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THE HERALD OF HEALTH

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BODY AND MIND.

OUR MOTTO:

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

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NEW YORK:

WOOD & HOLBROOK, PUBLISHERS, 13 & 15 LAIGHT ST.

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THE

HERALD OF HEALTH.

JULY, 1875.

HOW I MANAGED MY CHILDREN. (No. 5.)

BY MRS. WARREN.

TILL Dot attained his eleventh year I was the only instructor my children had. It was, I must confess, an irregular education which they acquired; but it had its use. The multiplication table was learned by heart before they could read—learned as a pastime and a game—so were the pence and shilling tables. Even the babe, who could not tell a letter, would say "tice too fo," for twice two are four. I had a powerful recollection of my early studies, and of the time it took to get over the weary work. In this manner the children seemed to learn by intuition both hymns and tables. An hour in the morning was all the confinement to "school" which they had, and the same time in the afternoon; though this latter was rather devoted to my reading pretty stories and telling them tales of history, and the delight of the little ones as they asked if it was "all too?" was unbounded. I was astonished in after life to find how much of what are termed historical facts they had acquired. In the summer afternoons, when it was too hot for other pastime, as we sat in the cool shade, it was delightful to watch the upturned faces, with the wistful eyes and the wrapt attention, greedily absorbing all the chief points of historical interest in which the child or children of the time had any share. They never wearied of the story of Alfred, of Arthur, of Margaret of Anjou and her little son in the New Forest, and of the two murdered princes. Years after, when Dot was grown strong, and could move about like the others, I was paying a visit in the neighborhood of Beaulieu Abbey, where Margaret had once sheltered, and on visiting the place, soon after our entrance Dot was missing. Presently he came back. "Oh! mamma, it is quite a new room where Margaret and her son Edward found refuge. I am so disappointed." I merely mention this to show how vividly incidents, whether of narration or otherwise, are painted on a child's brain.

Geography I taught my children almost wholly in conversations. Three large maps—one of the World, another of Europe, and the third of England and Wales—graced the walls of the play-room; and this indeed was our school-room. I bought a geographical puzzle, the "Tour of Europe," and as I could not purchase one I made a puzzle on the same plan, that answered every purpose, of a summer's ramble in England; this was afterward extended to Scotland and Ireland. I managed this from guide books, gazetteers and other sources, and by it got on wonderfully well. We made imaginary visits—first to our friends in the county we were living in, then to our relatives in the adjoining county; and where we had neither friends nor relatives I turned to a biography, selected some

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eminent character who had lived near our time, and we paid an imaginary visit to him or her; and so we visited all the places that had anything of interest by which they could be remembered.

It is very difficult for children to understand grammar. I can well recollect my own shortcomings in the matter. I had never heard of a "noun." Then how could I tell what a noun was? The answer, "A a noun is the name of a person, place or thing," failed to convey any meaning; and arguing in my own mind that I had never heard a person called a noun, I thought the whole was nonsense. Nevertheless, whatever I thought, English grammar had to be learned; but for years it was a detestable book to me, and learning a lesson from it, and the subsequent examinations, appeared to me like walking barefoot over a rough and pebbly road. I studied long before I could arrange a satisfactory method for my children's attainment of this necessary part of education; nor did I attempt it till Dot had reached twelve years old—though he was more like a child of nine. The gentle Edith was taller and stronger, and with an extremely quick apprehension of most subjects. Dot always referred to her in everything.

One afternoon, when all were seated around me, I said:

"I have thought of a new game, who will be the first to learn it?

There were many voices and but one reply—each would be first. "What can it be, mamma?" asked Dot.

"It is a game of words," I replied. "Now observe, I shall take ten pieces of paper, on each of which I shall write a name;" and so I wrote "article, noun, adjective, pronoun, verb, adverb, participle, preposition, conjunction and interjection," each name on a separate paper, and read them aloud. Of course these words conveyed no idea of their meaning, and I might just as well have read Greek. All the children looked very grave, waiting to hear what was coming next. Then I placed the papers in regular order: "These I shall call classes, or divisions."

"Now then," said I, "every word which either of you can speak belongs to one or other of the classes or names on these papers. All the words contained in any book can be divided into no more than ten divisions. Suppose I write this sentence: 'George said he was very happy.' Now I shall cut each word separate from the others. I must place George on the noun paper, *said* must go to the verb, *he* to the pronoun, *was* to the verb, *very* to the adverb, *happy* to the adjective; and all other words in this and every other book belong to one or other of the names on these papers; so that, you see, all the words we speak or hear or read can be divided into ten classes. Now see which of you can learn these ten names first." And then I repeated them slowly several times, then wrote them out on slips of paper and gave to each that could read writing; and the three elder ones—Dot, Edith and Alice—I gave in charge to teach the three younger ones; but the two youngest, in imitation of the elder children, would repeat also, though as yet but lispingly. The next day the lesson was perfectly repeated, but conveyed no sense to their young minds. I then explained to them how they might distinguish which of the ten divisions each word belonged to.

"Richard, there a great many nouns in this room—many objects or things."

"Yes, mamma, there are chairs and tables, and books and stools."

"And boys and girls," said I, "who are all nouns, and belong to the second division of words. The boys and girls because they are the names of persons, and chairs and tables, and other objects, because they are the names of things,"

No very clear perception of my meaning dawned upon them for a long time, and I found this task not the most pleasant, for it was very difficult to convey the meaning of every word so that they might understand and retain what they heard.

I may as well say here a few words about my manner of teaching spelling. After the children had learned from their books to spell simple words correctly, they then spelled from dictation

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—that is, read a short sentence of five or six words and each spelled a word in turn; this exercised the memory and sharpened the intellect. Each word of two or more syllables was divided into the proper syllables before spelling; thus a rapid progress was obtained. Writing and spelling from dictation occupied two afternoons of the week, and these writing exercises served also for parsing lessons, which also taught them to think.

During all these years, though I became so devoted to my children, I never allowed them to interfere with my time when my husband came home. They were early made to understand that mamma then could not be with them; and I would suggest to every woman never to allow her children to usurp the time and loving attention due to her husband. If she does, home will be no home to him; he will become irritable and seek comfort elsewhere. Women have too often themselves to blame for cold and indifferent husbands. Every evening I was always ready to sit down in pleasant chat with Arthur, or go out for an evening stroll, or make a quiet call—for regular visiting is out of the question for a mother of a family, unless she chooses to delegate to other hands the culture of her children's minds. Yet thousands do this, and reap in after life bitterness and sorrow. Not that well-born, well-bred and fully competent teachers do not exist; but they have not the power in themselves to impart instruction in the same manner a mother can. Too often rebellion and temper in her pupils—for which there is no adequate authority given to the governess to punish—bar the way; and far too often the young teacher herself is treated with disrespect by the unthinking parents. It is of no use recapitulating evils which are so well known, but which no amount of writing will alter. The example of those mothers in their households, who may be termed the ruling powers for good or evil in their class, will do much to eradicate the snobbishness of maltreating by open insult the lady whom they have chosen to impart knowledge to their children.

For Edith, Alice and Mary, as they grew up, I was fortunate enough to find a good school, and not an expensive one. It was conducted by gentlewomen of good birth, who endeavored to make every human acquirement subservient to a manly and womanly character. The girls did not leave their home till the youngest was twelve years old. I dreaded their contact with the rude, ungovernable natures I so well remembered in my school days; but my husband deemed a school necessary and I submitted, knowing that it must be if he had so decided.

While they were at home, and yet very young, I found it necessary to have an instructress in music for them. They all, including the boys, commenced to learn as each attained the age of five years, while their little fingers were flexible. I must say that both to the children and myself the note learning was an inexpressible weariness. I engaged Miss Barton to come every day, to superintend the practice. Nor were they allowed to practice without she was present. I interdicted all tunes; the practice was really work. The scales in all their various keys and in all combinations formed the work, with short pieces from old masters with more of harmony than tune in them. I need scarcely remark that all my children became musicians, with more or less skill, according as their tastes varied. But the girls, when they went to school, knew only their scales.

I was not much surprised to hear in one of their letters home that they were at the top of the class in which they were placed, and were about to enter the first division among elder girls.

I ought to have before alluded to my children's taste for drawing. Dot and Edith were the artists of the family, and the remaining three cared neither one way or the other for the art, which to me had always been productive of much gratification. My way of teaching them was perhaps peculiar, though at first, and at no regular intervals, by way of pastime I challenged them as to which could draw the straightest and longest line, then the curve, then two sides of a triangle, then the trian-

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gle, the square, the round and the oval. They were not at all aware there was any design in this, not the slightest suspicion that it was a task, or else I fear I should not have got on so well. Of course I joined them in the pastime, and my lines and curves, etc., were purposely as indifferent in perfection as theirs, though I was the first to improve. "Let us make 'curbs'" was often the cry, when tired with other things; and I am certain they found it equally amusing with making "dirt pies," or other extraordinary resources which children discover. More than a year passed before any use was suggested of these lines and curves, which by this time could be made tolerably, but not uniformly, correct. One day, as I was sitting in rather an abstracted mood, my eye fell upon a small bottle containing gum, but which originally had held pomade. The shape of this bottle seemed to stand out distinctly before my eyes, in its curves and lines.

"Look here!" I exclaimed: "here is a bottle made up of curves and lines. There are two straight lines down the sides, a half circle at the bottom; near the top is more than a half circle, and the top, you see, is a circle."

"No, mamma," said Dot, "not a circle, it is almost an oval."

"Not so, it is a circle, though it looks like an oval," I replied, showing them the top of the bottle as I held it in my hand.

"So it is; but what makes it look like an oval?"

"The position and the distance from which you view it," said I, "and this is called 'perspective;' and if you knew how to draw you would sketch the object as it *appears* to your eyes, not as it actually is formed."

Dot pondered over the information I gave him, but did not quite comprehend it till Edith said:

"Look at yonder wall; that is what mamma means. Don't you see that at the far end it looks pointed and here close by it is very wide; but I am sure it is the same width all the way down. Am I right, mamma?"

"Yes. It is the distance which creates the illusion. Even the farthest end of the room looks narrower than this where we are sitting."

Richard could not be brought to see this at first, nor indeed till I showed him a willow pattern plate where the trees and houses appeared up in the sky, simply because the size of the objects had not been reduced in accordance with their respective distances. Then, as if he had solved a riddle, the difficulty vanished.

Sketching soon became a very pleasant pastime, and Dot, or John, as we now frequently called him, gave unmistakable signs that his would be an artist's career; and being averse to any business or other profession, we reluctantly placed him for a year with a painter of well deserved fame; but not until we had left him for a fortnight on a visit to the then President of the Royal Academy, to whom we were first known from letters of high introduction. At the expiration of this time he said:

"You will never make anything out of the lad but an artist. Indeed he is that now. But take him to S. Here is the address and a note. You cannot place him under better care."

Accordingly arrangements were made for his instruction in the art he loved so well. Two months after this myself and husband passing near the British Museum—on our way to see our boy, whom I missed so much—we entered, and after some time drew near a student who was intent on copying a figure of Hercules, and did not observe the youth till we were turning away. "Dot!" I exclaimed. But it was a second before the soul—which had gone out of him in loving admiration of his model—returned to his eyes, and then in instant recognition he held out both his hands.

"Mother!" said he, and the tears welled into his eyes, though on the verge of manhood.

"And how do you get on, my boy?" his father asked, while I remarked, "How pale you look, my child!" But he heeded me not, intent upon replying to his father's question.

"Capital. I am studying anatomy."

"Why, what on earth will that do for you? You are not going to be a doctor."

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"Mr. S. says that I shall never be able to properly sketch my figures if I don't study it."

"Well, there's something in that."

"Yes; he says he does not want me to be a copyist, but a true painter, and that I drew sufficiently well from models when I came to him. He tried me a day or two with lumps of chalk, and anything rough that came to hand; then he gave me an egg to copy, at which I laughed.

"'My mother let us play at sketch-eggs when we were very young,' said I. So he asked me to tell him all about it, and he was greatly amused at our play of curves and lines. He said it was so good a plan that he should like that system of amusement adopted in every house where children were. Then he asked me if I knew anything about mixing colors. Well I didn't quite understand him, and so he said:

"'I mean what two colors will make a green, or a violet, or a scarlet, or gray?'

