and the material and spiritual good of our fellow men, it enjoins only what our better nature requires, and what is for our own best good and highest happiness. Social Science is

therefore the science of humanity and the practice of its dictates. It is in its knowledge and realization that the will of God is to be done "on earth as it is in heaven."—*T. L. Nichols.*

MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR BOTH SEXES.—

The new Boston University has connected with it a Homeopathic medical college for both sexes—that is, it is freely open to men and women. In our opinion this is the most important step in the education of women physicians yet made, and the homeopaths may pride themselves on the move they have made. Their professors are from both sexes. Among them we notice the names of Mercy B. Jackson, M. D., long a successful practitioner in Boston, and also the name of Dr. J. R. Buchanan, an old veteran lecturer, writer and editor. We hope the course of instruction will be thorough, and that the homeopaths will put to shame those old fogies in New York who have fought so hard against admitting women to the profession. While on this topic we might as well say that about three-fourths of the medical students in the principal medical colleges of New York had better go home to their mammas and learn better manners. The coarse, vulgar manner in which they treat lady-like and refined women who go to the hospitals for instruction, is capital evidence that they will never make good physicians or useful members of society. One honest, sensible, straightforward woman is worth to the world a whole continent of such base fellows. We only wish Darwin's survival of the fittest had been discovered before they were born, they would have been weeded out long ago.

HYGIENIC RESTAURANTS.—There are in New York city over 8,000 dramshops. We may add, there has lately sprung up about a dozen temperance restaurants where people can go at any hour and get a wholesome meal of bread and milk, oatmeal and cream, and such things as have been so common on tables at health establishments for years. It is a wonderful innovation, and the people like it.

NEVER DESPAIR.—When Rasselas meditated his escape from the happy valley he examined carefully the means of egress, but found no passage into the world, and returned to his palace dejected and downcast; but he resolved now that he had once known what it was to hope, never again to despair. A similar resolution might be made by nearly every human creature. When the world looks dark and cold it generally is because *we* are not in the right mood. In such hours let the word be *nil desperandum*—never despair.

A SAD STORY.—In Los Angeles, California, where wine has been made longer than in any other part of the state, its moderate use has grown into an immoderate use of it, and the inhabitants there are a sad example of what wine growing has done for temperance. A highly respectable gentleman near Santa Clara introduced the moderate use of his own wines as a table drink for his family. After trying the experiment for a year he was glad to discontinue it to save himself, wife and children from ruin. He now declares that not all the gold of California would induce him to have it again on his table.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE GERMAN VEGETARIAN SOCIETY.—This meeting was held the week after Whitsuntide at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. We subjoin a short and pleasing notice of it received from Herr von Seefeld:—"About sixty members attended, chiefly from the south-west of Germany. As a consequence of the large distances between the different locality chosen yearly, the meeting has another appearance in every other place, and a majority of new faces; but the harmony of principles transforms it into the appearance of an assemblage of old friends. Most heartily welcomed was the Colonel von Knoerzer, of Stuttgart, that brave officer who upheld the vegetarian principle in the whole campaign, and on the sick-bed, in spite of the doctors. He was severely wounded in the bloody affair of Champagne, and his bridle-arm crushed; but his

ounds have healed so well that he holds again
 o command of his regiment, fully persuaded
 at many of the maladies of the army are
 used by the flesh meat, and the state in which
 is often devoured. A circle of ladies also
 tended the assembly, and followed the pro-
 ceedings with great interest. The Rev. Edward
 altzer, of Nordhausen, presided, with the as-
 stance of Messrs. Belitski and Rosenthal—
 and these three gentlemen were again unani-
 mously elected president, treasurer, and secre-
 tary for the new year. The proceedings con-
 sisted of speeches on vegetarian topics, with
 debates following, and a vegetarian dinner.
 The monthly periodical may perhaps next year
 be transformed into a weekly paper; and pam-
 phlets against tobacco and against vaccination,
 now in preparation, are to be issued by the so-
 ciety. In the evening the Rev. E. Baltzer
 delivered a lecture on Education. On the fol-
 lowing day a number of ladies and gentlemen
 united in a very pleasant trip into the hills of
 the Taunus, visiting its nice watering-place,
 Roden, and the picturesque ruins of the Koenig-
 stein and Cronberg. The weather was excel-
 lent, and the general enjoyment—with rural
 bread, butter, and milk—was magnificent. The
 remembrance of these days will remain as most
 pleasing memories to every one who shared
 in their enjoyments."—*Dietetic Reformer*.

THE TASTE FOR CRIME.—The taste for
 crime and the tendency to mental derangement
 are inherited. The taste for crime may be so
 strong that no fear of punishment can re-
 strain it. The tendency to mental derange-
 ment may at any moment ripen into actual de-
 rangement. Not only do children inherit pre-
 disposition to crime, but they have added to
 those dispositions, crude, vicious and defective
 education; they are exposed to the influence of
 corrupt example, and compelled to live in an
 impure moral atmosphere. True, their free-
 dom is not destroyed; they inherit the tendency
 to the act of crime; they are destined to
 struggle, but they may overcome, and yet are
 they not practically deprived of moral freedom?

They have hands, and minds, and hearts with
 which to resist temptation; but education and
 moral culture, without which they cannot hope
 for victory, are withheld.—*Frederic R. Marvin*.

HOW TO SEND MONEY.—As the season
 of the year is approaching when new subscrip-
 tions will be coming in, and when old sub-
 scribers will be renewing for another year, we
 deem a few hints as to the method of conduct-
 ing these operations timely and appropriate.
 And these hints will serve as a guide when
 subscribing to other publications, as well as to
 our own.

Take a sheet, or a half sheet, as the case may
 be, of note paper or letter post (unless you
 have one of our blanks, in which case use that)
 and with good ink write at the head of the
 sheet the name of your postoffice, county and
 state, and the date, then sign your name at the
 bottom. Write in a plain, legible hand, espe-
 cially your name. Let your communication be
 something like this:

Waverly, Tioga Co., N. Y., Nov. 1st, 1873.

MESSRS. WOOD & HOLBROOK:

GENTLEMEN—Inclosed find \$— for which
 please send me THE HERALD OF HEALTH for one
 year, commencing with the No. for January,
 1874. Respectfully, ROBERT FULLER.

Put in your money, and having sealed and
 superscribed your letter, take or send it to the
 postoffice and have it registered, taking a re-
 ceipt therefor.

Now this all seems very plain and easy to be
 done, and most of our subscribers do it; yet
 nearly every day we get a few letters in which
 one or more of the conditions we have here
 laid down are violated. For instance, we some-
 times receive letters written on wrapping pa-
 per with a pencil. Please don't write with a
 pencil, nor on any but note or letter paper, or
 our blank. We get letters sometimes in which
 no state is given. This is always necessary.
 Though it is not absolutely necessary to give
 the name of the county, as we don't put that
 on the address, yet it is sometimes a great con-
 venience to know the name of the county, and

for this reason: The mails are classified—Northern, Southern, Eastern and Western, and each goes into a separate mailbag. For example, the mail for that part of New York state which leaves this city by the Hudson River Railroad is termed the northern mail. The mail for that part of New York which leaves by the Erie Railroad is termed the western mail, and goes into a different bag from the other. Now when we receive a subscription from some obscure village in New York, unless the county is also given, we cannot always tell, until we consult the postoffice directory to find the county, what bag it goes into, whether northern or western. Were the county always given it would save us that trouble.

Always state when you wish your subscription to begin. If it is a renewal, state if you can when the old subscription expired.

Above all things write your name plainly and distinctly. Some persons have adopted a style of signature which is peculiar and characteristic, and which although recognizable by the teller of the bank where their account is kept, or by their immediate neighbors, is all Greek to a stranger. If the intending subscriber be a lady, it is proper to designate herself either as Miss or Mrs.

Subscribers for the present year who wish to continue with us next year, will, when it is just as convenient, oblige us by renewing their subscriptions before the 15th of December. At that date the names of all whose subscriptions expire with the end of the year, and who have not renewed, will be stricken from the list, and the type with which their names were printed distributed. Should they renew after this date their names, which were taken out on the 15th, must all be set up again in the new.

In regard to the method of sending us money, we call attention to the peculiar advantages of the registered letter system; and we note the singular fact that a large majority of people have not the slightest practical knowledge of its existence. In the first place, it is in operation in every postoffice, and it is not, like the money order system, confined to those who do

a considerable amount of mail business. So far as the sender is concerned the cost is trifling (15 cents), and there is not the double operation of sending to the postoffice for a money order and then enclosing it in a letter. On the contrary, he can inclose his money in his letter as he writes it, affix six stamps instead of one, and sending it to the postoffice by any messenger receive back the postmaster's receipt. On the part of the receiver there is also the same advantage of a single operation, for he finds the money in the letter when he opens it, and is not obliged to present his money order at the postoffice for payment. But there is also this peculiar advantage, although the registered letter be sent from New York to the remotest prairie postoffice in Texas, there comes back to the sender in course of time the receipt of the party to whom it is addressed, and this the postoffice brings to him without additional charge. Thus it saves the receiver the trouble and cost of acknowledging its receipt, and assures the sender that his remittance was actually delivered. So far as safety is involved the system is subject to the usual casualties, such as fire and shipwreck; but apart from those may be said to be nearly perfect. Every mail agent, from the first postmaster to the last, receipts for the package when he receives it, so that if a loss occurs the Department can put its hand upon the responsible party. As a matter of fact, we believe that no loss has occurred under the present revised system, except such as would come under the head of actual casualties.

AN INCIDENT OF THE AMERICAN REBELLION.—K. is a gentleman of some forty years of age, and descended from hygienic stock. He was brought up a health reformer, and has never tasted meat but a few times; and although he travels extensively, in foreign lands as well as in the United States, living most of the time at hotels and popular boarding houses, he always carries out his vegetarian sentiments. His grandfather was a staunch old vegetarian of Vermont, and has ninety descendants, only seven of whom use a flesh diet.

our tobacco, and one whisky. During the late rebellion, Mr. K., an active partisan on the side of the North, while employed in the secret service crossed the Southern lines 114 times. But he was not always in luck, for on one occasion a passing bullet struck him in the right arm just above the elbow, shivered off two inches of bone, traversed the forearm about four inches, and came out, making an ugly wound. What did K. do? Call the surgeon? No. He went to a tent, laid down, dieted, wrapped up the mutilated arm in a wet blanket, kept it soaked in cool water, and in just fourteen days it was healed so that he again took the field, active as before. Such an instance of rapid healing is rare indeed, and in this case must be attributed to vegetarian living.—*Health Reformer.*

MATERIALISM.—We complain of materialism; the tendencies, it is said, are to materialism; to materialistic opinions and to material pursuits—money-making, and money-saving; to the building of stately houses, and the improvement of the outward estate. But the tendency to materialism appears to me, not in these things, but rather in the loss of our ideals, the going out of our poetic light, the fading of our dreams. Bring these back again; let the dreams be vivid once more; let the light be steady and radiant, the materialism we deplore will disappear. We may work at what we will—work all the time, work at the hardest toils, love the work—devote ourselves to a life of work, and while laboring with our hands may keep our hearts in heaven.

O human soul! as long as thou canst so
 Set up a mark of everlasting light
 Above the howling senses ebb and flow,
 To cheer thee and to right thee if thou roam,
 Not with lost toil thou laborest through the
 night;
 Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy
 home.—*O. B. Frothingham.*

TELLING THE DOCTOR.—Why is it that most people like to tell their troubles to the physician. Of course, if they are patients they ought to tell him whatever it is proper for him

to know; but it certainly is in bad taste for anybody to be constantly telling the doctor all about themselves. The doctor will listen politely, no doubt; but mainly he cares as little for all the little aches and pains as he does for the man in the moon. Besides, we believe a person not in the most robust health should have a little pride in putting the best side forward, and by force of will appear as well as possible. At any rate it does no good, and much harm, to be constantly dwelling on our weaknesses, and the less we talk about it the better:

Advertisements.

ADVERTISEMENTS of an appropriate character will be inserted at the following rates: Short advertisements, 25 cents per line; thirteen lines, for three or more insertions without change, 20 per cent. discount; one-half column, \$12; one column, \$22; one page, \$40. All advertisements must be received at this office by the 5th of the month preceding that on which they are to appear.

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WILMINGTON, DELAWARE,

OPENED JAN. 1, 1871, for the Hygienic Treatment of Invalids, is beautifully located in the open suburbs of a pleasant, healthful city, overlooking the romantic and historic Brandywine and the Delaware River. Each room is warmed by steam-heated air, and *thoroughly ventilated*, giving a pure atmosphere, free from gas and dust. Best appliances for Water and Sun Baths; Swedish Movements; Dr. Wood's Vibrator; "Health Lift," etc. A *choice* hygienic dietary, including the best grains and the finest fresh, canned and dried fruits, etc. The Proprietors have had many years' experience as Hygienic Physicians. Mrs. H. will devote especial attention to lady patients, giving them the benefit of kindly sympathy as well as of experience and skill. For Circulars, etc., address, with stamp, PUSEY HEALD, M. D., or MARY H. HEALD, M. D.

ja-11

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Battery,

Charged or uncharged by merely tipping it one way or the other, is now the great "GO," with his improved Compound Coil Electric Machines to cure disease.

The American Institute has just granted to Dr. Jerome Kidder the MEDAL OF SPECIAL AWARD, for the best Electro-Medical Apparatus yet manufactured.

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13 & 15 Laight Street,

NEW YORK.

—o—

This house, formerly known as the "New York Hygienic Institute," has been thoroughly renovated and improved in various ways during the past summer, and is now in better condition than ever before for the accommodation of our hygienic friends, who wish to stop where they can feel at home and get the best kinds of food healthfully prepared.

Horse Cars pass near the door to all parts of the city, making it a very convenient stopping place for persons visiting New York, either upon business or pleasure. Open at all hours, day and night. Board by the day or week, at reasonable rates. Rooms can be secured in advance by writing. Address

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Nos. 13 & 15 Laight Street, New York.

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DELAWARE WATER GAP, PA.

We have been very successful in treating Sexual Diseases by hygienic means. These difficulties almost always indicate derangement of the nervous system and a serious loss of nervous power; therefore we give no medicine but only use those means which repair the tissues through nutrition, and which lessen the irritable sensibility of the nervous structure. We reach the troubles by improving the constitutional vigor, using palliative measures for temporary relief only. 'Tis thus we cure permanently, and give the patient the worth of his money.

Now is the time for all chronic invalids to prepare for the winter in some place where they can be improving instead of running down.

To such we say: You will find a good comfortable home, and experienced physicians who know how to guide you to health at the Wesley Water Cure.

Inclose stamp for circular, and address

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Experiment Mills P. O., Monroe county, Pa.

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DR. S. O. GLEASON, Proprietor,

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8-4t

Send for a Pack. With these Cards the drill of Mental Arithmetic is made mere pastime—besides many (including common card) games can be played. Teachers and pupils, and everybody, should use them for instruction and amusement. AGENTS WANTED. One pack, with book of instructions, sent postpaid for fifty cents. Address P. H. BATESON, Drawer 60, Toledo, O.

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BACON'S HOME GYMNASIUM, with book of explanation and 100 cuts, \$10.

—Trapeze Adjustment, with 32 illustrations, \$3 50.

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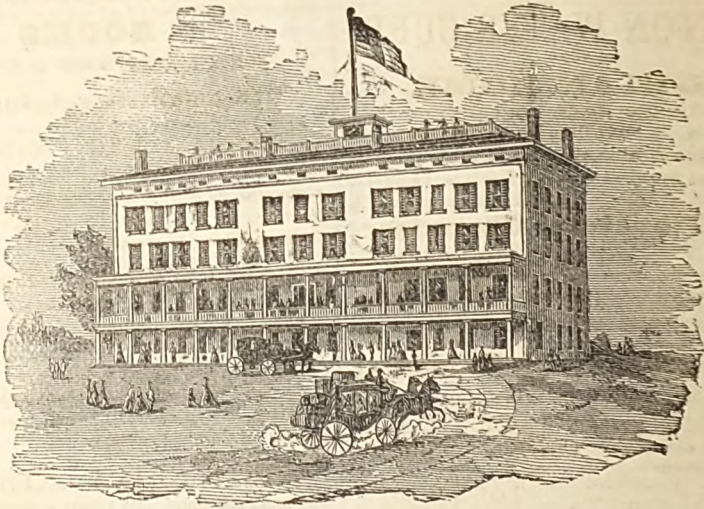
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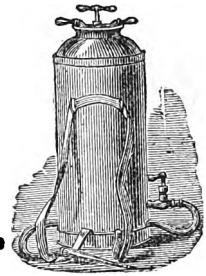
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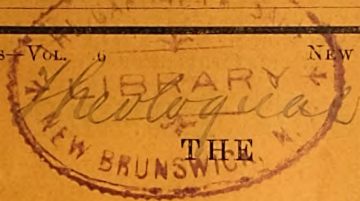
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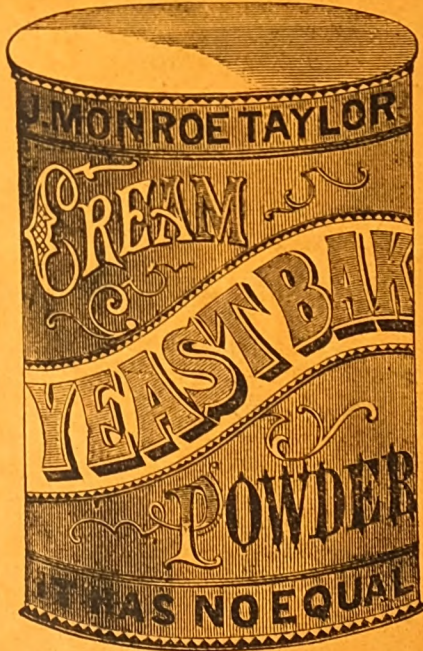
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REMARKABLE ESSAYS ON HEALTH AND MORALS,
By Ancient and Modern Writers. (No. 24.)

The Rights of Children.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

IF WE are once sure of our law—sure that it is a Divine ordination—sure that it is rooted in the nature of things, then whithersoever it leads we may safely follow. A true rule has no exceptions. When therefore the first principle from which the rights of adults are derived, turns out to be a source from which we may derive the rights of children, and when the two processes of deduction prove to be identical, we have no choice but abide by the result, and to assume that the one inference is equally authoritative with the other.

That the law—Every man has freedom to do all that he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man—applies as much to the young as to the mature, becomes manifest on referring back to its origin. God wills human happiness; that happiness is attainable only through the medium of faculties; for the production of happiness those faculties must be exercised; the exercise of them presupposes liberty of action; these are the steps

by which we find our way from the Divine will to the law of equal freedom. But the demonstration is fully as complete when used on behalf of the child, as when used on behalf of the man. The child's happiness, too, is willed by the Deity; the child, too, has faculties to be exercised; the child, too, needs scope for the exercise of those faculties; the child therefore has claims to freedom—rights as we call them—coextensive with those of the adult. We cannot avoid this conclusion, if we would. Either we must reject the law altogether, or we must include under it both sexes and all ages.