"'Oh, yes,' I answered. 'We had two or three paint boxes, but mamma always took from us every color but five—yellow, red, blue, black and white—and from these five, you know, we made every tint we needed, excepting when my sisters wanted to paint roses she gave them a piece of scarlet lake.' I never told you yet, mother, how astonished I was when I first saw you produce a green from the blue and yellow paint. And don't you recollect that beautiful poppy which Edith drew, and was at a loss for a color, when you said, 'Mix the yellow and red together'—don't you remember how she danced about for joy? I have heard that Benjamin West's mother made him a painter, and I am sure you have made me one."

I smiled at the boy's enthusiasm, which it was hard to repress, though I longed to do so, for I saw the consuming fire within his eyes that I feared would lure him from every other object in life than the profession which he had chosen.

His father said, "You must make the best of your time, my boy, for the year you are with Mr. S. I shall not be able to afford an increased expense consequent upon a longer period."

"Never fear for me, father. I can live upon a crust, so that I may become a painter." And the boy's cheek flushed and his eyes sparkled, and as I looked upon his bright face a chill as of the grave came over me, though the sun was shining hotly upon us.

"Don't study too much, Dot. You are not strong," I said.

"Ah! mother mine," he gaily answered, "I don't know what study means. I'm not like Dick and the others. I have been to no school but yours, and where we only played at study. I told Mr. S. so once, and he said he wished all boys were taught like me. You know he has two sons, but they are so rough, and I don't think they care anything for their home; it is so 'slow' they said the other night."

The interview with Mr. S. was a very satisfactory one. He was pleased with the earnest spirit with which the boy took up his work. "Indeed I have to repress his eagerness very often, and am astonished at his quickness of perception. The fact is the lad has been taught to think, and to find a reason and motive for every action. I do not know whether this faculty is inherent in him, or whether it has come by early training. I should think the latter. He will make a pupil of whom I shall indeed be proud."

This was cordial balm to a mother's heart, but I "rejoiced with trembling." A prophetic warning of the end seemed to be ever ringing in my ears, yet I lacked power to oppose, for what could I say? everything looked bathed in sunlight; the shadow was as yet invisible; yet I could say with truth that there it was. My husband thought me a little silly when I mentioned my fears that Dot would overtask his strength, and that his enthusiastic spirit would cut through the slender sheath.

"Nonsense, Mary. I thought you had overcome all this nonsense in Dot's milksop days. I am glad to see such a manly bearing in him. He seems in so short a time to have sprung from a child to manhood."

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"God keep him," I mentally prayed; and my prayer was answered, though not as I in my fond mother's love had hoped. But I am anticipating. Before we left him it was arranged that at the Christmas following he should return home for a month. It was now the early part of June, and with many pleasant words and happy thoughts we parted, and returned in time for the commencement of the holidays, when Dick and his sisters rejoined us at home.

The girls were grown all that parents' heart could wish. I looked closely and with misgivings for any blemish in mind or manner, for any lapse in their simple faith; but I detected nothing.

"It has been no trouble to us to learn, mamma," Edith said one morning; "and of course at school we have had a regular routine of study and reading, but you so early taught us to think that it has been all pleasure to us. The music master was quite dismayed when we told him we could not play pieces.

"'It is extraordinary,' said he. 'I understand from Mrs. Forbes that your parents desire you to excel in the art, which should always be commenced at a very early age.'

"And you should have seen him, mamma, with what a contemptuous air he said:

"'Have the goodness to show me how you play.'

"Mary and Alice stood looking on each other with dismay, while I produced those six sonatas that you said you had learned.

"'I thought you said that you did not play pieces.'

"'Not show pieces,' I said.

"I played them through, and then he asked me to play the scales set in the different keys. He looked at me with astonishment.

"'And your sisters?' he asked.

"'Oh they play in the same way.'

"'Then, young ladies, I ask pardon. Scarcely any theme will be difficult to you. You seem quite to undertand the composer's marks of expression, and you follow them. Any further difficulties you will readily surmount. Only practice steadily. May I ask who taught you to play with such emphasis—such feeling?'

"'Mamma told us that every piece of music was a poem either in blank verse or rhyme, that the marks of expression were indicative of the composer's meaning; and that if we did not at first quite understand it, upon a few times carefully playing it the meaning would be revealed; so whatever we have to play we like to read it over well first without the piano.'

"'But you must have practiced much?' he asked.

"'Only an hour a day each of us. But then Miss Barton, our governess, always superintended us, and we were never permitted to slur over a note wrongly played.'

"'But,' said he, 'this new piece which I have given you, can you read it quickly?'

"'Oh, yes,' I answered, and I began to read the notes aloud without the piano, at which he was much amused, and said it was a capital way, and he should adopt it in teaching. Do you know, mamma, that was the first time I really felt grateful to you? for in my secret heart I used to think you were very fussy, and I always did so wish to go to school."

THE LIVER, ITS USE, AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF IT.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN our last article we considered that derangement of the liver by which it fails to convert the albumen of the blood into urea, only partially oxidizing it and leaving it in the form of uric acid; a substance much less soluble than urea, and not easily carried out through the kidneys. The result is this substance accumulates in the blood as one of the impurities, of which so much is said by physicians.

Let us now see what this uric acid

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does in the blood, see what diseases it may cause and what trouble make.

We all know that when our watches get dirty they do not keep good time, but vary and even stop. So, too, when the blood becomes impure the body cannot remain in good health. It varies from the true and high standard we think of and hope for, and I cannot keep from saying here that as most people appreciate and like to carry a watch that keeps true time, so should they also like and try to own a body that maintains itself in a high state of vigor.

One of the diseases which results from an accumulation of uric acid in the blood is gout. Fortunately this disease is not so frequent in this country as in England, among the aristocracy. They eat more and exercise less than we; but there is some gout in our own country among the rich and overfed, and there is a great deal more of of what might be termed incipient gout, or suppressed gout. It is not gout localized in the joints, but it is a sort of gouty condition all through the tissues and organs. What is gout—it is only, so to speak, a condition in which there is a deposit of urate of soda about the joints. When the blood gets so full of uric acid it cannot hold it any longer it forms it into a salt and deposits it about the joints; and this is all due in the first place to the inability of the liver to convert albumen into urea. We might trace the subject back still further, and see that the original cause was over-indulgence of appetite, drink, too little exercise; but this is not necessary at this stage of our inquiries.

Another disease, the result of uric acid in the blood, is gravel—or to call it by a more scientific name—*urinary calculi*, from the Latin word *calculus*, a stone. The uric acid, instead of being deposited about the joints, is deposited in the kidneys and bladder. Urinary calculi are very common in gouty people, and whoever suffers from them suffers bodily torments more excruciating than any human being can imagine.

Gall stones, or biliary calculi, are only another form of the same general condition of the blood; and although gall stones are not identical in substance with gravel, or the concretions about the joints in gout, yet they are believed to be caused by the same general condition of the blood.

We now pass on to consider a disease very dangerous and fatal, caused by the same general disorder of the liver—to wit, Bright's disease. Dr. Murchison says emphatically that it is caused in persons advanced in age by *lithemia*. The result is the kidneys become dis organized and the patient dies. Fatty degeneration of the liver, cancer of the liver, also have, it is believed, the same origin; or, if not exactly the same, one very similar; the liver becomes weakened, it fails to do its duty. Uric acid is the result in the blood, and the liver itself may, if the course of life is not changed, break down in fatty degeneration.

There is a wonderful sympathy between all the organs of the body, so that if one suffers all suffer with it. This is not perhaps so much the case in early life as it is after the decline of the bodily powers has set in. We have just seen how when the liver is disor dered the kidneys suffer. We now call the reader's attention to the fact that when the liver suffers every tissue of the body suffers, too. This poisoned blood, caused by the liver not doing its duty, circulates in every part of the body and weakens and poisons every tissue. They degenerate and are not well nourished. Fatty or calcareous matter is deposited where good tissue is wanted, the arteriesgrow weak in their walls and perhaps burst, letting a flood of blood into the brain, causing apoplexy; the heart's valves weaken and give out, and the heart sends clots of blood through the arteries, plugging them up and causing serious trouble. We do not say that the liver is always the only faulty organ, but it is generally the one which, connected with the digestive function, causes the most disease.

I would gladly stop here and bring no more grave charges against so respectable an organ, but duty compels me to

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say that this condition of excess of uric acid in the blood may so weaken the powers of resistance in the system that it is very liable to attacks of inflammatory diseases. Take the past year as an example, the number of persons who have had inflammation of the lungs (pneumonia) has been very great. Now if the facts could be known it would be found that those who have had this disease were in some way reduced in their power to resist disease, and one of the common causes of this weakened condition is the same that causes gout, gravel, etc. Persons suffering from an accumulation of uric acid in the blood are exposed to cold, which centers in the lungs, causing inflammation of these organs, accompanied by fever. There is little doubt but in many cases it was the presence in the blood of the uric acid that determined the inflammation. Acute rheumatism is another disease which may have the same cause, and so is scrofula, ænemia, chlorosis—diseases with great deficiency of healthy blood and healthy tissue.

In our next paper we shall consider another phase of the subject.

DEPARTMENT OF THE LADIES' OWN.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. CORA BLAND.

[The following story properly belongs to the readers of *The Ladies' Own Magazine*, where most of it appeared. The consolidation of that journal with THE HERALD OF HEALTH leaves it unfinished, but there is so little remaining to complete it, we have thought best to incorporate it in THE HERALD of HEALTH rather than publish an extra for the exclusive benefit of the subscribers of *The Ladies' Own*. This will explain to the readers of THE HERALD why they are to receive only the concluding chapters of an admirable story.]

THE ACTOR'S CHILD. (No. 21.)

BY HENRIETTA PAYNE WESTBROOK.

NEW HOPES.

TO Mrs. Terence Travis's tender care and nursing, as the blest instrumentality, Frederick owed his recovery to reason and health. It was, however, a dreadful return to life and recollection. He should have preferred, a thousand times, to have died and been buried with his Elloise.

How strangely it sometimes happens that when all seems darkest, when turn whichever way we will there is no gleam of light, when such is our despair that even desire fails, suddenly our path is illuminated, as if from above, and loving forms and faces crowd about us, and would feign make us believe they had been there all the while, only our eyes were holden that we might not see them!

After a terrible accident Frederick F. Travis had been restored to life as by a miracle. By one imprudent step his occupation was gone. He knew it was utterly useless to attempt again to minister in holy things to the people of Lacelede, and he felt certain they would silence him in any other place to which he might go. He saw his father's gray hairs going down with sorrow to the grave. His mother's troubled countenance was a perpetual reproach to him. Her very tenderness toward him added another drop of bitterness. The woman for whom he had sacrificed everything, his beloved Elloise, slept beneath the willows. His heart was forever widowed.

If anything could increase his wretchedness it was the reflection that his wife, Julia, lived and was likely to live.

"How mysterious it is," Frederick said to himself—he had no other confidant since Elloise was gone—"how mysterious it is that those whom we could so easily spare seem never to die:

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while our perfect beings are so early in life laid to rest underneath the violets."

The hatred between Frederick and Julia was mutual. Each had sought to obtain release from the other; but the laws of their state recognized only one cause of divorce, and that could not be proven against them. There was now no hope for either save in the death of the other, and that seemed a very improbable event at present. He was only thirty-five and she was several years younger.

It seems almost incredible, but such was really the case, this mutual desire to obtain a divorce was termed "a collusion," and served only to rivet their chains. After much difficulty a legal separation, merely *a mensa et thoro* was obtained. An amicable division of the property they had acquired was arranged, and Julia returned to her father's house, neither widow, wife, nor maid. She was only an unhappy woman, by no means made perfect through suffering.

"It is all your fault," father, she said to Deacon Bailey, on her return to the home of her childhood. "If you had let me go as missionary to India, as I wanted to when I was a girl, you would have saved us all a pack of trouble."

"If you have only come back to blame me, I wish you would go there now," answered the impulsive old man. A moment afterward he repented his hasty words and was weeping on his daughter's neck.

"I am not good enough to go among the heathen now," sobbed Julia.

"You never were, my child," responded the deacon, meaning to tell the truth even if it was not soothing to the ear. "If one has the seed of goodness in him," he continued, "it gets to be more and more as he grows older. The trials and troubles of life are the harrows that disturb the richness of the soil and cultivate it, and make the seed grow as a grain of mustard, which, indeed, as the good Book says, is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown it becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air—which I take to mean something very pleasant to look upon, such as patience, and meekness, and kindness one toward another—these little birds come and lodge in the branches thereof. They *lodge* there; that is, stay, build their nests, and sing early in the morning, and chirp late at night, and at odd spells during the day; and so make music most of the time."