Should it be argued that the relationship in which a parent stands to his child, as supplying it with the necessaries of life, is a different one from that subsisting between man and man, and that consequently the law of equal freedom does not apply, the answer is, that though by so maintaining it a parent establishes a certain claim upon his child—a claim which he may fairly expect to have discharged by a like kind-

ness toward himself should he ever need it, yet he establishes no title to dominion. For if the conferring an obligation establishes a title to dominion in this case, then must it do so in others; whence it will follow that if one man becomes a benefactor to another, he thereby obtains the right to play the master over that other; a conclusion which we do not admit. Moreover, if in virtue of his position a parent may trench upon the liberties of his child, there necessarily arises the question: To what extent may he do this? may he destroy them entirely, as by committing murder? If not, it is required to ascertain the limit up to which he may go, but which he must not exceed; a problem equally insoluble with the similar one just noticed.

Unless, therefore, the reader can show that the train of reasoning by which the law of equal freedom is deduced from the Divine will, does not recognize children, which he cannot; unless he can show why a certain share of liberty naturally attaches to both childhood and manhood, and another share to only one, which he cannot; he must admit that the rights of the youth and the adult are coextensive.

There is one plausible looking way of meeting these arguments. It may be urged that in the child many of the faculties of the future man are undeveloped, and that as rights are primarily dependent upon faculties, the rights of children cannot be coextensive with those of adults, because their faculties are not so. A fatal objection this, did it touch the question; but it happens to be wholly beside it. The fullest endowment of rights which any being can possess, is *perfect* freedom to exercise *all* his faculties. And if each of two beings possesses *perfect* freedom to exercise *all* his faculties, each possesses *complete* rights; that is, the rights of the two are *equal*; no matter whether the faculties are equal or not. For, to say that the rights of the one are less than those of the other, because his faculties are fewer, is to say that he has no right to exercise the faculties he has not got—a curious compound of truism and absurdity.

We say that a man's character may be told by the company he keeps. We might similarly say that the truth of a belief may be judged by the morality with which it is associated. Given a theory universally current amongst the most degraded sections of our race—a theory received only with considerable abatements by civilized nations—a theory in which men's confidence diminishes as fast as society advances—and we may safely pronounce that theory a false one.

On such, along with other evidence, the subordination of sex was lately condemned. Those commonly observed facts, that the enslavement of women is invariably associated with a low type of social life, and that conversely, her elevation toward an equality with man uniformly accompanies progress, were cited in part proof that the subjection of female to male is essentially wrong. If now, instead of *women* we read *children*, similar facts may be cited, and a similar deduction may be drawn. If it be true that the dominion of man over woman has been oppressive in proportion to the badness of the age or the people, it is also true that parental authority has been stringent and unlimited in a like proportion. If it be a fact that the emancipation of women has kept pace with the emancipation of society, it is likewise a fact that the once despotic rule of the old over the young has been ameliorated at the same rate. And if in our own day we find the fast-spreading recognition of popular rights accompanied by a silent growing perception of the rights of women, we also find it accompanied by a tendency toward systems of non-coercive education—that is, toward a practical illustration of the rights of children.

COERCIVE EDUCATION.

If coercive education is right, it must be productive of good, and if wrong, evil. By an analysis of its results, therefore, we shall obtain so much evidence for or against the doctrine that the liberties of children are coextensive with those of adults.

Considering what universal attention the culture of the young has lately received—the books written about it, the lectures delivered on it, the experiments made to elucidate it—there is reason for concluding that as the use of brute force for educational purposes has greatly declined, something radically wrong must be involved in it. But without dwelling on this, let us judge of coercive education not by the effects it is *believed* to produce, but by those it *must* produce.

Education has for its object the formation of character. To curb restive propensities, to awaken dormant sentiments, to strengthen the perceptions and cultivate the tastes, to encourage this feeling and repress that, so as finally to develop the child into a man of well proportioned and harmonious nature—this is alike the aim of parent and teacher. Those, therefore, who advocate the use of authority, and, if need be, force, in the management of children must do so because they think these the best means of compassing the desired object. Paternity

to devise some kind of rule for the nursery. Impelled partly by the creed, partly by custom, partly by inclination, paternity decides in favor of a pure despotism, proclaims its word the supreme law, anathematizes disobedience, and exhibits the rod as the final arbiter in all disputes. Of course this system is defended as the best calculated to curb restive propensities, awaken dormant sentiments, etc., etc., as before. Suppose now we inquire how the plan works. An unamiable little urchin is pursuing his own gratification regardless of the comfort of others; is perhaps annoyingly vociferous in play; or is amusing himself by teasing a companion; or is trying to monopolize the toys intended for others in common with himself. Well, some kind of interposition is manifestly needed for. Paternity, with knit brows, and in a severe tone, commands desistance, visits any-thing like reluctant submission with a sharp "Do as I bid you;" if need be, hints at a whipping or the black hole—in short carries coercion, or the threat of coercion, far enough to produce obedience. After sundry exhibitions of perverse feeling the child gives in; showing, however, by its sullenness the animosity it entertains. Meanwhile paternity pokes the fire and complacently resumes the newspaper, under the impression that all is as it should be: a most unfortunate mistake!

If the thing wanted had been the mere repression of noise, or the mechanical transfer of plaything, perhaps no better course could have been pursued. Had it been of no consequence under what impulse the child acted, so long as it fulfilled a given mandate, nothing would remain to be said. But something else was needed. Character was the thing to be changed rather than conduct. It was not the deeds, but the feeling from which the deeds sprung that required dealing with. Here were palpable manifestations of selfishness, and indifference to the wishes of others, a marked desire to tyrannize, an endeavor to engross benefits intended for all; in short, here were exhibitions on a small scale of that unsympathetic nature to which our social evils are mainly attributable. What, then, was the thing wanted? Evidently an alteration in the child's disposition. What was the problem to be solved? Clearly to generate a state of mind which had not previously existed would have prevented the offending actions. What was the final end to be achieved? Unquestionably the formation of a character which would spontaneously produce greater generosity of conduct. Or, speaking definitely, it was necessary to strengthen

that sympathy to the weakness of which this ill behavior was traceable.

But sympathy can be strengthened only by exercise. No faculty whatever will grow, save by the performance of its special function; a muscle by contraction, the intellect by perceiving and thinking, a moral sentiment by feeling. Sympathy, therefore, can be increased only by exciting sympathetic emotions. A selfish child is to be rendered less selfish only by arousing in it a fellow-feeling with the desires of others. If this is not done nothing is done.

Observe then how the case stands. A grasping, hard-natured boy is to be humanized, is to have whatever germ of better spirit that may be in him developed; and to this end it is proposed to use frowns, threats, and the stick! To stimulate that faculty which originates our regard for the happiness of others, we are told to inflict pain, or the fear of pain! The problem is—to generate in a child's mind a sympathetic feeling; and the answer is beat it, or send it supperless to bed!

Thus we have but to reduce the subjection theory to a definite form to render its absurdity self-evident. Contrasting the means to be employed with the work to be done, we are at once struck with their utter unfitnes. Instead of creating a new internal state which shall exhibit itself in better deeds, coercion can manifestly do nothing but forcibly mold externals into a coarse semblance of such a state. In the family, as in society, it can simply restrain; it cannot educate. Just as the recollection of a jail and the dread of a policeman, whilst they serve to check the thief's depredations, effect no change in his morals, so, although a father's threats may produce in a child a certain outside conformity with rectitude, they cannot generate any real attachment to it. As some one has well said, the utmost that severity can do is to make hypocrites; it can never make converts.

Let those who have no faith in any instrumentalities for the rule of human beings, save the stern will and the strong hand, visit an asylum for the insane. Let all self-styled practical men, who, in the pride of their semi-savage theories, shower sarcasms upon the movements for peace, for the abolition of capital punishments and the like, go and witness to their confusion how a number of lunatics can be managed without the use of force. Let these sneerers at "sentimentalisms" reflect on the horrors of madhouses as they used to be; where was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, where chains clanked dismally, and where the silence of the night was rent by

shrieks that made the belated passer-by hurry on shudderingly; let them contrast with these horrors the calmness, the contentment, the tractability, the improved health of mind and body, and the not unfrequent recoveries that have followed the abandonment of the strait-jacket regime; and then let them blush for their creed.

And shall the poor maniac, with diseased feelings and a warped intellect, persecuted as he constantly is by the suggestions of a morbid imagination, shall a being with a mind so hopelessly chaotic that even the most earnest pleader for human rights would make his case an exception, shall he be amenable to a non-coercive treatment, and shall a child not be amenable to it? Will any one maintain that madmen can be managed by suasion, but not children? that moral force methods are best for those deprived of reason, but physical force methods for those possessing it? Hardly. The boldest defender of domestic despotism will not assert so much. If by judicious conduct the confidence even of the beclouded intelligence of a lunatic kind attentions and a sympathetic manner will carry the conviction that he is surrounded by friends and not by demons—and if, under that conviction, even he, though a slave to every disordered impulse, becomes comparatively docile, how much more under the same influence will a child become so. Do but gain a boy's trust; convince him by your behavior that you have his happiness at heart; let him discover that you are the wiser of the two; let him experience the benefits of following your advice, and the evils that arise from disregarding it, and fear not that you will readily enough guide him. Not by authority is your sway to be obtained; neither by reasoning; but by inducement. Show in all your conduct that you are thoroughly your child's friend, and there is nothing you may not lead him to. The faintest sign of your approval or dissent will be his law. You have won from him the key of all his feelings; and, instead of the vindictive passions that severe treatment would have aroused, you may by a word call forth tears, or blushes, or the thrill of sympathy; may excite any emotion you please—may, in short effect something worth calling education.

THE BEST EDUCATION OF A CHILD.

If we wish a boy to become a good mechanic we insure his expertness by an early apprenticeship. The young musician that is to be, passes several hours a day at his instrument. Initia-

tory courses of outline drawing and shading are gone through by the intended artist. For the future accountant a thorough drilling in arithmetic is prescribed. The reflective powers are sought to be developed by the study of mathematics. Thus all training is founded on the principle that culture must precede proficiency. In such proverbs as "Habit is second nature," and "Practice makes perfect," man have expressed those net products of universal observation on which every education is ostensibly based. The maxims of a village schoolmistress and the speculations of a Pestalozzi are alike pervaded by the theory that the child should be accustomed to those exertions of body and mind which will in future life be required of it. Education means this or nothing.

What now is the most important attribute of man as a moral being? What faculty above all others should we be solicitous to cultivate? May we not answer, the faculty of self-control? This it is which forms a chief distinction between the human being and the brute. It is in virtue of this that man is defined as a creature "looking before and after." It is in their larger endowment of this that the civilized races are superior to the savage. In supremacy of this consists one of the perfections of the ideal man. Not to be impulsive, not to be spurred hither and thither by each desire that in turn comes uppermost; but to be self-restrained, self-balanced, governed by the joint decision of the feelings in council assembled, before whom every action shall have been debated and calmly determined. This it is which education—moral education at least—strives to produce.

But the power of self-government, like all other powers, can be developed only by exercise. Whoso is to rule over his passions in maturity, must be practiced in ruling over his passions during youth. Observe, then, the absurdity of the coercive system. Instead of habituating a boy to be a law to himself as he is required in after life to be, it administers the law for him. Instead of preparing him against the day when he shall leave the paternal roof, by inducing him to fix the boundaries of his actions and voluntarily confine himself within them, it marks out these boundaries for him, and says, "cross them at your peril." Here we have a being who, in a few years, is to be his own master, and, by way of fitting him for such a condition, he is allowed to be his own master as little as possible. Whilst in every other particular it is thought desirable that what the man will have to do, the child should

well drilled in doing, in this most important of all particulars, the controlling of himself, thought that the less practice he has the better. No wonder that those who have been brought up under the severest discipline should frequently turn out the wildest of the wild. What a result is just what might have been expected. Not only does the physical force seem fail to fit the youth for his future position, but it absolutely tends to unfit him. Where slavery to be his lot no better method of fitting could be devised than one which accustomed him to that attitude of complete subordination he would subsequently have to assume. But just to the degree in which such treatment would fit him for servitude, must it unfit him for being a free man among free men.

WHY IS EDUCATION NEEDED?

But why is education needed at all? Why does not the child grow spontaneously into a normal human being? Why should it be requisite to curb this propensity, to stimulate the proper sentiment, and thus by artificial aids to mould the mind into something different from what it would itself become? Is not there an anomaly in nature? Throughout the history of creation we find the seed and the embryo attaining to perfect maturity without external aid. Drop an acorn into the ground and it will in due time become a healthy oak, without either pruning or training. The insect passes through its several transformations unaided, and arrives at its final form possessed of every needful capacity and instinct. No coercion is needed to make the young bird or quadruped adopt the habits proper to its future life. Its character, like its body, spontaneously assumes complete fitness for the part it has to play in the world. How happens it, then, that the human mind alone tends to develop itself wrongly? Must there not be some exceptional cause for this? Manifestly: and if so, a new theory of education must recognize this cause.

It is an indisputable fact that the moral constitution which fitted man for the predatory state, differs from the one needed to fit him for his social state to which multiplication of the race has led. The law of adaptation is effecting a transition from one constitution to the other. Living then, as we do, in the midst of this transition, we must expect to find sundry phenomena which are explicable only upon the hypothesis that humanity is at present partially adapted to both these states, and not completely to either—has only in a degree lost the dispositions of savage life, and has but imperfectly

acquired these needed for social life. The anomaly just specified is one of these. The tendency of each new generation to develop itself wrongly, indicates the degree of modification that has yet to take place. Those respects in which a child requires restraint, are just the respects in which he is taking after the aboriginal man. The selfish squabbles of the nursery, the persecution of the playground, the lying and petty thefts, the rough treatment of inferior creatures, the propensity to destroy—all these imply that tendency to pursue gratification at the expense of other beings, which qualified man for the wilderness and which disqualifies him for civilized life.

We have seen, however, that this incongruity between man's attributes and his conditions is in course of being remedied. We have seen that the instincts of the savage must die of inanimation; that the sentiments called forth by the social state must grow by exercise, and that if the laws of life remain constant this modification will continue until our desires are brought into perfect conformity with our circumstances. When now that ultimate state in which morality shall have become organic is arrived at, this anomaly in the development of the child's character will have disappeared. The young human being will no longer be an exception in nature, will not as now tend to grow into unfitness for the requirements of after life, but will spontaneously unfold itself into that ideal manhood whose every impulse coincides with the dictates of the moral law.

Education, therefore, in so far as it seeks to form character, serves only a temporary purpose, and, like other institutions resulting from the non-adaptation of man to the social state, must in the end die out. Force in the domestic circle, like magisterial force, is merely the complement of immorality; immorality is resolvable into non-adaptation; non-adaptation must in time cease; and thus the postulate with which this old theory of education starts will eventually become false. Rods and ferules, equally with the staffs and handcuffs of the constable, the jailer's keys, the swords, bayonets and cannon, with which nations restrain each other, are the offspring of iniquity, can exist only whilst supported by it, and necessarily share in the badness of their parentage. Born therefore as it is of man's imperfections, governing as it does by means of those imperfections, and abdicating as it must when Equity begins to reign, Coercion in all its forms, educational or other, is essentially vicious.

The main obstacle to the right conduct of

education lies rather in the parent than in the child. It is not that the child is insensible to influences higher than that of force, but that the parent is not virtuous enough to use them. Fathers and mothers who enlarge upon the trouble which filial misbehavior entails upon them, strangely assume that all the blame is due to the evil propensities of their offspring and none to their own. Though on their knees they confess to be miserable sinners, yet to hear their complaints of undutiful sons and daughters you might suppose that they were themselves immaculate. They forget that the depravity of their children is a reproduction of their own depravity. They do not recognize in these much scolded, often beaten little ones, so many looking-glasses wherein they may see reflected their own selfishness. It would astonish them to assert that they behaved as improperly to their children as their children do to them. Yet a little candid self-analysis would show them that half their commands are issued more for their own convenience or gratification than for corrective purposes. "I won't have that noise!" exclaims a disturbed father to some group of vociferous juveniles; and the noise ceasing, he claims to have done something toward making his family orderly. Perhaps he has; but how? By exhibiting that same evil disposition which he seeks to check in his children—a determination to sacrifice to his own

happiness the happiness of others. Observe, too, the impulse under which a refractory child is punished. Instead of anxiety for the delinquent's welfare, that severe eye and compressed lip denote rather the ire of an offended ruler—express some such inward thought as "You little wretch, we'll soon see who is to be master." Uncover its roots, and the theory of parental authority will be found to grow not out of man's love for his offspring but out of his love of dominion. Let any one who doubts this listen to that common reprimand, "How dare you disobey me?" and then consider what the emphasis means. No, no, moral force education is widely practicable even now, if parents were civilized enough to use it.

But of course the obstacle is in a measure reciprocal. Even the best samples of childhood as we now know it will be occasionally unmanageable by suasion; and when inferior natures have to be dealt with the difficulty of doing without coercion must be proportionably great. Nevertheless patience, self-denial, a sufficient insight into youthful emotions, and a due sympathy with them, added to a little ingenuity in the choice of means, will usually accomplish all that can be wished. Only let a parent's actions and words and manner show that his own feeling is a thoroughly right one, and he will rarely fail to awaken a responsive feeling in the breast of his child.

A Scamper Across Europe.

BY T. L. NICHOLS, M. D.

THERE are some pretty direct roads to Vienna, but a straight line is not the line of grace and beauty; and I decided to see as much as I possibly could in a three weeks' excursion. So I went by Paris, Lyons, Geneva, Turin, Milan, Venice, and returned by Prague, Nuremberg, Mayence, Cologne and Brussels; seeing all I could in so rapid a tour of France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Bohemia, Bavaria, Prussia and Belgium. How much I managed to see I am going to set down in as orderly and faithful a manner as my memory and the space of a few pages will permit.

I left the beautiful hills of Malvern on Monday, April 21, arrived in London at 3 P. M., made a few business calls, and took the night

train *via* Folkestone to Paris. It was a cold night, and English engineers have not yet discovered any mode of warming and ventilating railway carriages. Arriving at Folkestone near midnight we found a cold, dark station, with refreshment rooms all closed, and the steamer lying so low in the mud at the bottom of the harbor that there was no getting on board. The tide would not hurry up. The South-Eastern Company cared not for our discomfort. So, to while away the weary hours, I helped a Scottish banker—off with his niece for a holiday—to study up a plan of Paris. I have spent several bright months, and some dark weeks also, in the beautiful city, and know it quite as well as I do New York or London. So we explored

gay capital [in advance, and marked down the places a stranger ought to visit. One gets so quickly acquainted with people traveling by land or sea. Especially is this the case when you are once *en route* for foreign parts. The stiffest or shyest Englishman melts and gains confidence before he gets across the channel, and becomes as civil and communicative as a foreigner. On a journey none wait for introductions. There is always some pleasant word to say, some little service to render to man or woman, and we get acquainted in a few minutes. Why should people go through a world keeping their distance from their fellow-creatures, and losing all the benefit or amusement of their society? I had a pleasant journey on the way to Folkestone with a footman and a lady's maid, going to an English family in Paris. The "young person" had traveled, and had a smattering of several languages, and was full of drollery. "John Thomas" had never been across the channel, and she frightened him with the idea that he would get no beef, no beer, and would not be able to ask for anything he wanted. "Then you must begin at once," said I, "and teach him French. Three words will take him a long way. Teach him to say *pain, vin, combien*? She agreed that to know how to ask for bread and wine, and how much, would be a good beginning.

My Scotchman was as communicative as a Yankee, who, if curious to know all about you and your affairs, is just as willing to give you every possible information about himself and his own. But a Frenchman is more confidential than either Scotchman or American. A French peasant will pour out his whole history in the first half hour. We had a talk about the Highlanders of the farthest north, and I was sorry to hear so bad an account of some of my relations—that they are indolent and shiftless, lacking in enterprise, doing little on the land and neglecting the bounteous harvests of the seas—the mines of wealth in the grand fisheries all round the northern coast and isles. The women, my friend said, do all the hardest work; and to illustrate this he told two stories, one of an old bachelor who lost his horse, and was unable to replace it, married the strongest young woman he could induce to have him; the other of a tramping Highlander, whose wife trudged beside him with all their worldly goods in a reel upon her shoulders. An English tourist saw them come to the bank of a fordable river, the man unstrapped the creel from his wife's back, and with her help fastened it to his own. "Come," said the observer, "the man's not so

bad after all. At least he is going to carry the load across the river." A moment after the lord and master mounted on his wife's back, and she carried over both husband and creel!

The tide rose at last, and we got aboard the steamer. I love the sea, but the sea does not love me. Why anybody should be sea-sick I know no more than all the pathologists in the world, and I know no more of any cure for it. The best preparation seems to be a spare and careful diet, the best preventive a berth near midships and a horizontal position. I generally manage to sleep from Dover to Calais, or from Folkestone to Boulogne. But if England and France would set to work employing the engineers and sappers and miners of their two armies, a tunnel could be made under the Straits of Dover in the shortest possible time. The two armies, regiment by regiment, would engage in the work with the greatest enthusiasm, striving to see which side would get farthest before the two shafts met. The cost would be only the machinery employed, and a little extra pay to the officers and men engaged. Only as long as railways are private property, which they never should be, the companies would have to pay the government for the use and benefit of the tunnel. That is my plan for abolishing sea-sickness on the short, chopping seas of the Straits of Dover; and I make a present of it to the two countries chiefly interested. There is no difficulty in making a tunnel in the chalk bed of the channel. It is a question only of time and means. Here are the ready means and the shortest time. It rests with the two governments to set the ball in motion.

Landed in Boulogne in the early morning, we find breakfast at one of the hotels that line the quay of the pretty French town, with its large English colony and its fleet of fishing vessels. And now I get my first glimpse of the niece of my friend the banker, and find her a fresh, intelligent, beautiful girl, who deserves her Paris holiday, and any other pleasure life can give her. A stately form, fine bold features, a clear complexion, a wealth of auburn hair, and the thorough training of a convent school, made my young lady charming; and it was a pleasure to see familiar scenes through fresh, young eyes, and enjoy their eager curiosity. So, taking our nice breakfast, with the good bread one gets everywhere on the Continent and so seldom in England, with plenty of hot milk and a well cooked omelette, we looked out upon the early birds of fishwomen in their short, strong, clean woolen dresses, and clattering, but dry, warm wooden shoes; brown,

hardy dames, who carry luggage from the steamer to the rail, and never heard of spinal disease or nervous debility.

We walk to the railway station along the noble quay and across the massive bridge, taking one look at the heights, crowned by the city and cathedral, enter a station built in the finest style of railway gothic, where even the third class waiting-room is spacious and ornamental, and fine second class carriages quite equal in comfort to first class in England. Not much to see from Boulogne to Paris. The train is not fast, but punctual to a second at every station. The conductor passes along the foot board outside the train in motion to examine tickets. Women sit knitting or sewing at the crossings, and give the safety signals to the passing trains. Every station has its pretty garden full of flowers; and a little later, when they are more plentiful, the conductor will gather armfuls and gallantly distribute them to the lady passengers. All up the valley of the Somme we see miles of turf drying, miles of osiers spread out on the grass, miles of linen laid out to bleach. Women are working in the fields. The land is laid out in long, narrow strips, divided into bits by numberless proprietors. Not a foot of land is wasted in hedge or fence, and every acre is made to do its utmost; growing crop after crop, tilled by a hardy, saving peasantry, that exports to England millions of eggs, tons of honey, and no end of butter, chickens, and vegetables. We pass through the great quarries of the beautiful creamy stone of which Paris is built; gardens and villas, and outlying manufactories increase in number; we pass St. Denis; there are the heights of Montmartre, and we glide into the *Gare du Nord*. A little family omnibus takes us and our luggage; and Paris, with its long, wide, tree-shaded avenues, its lofty houses, its clean streets, its smooth pavements, its elegant little gardens, its gay and tasteful shops, its splendid public buildings, is all around us—the brightest, cleanest, gayest city in the world.

A city of the saddest memories also. Stand on the Place de Greve and think what has happened there; and look up at the blackened ruins of the beautiful Hotel de Ville. Stand on the Place de la Concorde, looking north to the lovely Madelaine, and south across the Seine to the Palais Legislative, and you may stand on the very spot where fell the heads of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Robespierre, Madame Roland, and the Girondins. Go to the exquisite Parc de Monceau and see the gayest flowers blooming over the graves of the slaughtered

Communists, or to La Roquette and see where the Communists invoked this vengeance when they, in cold blood, shot the Archbishop of Paris, the Cure of the Madelaine and their fellow martyrs. From the gay Champs Elysees you see the ruins of the Tuilleries destroyed so wantonly.

The last time I had been in Paris was at the beginning of the armistice, after the siege and bombardment of the Germans, and before the war of the Commune. It was in February, and very cold and there was no fire, and at first scarcely any food. The only good fire I saw was at an American banker's, and my first dinner was made of turtle soup, which had come in a tin can from Brussels in the bag of an ambassador. At my hotel on the Rue de Rivoli I found a few embers in the office, the house full of soldiers; and they gave me chocolate without milk, and bread without butter. But the gates were open and food flowed in; and I saw thousands of pale women standing in the early morning in long lines, in the bitter cold, waiting to receive their portions of the relief which English charity so promptly sent them.

Now Paris was as clean, and bright, and gay in its aspect as if Germans had never besieged or Communists burnt. Only in Paris, and everywhere in France the people wear a sobered aspect. Their humiliations were too great to be easily forgotten. The landlady, who had so often greeted me cheerfully with her nicely spoken English welcome, had gone through the two sieges separated from her children, not hearing from them for months, and bravely ate her coarse, black bread in the siege; but when the war of the Commune thickened around her, and great fires raged north, south, east and west, close by on every side, it was too much. She died just as the war was ended.

We sallied out, my Scottish friend and I, and found the Louvre intact, and its gardens musical with the songs of birds; in the gardens of the Palais Royal the fountains were leaping into the sunshine, and thousands were listening to the daily five o'clock concert of the military band. We took our two-and-a-half franc dinner and then made the whole circuit of the shops, inspecting jewelry enough, one would think, to adorn all the fair ladies in the world. Then came the bitter end of these few hours' acquaintance, the last moment, when one comes nearer, sometimes, than in all the hours, and says good bye with a real sorrow. The good girl gave me both hands, and said her farewell fervently.

At 6 o'clock next morning I was in the train

or Lyons. I took the second class in the express, and had for traveling companions three sailors of the French navy—two Frenchmen from Normandy or Brittany, and one Italian—all bound to Toulon. We were no sooner off than they opened their canvas bags and made a bountiful breakfast on bread and meat, which they washed down with wine, and then they filled their pipes and smoked, and then all went to sleep. As soon as the nap was over they had a little good-natured bear play together, and then ate, drank, smoked and slept again, and so on through the entire day. The Italian ate, drank and smoked less than the Frenchmen, but slept more. In short, they were sailors.

We had a passing glimpse at Fontainebleau, thought of the emperor whose body lies entombed under the dome of the Invalides; and then went on through a level, well cultured but unpicturesque country to Dijon, stopping, I forget where, for a late breakfast or an early dinner, as each passenger might choose. Long tables were set in two rooms, *déjeuner* in one, *diner* in the other. As I was curious to see how French railway travelers could dine in twenty minutes, I took a seat at the more expensive table, still not dear, for it was but half a crown, wine included. Red and white wine, free to all, was beside each plate, and along the center of the table were little pyramids of bottles and half bottles of more expensive wines—say from ten pence to two shillings, for more fastidious travelers; fruits and compotes also for the dessert, and bread at discretion. The fish, meats, vegetables, salads, etc., were on the side tables; and a bevy of neat-looking, well-trained, rapid young demoiselles stood ready to give every hungry voyager his portion in due season. The moment all were seated a mutton chop with mashed potatoes was dashed on every plate, and a clean plate laid beside it ready for the next course; fish came somewhat later, roast turkey, spinach, and so on, course after course, plates changed at every dish, and ending with salad, cheese and dessert; and the whole was over without the least confusion, but certainly with very rapid work for the eaters, and the bill paid several minutes before the warning bell called us to the train.

From Dijon to Macon is one vineyard. Every hill, especially, was covered with the low-pruned vines, brown, gnarled stumps, scarcely a foot high, and beside each a slender stake about a yard high, for the new tendrils to cling to when they grow. There is little beauty at any time in vines close cropped like these, to

keep the grapes near the ground for richer juice and finer flavors. A luxuriant hop field is a far finer sight. But the industry displayed is wonderful. The steepest hill-sides are terraced, and vines are planted wherever there is earth or sand, or even gravel to give them root. Not a square yard of waste land in Burgundy—few yards in all France. Bits as big as bed blankets by the rail side are covered with vines. Even the heaps of stone and earth thrown out of a quarry were made smooth, covered with soil, and planted with vines. I thought of the thousands and thousands of acres lying in open commons in England. They would not produce grapes perhaps, though it is said that England once had abundant vineyards; but they would grow potatoes or cabbages; and I am certain that the mounds of cinders and scoria around the coal-pits and iron works of the black country, now so hideous and desolate, might be covered over with a rich and profitable vegetation.

Most tourists turn southeast at Macon for the Mont Cenis tunnel and Turin. It is a mistake. Lyons is the second city of France—of great historic and industrial interest, and one of the finest and most picturesque cities in Europe. We arrived too late to see it at night. An omnibus took me a mile or more from the station to an old-fashioned hotel, where the office was up two long flights of winding stone steps, and I had to climb up three stories to bed; but at five o'clock next morning I was well paid. I walked out upon the quay of massive masonry which embanks a rapid river. Lyons lies chiefly between the Soane and the Rhone, at their confluence. The two rivers run parallel, about half a mile apart. They are crossed by nineteen handsome bridges, and Lyons spreads out beyond each river; on one side the great manufactories for which the town is famous over the world, on the other a glorious amphitheater of lofty hills crowned with noble edifices. The beautiful central city, with its handsome churches, public buildings, squares, fountains and statues lies between the rivers; which are on both sides banked with ten miles or more of solid masonry, with fleets of steamers, and several miles of floating wash-houses, in which is done, I should say, the entire laundry work of Lyons.

From five o'clock till noon I explored Lyons. First, at this early hour, a mile of market people selling meat, poultry, butter, cheese, and all sorts of vegetables along the quay. Inspecting the brown, neatly dressed peasantry and their commodities, I saw a heap of some-

thing I never saw in a market till now—a bushel of brown, squirming things, which turned out to be snails. Later I saw on one of the prettiest shops in town this sign: “*Huitres et Escargots*”—oysters and snails. I have no doubt that slugs and snails are as nice and nutritious as oysters. They are almost exactly alike in their formation, and I do not see why one should not be eaten as well as the other. I ought to have tried them. “He was a brave man,” it is said, “who first swallowed an oyster.” Probably he was a hungry one. I do not like to be thought a coward, but I went elsewhere and had an omelette.

At nine o'clock I crossed the river and went to the ancient cathedral, where a venerable priest, robed in cloth of gold—he was, I presume, the archbishop—was addressing a congregation of some hundreds of youths and maidens; the latter all dressed in white, with long white veils upon their heads, to whom he was about to give their first communion.

Lyons is one of the oldest Christian cities—one of the oldest Catholic sees in Europe, and has had an unbroken line of bishops and archbishops almost from the days of the Apostles. It was built by the Romans before the Christian era, burnt down by Nero, besieged and almost destroyed by the troops of the Convention, and rebuilt by Napoleon, and is a grand and beautiful city and well worth visiting.

At noon I took the rail for Culoz, on the line to Italy. The route lay up the valley of the Rhone, one of the wildest and grandest railway routes I ever traversed. The blue river was sometimes foaming at our side, sometimes a hundred feet deep in dark gorges below. The mountains stood precipitous on either side as if rent asunder, their tops covered with snow. Why stay at a petty station on the road when I could follow up this magnificent mountain pass to Lake Lehman, and spend the night at Geneva? I changed my ticket and kept on—the scenery every moment increasing in grandeur. It was dark when we arrived at the Swiss capital, but early in the morning I sallied out into the broad streets of one of the neatest, prettiest of towns; and oh, with what magnificent surroundings! I stood on the bridge under which the Rhone flows out of the blue lake, imprisoned in mountains. North lay the whole magnificent snow-clad line of the Juras, its peaks rising higher and higher in the east, until I could scarcely distinguish between the snowy summits and the sunlit clouds. I looked southeast for Mont Blanc, but the clouds hid from sight the monarch of moun-

tains. But I had seen Geneva, the Alps, Switzerland, and got my breakfast; and started down the Rhone valley again for Mont Cenis and Turin.

There is but one way to take a railway through a region of mountains. You must follow a river as far as you can go, clinging to the precipices on one side or the other, with bridges, tunnels, viaducts, and then descend a similar ravine and river on the other side. But here was a mountain chain to pass between two valleys, and its lowest point is 6,775 feet above the level of the sea. A tunnel eight miles long pierces the mountain; the train passes through in a short half-hour, and we pass from Savoy into Piedmont—from France to Italy. We descend with one alpine stream as we had ascended with the other. Through both valleys, as all up the Rhone, was the same wonderful culture of every foot of earth, often made accessible by stairs and terraces. The gravelly *debris* of the mountains, sloping like the steep roof of a house up to the perpendicular precipice, is all planted over with vines up to the very rock. The mountain tops are loaded with snow, but along the roadside one can almost reach the lovely alpine wild flowers. And oh, what villages! What queer, mouldy little towns, huddled together on any spot level enough to hold them, that look like toy towns taken out of boxes—so small that it seems as if you could tie them up in a pocket-handkerchief. And here I experienced more strongly than ever the illusion of sight among mountains. Steaming past the grand palisades of the Hudson the houses on the river bank look like bird cages. These mountains dwarfed everything else. Trees looked shrubs, and I could scarcely persuade myself that a house was larger than a dog-kennel; and a village of a thousand inhabitants looks as if it could be set on a tea-tray.

Night and Turin, a city of broad streets and marble palaces. Walking out in the early morning, I was surprised at the magnificence and beauty of its architecture and its well paved streets, each with its single or double tramway of smoother blocks of granite; but the use made of them by the mules amused me. Of course these smoother ways were intended for the wheels, but the mules, if not too heavily loaded, preferred them for their feet; but when two mules tandem were drawing a heavy load, the one in the shafts kept his proper place between the granite tracks, while the leader walked on their smooth surface. It is a curious fact that the mule has more sagacity than either of his parents.

The names of the streets of Turin are very neatly cut on marble tablets at every corner, and under the name of the street, generally that of some celebrated Italian, is carved in smaller letters the name of its patron saint. But beyond all the beauties and grandeurs of Turin was the view I got, quite unexpectedly, from its streets. Turning toward the north I saw, closing the horizon, a glorious vista of snowy alpine peaks, rosy in the morning light. And that magnificent line of mountains runs along the whole of northern Italy. Higher and higher peaks arise far off, dimly seen among the clouds, and among them I think I saw *Monta Rosa*.

I had but one day to go from Turin to Venice, and on the road lie Milan, Bergamo, Brescia, Verona, Padua; and just off the road are the loveliest lakes of Italy. I could but make the best of such a heart-breaking hurried journey, and stop three hours in Milan. The country is a great plain from the Po to the foot of the mountains, level as if it had been made by a slowly retiring sea, and wherever there was an excavation I could see the rounded pebbles of the beach. The soil is a black loam, not very thick, but by culture and irrigation made one great garden, of abounding fertility. The melting snows of the Alps make a thousand little rivers, and these are led in canals across the plains, and the fields are dyked, so that they can at any time be flooded. I saw from the rail thousands of acres under water. Cold winds were blowing down from the Alps, yet on this April day men were mowing heavy crops of grass for hay.

The country is full of fruit trees—apples, pears, plums, peaches. They grow across the fields in rows running north and south, so as to shade the land as little as possible, and are pruned like vines. When a tree gets large, and thin in bearing, they boldly cut off all the branches, as the English poll willows, within a few inches of the trunk. New shoots come out, and by the second year they are in vigorous bearing. If this answers in Italy—and I saw many thousands of trees so treated—why not elsewhere? Surely the experiment is worth trying on a few old pear and apple trees.

And all along the rows of trees are planted vines, which are trained along poles about four feet from the ground, from tree to tree. The grapes so grown do not make as good wine as those from the closer-trimmed vines of France and Germany; but the landscape is more beautiful, and the grapes are probably quite as good for table, which is, I think, a far

better use than making wine of them. They are delicious, healthy, and full of nutriment. Dried as raisins we import great quantities; but generally make a bad use of them. With a little care many kinds can be kept fresh for months. They might be made as plentiful and cheap all over England as oranges. A piece of bread and a bunch of grapes makes an Italian an abundant and delightful meal. Fermentation wastes the nutritive properties of the grapes, as of rye and barley, pears and apples. It is a sad thing to see so much of the best human food manufactured into intoxicating drinks.

At Milan I had time to take a ramble about the city and admire its beautiful architecture, which surpasses in some respects even that of Turin. The great cathedral of white marble, crusted over inside and out with a thousand marble statues, its great windows blazing with stained glass of the loveliest hues, in which beauty everywhere struggles with grandeur, which has been accounted for centuries as one of the wonders of the world, I went through and about with a great admiration. No picture gives an adequate idea of it.

The route from Milan to Venice has little to describe. The culture was everywhere the same, every foot of land was made the most of, and it was as if the road lay through one great garden. Here, as all through France, women were working in the fields like men. Woman's right to labor on the Continent has apparently never been lost. In England women work in gardens, in brick fields, at the mouths of coal pits, and in some counties in agricultural gangs; but hard, out-door female labor is exceptional in England, while it is the rule of life on every part of the Continent that I have visited.

We were all day long in sight of the mountains, and saw, also, some of the great fortresses of the famous Quadrilateral. I quite forgot to say that before reaching Turin we passed over the battle-field of Magenta, and saw the mound of its dead. Before reaching Peschiera we went for miles along the southern shore of Lake Garda, and saw fine vistas of mountain scenery. I was sorry not to stop at Verona, but it was Saturday, and I had set my heart on spending Sunday in Venice, and on Tuesday I must go to Vienna. So about 10 o'clock on Saturday night the train passed over a long causeway through the sea, and rolled into the station of the most silent city in the world. On the band of a porter's cap I saw the words "Hotel Victoria." In a moment a stalwart Italian took my arm, and I was in a gondola.

It was dark and raining. A door opened, and I was shut up in a covered space almost exactly like a coach, with glass windows in the door, in front and at the sides. There is plenty of room for two—seats, indeed, for four; but I was the only passenger. Two gondoliers, one forward one aft, each plying a single long oar, pushing instead of pulling, so as to look forward and steer through narrow and difficult passages, took me rapidly a little way on the Grand Canal, then turned into one so narrow that in some places two boats could barely pass each other; and we went swiftly, as fast as the ordinary pace of a London four-wheeler, across Venice; and I stepped from the gondola upon the doorstep of an ancient Doge's palace, and was shown to a large, lofty, and well furnished bed-room—one of the 140 rooms the grand old house contains. I woke up in Venice.