Julia looked quite thoughtful and much impressed by the good man's exhortation, but she offered no response. Her gentle mother kissed her tears away as if she was still a child; and her six brothers, now full grown men, rallied around her, and sympathized with her, and cheered her; and although they very well knew that in such a case as hers, both she and her husband must have been in some measure wrong, they thought it unnecessary for them to pain her by saying so.

Frederick remembered Mabel Lee, his mother's half sister, as one of the sweetest of "the sweet girl graduates," as Tennyson named them, of Blank University, She had long been a successful minister on the coast of California. His friendship for her and his admiration of her had never changed. He had often, in the days gone by, told Elloise that she and Mabel were more alike than any two persons whom he had ever known.

"I believe I was really in love with her at one time," he confessed, "notwithstanding she is my aunt. She still remains my ideal woman, although the name is changed to 'bonny Elloise.'"

After Frederick was in disgrace, and self-deposed, his mother, fearing her relatives in California would be distressed by reading some garbled or exaggerated account of the affair, wrote to them her own simple statement, not neglecting to mention all the mitigating circumstances. The return mail brought a beautifully sympathetic letter from Mabel. A few days more brought another from the same source, full of encouraging suggestion. She said that Frederick needed not only a change of scene, but a perfect revolution of thought and feeling. Nothing would answer the purpose but an entire abandonment of old associations and beginning a new life in a new place.

She proposed he should come to them.

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A parish near her's was vacant. A candidate from the east, recommended by her, would be almost certain of the call.

These letters gave to Frederick the first gleam of hope. He began to feel there might possibly still be something left for him in this world. The very idea of beginning anew was itself a wonderful encouragement, and he felt that to be near Mabel, with her rich treasures of mind and of heart, would give him both strength and wisdom to live aright.

Through Mabel Lee's influence he received the call which he had already signified his willingness to accept.

"If I go to California it must be with clean papers," Frederick had said to his father; and the latter readily undertook to obtain them. He called a *pro re nata* meeting, and presented the case before his brethren of the Presbytery.

To his modest demand that his son should be allowed to go from their midst unembarrassed by any word of censure, he had anticipated but little, if any, objection. It met with determined opposition from quite a number. The Rev. Dr. Smith was quite bitter. "He is," said the doctor, "by far too fascinating a fellow to be let loose without a word of warning. If he should prove, as is not at all unlikely, a wolf in sheep's clothing among the innocent lambs of the fold, shall we not justly be held responsible?"

"But brethren," argued his friend, Albert Burton, "if we send him away under a cloud we shall paralyze his energies and reduce his moral weight. No one has pretended to produce here any proof of his criminality. The only accusations against him are imprudencies and affectionate regard for a woman not his wife. With regard to the first charge I would ask, who of us all is always perfectly discreet? There is not one member of this honored body against whom I could not, either from personal knowledge or common report, specify one or more imprudent acts. With regard to the second accusation, where, I ask, is any law, human or divine, laid down against loving? There is, I grant you, a law against some things that are often confounded with it, like coveting and lust; but nowhere, that I am aware, any condemnation against a true love?

Mr. Burton, having created a revulsion of feeling in favor of Frederick, sat down. The Rev. Witherbee, D. D. took the floor and offered the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That if the Rev. F. F. Travis has deserved censure or punishment, he has already received it in the loss of his own right hand and of the life dearer to him than his own, in chastisement by a Higher Power."

The resolution passed unanimously.

To be continued.

SHADOWS OF WORDS.

A PICTURE FROM PRUNTY'S ALBUM.

Such as thy words are, such will thy affections be esteemed; and such will thy deeds as thy affections, and such thy life as thy deeds.—*Socrates.*

THE thunder raises its coarse voice, the lightning darts its angry glance across the sky, and heavy threatening clouds cast their shadows on the earth. The wild bird stops its singing; the shelterless cattle in the fields give evidence of an uneasy, apprehensive feeling; the fowls in the garden suspend their foraging, and congregate in idle, restless groups under the barn and in the old carriage shed, as if to say: "We would rather hunger than venture for food in the terrible outer gloom."

But the thunder hushes, the lightning shuts its eye, and the frowns of heaven are furled from sight by the dazzling stream of sunshine that flows all over the earth. The birds begin their chorus, the dreamy cattle seem to smile with new delight, and the whole

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earth looks up a sweet "I thank you."

So upon the sacred halo that encircles the home fall the shadows of needless words. Sometimes they are thoughtless words, sometimes they are heartless ones; but the darkness of the shadows is not always in proportion to the weight of the words.

There is a little home, the most sacred place on earth to a loving father, a devoted mother, and to three trusting little children. The world says "what a paradise is there." But do no serpents lurk under the roses of that Eden-like place? Do no clouds darken its sky? From an outer standpoint we see as "through a glass darkly," but we enter and "see face to face." The wife is earnest, patient and energetic; but, perhaps, a bit too sensitive, for she is in the shadow to-day, the shadow of a word. Who spoke that word—some intruding ruffian? No. If so, *she* had not been in its shadow. It fell from the lips of him she loves—the father, the teacher, the living example of her darling little ones. What word was it? some cruel word to her? No, not *to* her; he speaks kindly to her and the wee ones, and the world calls him a model husband and father. But he spoke before her what he would not let another woman in the world, not even his mother and sisters, hear him speak, and the compliment is not lost on her.

It was an ugly word, and we will not repeat it; a hateful word, chosen from the vocabulary of the profane, addressed to such senseless, unoffending furniture as the shovel, tongs and stove. What for? To satisfy some kind of a wicked spirit—will some one "rise and explain" it? But what right has he to palliate *any* feeling with such an expensive balm, unless he retires to some secret place and administers it all to himself, to the discomfort of none but the angels in the air. Is his wife "his goods and chattels" that he dare with impunity thus to offend her sensitive ear, and wound her loving heart, and cast a shadow over her as long as her memory is; or, perhaps, as her life? For not as sunshine after rain comes any healing ray to erase the spots that thus darken that sacred halo. They are indelible—black monuments raised to the memory of lost hours. For a whole day sweet thoughts have been driven like scared birds into silence, and the mountains of life have loomed higher, and the valleys sunk lower in the dismal gloom of a word's blighting shadow.

TWO AND ONE.

BY J. V. HICKMAN KOONS.

TWO sunflowers grew by a garden wall,
Broad-leaved and comely, strong and tall.
A cypress vine, with a pretty face,
Between them grew in modest grace,
To the nearest one she turned her head:
"You'll shield me from all harm," she said;
"And for your kindness, love and care,
With crimson stars I'll wreathe your hair;
And dainty leaves with fringes green,
I'll wind in sweet relief between."
But sunflower number one looked down
On her graceful form with a freezing frown,
And scorning all her tender words—
"I'll be no post for flowers and birds"
He gruffly said; "I'll stand alone,
A monarch free on freedom's throne,
And whoso will, may spend their lives

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Protecting vines that may turn to gyves."
Sweet cypress then, with a downcast eye;
With a blush on her face, in her heart a sigh,
Crept close to the earth in submission sweet,
And silently wept at the sunflower's feet.
Her grief touched the heart of our flower number two,
Who wooed her and won her, with love pure and true.
Around him her tendrils she lovingly twined—
Her beauty and grace with his strength were combined;
And sweet were the long summer days as they fled
To the lives of the two now so happily wed.
The gardener came forth to his pruning one morn—
"Ah! ah! this lone sunflower" he said "looks forlorn.
It's of no use whatever." And with one heavy blow
The proud, selfish sunflower's head was laid low.
"Here's one I'll preserve for the seed he will yield—
For the sake of the cypress, whose life he will shield."
And tenderly then he stooped down to the earth,
To care for the spot that had given them birth.
The sunflower trembled with homage and pride,
And whispered "cling closer, my darling, my bride;
For the master has looked with compassion on me,
And saved me thro' love that his heart bears thee."

PLATO.

BY T. A. BLAND.

PLATO, the greatest of all the disciples of Socrates, was born in the city of Athens (according to the best authorities) about the year 429 B. C. He became a pupil of Socrates at an early age, and was a close student of his philosophy; which he perhaps comprehended more fully and appreciated more highly than any one of all his followers. His whole life was devoted to the perfecting of the Socratic system of philosophy, and in teaching it to the people.

Socrates wrote nothing, probably for the reason that he appreciated the limitations of knowledge, and feared to leave a doctrine on record lest it be found imperfect; but more likely because he deprecated discipleship. He desired that all men should have opinions of their own, and not borrow those of others. He had no wish to become an authority.

Plato wrote several books on the philosophy of Socrates, and he also wrote his biography. It is from Plato we learn all we know of his master. And the world will never be able to separate the ideas of Socrates from those of Plato—saying with certainty this is Socratic, that Platonic. It is probable that Plato got his ideas of love from Socrates, for Socrates undoubtedly lived above the plane of passion, and his love for woman was what has since the days of Plato been styled "Platonic." Plato was a relation of Solon, on his mother's side, and by descent of his father he was related to Codrus.

"Plato" is a surname given him because of his broad forehead. It has entirely superseded his original name of "Aristocles."

There is a legend connected with his introduction to Socrates which is beautiful enough to make one hope it were true. Socrates dreamed one night of seeing a beautiful white swan coming from the grove of Academus, and singing sweetly as it rose. Just as he had told his dream to a group of friends

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the next morning Aristo, approached and introduced his young friend, Plato, who desired to become a pupil of the great sage, of whom his friend Aristo had told him so much. When Plato established his school of philosophy in the grove of Academus this dream was accepted as prophetic. This grove derived its name from a former owner, and the term "academy" is derived from the school established by Plato.

This school was numerously attended, not only by the young men of Athens, but women also became disciples of the great philosopher.

Plato gave some attention to poetry in early life; but when once fully imbued with the doctrines of Socrates he resolved to give his whole mind to the study of philosophy, and his life to teaching it.

After the death of Socrates, Plato and other prominent disciples of the old heretic were obliged to leave Athens, to escape the persecutions of the pious mob. They went to Megara, the home of Euclid, who had himself been a disciple of Socrates at one time, and who received them hospitably; Plato journeyed to Egypt, Sicily, and even to the interior of Asia, studying the philosophy of Pythagoras and the religion of Zoroaster.

While at the Court of Sicily he was presented to Dionysius, the renowned tyrant, who affected to respect philosophy. But it was but a short time till he became so enraged at some of Plato's doctrines that he ordered him put to death. Through the intercession of Dion he commuted the sentence to perpetual slavery. Plato was shortly afterward ransomed by his friend Dion, when he returned to Athens and established his school.

He never married, although he had a high admiration for women, and was richly endowed with the social elements. It is probable that he never had time to nurse any particular love; and he probably feared a similar fate to that of his master, should he marry. Be that as it may, the fact remains that the greatest of all the philosophers died a bachelor, at the age of eighty-four.

"It is not probable," says Dr. Thomas, "that any other man ever lived who has contributed so much as Plato toward the moral and intellectual culture of the human race. His pre-eminence is not due solely to his transcendant genius or to the marvelous depth and comprehensiveness of his philosophic views, but also, in no small measure, to his poetic power, and to that unrivaled grace and beauty of style which led the ancients to say that if Jove should speak Greek he would speak like Plato.

He was a most voluminous writer, and fortunately his works have all come down to us without change of text. His writings, numbering over forty books, are chiefly comprised in his "Dialogues," in all of which (save one) Socrates holds one side of the argument. The exception is the Laws, in which he unfolds his plan for a model republic. This is the most elaborate and important of all his works. In it is developed the true principles of government, and the only principles upon which a government of justice, liberty and equal rights can be founded. All great political reformers who have lived since have been students of Plato, and drawn their highest inspirations from his writings; and the best governments on the globe to-day are but limping and halting steps toward Plato's model republic.

The ideas of this system are not all original with Plato; but he gets them from his illustrious ancestor, the renowned Solon. Plato, however, took Solon's abstract ideas, and with them, thus his own, he constructed a system so perfect as to shame all the statesmanship of the past and the present.

The "Phædo," or the immortality of the soul, is one of the most interesting and instructive of Plato's works. Taking his cue from Socrates he has pursued this subject to the utmost verge of logic and philosophy, and has perhaps done more to hold the cultivated classes to a belief in continued life than any man who has lived. "Every soul," he says, "is immortal. It is the real person, the body being but its servant and earthly representative.