It is certainly the strangest city in the world. It stands far out in the blue Adriatic, with the water up to its doorsteps. Along the Grand Canal, which winds like a great letter S through the city, is a double line of palaces, of whose matchless beauty Mr. Ruskin has written, as no other man can write, in his "Stones of Venice." And so silent—everywhere so still, never the clatter of a horse's foot, never the rattle of a wheel. There is not a horse nor even a donkey in all Venice; not a carriage, not so much as a wheelbarrow or perambulator. There are no streets. Canals, generally very narrow, divide the town into seventy islands; and the houses are jumbled together in an utterly planless way, with alleys running between them in every possible direction, and so narrow that my open umbrella often grazed both walls. In those narrow, intricate ways I got lost every time I went out—rather I was lost all the time. Tired of finding myself every now and then, after numerous turnings, back at the place of departure, wandering in circles, as lost people do in forests, I resolved to take alternate turnings right and left, and then I got on better. The widest lanes sometimes expand to twenty or thirty feet, and in these are shops. There is even a sort of street market across the Rialto, the largest bridge across the Grand Canal. Here in an open space a man was selling pawnbroker's unredeemed pledges; but not with noisy vociferations—there are but two noises ever heard in Venice: the chimes of the bells of many churches, and the warning cries of gondoliers as they meet in crooked ways and narrow passages. The crowd of buyers, mostly women, was seated round a barrier, and a man brought each garment or other article round to

be examined, and took the highest offer. I stood watching the process, and the dark, indolent faces of the people eating oranges; which taste better here than in colder climes; and as I threw the peel of each upon the pavement, a large barefooted man came and carefully gathered up every scrap—I think to flavor some of the summer beverages sold in the streets. Water is also sold, drawn from carefully covered wells in the little squares in front of the churches, and carried in copper buckets on yokes, somewhat like the London milk yokes, by strong, healthy looking women, dressed in a neat and becoming costume.

The pride of Venice is the great place of St. Mark. It is a paved quadrangle, with one broad opening toward the sea. At the upper end is the cathedral, covered with clustering domes and rich in statues and mosaics. Once it must have been gorgeous in its gems and gold; even now, dingy as it is with age, and in dull weather, it lights up gloriously with bright sunshine. It looks byzantine and oriental, and is dwarfed in its effect externally by the grand proportions of the Ducal Palace, which almost fills one side of the place, and the tremendous size and height of the great Campanile, which is the most conspicuous object in Venice. All round the square is a broad covered colonnade, lined with shops and cafes like those of the Palais Royal at Paris. Here thousands of people come every fine evening, walking round and round in two opposing currents as at a pleasure town parade. It is, I believe, the only promenade in Venice. The ladies generally wear mantillas—just a black veil or other graceful drapery over the head. Many have only their dark, abundant hair. I saw no hat or bonnet save on the heads of visitors. Otherwise there is not much of distinctive costume.

I explored the Ducal Palace, with the walls and ceilings of its grand rooms covered with the masterpieces of Titian and Tintoretto; looked at the Bridge of Sighs, a covered passage across a narrow canal which runs between the Palace and the neighboring prison; saw a thousand pigeons come down from their high perches to be fed in the square, covering like a cloud those who scattered corn for them; strolled along the quay with its ships, steamers, and line of gondolas, which ply like cabs all over Venice. There was even a group of omnibus gondolas, carrying a dozen passengers or so, and making regular trips along the Grand Canal.

The gondola is a light, fleet boat, of beautiful proportions, rising high, with an ornamental

pro and stern, painted black, with a carriage-like covering in the center to keep off sun or rain, but which can easily be removed if passengers desire it. There is no expense for horses, or their keep, only the gondolier, who lives cheaply on polenta, a pudding of maize sold ready cooked in the shops, and beans, peas, rice and maccheroni; all very cheap, and of excellent quality. Consequently the fares are very low. A short trip on the Grand Canal costs three halfpence; a longer course three pence. By the hour you pay ten pence for the first hour and five pence an hour afterwards. I judge by these prices, and by the prices of food in the shops, that Venice must be one of the cheapest cities in Europe.

Having stayed Sunday and Monday, and pretty well explored the most peculiar city man has ever built, I took my gondola at 10 o'clock on Monday night and started for a thirty-five 'hours' railway trip to Vienna—first a long circuit by Trieste around the head of the Gulf of Venice, which the night after I might have crossed in a steamer, and then by a long stretch north-east to the Austrian capital, where it was necessary to arrive in season to find lodgings and get a ticket for the opening of the Exhibition. The train was very full of people from all quarters, hastening to the great spectacle of the first of May. First I found myself with a whole family, children and servants, lounging and sleeping all together in a night train. They were as friendly, good natured and companionable as one could wish—treating me more like an old acquaintance than a stranger just thrown amongst them. A bright German girl, the childrens' governess, in the early morning, leaning her elbow on my knee, took a lesson in French pronunciation and gave me one in German, with the confidence simplicity of a child six years old. Can one imagine an English governess doing such a thing without an introduction? Then changing to another train I had for traveling companions a Hungarian nobleman returning from a winter's residence in Egypt, with his two servants, a Hungarian valet, and a Nubian, I think; but certainly the blackest negro I ever set eyes on, and I have seen a great many. His very lips were black; even his gums were black. The whites of his eyes and his teeth were tawny. Only on the insides of his hands he seemed to have worn away some of the *pigmentum nigrum*. The weather was cold and his master gave him his own thick overcoat for an extra wrap, carefully drawing it about him to keep him warm. Austrian noblemen, as

proud, perhaps, of their nobility as any in the world, are more friendly with the lower classes than are the higher ranks of some other countries; but I do not know that they usually travel in the same carriages with their servants. This, however, was an express train, with only first class carriages.

A fine country, with great, beautiful farms, plenty of land, plenty of forest, rafts of timber and deals going down the rivers, fine large churches crowning the hills, and everywhere handsome, spacious, well painted houses. In breadth of land and abundance of wild forest it was more like America than any part of Europe I have seen. But Austria is one-third forest—by no means a crowded country, and having no need of emigration. It exports great quantities of corn, and wine, and cattle. As long as a country can export food it can have no need of emigration, provided that the people own the land, so that they are not robbed by rent. The Irish exporting food to pay rent to absent landlords, even while they were starving by thousands, must emigrate. But that is an unnatural and abhorrent state of things.

One Sunday in Venice, one in Vienna. They do not keep Sunday anywhere on the Continent, neither in the Protestant or Catholic countries, as it is kept in England or America, and especially as it is kept in Scotland. Everywhere the museums, galleries, gardens, theaters and balls are open on Sundays. Markets, and many shops are also open in the morning. Sunday was the great day at the Paris Exhibition, as it will be at Vienna; but less work is done on Sunday in Vienna than in Paris. The Catholic Church forbids *servile* labor on Sundays and holidays, but permits all tasteful and pleasant occupations and recreations. One must not labor for hire, unless in works of necessity; but one may write books, or paint pictures, provided that religious duties have been properly attended to.

I have shortened this narrative to meagerness, not wishing to occupy too much space, and must here condense some of the observations I made, which seem to me appropriate to a journal of sanitary and social science. My entire journey of more than two thousand miles was through countries of small proprietors, or where land is held on some co-operative principle. The people either own the soil or have more interest in its cultivation than mere laborers or tenants at will. Everywhere I saw astonishing industry, the cultivation of almost inaccessible mountain steeps and apparently barren rocks. Everywhere the earth was made the

most, if not the best of. And everywhere from Boulogne to Vienna and back to Ostend, the laboring people seemed better dressed, more comfortable and more independent in their circumstances than in England. I saw but one tipsy man, or one I suspected of being tipsy, during the entire journey. The most temperate people in eating and drinking were the Italians. Everywhere the women of the lower classes were strong and healthy, and everywhere they were doing the hardest work in the open air; digging, wheeling out manure in barrows and spreading it on the land, planting; in Venice carrying water, in Vienna filling the great water carts—four stout women working together at the public pumps—mixing mortar, and carrying mortar and brick up ladders to the masons; in Nuremberg drawing heavily loaded wagons, wheeling great loads on barrows, sawing firewood in the streets and carrying or hauling it with rope and pulley to the tops of tall houses; and everywhere seeming quite able to do their work.

The towns I saw were as well built as any in England, and many of them are far more splendid and beautiful. Almost without exception they are delightfully clean, at least in their streets, and externally; though in some there are crowded quarters and bad drainage. But nowhere could one find the square miles of such squalid, wretched, ugly dwellings as cover so large a surface of London.

The moment I crossed the channel I found good bread. All through France, Italy, Austria, Germany, the bread is pure and delicious, and such as cannot be bought in England, except at a foreign baker's in London. Vienna has the best bread in Europe; but it was excellent everywhere. I am satisfied that the English bakers manufacture a vast amount of dyspepsia with their almost uniformly badly made and often adulterated bread. And bread is truly the staff of life on the Continent. The poorer classes eat but little meat, but have plenty of good bread, peas, beans, fruit and vegetables for food. Nine-tenths of the people of Europe live on much less than sixpence a day for food. The French drink too much wine, but they take it mostly with their meals, and it is thin and pure. The Italians are more temperate. The Germans drink great quantities of beer, but it is light, never drugged, and but slightly intoxicating. The governments of Bavaria and Austria have attended to the quality of the national beverage for ages, and the beer of Munich and Vienna is the best and purest in the world. The wines of both Aus-

tria and Germany are light and pure. Very little spirit is drunk. Beer, wine and coffee are the most common beverages. Tobacco, however, is almost universal, and a great nuisance to those who do not like it; and I saw in Vienna what I never saw elsewhere, long boxes containing sawdust just in front of the kneeling benches in every church, even in the choir of the magnificent cathedral.

In England we are disposed to consider ourselves the most moral and religious people in the world. We pity most other countries, and send missionaries to a good many. I say nothing about the religion nor the comparative morality, but I observed this fact: from the time I left London until my return—passing through so many countries, and exploring so many large cities—I did not see one female whom I recognized as being of disreputable character. No doubt I saw such driving in the Prater at Vienna and elsewhere; but their profession was never obtruded upon me, or made evident by their walk and conversation. The deficiencies of life are observed, however it may be with its morals. I believe that Vienna is one of the least moral cities in Europe, but even in Vienna vice is never intruded upon the notice of a visitor as it is in London or Liverpool, Manchester or Birmingham. There is more of the open effrontery of licentiousness seen in one night in the Strand or the Haymarket than I have ever seen during weeks or months in any continental city. No doubt you can find vice in them, but in England vice finds you.

I do not advise any one to make so hurried a journey. Where I spent hours I would willingly have spent days. I wished to make a trip on the Lake of Geneva and on the Lake of Como. I would have been glad of a day in Genoa. It was very hard only to get a glimpse of Verona from the window of a railway carriage. I was obliged to leave Dresden and Munich both unvisited. I could not give even a few hours to Bruges and Antwerp. But even such a hasty flight, and such a bird's eye view as I was able to take, has its value.

I advise every one who intends to travel on the Continent to learn at least a few words and phrases of French, Italian and German; to go among the people of each country, and see how they live and behave; to travel third class at times, and visit popular resorts, as well as palaces and picture galleries; to get acquainted with the life of the present as well as the monuments of the past.

Our Food—Draughts on the Mineral World.

BY F. B. GOULDING.

OUR understanding of the commonly received and in some sense incontrovertible teaching of physiology, that animals never feed upon the mineral world except through the intervention of the vegetable, must be largely as well as necessarily modified by the attitude of meaning assigned to the terms food and minerals. If by the latter we mean only the gross earths and clays, with their superimposed soil and their underlying rocks and metals, and if by the word food we understand such substances only as are digested in an animal's stomach, and thence diffused through the body in the shape of blood, bone and muscle, then the current form of the above stated doctrine is, without exception, true.

The order of nature seems to be that all mineral matter must become *plant food* before it can become animal food. Or, to give a little change to the terms, while expressing the same thought, that inorganic matter must first feed the lower organisms in nature, and be by them vitalized and endowed with organic structure, before it can offer itself acceptably as food to the higher organisms. What that mysterious change is, except to call it *organization*, is more than we can tell. All that can be asserted with certainty is that while the chemical elements—carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, etc.—remain the same as in their primal state, the law of nature requires them to have become in some shape the receptacle and home of vegetable life ere they can enjoy the higher honor of being endowed with animal life.

This part of our subject becomes rapidly more interesting and more intricate the more deeply we plunge into it; but having no hope, and in fact no intention of elaborating it in the present article, we turn short off to another part, equally interesting probably to the mass of readers, and unattended with any special difficulty.

The word mineral legitimately includes not only the gross substances just now mentioned, but every material substance in nature, however ethereal, not included in the animal and vegetable kingdoms—water and air as well as metals and earths—all the inorganic liquids and gases, and even light, heat and electricity, in so far as these may be justly termed material.

Now suppose that we give a similar latitude of meaning to the word food, not confin-

ing it to the animal and vegetable diet of our tables, but extending it (in the spirit of that grand old poet of nature and master of Saxon English, who said: "If music be the *food* of love,") to mean every pabulum that supports animal life and promotes animal growth, however received into the system, whether by eating, drinking, breathing, absorption; and we shall probably be astonished to discover the amount of our indebtedness to the purely mineral—or if any prefer the term—inorganic world.

We begin naturally with the first of the kinds enumerated—the *pabulum received by eating*. For designating this our great grandfathers had a very appropriate Saxon word, which we have unfortunately allowed to become almost obsolete, the word *meat*, which being a form of the verb *to eat*, had no more reference to flesh than to bread, and would, therefore, exactly suit our purpose at this point. It must be acknowledged that of all the substances received into the stomach to allay the sensation of hunger the only mineral known to be used for this purpose is an edible clay. This, however, is by no means identical with the argil or alumina so craved by the bloated clay eaters of our country; who eat it not to satisfy the demands of hunger, but from the same morbid appetite which sometimes impels schoolgirls to nibble their slate pencils. The edible clay is composed of the microscopic shells of once living infusoria, and the nutriment which it affords is doubtless due to the undecomposed organic matter still adhering to the shells. The gravel picked up by yard poultry, and the stones and bits of iron swallowed by ostriches, are not eaten as food, but are used in their stomachs for the purpose of mechanical attrition.

The nearest approach to a purely mineral substance used by the human race as food is in the case of *salt*. For this substance is purely mineral, and without a trace of organization, being dug from mines like the clays and slates; yet it is in such universal demand that no race of men can be found who do not use it, or some substitute for it. Even the wild buffaloes of our prairies and the deer of our forests feel so greatly the need of it that they will lick the saline earth in spots until they have excavated with their tongues those great holes in the earth known as *salt licks*. The importance of

the place it holds as an element of our food may be seen in the remark made by the ancient Pliny, that "human life *cannot* be supported without it," and in the echo of that remark by a recent scientific writer, that "salt is, next to bread, the most important necessary of life." Both these remarks are probably exaggerations of the truth. Salt is not an *aliment* at all—far less an aliment essential to life. People can live without it, and it is certain that whoever seeks to live on it alone will soon die; perhaps the sooner from its use in such a case than from its disuse. The office of salt in human food is that of a stimulative condiment; it is diffused all through the system, in company with the various juices, and makes itself manifest upon the skin—not only to the taste but to the sight.

The pabulum of the second class mentioned is that received by *drinking*. Some of this is purely animal, as in the case of milk; some as purely vegetable, as in cider and wine; in other cases it is a mixture, as in soups, broths, gruels; but in all these cases it will be found that the *drink* concerned is water, and that it is only varied in its flavor, nutrition, etc., by a combination with other substances. That which quenches thirst, whether received in the form of liquid, semi-liquid, or in apparently solid form (*e. g.* various juicy fruits), is therefore to be regarded, more or less strictly, as pure water.

The quantity of it used as drink varies, of course, with the habits of the individual and with the circumstances in which he is placed. As a rule we drink more in warm weather than in cold, though the suffering from thirst is oftentimes more acute in cold weather than in warm. There are occasions, too, in which the quantity actually consumed bears a small proportion to the quantity craved, as in deserts, where water is not to be had, or in wrecks at sea, where perishing men

"See water, water everywhere,

But not a drop to drink;"

but, as a rule, the weight of our pabulum received in the shape of drink is far in advance of the weight of what is eaten. This statement is made not only in view of the observed habits of most people, but more especially in view of scientific investigation of the subject. The habits of different persons vary so greatly that while some will be content with their sip of tea or coffee taken two or three times a day, and scarcely exceeding altogether a pound in weight, others will feel stunted with less than several gallons a day, weighing ten pounds to the gallon.

The proportion between the solid and liquid ingredients in our food necessary to the ordinary functions of nature may be partially inferred from the fact that *three-fourths* of the human body consists of water. Careful experiments have given the following results: When flesh is thoroughly desiccated only 25 parts in 1,000 remain as a dry residuum; that is to say, 750 parts pass off in aqueous vapor. Of the bones 510 parts in 1,000 remain; but all will admit that this excess of solid matter in the bones is more than counterbalanced by the excess of water in other parts of the animal frame—in the blood, for instance, in the various little vessels, and especially in the stomach and intestines. And this is true, notwithstanding that the watery elements of the body are rapidly exhaled through the lungs and skin, while the flesh and bones are comparatively permanent. The amount of liquid pabulum necessary to supply the daily wear and tear of the system, or which if not liquid when received, is capable of being *liquefied* in the process of digestion, is probably many times more than threefold that of the solid.

The third kind of pabulum mentioned—that received by *breathing*, is of necessity a purely mineral substance, though it may not always be *pure air*; for whatsoever of Pittsburgh smoke or New Orleans miasma, or any other city's dust may be inhaled, it is not the smoke or dust or miasma which constitutes the pabulum, but the oxygen of the atmosphere, with which these foreign substances have become more or less intermixed.

It is a curious fact that although no animal can live more than a few weeks without nitrogen in the *food*, and although the atmosphere abounds with this gas, in the proportion of four of nitrogen to one of oxygen, there is not, so far as we know, one atom of it consumed in respiration. Its office seems to be that of a mere diluent of the oxygen, and is wholly exhaled with the expired breath.

Still more curious is the result of calculating from the data furnished by experimentists, the amount of air inhaled—we do not say *consumed*, for that we do not know—but received into the lungs as breath during a given time. A Dr. Ratray, of the British navy, made a report to the Royal Society not long since of certain experiments in this department, conducted by himself. He says that in cold weather a man of ordinary size can usually receive into his lungs, by a *strained effort*, about 250 or 260 cubic inches of air, and in warm weather some 280 or 290 inches. This is, in average, equal to an

perial gallon, which contains 277 cubic inches. In ordinary respiration, however, the lungs are seldom taxed to more than one-sixth or one-eighth of their full capacity—say to about 40 cubic inches at each respiration. Now by assuming this datum of 40 cubic inches as correct, and by combining it with the fact that we breathe usually about twenty times a minute, we learn that our lungs call for about 800 cubic inches of air every minute, 48,000 every hour, 1,52,000 every day, and 420,480,000 every year. Reducing these cubic inches to more conceivable measures, we have, in round numbers, 20 bushels of air every hour, 500 bushels every day, and 200,000 bushels every year. Converting now into *weight*, by allowing three grains troy to every ten * cubic inches, and 1,000 grains troy to every pound avoirdupois, we learn that we breathe $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of air every hour, 50 every day, and 18,020 pounds every year—*nine tons!*—sufficient to balance one hundred very stout men, weighing each 180 pounds—and this of air!