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The soul is independent of the body, but finds it useful in this state of existence. It builds the body out of material substance, according to its best ideal, and makes changes and repairs until it tires of it, when it abandons it and goes into a higher state of existence. The souls of men are of the same substance as the gods, and they partake of the intelligence and other divine qualities of the Supreme Being, who formed and rules the universe." He firmly held to the doctrine of individuality after death, and that each one would remember the incidents of their earth life.

He believed in rewards and punishments after death. He argues that as the mind, or soul, is the individual, the body being but a transient servant, the soul must suffer for its sins. Death is not a misfortune or punishment, but a blessing. It is only after death that we properly live and know what sort of beings we are. The soul cannot die by a disorder of the body ; nor can death be a punishment to the soul for its sins, as it only affects the body, which is thus separated from the soul and left to perish.

Plato's theology is a grand system throughout, as these condensed extracts show; and as thought more and more asserts its sway over blind belief, his beautiful and reasonable doctrines are more and more highly appreciated.

The central idea in his system is that God is the supreme essence of the universe, and that all visible nature is but a manifestation of him, and man a part of his being and life. God alone is perfect, unchangeable, above passion or selfishness. He does good to us in proportion to our ability to receive it, and punishes us for our good, but never to gratify his passion or caprice. He accepted the idea of gods, but to him they were simply created spirits, once mortal, which had reached a high state of development. Plato's doctrine of ideas was a most beautiful one.

An idea is not simply a conception, or image, of the human mind, but an eternal thought of the Infinite Mind, given to man as an inspiration or revelation. Each man receives ideas in accordance with his capacity to entertain them ; some very simple, others grand and complex. If one gets no ideas it is because he is too weak-minded to receive them; and should be commiserated rather than blamed. If men differ it is because of their different capacities for receiving ideas; and they should not quarrel at each other on this account.

This is a sublime explication of the differences existent among men, and one which, being original with Plato, stamps him a man of profoundest thought. This germinal idea has slumbered in the heart of humanity during all the ages since Plato, but it is now beginning to be accepted by some of the most advanced thinkers of all nations.

Plato was a most industrious worker, as is shown by his voluminous writings. His books make quite a respectably sized library, and one of great interest and instruction.

The following are some of the titles to his books :

"Phædo," a dialogue on the immortality of the soul ; "The Republic," a treatise on government ; "Alcibiades," a dialogue on the nature of man. "Parmenides," a dialogue concerning the gods. "The Sophist," a dialogue on the beautiful ; "The Epinomis ;" or the philosopher ; "The Banquet," a dialogue on love ; "Theætetus," a dialogue on science; "Crito," or the duty of a citizen ; "The Philebus," a dialogue on the chief good of man; "The Euthyphron," a dialogue on holiness ; "Minos," a dialogue on virtue ; "Hippias Minor," a dialogue on voluntary and involuntary error ; "Charmides," a dialogue on temperance ; "Hipparchus," a dialogue on love of gain ; "Timæus," a dialogue on the soul of nature, etc. etc.

These books are classic and standard, and are studied by the ripest scholars of all civilized countries.

Plato died at a ripe age, having retained his faculties in their vigorous activity to the last. After his death the Greeks worshiped him as a god, and accepted his writings as authoritative.

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MORAL EDUCATION.*

BY PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN.

ONE of the most conspicuous examples ever known of the power of moral education in redeeming and elevating criminals was at the Rauhen Haus, near Hamburg, of which we have the following account from Rev. Calvin E. Stowe:

"The children received into this institution are often of the very worst and most hopeless character. Not only are their minds most thoroughly depraved, but their very senses and bodily organizations seem to partake of the viciousness and degradation of their hearts. Their appetites are so perverted that sometimes the most loathsome and disgusting substances are preferred to wholesome food. The Superintendent, Mr. Wichern, states that though plentifully supplied with provisions, yet when first received some of them will steal and eat rancid grease that has been laid aside for the purpose of greasing shoes, and even catch May bugs and devour them; and it is with the utmost difficulty that these disgusting habits are broken up.

"An ordinary man might suppose that the task of restoring such poor creatures to decency and good morals was entirely hopeless. Not so with Mr. Wichern. He took hold with the firm hope that the moral power of the word of God is competent even to such a task. His means were prayer, the Bible, singing, affectionate conversation, severe punishment when unavoidable, and constant, steady employment in useful labor."

"The place was a prison when he took it. He threw down the high walls and took away the bars and bolts. He made the children love him, and he converted them into estimable characters.

"Industrial occupation, songs and love, are certainly the three chief powers in moral education. It was these three influences which have civilized and elevated the African race in America, and for want of these the irreclaimable Indian tribes have perished. We cannot expect to find very often such a moral genius as Mr. Wichern, but many well administered institutions are successful in reforming criminals."

"At the reformatory farm-school of Mettray, in France, founded by Judge Demitz for children who were condemned in court for their crimes, a similar system was pursued; and the number of children thoroughly reformed was about eighty-five per cent. of all.

The reformatory farm-school at Red Hill, in Surrey county, England, takes charge of youths who are convicted of crime, or who are the children of felons. They are so successful that they impose no restraint or confinement, and their schools are as orderly and well behaved as the schools patronized by the better classes. The reformatory schools of England, though inferior to those on the continent, do reform over two-thirds of the children in their charge.

Mr. Hill, Recorder of Birmingham, said at the conference on reformatory schools at Birmingham: "I know it is the belief of many that to aim at reforming thieves is to attempt impossibilities. A shrewd gentleman said he would walk a hundred miles to see a reformed thief. I think I could cure him of skepticism." He said that at the asylum at Stratton on Dunsmore, although they had not the means of confining the criminals, they reformed forty-eight per cent. at first, and when ther arrangements were improved they reformed sixty-five per cent; and these reforms were effected in about two years, at a cost of about £31 a piece, while the average cost of unreformed culprits was for *legal expenses* £145.

If our legislators could look at this matter as an affair of dollars and cents alone, they might discover that for one-fourth of our present expenditure and losses by criminals the race of criminals might be so reduced that jails and penitentiaries would be almost empty.

* A lecture delivered to the Teachers' Educational Association, of Louisville, Ky.

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We have at this time in the State of Ohio a reformatory institution, the State Reform School, near Lancaster, under the management of Mr. G. W. Howe, which is a wonderful example of what moral power can accomplish. My first knowledge of this institution was obtained by meeting Mr. Howe at the Prison Reform Congress in St. Louis, last May. He told a graphic story of his labors in attempting to detain and educate young convicts on an open farm surrounded by the forest, offering every facility for escape. His heart sunk in momentary despair and alarm when on a dark night the boys, having just come from the chapel, started off with a sudden impulse into the woods, and left him alone to meditate on disappointments. It was not long, however, after their voices had been lost, before he heard them again emerging from the forest, with the cry, "We've got him! we've got him!" A rough young convict, recently arrived, thought the dark night offered a fine opportunity for escape, and started off at full speed. His comrades pursued to capture him, and brought him back. Such was the general sentiment of the school that the boys would not favor or tolerate running away.

In this institution none are received but youths convicted of crime. The report of the Board of Commissioners for 1868 says:

"Of these admitted this year thirty are under twelve years of age, and ninety are from eleven to sixteen. These juvenile offenders are, most of them, charged with grievous crimes and misdemeanors. A boy of eleven is sent for arson, another of twelve for burglary and grand larceny, and another of fourteen for robbing the United States mail. Many of our boys have been the slaves of the vilest habits and violent passions, of low and debasing propensities. Among our inmates may be found every shade of character and every grade of intellect. The unconquered will, the ungoverned passion, the depraved appetite, with confirmed evil habits, suggest the difficulties and the discouragements in regard to their reformation."

Since the establishment of this reform school in 1858, about two thousand of these criminal youths have been received, and all but a very small percentage have been restored to virtue, having earned an honorable discharge by good deportment for a sufficient length of time to satisfy their teachers that they were really reformed.

The reform school occupies nearly twelve hundred acres of elevated, hilly, healthy, but not productive land, six miles south of Lancaster, with buildings capable of accommodating about five hundred boys—a main building one hundred and sixty-one feet long, eight family buildings, four large shop buildings, a large chapel, besides barns and other out buildings.

In this healthy and pleasant home they are received and managed with unwearied kindness and love, and carried through a course of moral instruction perhaps the most complete and efficient that has ever been successfully applied on so large a scale. If there is in our country any better system of intellectual, moral and practical education, happily combined, I am not aware of it. I refer not to its details, but to its perfect threefold combination.

So perfect is the system that, although they receive so many young criminals from jails, they have no jail, no prison walls, no bolted gates; but occupy an open farm in the forest, where the boys are as free as in any country academy; and are often sent to the village or the mill on errands, without any guards, and yet there are fewer escapes than from other institutions where boys are kept strictly as prisoners within high walls and bolted doors.

The report of 1868 says: "When we consider that the great majority of our boys have been guilty of some crime—some of them utterly reckless and desperate—it is remarkable that they can enjoy such freedom and not abuse it. They not only yield quietly and submissively to all the requirements of the school themselves, but exert an influence to have all their comrades do the same."

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It is an encouraging fact, too, as stated in the report of 1870, that instead of finding reformation more difficult with the older boys, they have been rather more successful in establishing their moral principles; for having more strength of character they take a firmer hold of good principles. In this fact I think we have great encouragement to believe that many of the still older criminals who are confined in state pententiaries; will prove good subjects for moral reform when they receive the benefit of a similar institution.

Indeed I think this was fully proved by the experience of Burnham Wardwell, Superintendent of the Virginia State Prison, a man whom nature designed for the management of criminals. I think we owe a much deeper debt of gratitude to moral heroes in an humble sphere than to many whom the world honors. Fellenberg at Hofwyl, Mr. Wichern at Hamburg, Mr. Howe and his associates at Lancaster, and Burnham Wardwell in the Virginia prison, are the men we should love and honor. Mr. Wardwell is not an educated man, but he has the genius of reformatory love. He treated the prisoners as brothers, and instead of governing by handcuffs and bayonets he dismissed his guards and brought the six hundred and fifty prisoners unchained and unguarded into the chapel to hear the fervid appeals of a truly Christian minister. He so elevated their sense of honor that he could trust them anywhere, and often sent them out of prison with no escort but his little son. He tells an amusing story of a party whom he allowed to leave the prison and make a donation-visit to their chaplain. One of the fiercest prisoners carried a long, sharp knife for his donation, and when asked about it on the return of the party he said he could have cut the throat of any who would have attempted to run off!

The great merit of the Reform School of Ohio is that the education is symmetrical and complete; it is intellectual, practical and moral. They give half their time to instruction, the other half to work; and throughout the whole they are under moral influences. Industry—the daily performance of duty in work—is the very foundation of moral culture, without which the moral nature has little stamina, and may degenerate into mere sentimentalism. It is the resolute doing of duty every hour in the day which makes the substantial moral character that will stand the conflicts of life; and as labor is the chief duty of life, it follows that no moral education is entirely substantial which does not include labor. This is the secret of the wonderful success of the reform school. Another open secret which some fail to see is that in a school of three hundred youths, disciplined to duty and friendship by love, labor and song, there is a public sentiment, an irresistible moral power, which at once controls and assimilates the new arrivals, as dead flesh is assimilated into the human body.

The boys of the school do all the work on the farm, raising their own food and a large amount for sale. Every hour is occupied in work, study, moral instruction, or recreation, leaving no room for any evil influence to creep in. They are divided into seven families, occupying different buildings each family under charge of a teacher, who is called the elder brother of the family, who, with his wife or matron, attends to the personal comfort and moral management of his family, which numbers about fifty boys.

It is the power of kindness that enables them to say:

"We have no massive walls around our family buildings and playgrounds, and employ no police force to guard the boys, yet very few ever escape; our boys seldom prove so unfaithful to their trust as to attempt to leave the school in an improper manner. When they do so they not unfrequently repent of their folly and return voluntarily. As an evidence that our boys are properly controlled, and that they love and honor their home, words of profanity and vulgarity are never heard from their lips; quarrels are unknown; not a seat in the school-room, not a wall is defaced by cutting or marking, or soiled by words or pictures of impurity. They are loved and trusted, therefore they

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are contented, and, like good boys, stay at home and do their duty."

In addition to school study, religious teaching and systematic industry, they have every evening a moral training, of which they say:

"It is the great moral nucleus of our institution. Here we are enabled to reward, reprimand and punish our boys, and at the same time gain their affections and hold the keys to their hearts. Each boy is conversed with and interrogated as to his thoughts and conduct during the day, and specially urged to record in his diary something learned, or some good act actually performed. The promises made here are generally considered sacred."

Corporal punishment is not used. When punishment is necessary, solitary confinement, or bread and water diet, or demerit marks are used; while merit marks are given for all good conduct, which have a pecuniary value, and badges are used which mark the moral standing and promotion to a higher class—the highest class indicating that they are fully reformed and prepared for an honorable discharge.

The intellectual education in this school has been very successful, and I believe that the industrial and moral training is the cause of its success. The report of 1871 says:

"Every boy, according to his age and strength, works one half of his time. In our shops—blacksmithing, carpentering, chair-seating, broom-making, tailoring and shoemaking—at the sawmill, on the farm, in the orchards, vineyards, nurseries and strawberry plantations, all of our boys find congenial and useful employment. Our school will compare favorably with the best common schools in the State. We have no truants; the attendance of each scholar is regular and punctual. The school-room seats and furniture show no defacement; though used for years they show no marks of being soiled or marked."

Mr. Darling says (report of 1868): 'Generally they are hungry and thirsty for instruction, for proper guidance and encouragement." The chaplain's report of 1869 says: "The boys are of a positive nature. When they listen they listen with intense interest; when they sing, if not in the spirit, they do sing with power." Mr. Darling says:

"In vocal music, too, of which I have charge, the boys have attained wonderful proficiency. All the boys can sing some, and we have a large number of sweet, powerful voices. When all the voices unite in some pleasing chorus the singing will do credit to any church or choir in the State. The rapidity and accuracy with which they learn a new piece, words and tune, are truly astonishing."

The boys who leave the institution often write back friendly letters, showing their respectable conduct and their gratitude for being saved by the school. Many of these letters have been published, and they justify the assertions of the report of 1873: "We receive bad boys and see them greatly benefited, idle boys and see them become industrious, vicious and revengeful boys and see them become mild and teachable, profane and obscene speaking boys soon to find that no evil communications proceed out of their mouths."

I do not believe that this wonderful power of moral education and regeneration can be fully realized without labor to consolidate the character; but for those who have not yet fallen into vice there may be a moral education that will be sufficient to elevate the character, and of this we had ample proof in the school of Fellenberg at Hofwyl, the most celebrated school in Europe—a school which attracted the attention of every nation; commissioners and embassadors from different governments made examinations of its working. Russia, Prussia, France and Switzerland had official reports upon it. The famous Robert Dale Owen was a pupil of that school more than fifty years ago, and in his autobiography, published in the Atlantic Monthly, he gives a very interesting account of it, which is fully sustained by its general reputation and official reports. In that school there was a medley of nations—Germans, Russians, French, English, Dutch, Greeks, Swiss, Prussians, Italians and others, whom we might have

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expected would be engaged in constant broils. But it was a school of moral government, in which the students governed themselves so well that Fellenberg had no need to display his authority. The sentiment of honor and fidelity to their own regulations was made the governing power of the school. As Mr. Owen says, "the nobler sentiments were appealed to, and the response was prompt and ardent." They did not engage in duels, which prevail in all German universities; they had no personal encounters or fisticuff fighting; and, what is stranger still, they had no smoking, frolicking or drinking. Tobacco was banished *by the action of the students.* If they ever went to a neigboring tavern it was at a proper time, in a gentlemanly way, and with the knowledge of their professors. Moral power and public opinion proved sufficient, without reward or punishment. There was no competition for honors nor medals, nor exhibitions, nor expulsions.

In that school the scions of European aristocracy and the humblest charity scholars associated together, and no one could know the difference.

Fellenberg's career is now a matter of history; and as history repeats itself, often with improvements, we find that what he demonstrated with children of the respectable classes, Mr. Howe and his worthy associates in Ohio have demonstrated with the graduates of the police court and jail. These examples prove that moral education guided by common sense, even with no scientific and philosophic comprehension of the subject, is competent to lift the vicious into morality and to elevate the moral to a loftier life.

Still more do I claim for moral education philosophically understood and practiced. I do believe it is competent to remove all the evils of society, and put an end forever to pauperism and crime, as well as to war and political corruption.

Let us now proceed to the scientific study of moral education, the cardinal principle of which has never been developed, so far as I know, by any author, or fully embodied in the system of any institution, although it has been very considerably used. That cardinal principle is indicated by the fact that each department of our nature has a different channel of approach, a different mode of manifestation, and a different method of culture. The intellect has its channel through the eye and its instrument in the hand. All impressions on the eye give intelligence, and primarily arouse only thought, never feeling or action. When feeling or action is aroused it is only by a complex association of ideas, never the primary effect of the perception. The intellectual nature of man is infinitely delicate, rapid and subtle, and therefore corresponds with the subtility of light, which has 789,000,000,000,000 undulations per second. But the emotional nature is far slower and less delicate, and is therefore adapted to the slower and grosser undulations of the air. This is the ultimate physical reason for the fact that every impression on the ear is primarily addressed to feeling rather than intelligence. The sense of hearing is closely akin to that of feeling, and both belong to the anterior part of the middle lobe of the brain, which is the emotional lobe, as the front is the intellectual lobe. Thus the anatomy of the brain shows that the sense of hearing is the true emotional sense.

Hence in reading the printed page we merely acquire ideas and cultivate the intellect at the expense of all the other powers; but in listening to the voice of the speaker our feelings also are roused and our force of character kept in a vital condition. The voice of a friend expresses his character, conveys his feelings, and rouses our feelings irresistibly. Eloquence lies in the tones of the voice, and has little to do with the words. The sermons with which Whitefield moved the masses so powerfully are of little interest in print. If, therefore, we would excite pure intellect we must address the eye by books and objects; but if we would cultivate the emotions we must address the ear. A system of education which does not address the ear may cultivate the intellect, but it produces an abnorma

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development, leaving the character to degenerate, and taking away our manhood. The larger portion of intellectual education has heretofore been of this character, and has actually impaired the manhood and the social qualities of the student.

This partial cultivation is abnormal and debilitating, for the strength of intellect depends much upon the strength of the feelings that act with it. Without firmness, energy, hope and faith, the intellect becomes feeble and languid. Emotional culture is therefore necessary, even to the proper development of the intellect, for the activity of the whole brain is necessary to the normal activity of each portion.

The fundamental rule of moral education, therefore, is that it should be oral or vocal. The pupil should be habitually under the influence of the voice of one of a higher moral nature than his own. Oral instruction is therefore indispensable to moral development, while it is by far the most effectual means of intellectual culture.

We come next to a still more important and still more neglected principle. Voices and moral influences are influential as they are nearer to us. In physics power or attraction increases inversely as the square of the distance. In psychology there is a similar law. But there is no voice so near to us as our own, consequently no voice can exert so much power as our own in molding our character. The speaker whose deeply pathetic tones bring tears to his hearers' eyes feels in himself far more pathos than they realize. The hero whose courage in battle inspires his followers, feels in himself far more courage than he can inspire in them.

Men and all other animals inspire themselves by their own voices. The dog barks himself and the lion roars himself into a fury; the bird sings itself into joy and love; the man by loud and fierce expression works himself up into anger, or by kind and sympathetic expressions melts himself into tears. Hence there is no power in moral education equal to the voice of the pupil; every time he utters an expression of anger he strengthens his fiercer passions. Every time he uses the language of politeness, reverence and friendship he strengthens his moral nature. Hence there is no exercise of greater moral power and benefit than declamation, which is made to express with passionate eloquence the higher emotions. In this lies the power of prayer, when the pupil prays himself with fervor, instead of merely listening to another. Declamation, therefore, or eloquent reading, should be introduced as a prominent exercise, not only for elocutionary purposes but for moral development; and there should be a systematic set of such exercises for the cultivation of every virtue, and especially of those which the pupil chiefly needs.

But the chief and most powerful moral exercise is that in which the voice goes forth with all its emotional strength in the expression of feeling by song. True song is a gush of feeling, and is therefore moral education in its purity. The voice in true song expresses every feeling—love, courage, joy, devotion, sympathy, humor, tranquility, pride, ambition; or the fiercer passions of anger, fear, hate, scorn and despair. There is no doubt a miserable kind of empty scientific music, without a soul, which moves no feeling and has no value. It expresses nothing but the mathematical relations of sound, and is of no interest except to the scientific student; so there is a plenty of wishy-washy literature which has neither eloquence nor profundity, but pleases the lovers of rhetorical verbiage. This rhetorical verbiage in music has no moral value. The real worth of music *lies in its eloquence* or depth of feeling. Song is eloquence united to words, and we do not know the power of verse until it is inspired by the tones of song.

ELECTRICITY IN THE TREATMENT OF VOMITING.—Dr. Lente says that severe cases of vomiting can be controlled by electricity after other remedies fail. He uses the faradic current, applying it from the nape of the neck to the epigastrium.

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FRUIT AS FOOD. (No 4).

BY PRACTICAL.

I WILL, if possible, send to the proprietors of the Hygienic Hotel, on Laight street, either the coming autumn or during the Centennial, for their table use, specimens in proof of what certain fruit should be when properly prepared by evaporation, or drying. The best argument in a case of this kind is in the eating thereof. And such demonstration shall be forthcoming. The friends of hygienic reform shall have a taste that will be a test.

Since my last was penned, in the midst of a busy season, I have had the pleasure of receiving and transplanting trees, shrubs and vines, not the least valuable of which have been varieties of the mulberry, currant, sweet chestnut, filbert, persimmon and the like. I believe in variety, a choice variety, that will satisfy varied tastes and conditions, so that all shall have that which is best under the circumstances.

A recent writer in the Country Gentleman, in speaking of the cultivation and value of root crops for farm stock, uses these suggestive words:

"The nutritive value of roots only slightly indicates their importance for stock as winter feed. Grass is the natural food of herbivorous animals, and where they are kept on dried hay and straw something more succulent and palatable is needed to make it easily digestible. To keep cattle or sheep on roots alone would be wasteful, if not impossible; but a small quantity daily with dry feed, usually given in winter, may be made nearly as valuable as so much grain. Roots in such small quantities do not save other food; indeed I think they cause cattle to eat more, by improving their appetites. It is the succulence rather than the nutritive properties of roots which forms the greater part of their value."

There is much good philosophy in the above broken and disconnected quotation, and those who object to the "melon cure" of the last article, may find in the foregoing a reason for watery food independent of the value of such innutrients proper. It may be well to drop a hint occasionally for the benefit of such objectors, even though we go to the cattle stalls for our illustrations.

A writer in THE HERALD OF HEALTH, I think the editor himself, uses this language:

"Without entering into their chemical composition, it may also be affirmed that fruits are tolerably nutritious; and as an alterative they are unexceptionally wholesome."

Again, same author:

"It is now pretty well established that digestion cannot well proceed without the aid of an acid. Formerly it was believed that hydrochloric acid was necessary; but it is now known that this acid is no better than some others; and we know from numerous cases that the malic acid from the apple is often just the thing, and so is the acid of the grape, orange and lemon equally good. Especially are the acids valuable where the diet is largely flesh-meat, bread and potatoes."

As a substitute for the better fruit acids let me mention one, which may readily be obtained from a hardy, common vegetable, one that may be cultivated by every family. The rhubarb, or pie plant, if fed sufficiently in a very richly manured soil, will yield most abundantly. Take the stalks when sufficiently matured, peel them as in ordinary use, stew them thoroughly, strain through a coarse sieve or collander, then reduce to the consistency (when cold) of thick jelly, or glue; and it can be still further dried, if desired, and kept for any length of time. In using, all that is necessary is to soak or dissolve a sufficient quantity in water, and cook to the consistency required for sauce. No sugar nor any other "fixins" are necessary to render it a very palatable dish to all those who have a taste for the flavor of this plant; and the acid is certainly a fine one of its kind, and when once mad

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part of the family store of "sweets" will not be dispensed with, except as good fruit takes its place. Or the stalks may be cut up into pieces of half an inch in length or thickness, and dried, then used as wanted.

A similar process of cooking and drying will also secure a very desirable acid-jelly from partially ripe grapes. Even common wild grape may be used for this purpose. Taken before the seeds have hardened, and stewed down, strained, and then reduced by a slow cooking sufficiently for being preserved in a nearly hardened or dried state, this fruit acid becomes next to the more perfect fruit when properly prepared for winter and spring use. Green and partially ripe gooseberries—wild or improved—may be treated in the same manner; the latter is decidedly worthy of being in every family list, and in abundance, where the ripened varieties of fruit are so rarely found. We do not realize the intrinsic worth of much that is classed as "common" and of "no account."