Of the fourth class of pabulum, that received by *absorption*, it is impossible in the present state of science to speak with precision, either as to the limit of the substances themselves or as to the conditions necessary to their most effective reception. A few facts, however, may be stated which will enable a thoughtful reader to look so far into this "millstone" as to convince him that there is plenty of matter beyond sight.

It has been long known, that persons at sea perishing from thirst can partially allay their suffering, and even obtain an indefinite prolongation of life, by immersing their bodies in the sea-water, or even by keeping a cloth wet with it around their necks. By some means—yet what, unless by absorption, we know not—the water is eliminated from its briny compounds and received into the body, where it acts the part of a friendly beverage to the shriveling tissues; whereas, if taken into the stomach it would produce nausea, delirium and death. We also know that many poisonous substances—nicotine, for instance, belladonna, morphine and others—if applied to the skin, and especially if inserted under the cuticle, will enter the whole system from that point and produce effects according to the specific action of each. These facts and many others of similar character are well known. Now, that the skin should in like manner absorb substances from the air, which may act either as poisons, or

as supplies to interior demand, is reasonably to be conjectured. The last of these is pretty well established as a fact, for, to a small extent, oxygen is known to be imbibed through the skin and carbonic acid to be given out, as in actual respiration; and the first is so strongly suspected that the keen eyes of the watchmen over public health are even now fixed upon it, and we expect ere long to know more certainly the truth in the case.

But whatever may be true of the absorption of water, of air, and of other substances, there is a large class of the most powerful agents in nature (whether or not in themselves properly called *substances*) whose action must be received mainly, if not wholly, through the skin, and therefore we may say by absorption. These are those mysterious sources, or rather *hiding places*, of physical force, once classified as the imponderables, and known to everybody under their specific names of light, heat, electricity, and their cognates. A prisoner immured in a dungeon will soon give indications similar to those of a plant growing in a cellar; he becomes pale and feeble. Sound health requires abundant sunlight. As to heat—not merely that produced within the animal frame by the slow combustion of food received, but that which is derived from external nature, the sun, and fire, and which necessarily passes through the skin—we may never be able calculate the amount consumed; but we do know that of all the necessities of life yet described this is the most immediately and urgently necessary. We may live indefinitely long without sensible light, but we cannot live an instant without sensible heat. Then as to that other agent in nature, electricity, the most mysterious of them all, if it is not substantially *one with them all*, after having been made the scape-goat for all the otherwise unexplainable things in nature, after having been elevated, in the minds of some, from one throne of dignity to another, until they come to regard it as a sort of physical Creator—or as an old Platonist would say, a Demiurge—electricity, which, in some form or other, is found to be so closely concerned in every animal function and motion, in every sensation received from without and in every act or utterance proceeding from within, that some have come to regard it not only as the medium between material nature and the sentient spirit, but as life itself; and others seem to be questioning whether it is not even the soul, that thinks, and feels, and loves, and hates. *Electricity*, what shall we say of it? Like every physical force on earth, it has its origin in the

* 1,000 cubic inches of air, at ordinary temperature and density, weigh 305 grains.

sun, and comes quivering along its wondrous way in the same undulation that brings us light and heat. Of course it is received into the human body in the same way with these others; which we have already characterized as absorption.

And here we must stop, in ignorance yet in wonder.

There is, however, a thought or two to be gathered from the foregoing facts which may not be without interest, if mentioned briefly in closing. The comparative frequency with which we partake of the two kinds of pabulum, organized and unorganized, may be roughly estimated by remembering that in the course of twenty-four hours most people *eat* three times (partaking then of the organized pabulum) they *drink* usually three times three, and *breathe* nearly ten thousand times three times—in

these last cases making their food-draughts upon unorganized materials.

Persons perishing from hunger, but plentifully supplied with water, linger sometimes for weeks; those who perish from thirst, but have an abundance of thoroughly dry food, seldom survive six days; while those who are deprived of air, as by drowning or strangulation, usually die in the course of five or ten minutes.

We also learn that the most vital necessities of life are seldom left to our own providing. Heat and electricity we cannot escape from. Air is the freest thing on earth. Water floats in our heavens, bubbles in our springs, and flows down our river beds. Bread, meat—that pabulum of which we consume least and partake seldomest, and which we can do without longest, is the only one left to our own providing.

Wisdom Crumbs from the German.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.

DOST thou find a truth on thy way,
Helpless and naked and bound;
Like Pharisee turn not away,
Like Samaritan bind up its wound.

The stream of tears
Is not bright to behold;
Yet out of its wave
One washes pure gold.

The more honest are men,
The more earnest their thought;
The harder the battle
With their hard skulls to be fought.

Nothing hurts truth more
Under the skies,
Than mistakes of the noble
And faults of the wise.

What dost life teach thee?
Tell me in answer plain;
To give what thou lovest most,
And take what brings thee pain.

Say blooming youth,
Why boast of charms so fast?
Each brightest spear of grass
Becomes a straw at last.

Because thou dost believe, art thou then good?

The devil no atheist is, for he believes in God.

Who doth on others lean
Doth most unsteady stand,
Who on himself doth rest
Stand firmest in the land.

Who long would live,
And good health win,
Must take no care
Of his neighbor's sin.

Thyself to conquer is noble and wise,
But 'tis bad thine own tyrant to be,
For the hardest taskmaster under the skies
Is thy stubborn self unto thee.

Further than Adam carried the truth,
The wisest man never hath brought;
For he saw all things in their godlike youth
And called them by names Heaven-taught.

One fool doth many fools make;
But tell me, pray,
To make one wise man,
How many fools doth it take?

Blood governs us all—
Though his culture be nice,
Who descends from a cat,
In the dark will catch mice.

True Beauty.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

EVERY original moral quality, when properly exhibited, has power to produce the impression of beautifulness. We are apt to think that that beauty which we first learn to distinguish—physical beauty—is the type of all the rest; and men suppose, when we speak of moral qualities as being beautiful, that we simply make a transfer, by figure and title, from real beauty to this secondary, artificial or imaginary beauty; but it is the reverse. True beauty inheres in moral qualities; and it is a secondary use of the term *beauty* by which we speak of physical things as being beautiful.

Every original moral quality has the power to produce a sense of the beautiful, for we are able to discriminate between a latent power and the actual exercise of it. I do not say that every time a man is good he seems beautiful; there are various things which prevent the impression of beautifulness from being made in many cases; but in every element of moral character there is beauty, which, though it may not always be brought out, is capable of being developed.

I know of no better way of illustrating this subject than by presenting some of the cases in which the great moral faculties do produce a sense of the beautiful; and I do not so much desire to single out cases of rapturous experience, as to point to the more common elements of your experience and show you what their moral character is, what they lead to, and what influences they establish.

Let us take the root of all moral character—*love*. About this all the world are agreed. They believe it to be beautiful in its nature, in its outgoings, and in almost every conceivable relation that it can take. Look at it in its lowest and most animal forms, and you shall find that the passionate literature of the globe has never been tired of celebrating it. It is beautiful even there.

The same is true of it in its nobler forms of disinterested affection, as it is beheld in parents, and in exalted friendships. Who is there that would be willing to own that he did not stand impressed with the beauty of the disclosures of love in its disinterested and parental form? Who is there that ever saw the dawning flame of love in innocence and youth, and did not feel that the expression of it transcended the

subtlest touch of art? No creation that ever went on canvas equalled the facts that are taking place from day to day. The whole world has consented to say, or feel, or admit, that love, in all its proper manifestations, is beautiful.

But when it goes yet higher, and becomes a sentiment, then it is benevolence, and it controls selfishness and malignity, and shines upon all with the radiance of steadfast beauty. Men in the presence of lofty and controlling benevolence use such words as *charming! admirable! beautiful!* You never saw any act that brought clearly before your mind the exercise of this crowning virtue, that you did not feel it to be beautiful; and you never saw a man or woman that habitually exercised it without joining with others in admiring and revering him or her, as the case might be.

Not merely are these qualities beautiful in the sense of moral fitness, but the persons themselves are beautiful in the sense of physical beauty. I hold that the mind is perpetually impressing itself on the body; and that gesture, attitude, a thousand physical appearances, are the result of mental processes within. The words used, the tones of the voice, the general expression of the face, the carriage and the manners, are unquestionably made beautiful by the predominant influence of a noble benevolence, of a deep affection; of the true love element. Nay, those moments when some illustrious expression darts upon the face—as it were daguerreotype themselves on the memory. We do not remember our friends that are gone as they looked all the time, but as they looked at a point of time when some particular expression broke out on their face; or in some particular posture or place. The moments that we catch are those in which the whole face is made luminous by the expression that springs from some great and noble inward feeling. Who has not seen a brown and homely face transfigured so that it shone like the light? and, on the other hand, who has not seen faces whose features were comely by physical harmony and symmetry, made hideous when some wrathful or malignant passion sent its scowl across them? All the world, when they think of it, recognize the fact that the expression of malignant feelings is homely, and that the ex

pression of benign feelings is beautiful. Moral qualities have the power of shining through and making the face, the manners, and the whole manhood beautiful.

Conscience, as a moral quality, has a variety of ways in which it develops itself. Truth, equity, firmness and honor are all inflections of conscience; and the effect produced upon character by eminent conscience can scarcely be doubted. A man that is kind and gentle and just, is more beautiful than any statue can be. A man who is characterized by openness, uprightness, and unobtrusiveness, and who is pervaded with the sentiment of beneficence, becomes royal; not alone in moral aspects, but in physical as well.

The glow of faith and hope and reverence, although seldom seen, impresses all men with this quality of beauty. What are the qualities which painters choose by which to represent angelic beauty, but faith, and hope, and reverence, and truth and love? I think everybody is a saint-worshiper somewhere. Even wicked men will have in some niche a picture of the Virgin that they look on with strange sensations. The worst men have a Madonna somewhere in their hearts. It may be a pure and noble sister. The impressions made upon men by father, or mother, or wife or child, are fragmentary experiences. If you could inspect the experiences of men I think you would find that there was scarcely a man living who had not a sense of some royal hour, some transfiguring moment, when a person near and dear, and believed in, appeared like an angel of God; and no other beauty will ever approach the beauty of that hour. No picture, and no image of any kind, will ever come near to expressing to a man such a sense of beautifulness as he is conscious of having at a time like that.

No physical beauty, no mere form endures as does the beauty which comes from the true source—moral beauty. There is nothing that you get tired of so quick as a wax figure, no matter how pretty you make it; because there is nothing in it or behind it. It has only physical symmetry. Is there anything that men run after so quick as mere symmetry of feature and form? and does not the world testify that there is nothing that one feels the emptiness of so soon as this. To be pitied are they who are exteriorly and not interiorly beautiful. On the other hand, is there a man that has not seen persons who were homely as granite, and yet beautiful as an angel? Is there not some unmarried aunt, some maiden sister, some crone that talked with you when you were sick, and

whose nature shone like an angel's? I tell you expression is true beauty; and by *expression* I mean moral feeling conforming the features to its nature. We know that the highest beauty consists in royal features controlled by royal expression. If you contrast homely features with true moral and affectional expression behind them and animating them, with radiantly beautiful features without any moral or affectional expression behind them, you cannot but recognize that true beauty is the result of the outshining of the higher nature.

In society at large physical beauty increases with culture, refinement and true goodness; and decreases in the ratio of the absence of these qualities. I was once struck with a statement of Hicks, the artist, to this effect: He was often called by a teacher in a public school near where he then was, to see rare faces of the children of the poor. I said to him, "I suppose there are a great many really beautiful children among the poor." "No," said he, "not one. You cannot find real true beauty among the children of rough and uncultured parents. There is always something that is animal and coarse and low in them." And as a general fact you shall find that men who are low livers have in their expression much that must be illumined before they can be such specimens of beauty that any one would choose to paint their portraits. As men come under the influence of basilar habits they have less of true beauty; and as men increase in civilization and refinement by coming under the influence of conscience and love, and the other higher faculties, the face lights up and takes on the quality of beauty. And so, from generation to generation, there comes to be more and more physical beauty—a fact which illustrates the truth that the prime cause of beauty is the moral element.

There is a nature given to all men by which, in various degrees, they perceive, believe in, approve, admire, and even covet this moral excellence. It strikes them as beautiful, and they want it. There are exceptional cases, where men are not only wicked, but utterly perverted, given over, seared, corrupted; but, thank God, their number is small. In general men do admire that which is good, and there is in them a preparation for responding to any true and unmistakable manifestation of moral goodness. There is that in every man's heart which naturally rebounds at the sight of it. Even a cliff sends back the echo of your voice in the morning or at evening; but God has made the

human heart to have more echoes than any lif. There is no exhibition of love or conscience in any man that does not find some rebound of the same feeling in every one who beholds it. If you speak from your reason, it is reason in the one who listens to you that catches what you say. If you speak from wit and mirth, it is wit and mirth in those whom you address that take in what you say. If you speak from poetry and imagination, it is poetry and imagination in others that respond to you. If you speak to the hearts of your fellow men, it is from their hearts that they send back a recognition of that which you declare. There is that in the moral structure of the human mind which responds to the exhibition of moral qualities, and echoes them back.

Men have been accustomed to suppose that if a man was wicked he could not endure goodness; but it is not so. An intemperate man admires temperance. A man that is dishonest admires honesty. And the same is true of the other virtues. We admire the higher qualities and nobler powers that are vouchsafed to man in some proportion to our lack of them. Our appreciation of them is somewhat in the ratio of the deficiency of them in ourselves. We know that there is in our nature the foundation for responsiveness to moral excellencies.

When the beauty of holiness is presented to men in some aspects they will resent it. Goodness may stand in such a way as to be a revelator of ugliness. When a man is in the height of tempestuous passion, if he be confronted with one that is calm, meek, serene, that one becomes like a mirror to him, in which he sees himself; and he hates the sight, and would fain break the glass. When a man is a coward, and he is confronted by courage, it causes him to see the detestableness of cowardice. When a man is dishonest, and he stands up before honesty, it reveals his dishonesty. And men resent goodness, not because it is not to them good, but because they stand in circumstances such that they see, not goodness, but their own repulsiveness.

Moral beauty is not beautiful to us frequently, because it is presented in conflict. Now and then people live so that their conduct is in some sense a perfect reflection of some great quality; but ordinarily our moral qualities are at work. We are schoolmasters, taking care of a brood of mischievous urchins in the soul. Our goodness is all broken up, and it sweats and boils in the various duties of daily life.

Again, moral qualities do not seem beautiful

to us, often because they are fragmentary and unsymmetrical. Many a man's moral qualities are like flowers pulled in pieces. Every separate piece is beautiful, but it is no longer a flower. Seeing moral qualities in their fragmentary conditions we do not seem much impressed by them.

There is another reason why moral qualities fail to affect the mind with a sense of loveliness. It is because they are so much in the ore. They are so mixed up with faults and failings that you see only specks of gold, and scarcely a seam, though it may be gold-bearing quartz. There are many about which it is doubtful whether they are genuine or not. You do not know whether they are gold or gilt. There are many that love moral qualities who interpret them to you with such an accompaniment of self-consciousness that the whole is blurred and dimmed. Persons often carry their good traits and their Christian experiences in a professionalism that covers them up. Some men are pragmatical, and some are filled with vainglory. In some men there is an intermitting of qualities, with now and then a good trait and now a reactionary and bad one.

So there is a variety of reasons why the real manifestation of moral qualities does not produce admiration; but it is a very solemn consideration to every one of us what impression we are making. Are we leaving, wherever we go, the impression that we are artificial. There are many persons who produce the impression that all their natural traits are killed out. There is many a man who has the mistaken impression that it is his duty, not to induce his natural traits with more naturalness, more generous inspiration and more radiant beauty, but to overrule them and root them out, and put in their place certain conventional and ecclesiastical qualities.

It is a source of great consolation to me however, to believe that the direction of that work of God, which is going on silently and invisibly in the human heart, is continually toward the beautiful. There is a force in the hidden work that is going on in the world which is taking us in the direction of symmetry and harmony and beauty; and though it may not be disclosed here, it will surely be disclosed in the kingdom of divine glory. When we appear in heaven everything that here marred harmony or concealed the radiance of beauty will have been brushed away. And when we stand in Zion and before God, every man will stand so as to be as beautiful as he is holy.

Disease Propagated by Milk.

BY J. MONTGOMERY.

[The following article, by J. Montgomery, in that excellent London monthly, *The Food Journal*, contains information which every reader of this journal would be glad to have. It may be added, that while milk is often the medium of spreading typhoid fever, yet water and filth are more common mediums. Typhoid fever is often alarmingly prevalent in cities and country towns, taking off multitudes of persons every year. Whenever a case breaks out another is pretty sure to follow, and often it goes through a whole neighborhood. For this reason the first case should suggest a sanitary hunt for the cause, which is not far off, and is probably in either the food or drink. One fact may be worth stating: In our Institution, where one hundred people live, there has not been a case of typhoid fever since our connection with it. We use only condensed milk, which we water ourselves with Croton water. There is no chance to get the disease through this source; but in farming and dairy districts, where the air is good, typhoid fever often prevails. Now may not there be need of great cleanliness, and may not the sanitary condition of yards, water-closets and privies need looking after more closely? Our observation teaches that they do, and if this article suggests it we shall be glad.—Ed.]

THAT water contaminated by sewage is apt to produce or propagate typhoid fever and other diseases, has long been believed, and on sufficient grounds. That water infected with the excreta of cholera patients is of all things the most effective in the propagation of cholera is one of the facts most certain with regard to that disease, and it is also certain that it may be so even if all trace of foulness has disappeared from it, as far as the eye, the nose, or the palate can judge, the water clear and sparkling, and the presence of dangerous organic matter to be detected only by a chemical test. All this makes it extremely important not only that the removal of sewage from towns should be thoroughly accomplished, but also that we should look often and carefully to the water with which our houses are supplied, and assure ourselves of its purity. A new source of danger, however, has recently been discovered. Disease may enter our houses in the milk which

we purchase, not only as the milk may have received infection from the air of the farmer's or dairyman's house—which may perhaps be possible in the case of scarlet fever and a few other diseases—but as it may contain sewage-contaminated water, with which it has been fraudulently mixed. Several recent outbreaks of typhoid fever have been unquestionably traced to this source. The discovery that disease is apt to be propagated in this way, like many other discoveries, seems to have been made by more than one person about the same time, and having been made, it has been confirmed by new cases occurring from time to time in the towns both of England and Scotland.

The first case brought under the notice of the medical profession and the public was that which occurred about two years since, at Armley, a township within the borough of Leeds; and it may be proper to state the circumstances of it, as the report made upon them by Dr. Ballard, medical officer of the Board of Health, to the corporation of Leeds, carried conviction to the minds, we believe, of all capable of weighing and examining evidence on such a subject.

Armley is badly drained, has no proper system of sewage, and abounds in privies and cess-pools, by which the porous soil is greatly polluted. It is supplied with water from the Bramley reservoir of the corporation of Leeds, and this water is sufficiently pure and wholesome; but there are also wells, to the water of which, polluted by sewage soaking through the soil, the prevalence of typhoid fever must, at least in part, be ascribed. In the summer of 1872 an extraordinary and sudden outbreak of typhoid fever took place. Mr. Colman, the Union medical officer of the district, had been called in the month of May to attend a dairyman ill of typhoid fever, and he observed that all the families attacked with fever at the commencement of the outbreak got milk from his dairy. Dr. Ballard, whose assistance was obtained, in prosecuting the investigation which he was called upon to make, found that the district within which the epidemic raged was around and near this dairy. The dairyman refused to give a list of his customers, but by

ouse-to-house inquiry it was found that of the 19 houses within the defined district 132 were supplied by him, or 29.4 per cent. of the families in the district; and that altogether 37.8 per cent. of the families which he supplied with milk, after he himself had been attacked with typhoid fever, were invaded by the same disease, whilst only about 5.3 per cent. of the other families in the district suffered from it. In his report Dr. Ballard says:

"Of course the question must arise, How far is it, if the milk supply from the one infected source was the cause of the outbreak and of its spread, that 17 families not thus supplied suffered at all? And this question must be answered. The key to the solution lies in the observation that nearly all these 17 invasions occurred in the fourth week of the outbreak, and in subsequent weeks. During the first three weeks of July only one family not supplied from the infected dairy was attacked. Hence it is probable that the other 16 family invasions were instances of the extension of the fever through the medium of privies, sewers, drains, etc., in places where the specific discharges of some of the earlier cases had been deposited. It was scarcely to have been expected that even on the cause which occasioned the earlier cases ceasing to operate the fever would fail to spread for a time in a place so imperfectly drained and cleansed from excrement, and with a soil so permeable as that of Armley."

It now occurred to Dr. Robinson, the medical officer of health of the borough, that it was very improbable the milk itself should convey the disease, but not at all improbable that the milk might be adulterated with water contaminated by sewage into which the specific discharges of the fever patients at the dairy had entered. And, accordingly, finding that the dairy was supplied with water by a well of its own, he caused the handle of the pump to be chained up. This was done on the 10th of July. A sudden cessation of the epidemic took place within less than a fortnight thereafter, and as the period of the incubation of typhoid fever is commonly about eleven days, the coincidence of dates was strongly confirmatory of the theory on which the order for chaining the pump handle was issued. Dr. Ballard in making his investigations could find, as may well be supposed, no direct evidence of the adulteration of the milk; but he did find that if the milk from that particular dairy was adulterated with the water of the well there, it was likely enough to be the cause of all the mischief; and the state of the well, taken in connection with the

cessation of the epidemic when its pump handle was chained, left, he says, no doubt as to the part which it played in the production of the fever. The well received the drainage of a dunghill and ash-heap, and its water was found to contain much organic matter of the worst kind.

How long is such a state of things to continue, in Armley or elsewhere? It seems rather what might be expected in a half-savage country, than in Britain; or what might be supposed to have prevailed in England in the fifteenth or sixteenth century, rather than in the present age of science and of social progress. Dr. Ballard, in the conclusion of his clear and very valuable report, earnestly calls the attention of the corporation of Leeds to the necessity of great sanitary reform in Armley. It is of course impossible that a complete new system of drainage and sewerage—and it is evident that nothing less will suffice—can be completed in a few days, or even weeks; but we venture to suggest that much good might be done at once by the removal of all the dunghills and the shutting up of all the wells, the water of which should be found on analysis to be polluted by sewage, or to contain so much organic matter as to be unwholesome; and we doubt very much if a single well of really pure water will be found in Armley. Dr. Ballard's report may, however, be regarded as pointing out the duty of many other local authorities throughout the United Kingdom, as well as of that of Leeds.

As to the propagation of fever by sewage-contaminated milk, most probably deriving its dangerous character from water with which it has been fraudulently mixed, many cases have occurred since that of Armley, which equally show the reality and magnitude of this danger. In May of the present year Dr. Littlejohn, the medical officer of health of the city of Edinburgh, reported to the town council that he had traced eight cases of typhoid fever occurring in three houses in a very healthy part of the city to the use of milk from a dairy, a well connected with which was found on analysis to be much contaminated with sewage or other decomposing animal matter. The well was immediately closed, and we are glad to find that the civic authorities of Edinburgh pay respect to the advice of their medical officer, and are alive to their duty as guardians of the public health, in so far that they have closed up several dairymen's wells; a thing the more easily accomplished since the water supply of the city, although not all that could

be desired, is tolerably sufficient, and the purity of the water unquestionable. How much need there is of such action in all towns, the numerous recently reported cases of outbreaks of typhoid fever, clearly traced to the milk supply, will show. One of the most remarkable of those is that which has taken place in July and August of the present year in Mayfair and Marylebone, London, in a district in which typhoid fever is of rare occurrence, and of which the character is almost aristocratic. The following particulars are given in a recent number of *The London Medical Record* :

"The outbreak of typhoid fever to which attention has been drawn in Mayfair and Marylebone is one of the most remarkable and severe with which we are acquainted. We are acquainted with about 165 cases, occurring in 47 families inhabiting Wimpole street, Harley street, Nottingham place, Cavendish square, and the surrounding district, with outlying cases in Grosvenor square, Portman square, Grosvenor street, Curzon street, Hyde Park Gardens and St. John's Wood. The cause of this severe epidemic seemed at first very mysterious, but a clue has been suggested which leads pretty surely through the maze. In more than one of the houses the sanitary engineer has done his utmost, and the hygienic conditions were the best that could be secured.

The consideration of the character of two outbreaks in his nursery, however, led Dr. Murchison to suspect his milk supply as being the vehicle of the poison. This suspicion once started, the source of milk supply in 43 families reported by medical men as suffering from invasions of typhoid, was investigated, and it was found that, although living in different parts of the town 40 out of the 43 families were supplied from the same dairy. Many other circumstances have attracted attention. Thus the enormous majority of cases appear to be those of young children, who chiefly drink cold milk; while of the few adults several happen to be persons who drink milk much more copiously than usual. In a considerable number of the cases the circumstances point with irresistible force to a contaminated milk supply as the cause of the outbreak."

According to subsequent reports the number of cases is much greater than that here stated, but they all seem probably referable to the same source. It is further reported that the dairy was supplied with milk from eight farms, and that on examination the milk from seven of them seemed to be perfectly pure, and that of one only to be contaminated — whether through adulteration with sewage-polluted water or otherwise does not appear.

LESSONS FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY THE EDITOR.

LESSON XXIII.

WORK AND PLAY.

Our lesson to-day will be about work and play. Every boy and girl must know what is meant by these words. They mean things quite unlike. To work means to do labor as a task, to move things from one place to another; not for sport but for use. It means to get up early in the morning and pursue some occupation as long as able, or so long as it is profitable to do it. To play means to do things for fun, and not for pay. We work for money, we play for sport. We chop wood, plow in the field, dig potatoes, pick up stones, gather apples and such like things for profit. The newsboy on the streets of New York sells his papers for cash. It is work. The bootblack shines your

boots for five cents. It is work. You get your lessons, or help your parents do something. It is work. In some way or other you get paid for it. Sometimes work is very hard; still you do it all the same, for you are ashamed to make a fuss, and you like to do hard things. To accomplish a difficult task gives more pleasure than to accomplish a light one. You are proud of your success when you finish a difficult job. It makes you respect yourselves more than if you do easy tasks. "But all work and no play" they say, "makes Jack a dull boy." And as we don't want any dull boys or girls we let them play a good deal. To play is to do something not for pay, but for amusement. When the frog leaps from place to place it is, no doubt, work to him; but when boys play leap-frog it is sport. When mother tends the

by she does it as a task necessary to be done, and washes and dresses and feeds it, and finds real hard work; but when her little girl washes and dresses, and feeds and tends her doll, it is play to her. If she had to do it as a task she would not enjoy it at all. When we are young we like to play better than to work. When old we like to work better than to play. To enjoy sport one needs to be nimble, agile, and quick. To enjoy work one needs to be strong, trained, steady. I like to see children play. Until they are six or seven years old they will do little work and play a great deal. Play is the best thing they can do. It makes them hungry and thirsty. The boy and girl that never plays never knows what a good thing it is to be a child. To see children at their sport makes old people happy, in their hearts at least. It reminds them of old times. There are a great many plays that boys enjoy very much. Those that require activity and skill are generally liked best. A play that can be done by walking is not worth much. It must be running. To be ball-playing, for instance. The skill in throwing, catching and hitting the ball, and the swiftness of running required, are the main things we like in it. Girls like play just as well as boys, but not quite such rough kinds. They rarely play ball. I notice every Saturday when I go to Central Park, that the boys are out by the hundred on the green grass

playing ball, but I never yet saw a girl there playing. They go to the swing, and ride on the wooden horses; they congregate on the knoll and roll hoops, or play games and, run races with the younger boys down the hill. I often think they would like to play more; but their mothers dress them with so many ribbons and pretty things that they cannot play as they would if left more free. I noticed this summer at the seaside, that the girls were more free than in cities, and had a costume to play in; and they, just as well as the boys, learned to swim, dig in the sand, row on the lake and wade knee deep in the water after oysters and soft-shell crabs; but they were a little more cautious about handling these things than boys. Boys are not always brave, however. I saw one one day chasing an oyster in shallow water. A girl was looking on, and she laughed heartily at the boy because he was afraid to catch it.

The time comes when, little by little, boys give up playing and take hold of work. And here let me say, that while there is great enjoyment in play there is greater in labor; and I hope every boy who reads *THE HERALD OF HEALTH* will learn to work as well as play, for if do not they will have a sorry time of it in this great world where the good workers win all the best prizes, and where the idle and lazy in the end come to grief.

EDITOR'S STUDIES IN HYGIENE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

I. To the editor of *HERALD OF HEALTH*: No doubt you will think my question a queer one, but, nevertheless, I desire your opinion on it. It is this: Should a woman marry a man who is a member of three secret societies?—Miss M. E. T.

ANSWER.—How dare a woman ask such a question? How dare we answer it? Are not many of our friends and some of our subscribers members of secret societies, and will they not stop taking *THE HERALD OF HEALTH* if we say anything against them? Nevertheless, we have no very high opinion of secret societies. They, no doubt, do much good; still we believe

they do as much or more harm. The good they do might be done without them, the harm they do would not be done without them. Whether you or any one should marry a man who is a member of three such societies is not for us to say. If the woman loves the man she will do it if she can, whatever we say. Still we think it a serious objection, and hope she will not do it. There are quite secrets enough between man and wife for their keeping, and their relations are, or ought to be, such that what one knows the other ought to know. Then again the tendency of secret societies is more likely to be downward than upward; and this is what every noble woman dreads to see in her husband.

Now you have our opinion. We hope you

will profit by it. If it saves you or others from future trouble or sorrow we shall be very glad.

ANOTHER STRANGE QUESTION.

II. To the Editor: I am servant in a family, and do general housework. I am also ambitious to improve myself, but unfortunately my desires run to music. I want to practice on the piano every day. Do you think it right for me to ask for two hours daily for this purpose?

Ans.—Do not fail to do your duty to your employer. After doing this you can, no doubt, make any arrangement with them that you desire. If you have real musical genius and expect to become a professional player and singer, then two hours is none too much; and it will be best to go where you can have instruction; but if you are practicing for your own amusement, and not to become a really good player, then half an hour daily is ample time to devote to it. It would be wrong for you to insist on two hours a day if your employers objected to it.

NATURAL LIFE.

III. Is civilized life a natural life?

Ans.—It would not be natural for savages, but is for civilized beings, or such of them as live according to the highest standard of knowledge in society. It would be just as unnatural for a civilized being to live in a wigwam in the woods, as an Indian does, as it would for an Indian to live in a house, and keep horses, and raise sheep and sell wool.

BONES.

IV. What is the exact number of bones in the body?

Ans.—240 separate bones are ordinarily reckoned in the mature human body, though the actual number of distinct bones varies at different periods of life, many bones which are separate in youth becoming united together in old age. Thus there are originally, as we have seen, thirty-three separate bodies of vertebræ in the spinal column, and the upper twenty-four of these commonly remain distinct throughout life. But the twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth early unite into one great bone, called the *sacrum*; and the four remaining vertebræ often run into one bony mass, called the *coccyx*. In early adult life the skull contains twenty-two naturally separate bones, but in youth the number is much greater, and in old age far less. Twenty-four ribs bound the chest laterally, twelve on each side, and most of them are con-

nected by cartilages with the breast bone. In the girdle which supports the shoulder two bones are always distinguishable as the *scapula* and the *clavicle*. The *pelvis*, to which the legs are attached, consist of two separate bones, called the *os innominata* in the adult; but each *os innominatum* is separable into three (called *pubis*, *ischium* and *ilium*) in the young. There are thirty bones in each of the arms, and the same number in each of the legs, counting the *patella*, or knee-pan.

CANCERS.

V. What causes cancers?

Ans.—A lady replies to this question: "In your October number the question is asked: 'Are tomatoes cancer-producers?' Many persons have denied themselves the use of the vegetable under the impression that they are. I live near a hospital for cancer patients, and know the physician who treats them. He probably treats more cases than any other doctor in our country. He says tomatoes are not producers of the disease, and recommends their use, says that the result of asking many patients is that a large portion of them had never tasted a tomato. He says cancers are the result of our having been a pork-eating nation, and recommends an abstaining from the use of pork, or lard, in any form. Every one engaged in killing or packing pork know the hog to be a scrofulous animal, every hog having an issue on each fore leg. I have seen hogs with a many as three on each fore leg. The doctor says he never knew of a Jew having a cancer, or an Indian—which circumstance tells its own story."

DIVORCE.

VI. Do you advise people who are unhappily married to sue for divorce?

Ans.—There are cases where divorce is advisable, but almost every marriage is improvable. In a majority of what are called unhappy marriages there is a better remedy than separation, if the parties could bring themselves to try it. A New York editor says: "Marriage without love is a sin, to be repented of and put away." Plausible, but is it sensible? "The plowing of the wicked is sin," but the thing to be repented of and put away is not the plowing but the wickedness. All human relationships without love are disorderly and sinful. To be a husband without love is a sin of the same kind as to be a parent without tenderness, a neighbor without kindness, a citizen without public spirit. What then, must a man abandon his children, forsake his neighborhood, and quit the country?

more should he desert his wife on the plea that he does not love her. Let him stay where he is, and see what can be done toward putting things on a better footing; let him remind himself of the vested rights created by his own act; let him consider how far his own selfishness, his own curable infirmities and faults, are the cause of conjugal infelicity. This is not mere theory. Among the better sort of people, the happiest years of wedded life are not the first years. Their marriage grows; grows more real and satisfactory, grows less superficial and more vital. It is like a religious experience; nay, it is a religious experience, in which souls pass through struggle to peace.

TO MAKE A PLAIN OMELETTE.

VII. How should an omelette be made?
 Ans.—The omelette is seldom properly cooked, even in France, which gives it its name. The ordinary frying-pan and spoon found in every house will answer perfectly well; there is no occasion, as you are told in cookery books, for an omelette pan and spoon. To prepare a plain omelette, see that the frying-pan is perfectly clean. Place in the frying-pan about one ounce of butter. Break three eggs separately, to see they are fresh; beat them up with a little chopped parsley and a pinch of salt. The eggs should not be beaten too much, or the white of them separates, and you produce a watery mixture which destroys the flavor and appearance of the omelette. Now the butter is melted, pour in the frying-pan the omelette mixture and stir till it begins to set or thicken, shake the pan occasionally, and fold over the omelette neatly into an oval shape, and when it is of a golden color turn quickly into a dish. To be able to prepare a plain omelette is to be able to prepare every kind of omelette. If you require a cheese omelette, introduce into the omelette mixture about a dessert-spoonful of grated cheese, a little grated sugar; and just before the omelette is folded in the pan distribute evenly over a little jam. In preparing an omelette remember five things, a clean pan, the mixture must not be too much beaten, the omelette must not be too large—three eggs are better than six eggs, which make two omelettes, they should not be too much cooked—they should be eaten immediately, or they become tough and more like a pancake.

TOO MUCH WATER.

VIII. Do you think that people are ever injured by drinking too much water.
 Ans.—Persons with weak stomachs should be careful about loading their stomachs with

cold water. Children are apt to use too much ice water. It is rare that a person can drink much cold water at meal time without injury. Still more harm is done by other drinks, many times over, than by this natural beverage.

SWALLOWING AIR.

IX.—Is much air swallowed in eating?

Ans.—Some air is always entangled in the food as it is chewed, and passes to the stomach. When people eat in great haste much more air is swallowed; enough often to create wind in the stomach and seriously interfere with digestion.

TIME DEVOTED TO MEALS.

X. How much time do people generally devote to their meals, and how much should they devote?

Ans.—Dr. Derby, of Massachusetts, reports fifteen minutes as quite as much as the people of his state spend at their meals. Now we think this less than is spent by many, and it is not more than half enough. Half an hour is about the time required to eat a meal, and for dinner it may need more time than this.

PIES.

XI. Are pies, as generally made, wholesome?

Ans.—No. This is especially true of those found at the hotels, and bought at the bakery. They are made of fine flour, water, salt, carbonate of soda, cheap butter or fat for shortening. This constitutes the crust. Then there is also chopped meat, or various fruits, mixed with condiments too numerous to mention. All this stuff is difficult of digestion. Good, wholesome hygienic pies, however, made as they ought to be made, are wholesome and delicious, and may be eaten without harm by most persons.

COMPRESSED LIVER.

XII. Is the liver compressed in wearing corsets?

Ans.—Yes. Hear what The Sanitarian says: The faulty education of laced waistcoats in childhood weakens and attenuates the muscles of the back and chest, and at adolescence the comfort of stays to hold up the weak back has become a necessity. Next, a wasp-like waist becomes an object of ambition, and the stays are drawn tighter as the necessity for supplying the place of the wasting muscles increases, and the spine gives way. Meanwhile the heart and lungs are compressed and forced upwards. Respiration is impeded, and the blood imperfectly vitalized. The heart is excited, and in proportion as the inspirations become less full the wants of the system require as a compen-

sation increased frequency; and thus supervenes quickened action of the lungs, creating in them a tendency to inflammation and fatal disease.

"The liver is squeezed down into the abdomen, like a big bully elbowing its neighbors out of their places and infringing upon their shapes. Fortunately for itself it is singularly tolerant of pressure, and submits to being compressed into a variety of forms, only making the more bile for it; and the individual who thus punishes her liver suffers accordingly. But the poor stomach, unable to resist it, with the spleen, is pushed backward and choked into the folds of the intestines, and all are packed in together upon the organs of the pelvis. Indigestion is a feeble word, and only expresses the first response from this packing process. *Dyspepsia* is more significant. But who can describe the symptoms? That a sense of *sinking* or *fluttering* at the pit—where the stomach ought to be; that a choking sensation should be felt as if a ball were lodged in the oesophagus, dragged down by the weight at the other end; that there should be a sense of fullness and distension in the lower part of the bowels, and that a thousand other symptoms should supervene, referable to the kidneys, bladder, womb, heart, lungs, brain—indeed to every important organ of the body, for they all have an indissoluble bond of sympathy with the stomach—is surely not surprising. Poor stomach! It was designed by the Creator to nourish all the organs of the body.