I have been busily engaged to-day in the first transplanting of tomato plants, of varieties such as Trophy, Hathaway's Excelsior, Conqueror, Golden Trophy, Green Gage, Plum, Hepper's Goliah, and the more common kinds; and the work has been uncommonly interesting on account of last year's supply of dried tomatoes being more and more prized as the spring advances; and from the reasonable expectations we may form of the still greater worth in flavor and richness of the more improved varieties which come to us from our own and foreign seedsmen, so very highly recommended. As we have thousands of early plants from which to select for our own half acre for cultivation, we hope not only for the privilege of testing their respective merits when in their ripened perfection, but also one year or more hence, after they shall have been perfectly dried, canned and otherwise preserved. Of these results we will report in due season.

While writing these pages there has sat upon the floor, enjoying an English picture book, a little fat, rosy-cheeked boy of some four summers, who has this spring, for the first time in his life, had the privilege of eating at his every meal of all the fruit he may desire. More than once he has partaken of nothing else but fruit. He has never heretofore been a healthy child; he has suffered from colds, throat difficulties, earache and children's complaints generally. For weeks, in all the changing of a fickle season, he has known no ills of any kind, and seems perfectly free from his old weaknesses, and is getting very fleshy and robust. In fact, one might meet with ten thousand children and find none as rosy-cheeked, healthy, and as full of life and cheerfulness as this lad. He eats but two meals a day, and nothing except at mealtime. He uses no meat or butter, or sugar. It is but one of those demonstrations of what nature will bestow upon those who obey the law of choice as to what is best; taste and relish being sure guides, especially with less perverted childhood.

In subsequent numbers we will endeavor to reach what are generally considered more valuable and desirable varieties of summer and autumn fruits, including the pear, plum, peach, apricot, nectarine, apple, etc. In the meantime let us enjoy the strawberry in its season, and the succeeding delicious fruits.

AN ILLUSTRIOUS EXAMPLE OF SELF-EDUCATION.

BY EDWIN F. BACON.

ONE Sunday morning in October, in the year 1723, a lad of seventeen, a runaway apprentice from Boston, arrived in the city of Philadelphia. His name was Benjamin Franklin. He had sought work in vain in New York, and from thence had footed it across New Jersey from Amboy to Burlington, at

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which place he took a passing boat for the Quaker City. He was a printer by trade, but printing was a dull business in those days, and it was with difficulty that he found employment: but being a skillful workman he succeeded —acquiring finally in the city of his adoption both wealth and honor. It is indeed safe to say that this poor boy in his after life exerted more influence upon the then new and forming character of the American people than any other man of his time, or of any time. There is certainly a lesson in such a life. We cannot afford to content ourselves with merely pronouncing eulogies upon such men, as the Centennial orators are preparing to do. Their example and their words of wisdom should serve a higher purpose.

Franklin had the vanity, as he called it, to write his own biography, and to relate in a familiar way how he arose from utter obscurity to a position of usefulness and honor. In this narrative he reveals, with equal frankness, all the virtues and vices of his youth, and gives in detail the means of culture by which he not only acquired an education, but gained almost perfect control over the impulses and passions of his strong animal nature. He never attended school after he was twelve years of age, having at that time been apprenticed to his brother in Boston. His thirst for learning, however, was such that, having adopted a vegetarian diet, he arranged to board himself, cooking his own food, and thus saving from his allowance some money to purchase books. There were also some booksellers' apprentices of his acquaintance who would sometimes loan him a book from the store, at night, on condition of its being returned in the morning. For this he would deprive himself of sleep, reading half the night; and at noon while others were at dinner he would remain at the office, eat his frugal lunch, and economize an hour for study. He relates that at that time he was much inclined to argument upon religious and philosophical questions, and was also very positive and dogmatical in the expression of his opinions; but having read Xenophon's "Memorable Things of Socrates," and thus become acquainted with what is called the Socratic method of argument, by means of ingenious questioning, he adopted it with manifest advantage. Of it he says: "I continued this method some years, but gradually left it off, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence; never using, when I advanced anything that might possibly be disputed, the words *certainly, undoubtedly*, or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather said 'I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so, or I *should think it so* for such and such reasons, or it is so *if I am not mistaken*.' This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions and persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engaged in promoting."

Of all Franklin's great qualities the most useful was the faculty which he possessed of attracting to himself and influencing thoughtful young men, leading them to think seriously of life, and to employ their leisure in the acquirement of knowledge. This influence was exerted mainly through the means of a literary society which he began to form very soon after he arrived in Philadelphia. He was also singularly fortunate in attracting the favorable notice of influential persons. The governor of Pennsylvania, Sir William Keith, became his friend and patron, and proposed to set him up in business. He accordingly went to England to purchase the necessary stock and materials for a printing office. The governor, however, failed to send the letters of credit and recommendations which he had promised, and Franklin found himself in London as helpless as when he first landed in Philadelphia. He accordingly set to work at his trade, and remained nearly two years—returning to Philadelphia in the employment of a merchant, for whom he acted as salesman until the death of the latter the next year. He then returned to his trade as foreman in the office of his former employer;

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but soon after, finding a partner with some capital, he established an independent business. He was then but twenty-two years of age.

At this point in his narrative he gives an interesting account of his previous religious experience. He says: "My parents had early given me religious impressions, and brought me through my childhood piously in the dissenting way. But I was scarce fifteen when, after doubting by turns of several points, as I found them disputed in the different books I read, I began to doubt of revelation itself. Some books against Deism fell into my hands; but they wrought an effect on me quite contrary to what was intended by them, for the arguments of the Deists—which were quoted to be refuted—appeared to me much stronger than the refutations; in short, I soon became a thorough Deist. My arguments perverted some others, particularly Collins and Ralph, but each of them having afterward wronged me greatly, without the least compunction, and recollecting Governor Keith's conduct toward me (who was another freethinker) and my own toward Vernon and Miss Read, which at times gave me great trouble, I began to suspect that this doctrine, though it might be true, was not very useful."

The new business enterprise proved successful from the beginning, though in the face of many predictions of its failure. There were already two other printing establishments in Philadelphia, and a third was deemed superfluous; but Franklin relates with pride a prediction of his success made by Dr. Baird at the Merchant's Club: "'The industry of that Franklin,'" said he, "'is superior to anything I ever saw of the kind; I see him still at work when I go home from the club, and he is at work again before his neighbors are out of bed.'"

Franklin was undoubtedly one of the most competent business men this country ever produced. It was in his power to have accumulated immense wealth. The manner in which he conducted himself at the beginning of his business career is therefore of great interest. He says: "I took care not only to be in reality industrious and frugal, but to avoid all appearances to the contrary. I dressed plainly, and was seen at no places of idle diversion. I never went out a fishing or shooting—a book indeed sometimes debauched me from my work, but that was seldom, snug, and gave no scandal—and to show that I was not above my business I sometimes brought home the paper I purchased at the stores through the streets on a wheelbarrow. Thus, being esteemed an industrious, thriving young man, and paying duly for what I bought, the merchants who imported stationery solicited my custom, others proposed supplying me with books, and I went on swimmingly."

Yet this young workman found time to resume and carry out his favorite plan of a literary society for mutual improvement. Under his leadership a company of talented young men formed a society called the Junto, which forty years afterward became the nucleus of the American Philosophical Society, of which Franklin was the first President. The Junto was a secret society, and the number of its members was limited to twelve; but each member undertook to form a secondary society outside, to be conducted upon the same principles. Several of those succeeded well, and thus a very decided influence was exerted upon public opinion and morals. Franklin's skepticism with regard to religion had by this time much abated, and his position ever after was one of great liberality toward all sects, and co-operation with them all in their efforts for the promotion of human welfare.

While yet quite a young man Franklin says that he "conceived the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection." He reasoned that as he knew, or thought he knew, in all cases the difference between right and wrong, and was master of himself, he had but to choose, and act accordingly. He found the task, however, more serious than he had imagined. While guarding against one fault he was surprised and overcome by another; and came to the conclusion that the mere

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intellectual opinion, that it is to our interest to be completely virtuous, is not sufficient to prevent doing wrong. He accordingly undertook a course of systematic moral culture. He first wrote down, with remarks under each, a list of all those qualities which seemed to him to constitute a perfect character. These were temperance, silence, order, resolution, frugality, industry, sincerity, justice, moderation, cleanliness, tranquility, chastity and humility; and having learned by experience that he was not able to comply with all these requirements at once he took them one at a time, commencing at the beginning of the list; that is, with the virtue of temperance, and giving especial attention to that during one week, letting the others take their chances, but recording all instances of misconduct with regard to them.

His remark under Temperance is, "Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation." Having during the first week gained a fair degree of self-control in this respect, he then fixed his attention upon the second point, namely, silence. He had always been a gay and witty fellow among his companions, and thought himself too much given to joking. His remark under silence is, "Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation." In this manner he went on week by week through his list, keeping an exact record of his conduct. For this purpose he made use of the following diagram:

	S.	M.	T	W.	T.	F.	S.
T.	*						
S.		*		*		*	
O.	**	*	*		*	*	*
R.			*			*	

The letters at the top indicate the days of the week. At the left are the initials of the several virtues at which he aimed. We have taken the first four only as examples, viz.: temperance, silence, order and resolution. The stars indicate errors upon the days under which they are written. There being thirteen qualities in his list, he went through in thirteen weeks, and thus regularly four times each year. Of the success of this plan he says: "Though I never arrived at the perfection I had been so ambitious of attaining, but fell far short of it; yet I was, by the endeavor, a better and happier man than I otherwise should have been if I had not attempted it." In his efforts he humbly sought divine assistance, having written a simple and beautiful prayer, which he offered up every morning.

Although not connected with any church, Franklin was a devoutly religious man and a firm believer in a Divine Providence and in the immortality of the soul. He had a plan, long cherished but never executed, of organizing a new religious society, on an unsectarian basis. He believed it possible thus to unite good men everywhere, among all nations, in what he termed "A United Party for Virtue;" and expressed in his old age great regret that other employments interfered and caused delays from time to time, until it was too late to undertake it. He says: "I am still of the opinion that it was a practicable scheme, and might have been very useful, by forming a great number of good citizens; and I was not discouraged by the seeming magnitude of the undertaking, as I have always thought that one man of tolerable abilities may work great changes and accomplish great affairs among mankind, if he first forms a good plan, and cutting off all amusements or other employments that would divert his attention, makes the execution of that same plan his sole study and business."

Franklin's true sphere in life was that of a moral philosopher; but the important political events of his time diverted his genius to a great extent, into other channels. Probably his most valuable public services were in connection with his mission to France during the revolution. There his scientific reputation and his extraordinary influence in private life, with the fortunate co-operation of La Fayette,

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whose sympathies he enlisted, brought about the alliance which at a critical moment turned the tide of war in favor of America. "His virtues and renown negotiated for him," says a French historian in writing of those events. Franklin's public life covered a period of nearly sixty years. At the age of twenty-five he was a man of influence, a moral power among the young men of Philadelphia, and the witty author of "Poor Richard's Almanac," and at eighty-two he retired from the office of President of Pennsylvania which he had held for the previous three years; and then took his seat in the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States, in which body he displayed the mental vigor of his earlier days. How his faculties were preserved during this long period of incessant activity is a matter well worthy of inquiry. Longevity is often an inherited quality of the physical organization, but mental strength and soundness in extreme age are never known, except with those who have lived in accordance with hygienic law.

The life of Franklin, with the record of his wise and systematic plans of culture, constitute a most profitable study for the young, and for all who are not too old to learn. This illustrious man, the philosopher, the statesman, the philanthropist, whose name and fame even during his lifetime extended throughout the civilized world, was self-trained, self-educated; and he has revealed to us in the most charming autobiography ever written, how the runaway apprentice became one of the most accomplished and most highly honored men of his time. Perhaps this fragmentary sketch may tempt some who have not yet read the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin to do so. What better tribute in these centennial days can we pay to the memory of the great and good, whose virtues we celebrate, than to study, and strive in our humble way to imitate, all that was most noble in their characters? We thus build their monuments in our hearts, and make them immortal in our lives.

EDITOR'S STUDIES IN HYGIENE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

EXERCISES FOR LADIES.

Can you give a few simple exercises for ladies who are fond of athletic sports?