"But there are other important organs below the stomach, *all crushed down*. These, too, are endowed with special functions, dependent upon the maintenance of their respective relations. Surely there is no reader of these pages so wanting in intelligence as not to comprehend at a glance the effect of this pressure upon the womb and bladder in the bottom of the pelvis. And it is the misfortune of our civilization that the fashion of tight lacing is so common that those who practice it are familiar with its tortures. And as if this were not enough, a new style among schoolgirls has recently come into fashion, of being harnessed for school. In addition to the tight stays and heavy skirts, a leathern belt buckled tightly round the waist and furnished with hooks, from which swing the batch of books, school satchel and umbrella, now constitute the ordinary school equipage. That spinal disease should be on the increase among schoolgirls who follow this fashion is by no means surprising."

ALUM IN BREAD.

XIII. How can alum in bread be detected?

Ans.—One drop of the alcoholic extract of logwood let fall upon pure bread or pure flour gives a brownish yellow. If the flour contains alum in the proportion of one or two per cent. the color is gray or grayish violet; with one-half per cent. the spot is yellowish-red, with a border of bluish-gray, and little blue points may be discovered in the disc with a lens; with one-fourth per cent. the bluish border is no longer visible, but the points may still be detected. This is the limit of the reaction.

SLEEP.

XIV. Can a man keep well on four hours sleep daily?

Ans.—There may be instances when four hours of sleep is sufficient, but for the race it is only about half enough. The ill effects of insufficient sleep may be witnessed on some of the principal organic functions, but it is the brain and nervous system that suffer chiefly and in the first instance. The consequences of a very protracted vigil are too well known to be mistaken, but many a person is suffering—unconscious of the cause—from the habit of irregular and insufficient sleep. One of its most common effects is a degree of nervous irritability and peevishness, which even the happiest self-discipline can scarcely control. That buoyancy of the feelings, that cheerful, hopeful, trusting temper that springs far more from organic conditions than from mature and definite convictions, give way to a spirit of dissatisfaction and dejection, while the even demeanor, the measured activity are replaced either by a lassitude that renders any exertion painful, or an impatience and restlessness not very conducive to happiness. Upon the intellectual powers the mischief is still more serious. They not only lose that healthy activity which combines and regulates their movement in the happiest manner, but they are no longer capable of efforts once perfectly easy. The conceptions cease to be clear and well defined, the power of endurance is weakened, inward perceptions are confounded with outward impressions, and illusory images obtrude themselves unbidden upon the mind. This kind of disturbance may pass sooner or later into actual insanity, and many a noble spirit has been utterly prostrated by habitual loss of rest.

EDUCATING AGAINST INTEMPERANCE.

XV. What is the best method of preventing intemperance?

Ans.—By improving and rightly educating the race. Dr. Mayo says: "The most serious phase which the question of alcoholic inebriation presents for our earnest consideration is

radical extermination; and among the most effective weapons for the accomplishment of this purpose EDUCATION, in its most comprehensive sense, stands pre-eminent.

FAITHFULNESS.

XVI. What is the most important and valuable trait of character?

Ans.—Faithfulness. This was the most striking moral trait of the boy, Horace Greeley. "Come," his brother would say sometimes, when his father had set the boys a task and had gone on home, "Come, Hod, let's go a-fishing." "No," Horace would reply, "let's do our stint first." "He was always in school, though," said his brother, "and as we hoed down the trees, or chopped at the wood-pile he was perpetually talking about his lessons, asking questions and narrating what he read." When he had hoed or fished for fish, not for sport. He could never be induced to shoot anything. When he had to accompany a party he would never carry a gun, and when the game was over he would lie down and stop his ears till the murder had been done.

When his father was finally driven to bankruptcy on the barren New Hampshire soil, Horace was too young to understand the "justice" of the sheriff's visitation. The story is that he seized a hatchet, ran to the neighboring field and began furiously to cut down a favorite pear tree, saying, "They shall not have that, anyhow." But his mother called him off, and the pear tree still stands. Another story is that he went to one of his mother's closets, and taking as many of her dresses as he could grasp in his arms ran away with them into the woods, hid them behind a rock, and then came back to his house for more.

MOTHERS' MARKS.

XVII. A large number of physicians do not believe in the possibility of mothers marking unborn children. What has THE HERALD to say about it?

Ans.—No doubt the power has been greatly over-estimated. Still there are innumerable facts which show that by some mysterious agency mothers often do transmit to their children deformities and peculiarities, called marks. We know, for instance, a little child, a pupil of a deaf and dumb asylum, with this curious ante-natal history: The mother before the child was born was present at the killing of some dogs. The fearful cries of the animals drove her almost wild, and stopping her ears with her fingers she cried, "Oh, dear! I wish I was deaf." A child born soon after is deaf, and now being

educated at an asylum. Now this, of course, does not prove that it might not have been deaf under other circumstances, but so many similar instances are on record that they are entitled to some weight. Still mothers should not be too fearful of bad results, as in a great majority of cases the evils anticipated are not found. It is only in rare instances that they are noticed.

HINDOO VEGETARIANS.

XVIII. Why do the people of India abstain from flesh?

Ans.—We will let a Hindoo answer this question. He says: "I suppose you know that most of the Hindoo tribes abstain from flesh or fish entirely, on the ground that, according to their religion, it is sinful to kill any innocent animal for the sake of its flesh. The town from which I write contains more than 116,000 of population, more than two-thirds of whom are strictly vegetarian. Neither they nor their ancestors have ever tasted flesh or fish, in consequence of their strong conviction that it is sinful to do so. RUNCHORELAL CHOTALALL.

SUICIDE OF A BIRD.

XIX. The question is often asked, Do animals ever commit suicide? Mr. Bernstein answers it as follows: "Dr. Holbrook—Dear Friend—As an old subscriber to THE HERALD OF HEALTH you will allow me to address you as above, and if you find the following subject interesting enough you may make use of it in your most valuable journal: A few years ago we were presented with a fine pair of birds (turtle ring doves), and they cooed and were as happy as doves or other beings can be when they love each other. They had several offspring, and would never trouble themselves about them after they were able to take care of themselves. So time went as merry as a marriage bell; but alas! a few days ago the female bird got sick and died, and, would you believe it? the mate refused to take either food or drink, and when forced to take some he would spit out whatever did not go down his throat far enough, then throw himself violently on his back, as much as to say, I will not live without my mate. We tried to pacify him by putting another bird in the cage with him—one which looked very much like the dead one—but it was of no use, he was determined to commit suicide; and after carefully feeding him, by forcing a few crumbs down his throat, we left him the fifth night only to find him in the morning laying stiff and cold on his back, precisely in the po-

sition he would throw himself into after his mate died.

IMAGINATIVE MEDICINE.

XX. What is imaginative medicine made of?

Ans.—It is made of anything, bread pills, tar water, amulets, etc. Its chief good, like most other medicines, consists in its putting the mind of the patient at ease, so that nature can better make the recovery. The Lee Penny is a case in point. It is a dark red triangular stone, measuring about half an inch along each side, and is set in a silver coin. This coin, though much defaced, is supposed to be a shilling of Edward the First, and has been in the possession of the Lee family for centuries. It used to be believed that if this stone was dipped in water, the water when drunk would cure all diseases in cattle, and the bite of a mad dog. When the plague was at Newcastle the inhabitants begged the loan of the Lee Penny, leaving a large sum of money as bond for its safety. It "did so much good" that the citizens wished to purchase and retain it for the sum deposited; but this the owner declined. One Lady Baird, of Saughton Hall, near Edinburgh, was bitten by a mad dog, and was in a sad way about it; she begged the loan of the Lee Penny, steeped it in water, drank the water, and even bathed in it, continuing this course for six weeks; either by the effect of the water, or her imagination, of her natural good health, or of an improved regimen, she recovered; but the Lee Penny received all the praise. In one year (the date unfortunately not given), Mr. Hamilton, of Raplock, cited Sir James Lockhart, of Lee, to appear before the Synod of Glasgow and answer to the charge of encouraging and indulging in superstition by the use of the Lee Penny. The Synod found on inquiry that the virtue was attributed to the water in which the stone was dipped, that no words were uttered such as are used by charmers and sorcerers; they therefore acquitted Sir James on the ground that "in nature there are many things said to work strange effects, whereof no humane wit can give a reason; it having pleased God to give unto stones and herbes a special vertue for the healinge of many infirmitie in man and beast."

HOW TO CLEAN THE TEETH.

XXI. Which is the best way to clean the teeth?

Ans.—To insure perfect cleanliness of the teeth they should be brushed three times daily, and a tooth-pick should be used after each meal to remove any food lodged between the teeth, while a suitable powder should be used suffi-

ciently often to keep them in good condition, even though it be twice daily. A very good rule to adopt and follow systematically, would be to brush them thoroughly each morning. After each meal use tooth-pick, brush and soft water, and in the evening before retiring again use brush and water thoroughly.

While we urgently recommend the use of the brush so often, we would caution persons against substituting frequency at the expense of thoroughness, for by careful observation we are compelled to admit that one good, thorough brushing daily, is better than five superficial and careless attempts.

The best tooth-picks are those made from a quill properly shaped, so as to dislodge the food from between the teeth.

Choose a brush with the bristles pointed, and of different lengths. A good brush is really cheapest in the end, and more efficient than the cheap and often worthless substitutes. Brush the teeth lengthwise as well as crosswise, so as to remove any particles of food in the interstices, and do not neglect the lingual nor grinding surface of molars.

KINDNESS TO THE SICK.

XXII. Do you think it wise for healthy people to injure their own health by watching with the sick?

Ans.—A worthy quaker wrote thus: "I expect to pass through this world but once, and if, therefore, there can be any kindness I can show or any good thing I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

ASKING FAVORS.

XXIII. What rule is there regarding the asking of favors?

Ans.—Before you ask a favor of any man, consider three things: First. Can you not avoid it? Second. Can the one you apply to grant it? Third. Would you, if your places were reversed, do for your friend what you ask him to do for yourself? It is well to think of this, as it may change the whole question.

MARRYING A SMOKER.

XXIV. Is it wrong for a young woman to marry a man who uses tobacco and drinks moderately?

Ans.—If the woman uses tobacco, too, and drinks moderately, the match might be an equal one. Whether they would get on well together or not no one could tell in advance, but

a refined, sensitive woman, who hates tobacco and intoxicating drinks, to marry such one would be, in our opinion, very wrong. "suppose I love him," you say. Well, he may be a good fellow and worthy of your love; but if he is, just ask him to make himself worthy of you, by abandoning tobacco; and if he will not do it then he is not worthy of your love, and you may be thankful you have found it out.

MARRYING A SMALL WAIST.

XXV. Is it well for a man to marry a woman who compresses her waist into the small circumference by corsets?

Ans.—Don't do it. Let the true nature and object of marriage be better understood, in accordance with the natural laws, in the physical qualifications and adaptations of parties entering it, in a proper knowledge of the duties and responsibilities growing out of this relation. Let the qualities most sought for in marriage be changed. Instead of the slender form, the small waist, the accomplishments of a fashionable education, the choicest decorations of the person, let well developed body, good health, sound constitution, a practical knowledge of domestic duties be the qualities preferred, and the indispensable requisites. We should then have an increase of healthy offspring, less discontent in the family, a far less number of divorces, and a more perfect union between the husband and the wife in all their interests, comforts, and happiness in life.

ANCESTRY.

XXVI. Do you think ancestral knowledge of much value, as relates to health and marriage?

Ans.—Yes, to have descended from truly good blood is desirable; but Mr. Davis says: Genealogical trees usually flourish most luxuriantly in poor soil. It is hazardous to sound the stream of families. The source is frequently too near the discoveries of Darwin. Family and personal pride resting on the foundation of ancestors, is destitute of principle. It is well, for scientific ends, to look into the past, as it may be justifiable in order to settle property questions in dispute, but never to establish one's title to respectability. Let blood tell "in present merit, not in the reputation and success of a long-departed progenitor.

"The investigations of anthropologists have already exposed the flimsy foundations of family genealogies. Manhood is preceded by youth and childhood, and the whole superstructure rests on infancy and the protoplasmic cells of yet

earlier months; so the present races of the human family come from barbarians and savages, our only ancestors in the far past, about whom the least that is said the better, except for the advancement of science and the equal distribution of common sense.

"The time is coming when to be known as the descendant of so-called 'nobility' will be as much of a disgrace as to be known as one who 'never worked.'"

In other words, much that is called good blood is about the worst there is.

AGED SHAKERS.

XXVII. Are the Shakers, who never marry, long or short lived?

Ans.—Generally long lived. In the society at Mount Lebanon, within about ten years, there have deceased of male and female members 36, whose united ages average over 86 years. The great majority of them came into the society in their youth, and lived a virgin life, agreeable to the faith and principles of believers. And there are now living in the Society four members who came in their youth (under 20 years of age), one of whom is now in the 102d year of her age; another over 98, and two in their 82d year; also about ten or twelve more whose ages are between 80 and 90 years. Most of them united with the society at an early period of their lives.

CURE FOR THE ITCH.

XXVIII. Give us a receipt for curing the itch.

Ans.—The itch is caused by insects that burrow in the skin. Their name is *acari*. They are cured, or killed, as follows:

The following prescription having been recommended for the cure of the itch by a distinguished dermatologist of Paris, and as we have seen it employed with unfailling success I take the liberty of transcribing it for the benefit of our readers:

Carbolic acid one drachm,
Water one pint.

Or, what is still better, an ointment of

Carbolic acid two drachms,
Benzoated lard four ounces.

Three or four frictions in the twenty-four hours suffice to kill the *acari*, after which a bath of soap and water is to be taken, and the disease produced by these parasites is thus infallibly cured in twenty-four hours.

OUR DESSERT TABLE.

APPROPRIATE CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SOLICITED.

STAND FOR THE RIGHT!

[We are allowed to publish the following poem in advance, from a work by E. D. Babbitt, D. M., entitled "The Key of Life; a Tale of the Mortal and Immortal," which is shortly to appear.]

Stand for the right, and stand for the true!
Cowards take flight when foes are in view.
Stand for the beautiful, stand for the high,
Ever be dutiful, true till you die.

Bigots may sneer, malign and upbraid,
Timid souls fear, and have your course staid;
Fashion may slight your truth and your love;
Heaven's own light shall smile from above.

Earth is distressed, the weak and the poor
Ever oppressed, thy succor implore;
Sickness and gloom cause thousands to weep,
Till in the tomb their poor bodies sleep.

Passion and strife, superstition and greed,
Stimulus, life of debauch, the foul weed;
Ignorance, vanity, priestcraft and fraud,
Folly, insanity, ever abroad.

Plead for the cause of God and of man,
And for the laws of nature's great plan;
Nature supernal, the bible of love,
Joys there eternal shall lift men above.

Stand for the right and stand for the true!
Manfully fight for the good, old and new;
Then in the end, with spirit made bright,
You shall ascend to spheres of light.

THE RAT AND THE CAT.

A very sleek and comely rat
Once fell in a distiller's vat,
And thus addressed a passing cat;
"Assist me out of this, I pray,
O gentle puss, nor turn away!"
Her feline nature bade her stay.
"Yes, I will help you out," said she,
"If first, my friend, you'll promise me
My willing dinner then to be."
The rat was sinking. Quick as thought
He gave the promise, and was caught,
And safely from the vat was brought.
But fumes from out the fuming vat
Went up the nose of tabby cat,
Who sneezed, and sneezed again. At that
The rat took heart and legs and fled,
And reached a point safe overhead.
Then 'tween her sneezes tabby said:
"For shame! (cachew!) you said (cachew!)
You'd be my din (cachew!) ner. You
Have lied to me. (Cachew! mew!)"
"True," said the rat, "'tis even so,
But I've excuse sufficient, though—
I was in liquor, then, you know!
Those rats or men in liquor—they
Cannot be trusted any way.

NEVER SMOKE.

Crouched in a garret scant and bare,
With plague and fever ripe;
An old man sat in grim despair,
And sang the song of the pipe.

"'Tis many a long and dreary year,
Since I was in my prime,
And many clouds have shadowed o'er
The dial plate of time.

And through that dark and gloomy veil
A shadowy form appears,
And holds in mock defiance now,
The pipe of my youthful years.

Ah! then my heart was light as air,
Nor sought the soothing charm;
But now how weak my nervous eye,
My thin and palsied arm.

I was a lad of spirit high,
And could not brook the joke,
When young companions laughed and jeered
Because I could not smoke.

I yielded in an evil hour—
Blot it with tears, O Time!
'Tis from that fatal day I date
A life of vice and crime.

My tender lips and throat were parched,
Dry as the desert sand.
'Twas then I took the deadly draught,
So ready to my hand.

Keep back, keep back that fatal hour,
My quivering eyeballs start,
I did not then design in life,
To play so foul a part."

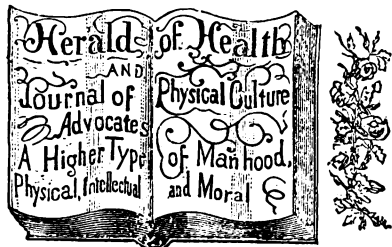
Deep from his bosom burst a sigh,
The tears rolled down his cheeks,
His clenched hand held his withered throat,
He strove in vain to speak.

Then from that poor forsaken man,
In words that seem to choke,
Came forth with solemn wavering voice,
Deep knelling, "*Never Smoke.*"

GOLDEN GRAINS.

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflowing heart
To give the lips full speech.
Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's fame reach;
Speak truly, and thy work
Shall be a faithful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1873.

WATER.

"To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light."

THE PUBLISHERS do not hold themselves as indorsing every article which may appear in THE HERALD. They will allow the largest liberty of expression, believing that by so doing this magazine will prove to be more useful and acceptable to its patrons.

Exchanges are at liberty to copy from this magazine by giving due credit to THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY M. L. HOLDROOK, M. D., EDITOR.

DECEMBER TOPICS. — It seems hardly possible that this is the last month of the year, and that this volume—which started on its career in January with words of hope and cheer and promise—now fulfills its work for 1873, and puts on new armor for the labor of 1874. And here we may pause for a moment and look backward with profit. As the old year puts on its gray locks and wraps its bent form in the mantle of age, let us take a glance backwards and see if our labor has been in vain. For ourselves we can say, sincerely, that never before have we so thoroughly loved and enjoyed, and appreciated the greatness of our work. It grows on us with each advancing year. We

labor with might and main for the redemption of the world from physical ills—not forgetting moral and mental ones—knowing full well that the highest manhood and womanhood is the complete marriage of physical health to a sound mind and sound morals. From this standpoint we see no difference in the sight of God between the man who is constantly violating the laws of health, keeping untimely hours, breathing vitiated air, sleeping in narrow, foul bedrooms, eating poor food, and too much or too little of it; and, in short, that lives wrong physically, and brings up children to do the same, than the thief and the liar—each punishment being in proportion to the enormity of the offense. We believe, too, that a new era is dawning on the world; an era of higher manhood, physical, moral and intellectual, and we propose to help bring it about.

But what of next year? says a host of our readers. Well, first, we hope all will be present at the New Year's banquet, a feast, not of stuffed turkey, wines and sweet meats; but, so far as we are able, of knowledge and wisdom and good old-fashioned common sense, sweetened with the spice of good nature, that shall put every reader on the best of terms with us, and make him or her feel at home.

Still further, THE HERALD OF HEALTH has made it a study at the beginning of every year, to take up some new topic for discussion. One year it was The Rearing of Children, when we printed over a dozen articles by the leading writers on that subject, that helped many a parent to rear a child with less care and more certainty of life and health than without them could have been done. Another year it was Temperance, when twelve of our best thinkers gave new and valuable lessons, that to our certain knowledge helped many men out of the slough of drunkenness. Another year it was Food, another year it was Physical Cul-

ture, another, Studies in Physiology, etc. etc. In short, the readers of this journal are served up monthly with something new; or if old, so very old as to be as good or better than new. The papers of this class which we have published during the last year have been read with great interest by very many persons, and have shown that the subject of health, in some form or other, has been the subject of earnest thought by the most eminent men who have ever lived.