ANSWER.—London Punch gives the following list of athletic sports for ladies: 1. Jumping at conclusions. 2. Walking round a subject. 3. Running through a novel. 4. Skipping dull descriptions. 5. Throwing the hatchet and, during the holidays, boxing the ears of troublesome younger brothers. Seriously, however, we may add the following: Working in the flower garden; getting breakfast, or any other meal; making beds; sweeping out the rooms; baking, washing, ironing, etc. Then for genuine physical culture they may practice light gymnastics, swimming, archery, etc.

OLD PEOPLE.

Is it not true that old people of the present generation are healthier than those of former times.

ANS.—The Journal of Chemistry says: "It is a common remark among observing people that octogenarians, and those close upon that period of life, do not look as old, infirm, or venerable as those of that age forty or fifty years ago. Well, they are not as old; that is, age is not so manifest, so burdensome as formerly, and it is probable that it will grow less so in the centuries to come. Physical life, animal existence, is but a prolonged chemical experiment. If we impede, impair, or disarrange the vital chemical changes which constitute the phenomena of life, then we must expect trouble and failure. If, on the other hand, we maintain the apparatus in good order,

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do all we can to aid nature in perfecting her normal changes and transformations, provide good chemicals in the form of food, maintain proper temperatures, keep all the vital alembics, tubes and retorts cleanly, so that all reactions may be undisturbed, the life experiment will be harmonious, brilliant, prolonged; and when it ceases it will be from completion of the reactions, rather than from violent and fatal disturbances.

PUPIL OF THE EYE.

What are the indications when the pupil of the eye is very much dilated or contracted,

ANS.—A dilated pupil shows to some extent the state of the brain and nervous system, and may indicate narcotic poisoning. A contracted pupil may be a symptom of apoplexy, paralysis, compression of the brain, or great oppression of that organ; of course other symptoms will accompany this. In youth the pupil of the eye contracts or dilates at slight causes.

TIME OF GREATEST POWER OF DIGESTION.

At what hour of the day is the digestive power of the stomach the greatest?

ANS.—In the morning, or at noon. It is less at night, because the body is then exhausted by the labors of the day. Consequently a hearty meal at a late hour is not so thoroughly digested as it is if taken in the morning, because the stomach is not so well supplied with blood from which to secrete gastric juice, the great element in digestion.

A PERFECT THROAT.

Has the structure of the throat anything to do with good singing?

ANS. — Yes. Good musicians must have good vocal organs, and physical perfection in the throat and mouth is not only important but absolutely necessary to a great singer. You can no more get the finest music out of a throat and mouth badly diseased, than you can get a good tone from a cracked bell. The following description of the vocal apparatus of a great singer will help to illustrate this subject,

"The mechanical apparatus to which this melody is due appears in her case to be beautifully perfect, owing partly, no doubt, to natural endowment and partly to the scientific training which she had in early youth. Examined under the laryngoscope, the larynx appeared small and well shaped, its parts being marvelously developed and perfect. The true strings are pure snow-white, and possess none of the blueish tinge common among women. Although shorter than usual among vocalists, they are stronger in proportion, and amply provided with muscle. When at rest they are partially screened by the false strings; but Dr. Fieber, who watched Madame Lucca's throat through his instrument whilst she was singing, noticed that as soon as a tone was struck they displayed themselves in their full breadth and strength. The aid given by a suitable form of mouth to vocal music is a novel and interesting point brought out by Dr. Fieber. On being admitted to a view of the artist's mouth he was at once struck with the spaciousness and symmetry of its hollow, as well as with the vigor with which every tone raised the 'sail' of the palate. He is of opinion that the natural conformation of her mouth accounts in a large measure for the wonderful power she possesses of raising and dropping her voice alternately. The sound waves are naturally strengthened in a space so favorably shaped, while the muscles of the palate appear to have acquired exceptional strength and pliability by long practice.

CAUSES OF EPILEPSY.

Can you tell us what are the causes of epilepsy?

ANS. — The immediate causes are many, and hard to find out in individual cases. In adults, dissections of a multitude of brains has revealed structural lesion of this organ—an abscess, tumor, softening of the brain, arrested development, or a plugging up of some of the cerebral arteries with a clot of blood. The same condition of the spinal cord may also produce it. Sometimes no cause can be found. All these causes are difficult to remove. Often it is caused by secret vices, or sexual abuses, and relieved or cured by first

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curing these habits. It is said by an eminent German physiologist that an enlargement of the arteries that feed the medula oblongata, a part of the brain connecting with the spinal cord, will induce an attack. Often it is hereditary, from some ancestral weakness. Thus it will be seen that the causes are difficult of removal when they are brain lesions, and this is one reason why this disease is so difficult to cure. That the cure can only be brought about by wise hygienic and physical culture, is admitted by the most able physicians. When the causes are other than brain lesion the cure is comparatively easy. The great remedy relied on now for this disease is the bromide of potassium, but Dr. John Steiner, physician to the St. Francis Joseph Hospital for sick children, declares he has never yet known a case cured by this medicine, and his opportunities for observation have been almost unlimited.

WEANING CHILDREN.

Can a child be weaned with safety in hot weather?

ANS.—A child should not, if it can be avoided, be weaned suddenly, nor when a tooth is coming through, nor in the extreme heat of summer.

DENTITION IN CHILDREN.

Is it true that dentition in children is a dangerous and often fatal process?

ANS.—If the child is healthy and properly reared dentition should not cause much disturbance to the system. If the child is feeble and not rightly fed there may be trouble and danger. It is very fashionable to ascribe to teething nearly all the troubles that occur during its progress, but this must be received with much allowance. The following is the order of the appearance of the teeth:

From the fifth to the seventh month the two lower front teeth.

From the ninth to the eleventh month the four upper front teeth.

From the thirteenth to the fifteenth month two more lower teeth, adjoining those which came first, and the four first pre-molars. This makes twelve in all.

From the sixteenth to the twentieth month the four canine teeth. Those in the upper jaw come first.

From the twentieth to the thirtieth month come the second pre-molars.

In case of poorly nourished children the teeth do not appear so soon, or if they do they are apt to be bad.

The second dentition begins about the sixth year. The best treatment is good hygienic care, rest, sleep, and caution about the diet, and the avoidance of all excitement.

GIRLS GOING BARE-FOOTED.

May a girl go bare-footed in summer as safely and as advantageously as a boy?

ANS.—Faith Rochester says in The Agriculturist: "Can anybody tell me what there is in a little boy's constitution which makes it safer for him to go with cold, wet feet, than for a little girl to do the same? I meet with people who seem to suppose that it is quite silly to have a boy wear shoes and stockings on days when they are themselves wearing woolen stockings for comfort, and when they would not allow their little girls to go bare-footed. So long as the boys' (or girls') feet and hands have a healthy degree of warmth I feel no concern about them, whatever the thermometer may say; but when I find the feet and hands cold, no matter what may be the month of the year, I know that something is going wrong, or will soon go wrong with the general health, unless greater warmth is secured. It is a bother to have children wear their shoes and stockings a few hours in the morning and then take them off as the heat of the day comes on, but I am not going to let children eat their breakfasts in a blue and chilled condition. They tell me that folks never used to take such pains with their children, and that those children were healthier than these. Very likely. I noticed what 'Walks and Talks' said about his pigs. Did he not say that the better breeds cannot endure such neglect as common pigs do not seem to mind? Is not this the fact with all improved stock? Do not such animals require more careful nurture while young, and better reward good care in maturity? Is not this true also of seed

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in all its higher or more improved varieties? There is a similar difference between man in his savage, and man in his civilized condition. Herbert Spencer says that 'when, the constitution being sound enough, exposure does produce hardness, it does so at the expense of growth.' I fancy that one reason why our children have not such sound constitutions as we could wish, is because of hardships and exposures during childhood of the generations preceding them."

But this does not answer the question, and we may add that girls may go bare-footed in summer to advantage a part of the time, if they are situated so that they can do so.

FRECKLES—THEIR CURE.

What shall a young and otherwise handsome lady do to get rid of freckles on the skin?

ANS.—Freckles are not easily washed out of those who have a florid complexion and are much in the sunshine; but the following washes are not only harmless but very much the best of anything we know. Grate horse radish fine, let it stand a few hours in buttermilk, then strain and use the wash night and morning. Or squeeze the juice of a lemon into half a goblet of water and use the same way. Most of the remedies for freckles are poisonous, and cannot be used with safety. Freckles indicate a defective digestion, and consist in deposits of some carbonaceous or fatty matter beneath the scarf skin. The diet should be attended to, and should be of a nature that the bowels and kidneys will do their duty. Daily bathing, with much friction, should not be neglected, and the Turkish bath taken occasionally, if it is convenient.

FRICTION.

Can friction to the human body be of any use to maintain it in health, or restore it to strength when health has been lost?

ANS.—Friction is one of the most valuable hygienic agents in restoring lost health, or maintaining good health. As a part of the bath it is very important; and where the bath cannot be taken, dry friction with the hand is very serviceable. If every person would, on rising or retiring, spend ten minutes in thoroughly rubbing the body they would rub away much physical evil, exercise the skin thoroughly, relieve internal congestion, equalize the circulation and invigorate the whole body. Friction and kneading over the stomach and bowels, sides and back, would keep women strong here who dress improperly. Invalids who cannot rub themselves should employ healthy people to do it for them. Many diseases could thus be rubbed away. In acute diseases, or in an irritated state of the skin, use friction with care. Gentle friction on the temples often cures headache.

TOO MUCH MEDICINE.

Please give in the next number of THE HERALD OF HEALTH the proper course for a person to pursue who has taken so much medicine for costiveness that it seems almost impossible to do without it. I have a very frail constitution. I sometimes think I am predisposed to consumption, or have very weak lungs. And if a person of the above description wouldn't be better off on a farm than selling goods?

ANS.—Stop physic at once and live largely on coarse food, brown bread, oatmeal mush, cracked wheat. Take out-door exercise as much as you can bear. Use friction on the skin. If you can be on a farm a part of the time it will be better than to sell goods without intermission. Nowadays the person who doses himself with physic for constipation is behind the age, and deserves being the laughing stock of all intelligent persons.

POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Is not the population of the United States more than 40,000,000?

ANS.—The working power of the United States is over 1,300,000,000 in machinery. At the present rate of improvement almost all the work of the country will soon be done by machinery.

BIRTHS NOW AND THEN.

Are there as many births now as half a hundred years ago?

ANS.—There are not so many births in proportion to the population as for-

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merly, but a larger number are brought safely through the perils of infancy up to manhood and womanhood, The bodies of children, instead of being allowed to remain for months and even years without the application of water, are now subjected to frequent ablutions; and the important functions of the skin, which a century ago were almost entirely unknown, are now fully understood. The food of children—that is, kinds and qualities suited to their condition—is constantly improving, and the importance of regularity in meals is quite generally recognized. The importance also of pure air, exercise and sunlight but few overlook whose means enable them to live in accordance with well understood sanitary rules. The result is that though less children are born, those that are born live longer, and are worth more to the world.

BEST TEETH AND JAWS.

Where do we find human beings with the best teeth and jaws?

ANS.—The London Medical Record says: "It has long been noted in this country that in those districts where the use of oatmeal (in place of wheaten flour) prevails, we find children and adults with the best developed teeth and jaws; and so well recognized is the influence of oatmeal upon the teeth that many practitioners order its use as an article of daily diet for children, in cases where dentition is likely to be either retarded or imperfect."

SCARLET FEVER BY MAIL.

Is scarlet fever ever sent by mail?

ANS.—Yes. Mr. W. J. Land, of Exmouth, England, writes to the Lancet as follows: "As a small contribution to the correspondence now going on in your columns on the subject of scarlatina I send you this, as showing how it may be transmitted from one part of the kingdom to another. In the spring of last year I received a newspaper from Inverness containing the announcement of the death of a friend's child. About a week afterward the first symptoms of scarlatina showed themselves, and I suffered a mild (second) attack of the disease. There being no other case either in my own practice or in that of all the neighboring practitioners at the time, I was rather puzzled to account for it. Within the last few days I have heard that my friend's child's death was caused by a most malignant attack of scarlet fever (the attendant ordering burial the next day) which infected nearly all the rest of the household."

So, too, are other diseases sometimes sent in the same way. Be careful about writing letters to your friends if there are dangerous diseases in your house.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF THE HUMAN BODY.

Is it true, as stated in the new Temperance Encyclopedia, that spontaneous combustion may occur as the result of gross intemperance?