For 1874 we shall make as usual one or two new departures. First, the series of old papers will be mainly discontinued, and in their place we shall print very recent ones, the very best, and by authors of high repute. The first of these papers will be printed in the January number, entitled **SANITARY LIMITATIONS TO MARRIAGE**. It was written by George Darwin, son of the eminent naturalist, and discusses thoughtfully the amount of syphilis, insanity, moral depravity and frightful diseases propagated by injudicious marriages. We hope every parent who has a son or daughter unmarried will read it, and see that their children read it, that they may be enabled to make the best alliances, and in time save great sickness and consequent suffering and expense.

Still further, we propose next year to discuss, to some extent, the subject of **ENLIGHTENED FATHERHOOD AND MOTHERHOOD**, giving, as far as may be, the best thoughts of good and sensible writers on this subject.

The Studies in Hygiene will be made still more practicable and valuable. This feature of **THE HERALD** has become very popular with our readers, and shall be made the best we can make it.

For the children—best gift of God to the world—we shall have something new, entitled **CHATS WITH CHILDREN**, in which they shall do their share of the questioning. This feature will be full of fresh, lively things; and we know that the old folks will enjoy it just as much as the young—perhaps more.

We also propose to give more attention to the best **HOME TREATMENT OF THE SICK**.

Besides all this, we shall have a great variety of other things, which we cannot find space to mention, but we are sure will please all. We hope to make our monthly a necessity in every family, and know that its hints will, every year, ten times more than pay for its cost.

In conclusion, we hope every subscriber will send in his or her name for 1874 at once, and be again enrolled among our family of friends.

THE SHAKSPEARE PREMIUM.—No poet comes near Shakspeare in the number of bosom thoughts; thoughts that we may cherish in our hearts, and that seem to have grown there; thoughts that, like friends, are ever at hand to comfort and gladden us under all the vicissitudes of life; thoughts which, as Bacon says, "Come home to our business and bosoms, and open the door for us to look in and to see what is nestling and brooding there. We offer this year to give a book containing all of Shakspeare's works complete, on 850 pages, to any subscriber who sends us \$2 for the magazine for 1874. Already large orders are coming in for it. It is the most remarkable premium in the way of a book yet offered. For \$2.50 it and the Chromo will be sent, or for \$2 the Chromo without the book. Any one who will send us five subscribers and \$10 shall have an extra premium of a bust of Clyte, one of the most beautiful female pieces ever carved in marble. It ought to be in every house. This must be sent by express. As an example of sweetness, beauty and health, it has no equal. Each subscriber will get **THE HERALD OF HEALTH** and either the book or chromo. The size of the bust is about half life size, and will give perfect satisfaction. We will for \$5 send it and **THE HERALD** one year, with both premiums.

TYPHOID FEVER.—During 1874 we shall print much information on the causes of typhoid fever and the best hygienic measures to prevent and cure it.

COLD WATER FOR YELLOW FEVER—REMARKABLE SUCCESS OF DR. KIBBEE.—We are indebted to Dr. E. P. Miller for the privilege of publishing the following extract from Dr. Kibbee's letter: "This is my third week here, and during that time I have witnessed horrors that sicken the stoutest; yet I have stood over the sick and dying day and night during a large portion of the time, and, thank God, I have proved to an absolute certainty to myself, and all those who have taken or seen my treatment, that *cold water is good in yellow fever*. I have fully satisfied myself that the principle which I announced in THE HERALD OF HEALTH, applies just as perfectly in yellow fever as in any other fever; and that where the blood is kept at the normal standard of heat, 98°, it is impossible for the poison germs to reproduce themselves, or beget their like; and that the original germs of the poison taken into the lungs, after having slowly developed in the normal heat of the blood, are all cast out of the system in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours by the tremendously excited vital force, if the heat is kept at the normal standard, by cooling the skin and mucous surface with cold water, and allowing the patient cool, fresh air. I have demonstrated this principle in eight cases, two of which had been given over to die by their physicians, and actually were in a dying condition; and I gave them the treatment with the promise only that it would ease their dying agonies. The result astonished the friends; and, in one case, that of a lady who had become pulseless after forty-eight hours of black vomit, she recovered her pulse, which lasted thirty hours, became rational, had the secretions all restored, and was really so much better that her husband and friends actually felt encouraged about her recovery; but I warned them against the hope, as I foresaw that the vital principle would not hold out. The pulse, after holding out for thirty hours in a manner hopeful for a convalescent typhoid fever patient, suddenly sunk to a thread within one hour, and she died six hours after. But the five cases that I took

before disintegration of the blood had commenced have recovered, and show no traces of yellow fever; which is very remarkable to those who do not understand the principle of keeping the vital heat at the normal standpoint. One young girl sixteen years of age, had been exceedingly sick with all the worst symptoms for twenty hours; but became perfectly easy within one hour from the time the first applications of the cold water were made, the pulse dropped from 130 to 115, where it remained thirty-six hours, when it came down to the normal heat, and she was well, commencing to eat directly, and within three days after was about the house able to do her work. There was one very interesting case, which I shall report in the papers: that of a young girl who had taken calomel and quinine for some days before I commenced her treatment with water. She appeared to do well for three days while her blood was kept at the normal heat; but one night her nurse, being utterly tired out, fell asleep for three hours, and the heat and calomel together disintegrated a large portion of her blood, and within two hours after she passed nearly two quarts of decomposed blood, and commenced vomiting the like, and continued so doing until the vital force was all spent. So you see, that I have given to the world indubitable proof that as long as the blood is kept at the normal standard, which it is perfectly easy to do with cold water and fresh air, no person with an ordinary amount of vitality can die of yellow fever. This I have proven by actual experiment, although I was as sure that the principle would hold good before I tried a case as I am now.

Yours, G. W. KIBBEE, M. D."

Memphis, Tenn., November 5th, 1873.

BOARDING ONE'S SELF AT SCHOOL.—The expense of boarding keeps many farmers' sons and daughters from the high schools, academies, and colleges of the towns. At many of the Western state universities the tuition is free, but money goes fast for board bills. Very few families take boarders from motives of pure

philanthropy. They do it to make money, and they do make money unless there is a great waste in their management. Boarding clubs are sometimes established by young men. They obtain cheap lodgings and take their meals together at some place where a woman (or a man) is employed to cook for them; the expense of the provisions and of the cook's wages being divided equally among the members.

A cheaper way of getting along is to keep house for one's self; having one or two, or more companions to lessen the expense and to make a cheerful company. If I had not tried this way I should probably have had a year's schooling less than I was able to obtain by the aid of such management. I remember that my pride rebelled when such a thing was first suggested to me—it looked so poor! But when my ambition to learn was fairly aroused I came to a different mind.

One can get along amazingly cheap so, if rents are at all reasonable; especially if the folks at home co-operate by sending provisions at intervals. There is pleasure in it too, if properly managed.

But such a course has its perils. Young people who know something about the laws of health can sometimes supply themselves with more wholesome food than the boarding-houses usually furnish. If they have the use of a good oven they can bake a big batch of bread on Saturday, and bake Graham gems and Johnny cakes between times. They might make griddle cakes, but if their clothing and books are in the same room with their cooking, the frying of any kind of food—anything which produces burned fat—will cause the books to carry an unpleasant and too suggestive perfume about. Mush of various kinds—corn-meal, Graham, oat-meal—is cheap and easily made, and is wholesome food if eaten with a very simple dressing. Milk alone is usually its best accompaniment. Beefsteak might be broiled once or twice a week—with a patent-covered broiler there need be no strong odor in the room—but as the object of self-boarding is chiefly to live cheaply, steak would rank among the luxuries.

A soup bone with considerable lean meat to boil all of Saturday forenoon makes a good dinner soup (with every bit of fat skimmed off), and a nice meat-hash for one or two breakfasts would be cheaper. Dried beef from home would work in well. With plenty of apples to bake and stew and to eat raw there would be no very expensive fruit needed.

Now let me speak of the perils. Irregularity of meals is one of the greatest; and this is likely to produce dyspepsia, and dyspepsia and brain work never go well together. There is danger of living too much on cold food—on "light victuals" sent in boxes from home—on cakes and cookies, and pies and doughnuts, and tarts and preserves—all of which should be almost entirely omitted from the student's bill of fare. It is better that two or more keep house in company, because one alone is more apt to neglect the needs of the stomach, is tempted to study while eating, and eats too hastily and too solemnly.

The little student company who keeps house together should be unanimous in trying to keep up the good name of their firm for punctuality, good scholarship, and correct behavior.—*Faith Rochester.*

WHY THE SEWING MACHINE IS INJURIOUS.—There can be little doubt that sewing machines have greatly increased, if they have not altogether caused, some very distressing maladies among the women employed to run them. This is generally conceded; but I have met with no attempt to account for the mischief, nor any scheme for remedying it. Yet it seems to me to be easily explained, and as easily remedied.

The action required to work a sewing machine very much resembles that of walking, and ought not, therefore, to be productive of any evil consequences. But there is one striking difference; and herein, I think, exists the mischief.

If we place our hands on each side of the back, just at or above the waist, and walk a few paces, we feel the muscles acting first on one side and then on the other, as the exercise of

alking calls them into play. Now try to press upon both feet at once, and you will find that the muscles on both sides of the spine are called on to act together. It would be impossible to continue this motion for an hour, so great is the strain upon the back and loins; and yet it is this very motion, rendered easier by the sitting posture, which women are called upon to keep up for many hours at a stretch. It is, in fact, *the treadle*, as generally constructed to be worked by both feet simultaneously, which is at the bottom of all the trouble.

What possessed the manufacturers of sewing machines, first to imitate, and then to perpetuate such a blunder?

Look at a man grinding scissors in the street. His grind-stone is probably much heavier to run than any sewing machine; but he does not jerk his spine, nor strain his muscles in the labor, but goes on as smoothly as if he were skating.

Ask any woman, in some out of the world place where spinning wheels are still in use, whether she ever found herself the worse for spinning all day long, and for many days together. The spinning wheel, observe, is worked by one foot only.

Again, I have been assured by several women that they never were in better health than when they had plenty of weaving to do. One of these was a woman who had half killed herself in early youth with tight lacing, so that her chest and ribs were fearfully distorted.

The exertion demanded to work a loom is very much greater than that required by a sewing machine—I can speak with authority, for I have tried it—but the loom calls the feet, and consequently the legs and sides of the back, into action *alternately*.

One more example and I have done.

I have often worked hard with machines of different kinds; but the only inconvenience I have felt has been a slight fatigue in my ankle—and I only use one foot at a time. When one is tired I can use the other; but I very seldom have occasion to employ the left foot.

I think that what I have said will convince

every one that the evils arising from the use of the sewing machines exist in the faulty construction of the treadle, as at present in use. From the advertisements that I have read, I should imagine that Hall's Patent Treadle is made to run by using the feet alternately, but cannot be sure, as I have not had an opportunity of testing it. Any way, for the future the manufacturers must make our treadles as easy to work as the knife-grinders. M. A. B.

FRIENDLY VOICES.—What Our Friends say:

Roanoke College, Salem, Va.,

SIR—It affords me much pleasure to acknowledge the reception of THE HERALD OF HEALTH at the Athenæum. Please allow me, without flattery, to say that I am much pleased with the matter and general tone of THE HERALD, and shall take pleasure in recommending it to my friends. With many thanks, I am Sir,

Very respectfully, J. T. CRABTREE.

Curator of Athenæum.

NOTE from Mrs. Cleveland, sister of Horace Greeley.

EDITOR HERALD OF HEALTH.—There have been but few numbers of THE HERALD OF HEALTH that I have not read since its first issue. I find in its pages so much good practical sense that I would be glad to see it in every family. If it could take the place of all the sensational newspapers and magazines I believe we should have healthier men and women, with stronger nerves and sounder brains.

Wishing you the greatest success in your beneficent work. Very truly,

MRS. E. G. CLEVELAND.

I have taken your Magazine two years, and though I do not always see as you do, yet yours is the best health magazine published. On all questions of a general nature your policy is sound and right every time.

A. B. BULLOCK.

Inclosed is \$2 for the H. of H. for —. —. I was prevailed upon to subscribe for the S.

of H., but am sorry. The paper is in every respect inferior to yours. H. M. A., M.D.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Knew there was something missing, and this shows it was THE HERALD OF HEALTH. Though my business (bookselling) gives me every facility, I always read THE HERALD with avidity. I have never met any publication containing so much good, hard practical sense for the million as THE HERALD.

Yours respectfully, WM. STRICKLAND.

THE following is from a well known woman physician of Boston :

I notice that your journal is in good demand at the Public Library, and I hear but one expression from those who read it—that 'tis good, and I hope it will succeed in accordance to its merits. Sincerely yours, MARY J. SAFFORD.

A VOYAGE OVER THE OCEAN WITH A LEVEL STOMACH.—Our friend S. T. Pomeroy writes us from London: "We had a rough voyage for summer, and learned that at no season can you count on pleasant weather, or are at all sure of rough weather, in crossing that 'prodigious dampness,' as a Chicago poet calls it. But my stomach kept level, much to my delight and comfort. I passed most of the time on deck, and enjoyed every moment, even the storm, which was so violent one day as to carry away three of our largest sails, and our huge ship tossed about like a cockle shell. Almost all were sick more or less. I adhered to my usual regularity; taking, however, only two meals per day, and was therefore the subject of some pity and mirth on the part of some of my companions, who 'took in' for the first two or three days of delightful calm weather and smooth sea the whole *five sumptuous* daily meals, well *irrigated* with wines and brandy. But a change came over the spirit of their dreams when they grew sick, and retired one by one to do penance in their berths for the balance of the trip, while I took my rations regularly. I think I averaged more meals during the trip than did my *five-meal* friends. MORAL—when

you go to sea don't do all your eating the first day or two. I was charmed with the country between Liverpool and London, it seemed, barring the houses and numerous towns, like riding through 200 miles of Central Park. I was amazed—*stunned* at the immensity of London—am yet. To a spread-eagle American who has always considered New York city the objective point of all creation, London is a stunner; and it does him good. The customs, manners, and especially the dialect or brogue, are at quite sufficient variance from ours to prevent your forgetting for a moment that you are in a foreign land; yet I like it. There is an air of solidity and reliability that I like in the architecture, and in the people themselves, and in fact, in everything; wagons, furniture, dress, all real, no sham, or outward show. Then even their slow and calm ways, while almost unendurable to us nervous, pushing Americans, who are always determined to do a little more than it is possible to do in each day, are after all, delightful to behold, and most happy in its effects. You see no anxious, dyspeptic, nervous business men. They do their work slowly, it is true, but *well*, and with no friction of the machinery. They will not carry business cares to their homes; they leave all that at their shops and warerooms, and they leave it early and return to it late the next day. The happy, beneficent difference between doing business to live and living to do business is as well defined here as is the converse in America. We excel them in many things, and in turn are excelled by them in many essential things. And that is why it does a thoughtful person good to visit foreign countries; he soon learns to admire and praise as well as to criticise and ridicule; and by both he learns and grows."

SOMETHING WRITTEN 2,173 YEARS AGO: Frugality is a good that cannot be too highly prized. Not that it is necessary to practice it always with the same strictness; but the habit thereof is most excellent and very useful, that in case it should fall out that we had not all things in the same plenty as before, but may

be satisfied with little, and that that mediocrity may not seem strange to us. Wherefore we should engrave deeply on our minds when we have learned to be contented without profuseness.

Nature for its subsistence requires only things that are easily procured. Those that are rare and exquisite are needless; they at best but flatter our vanity and luxury. An ordinary food shall afford as much pleasure as the most sumptuous banquet; *and bread and water are a harming meal if they are at hand when we are hungry and thirsty.*

We must, therefore, accustom ourselves to a plain diet, without ransacking the markets for those nice and costly dainties. This frugal way of living shall preserve our health, and we shall find ourselves stronger thereby and every way better disposed for all the actions of life. If we chance to assist at a better entertainment we shall relish it with great pleasure; but what is chiefly to be valued is, that by the means hereof we shall not fear the vicissitudes of fortune, because having habituated ourselves to take up with little, whatever plenty she may deprive us of she only places us in a state we are already prepared for and accustomed to by the laudable habit we have contracted.

A MESSAGE TO THE UNHAPPY.—The following is sent us by a subscriber. Author not given:

My message is that most of these imperfect marriages can be improved if the parties have character and honesty enough to keep their engagements, if they will set themselves to it in the spirit of their wedding vow. Only let us take each other, not for better or worse, but *for better and better.* And for the broader social aspects of the question we must rely less on legislation than on the progress of intelligence, general culture, the moral uplifting of our common life, and the wiser guidance of our young people by wholesome instruction and better example at home.

"You know how little marriage means to

savages; but would it be wise or well for the missionaries to attempt its correction by breaking up the existing order? No; they see that these low, crude, brutal relations are the best possible for such a people; and they expect to *improve marriage only by improving the whole quality of life.* It is precisely the same in our own semi-barbarous society. There must be imperfect marriages or none. Families must be built up with such material as Providence has on hand, such men and women as humanity produces, the men often coarse and vulgar, the women often frivolous, shallow and capricious; the men selfish and hard, the women selfish and soft. As George Elliot makes one of her female characters say, "I know women are fools; the Almighty made 'em to match the men."

CLUBBING.—Our readers, who want the *Agriculturist or Hearth and Home* advertised in another place can send their subscriptions to us with subscriptions to **HERALD OF HEALTH** at terms mentioned in our clubbing rates. ¶

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ADVERTISEMENTS of an appropriate character will be inserted at the following rates: Short advertisements, 25 cents per line; thirteen lines, for three or more insertions without change, 20 per cent. discount; one-half column, \$12; one column, \$22; one page, \$40. All advertisements must be received at this office by the 5th of the month preceding that on which they are to appear.

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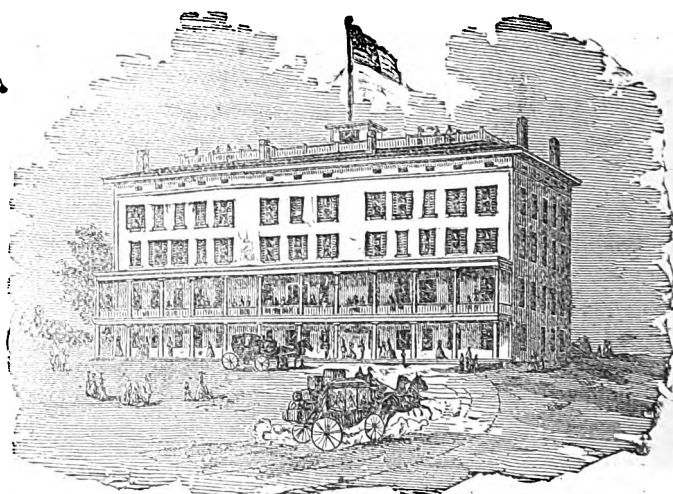
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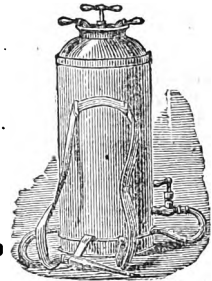
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