ANS.—The general belief of scientific men is against the theory. Liebig, who in 1851 carefully investigated all the forty-five cases alleged to have occurred up to that time, came to the conclusion that not one of them was clearly proven; and on scientific grounds he pronounced the spontaneous combustion of the living body absolutely impossible. We see by foreign journals that the subject has again been examined by M. Chassagniol, of Brest, who has reported as follows: After trying to sift the truth from the conflicting accounts on record, he has decided, as Liebig did, that no case of the kind has been fairly substantiated. No medical, no trustworthy witness has ever been present at a case of spontaneous combustion of the human body. Many authors have affirmed that the body burned on these occasions with a blue flame and diffused an empyreumatic smell; but these characteristics are met with in many kinds of combustion. Instances have been sought for in alcohol drinkers, especially among women; but hitherto without success. The original idea was that the alcohol in drinkers took fire. Dead bodies, or portions of dead bodies, however, burn but very slowly, even after having been steeped in alcohol for some days. After having injected alcohol into the veins of dogs the air from their lungs could not be set on fire.

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Intemperance, however, is no less a curse for all this. If there is no spontaneous combustion of the human body, it is certain that there is a burning out of all that is noble and sweet and good in those who are intemperate even in a moderate degree.

BATHING BABIES.

How often should a healthy child have a bath?

ANS.—A healthy child should have a daily bath, in tepid water, in a warm room, using a little mild soap and a soft linen cloth or sponge to rub it with. Gentle friction with the hand, or especially with the ends of the fingers, which have a sort of magnetic power. Especially should this be done over the back and sides, and along the limbs. Let the motions be toward the body, rather than toward the extremities.

EXCORIATIONS ON CHILDREN.

What is the cause of excoriations on children beneath the napkin?

ANS.—Excoriations are slight wounds on the skin, or cracks in it. The child's skin is very thin and delicate, and easily hurt by the filth that is allowed to remain on it from the excretions. The remedy is cleanliness.

SODA WATER FOR WASHING.

May a babe's clothing be washed in soda water?

ANS.—Never; but in soap suds, and all traces of soap should be thoroughly removed by rinsing in fresh water before the child is allowed to wear them.

TIME OF FEEDING.

How often should a child be fed?

ANS.—Begin with every two hours; In a month make the time a little longer, and so continue till the sixth month, when every four hours will be best. Be firm in forming regular habits in this respect, and you will save yourself a great deal of trouble. In your tenderness for your child don't let it rule you. Many mothers give the child the breast every time it cries. This is most unwise. A child may not be amenable to season, but it is to good habits, and if you begin by teaching it a bad habit you will end by having twice the trouble you need to in rearing it.

FOOD FOR A NEW BORN CHILD.

What should be the first thing given a new born child for food?

ANS—The mother's breast. There is no need to wait for this longer than to wash and dress the child; and in cases were the infant is weak the breast may be given before the washing, by wrapping it in a soft blanket. If the milk does not flow at first, have patience and wait a little and try again, trying both breasts. In the course of ten or twelve hours the milk will, if the mother is healthy, begin to flow. Sometimes feeding a child before it learns to suck forms a bad habit, and it can never learn to draw nourishment from the breast. Gathered breasts are the result of mismanagement in this particular.

STRENGTHENING THE VOICE.

Please give me a few words of advice through your excellent journal. What is necessary for me to do that I may increase the power of my lungs, that I may be able to speak and sing with greater strength? I find it impossible to speak or sing very loud, or rather as loud as others.

ANS.—The voice may be greatly strengthened by a thorough course of vocal gymnastics for enlarging and developing the vocal organs, and by muscular gymnastics for giving strength and flexibility to the muscles of the chest and throat; for details see HERALD OF HEALTH for 1866.

AIRING THE CLOTHING.

What is the best way to air a child's clothing?

ANS.—In warm weather air them in the hot sunshine. When this cannot be done, do it by the fire. It is a very important part of the mangement of a child's health. The sunshine has special properties that make it better for this purpose than the fire. And then the fresh air of out-doors fills the clothing with oxygen, which has a good influence on the skin. Let this work be thoroughly done the day before they are used.

BABIES' CAPS.

Should young babies wear caps?

ANS.—Generally not.

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OUR DESSERT TABLE.

APPROPRIATE CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SOLICITED.

A VOICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Stand nobly up and face life's work
With brave and honest soul,
And let no false or foolish pride
Your manly heart control.
Stand out in honest, bold relief,
A worker and a man;
Something of use in this great world,
After your Maker's plan.

And if you keep your morals pure,
And cultivate your mind,
And stand up nobly for the right,
And live as God designed;
Then, sir, you need not bend the knee
To bank stock, nor to gold;
For there is wealth of higher worth
Than figures ever told.

Work is most noble, good and grand,
Since God ordained it so;
It keeps the heart from cankering rust,
And makes the nation grow.
The workers are the nation's wealth,
And not the idle drones;
Work makes the country prosperous,
Makes happy hearts and homes.

'Tis good to see the honest face,
And stalwart, manly frame,
With muscles that bespeak of strength,
And hands to match the same;
Hands that look competent to grasp
And grapple with life's foes,
And cause the barren wilderness
To blossom as the rose.

Ashamed of labor! No, not you,
Since that was God's decree;
For honest and industrious toil
Brings glad prosperity.
It frames and builds up all the good
A nation's life can know—
Science and art, and fame and wealth,
From work and effort grow.

Spurn indolence, whose weak'ning grasp
Blights manliness and worth;
Be something to yourself aad friends,
Be useful to the earth.
Make labor noble in itself
By being nobly done,
And make fair nature's heart rejoice
To own you as her son.

It matters not if hands and brains
Are all your stock of wealth,
With steady, patient industry,
And energy and health;
You yet may rise to lofty heights,
As others have before,
And crown the throne of wealth and fame
With one brave victor more.

Anna Linden.

MAIZE AND TOBACCO.

The Indian corn looked over the fence,
And what do you think he spied?
A field of tobacco, just ready to bloom,
And stretching in lordly pride.

To this broad-leaved neighbor at once he called,
In accents loud and clear:
"I thought you belonged to a sunnier clime;
Pray what are you doing here?"

So then with a haughty air replied
The plant of power and pelf:
"You are pleased to ask of my business, sir,
What do you do yourself?"

"I feed the muscle and blood and bone,
To make our farmers strong,
And furnish blood to the little ones
That round their tables throng."

"I move in a somewhat loftier sphere,"
The foreign guest rejoined,
"As the chosen friend and companion dear
Of men of wealth and mind.

"I'm the chief delight of the gay young spark;
O'er the wise my sway I hold;
I lurk in the bookworm student's cell,
In the dowager's box of gold.

"Thousands of hands at my bidding work?
Millions of coin I raise"—
He ceased to speak, and in angry mood
Responded the tasseled maize:

"You're in secret league with dyspeptic ills—
A merciless traitor band—
With clouds of smoke you pollute the air,
With floods of slime the land.

"You tax the needy laborer sore;
You quicken the drunkard's thirst;
You exhaust the soil, and I wish you'd go
To the place whence you came at first."

LOVE'S SECRET.

Never seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind doth move
Silently, invisibly.

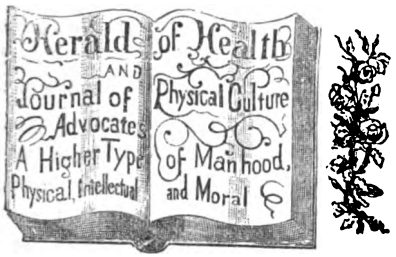
I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart,
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears,
Ah! she did depart!

Soon after she was gone from me,
A traveler came by.
Silently, invisibly,
He took her with a sigh.

William Blake.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, JULY, 1875.

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 that 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.*

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

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

CONSOLIDATION.—*The Ladies' Own Magazine*, for so many years edited with signal success by M. Cora Bland, has now united its fame and its fortune with THE HERALD OF HEALTH, the consolidation beginning with the July number. Subscribers to *The Ladies' Own* will receive THE HERALD OF HEALTH in its stead to the end of their complete subscription. Mrs Bland will continue to edit a department in THE HERALD OF HEALTH. The Editor and Publishers of this magazine welcome to their family of readers the large list of subscribers of *The Ladies' Own*, and hope they will find the consolidation one that will meet their approval. We shall do our best to give them satisfaction. We only regret the combination was not made in time to furnish them the May and June numbers, but these will be made good by others. Any subscriber to *The Ladies' Own* who may desire to possess the back numbers of THE HERALD from January, may do so by forwarding one half the yearly subscription price, adding five cents for postage. This will not include any premium.

MRS. BLAND TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF THE LADIES' OWN MAGAZINE.—*The Ladies' Own Magazine* has been consolidated with THE HERALD OF HEALTH, the two magazines becoming one, and this one retaining the best features of both, and the services of the editors and chief contributors of both. The consolidation was effected by the business managers of the respective magazines, and is a matter over which we had no control. In justice to them, however, we will say we cheerfully acquiesce in the arrangement, believing it to be, under the circumstances, advantageous alike to the publishers and the readers. We have had editorial charge of *The Ladies' Own* from its birth, and have used what wisdom we possessed in the effort to make it of use as well as of interest to its readers. We now transfer our efforts to this magazine, and shall cordially co-operate with its chief editor, Dr. Holbrook, in making an interesting and useful magazine.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH is so widely and favorably known that it is not necessary to speak of its merits here. It was the first as it was the leading organ of physical and mental culture

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and hygienic reform, and during the past years it has done good service in bringing the people up to a recognition of the importance of obeying the laws of Nature in regard to diet, dress, exercise, etc., etc. We have ever been fully in sympathy with its mission and work, and do not feel that there is any incompatibility in the union we have formed.

In conclusion we desire to ask our friends to transfer their friendly sympathy and active support to this magazine.

M. CORA BLAND.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF GIRLS.—In these days, when the subject of the higher education of women is so much discussed, is there not a tendency to urge our young women to the study of the classics, the higher mathematics, etc., while the command which comes to us with authority in the plain words, "Know thyself," is comparatively neglected? Even if the mental and moral needs are considered, the poor body, which reigns supreme over both, is wholly ignored.

In defiance of these customs, Lasell Seminary, in Auburndale, Mass., is seriously and intelligently undertaking a reform in this matter, and the study of physiology and hygiene is receiving its full share of attention. In addition to the customary class-room work, Dr. Mary J. Safford Blake has been giving a course of practical talks upon subjects now universally admitted to be important for young women to be informed upon. This course has proved of the utmost value. Dr. Blake, being an enthusiast in the work, seems to possess in a high degree the faculty of infusing the same spirit into her auditors. Facts have been presented, almost like a series of object lessons, so that the mysteries of the dissecting-room have been brought to the gaze of the eye-witness. The curiosity of the students has been aroused, and they have become eager, as adventurers in a new and interesting country. As they have watched through a powerful microscope the globules of blood sweeping along through the bloodvessels, they have felt the importance of keeping the life current pure, and of carefully avoiding every obstruction to its course. So with all the important parts of the body. Seeing their locality and surroundings, the functions of each become a reality, and a perfect physique, to make the most of mind and soul, has become the aim of the student.

There is no going back in this matter. This school has committed itself to the task of finding the best way of combining mental culture and growth with the increase of bodily vigor. To do this for young women, as they come to us now-a-days, is no easy matter. The school is very fortunate in having Dr. Blake in charge of that department. She knows just what's wanted for our girls, and just how to supply it. The day will come when it will not be thought a matter of course that our young women who have graduated at a school should be sickly, feeble bodied, and without physical capital with which to begin the more serious duties of womanhood.

CARRIE CARPENTER.

IT will be a pleasant time that the summer class in modeling will have at the Eagleswood Park Studio. The best way to know a thing thoroughly is to make it with one's own hands, and modeling thus becomes a means of the widest culture. (See our June number.)

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A THOUSAND DOLLAR HINT.—Our good friend Rev. Mr. Hoyt, formerly of Oberlin, Ohio, must have the happy satisfaction of doing a great deal of good. Wherever he goes he teaches people who are in a teachable mood, how to live so as to be more healthy and happy. We have heard of many invalids who have been the better for his advice, after all medicines had failed. The last case comes from Florida, and is of a gentleman who had suffered all sorts of evil from physic, and still was no better. Good Mr. Hoyt, talking with him about his case, said: "If you will live on brown bread and cracked wheat you will get better." The man had heard of such food, but never thought best to try it himself; but Mr. Hoyt's words carried conviction, and he obeyed them, and says he would not go back to the old way for a thousand dollars. In other words, the advice was worth a thousand dollars to him, if not a great deal more; for how much will a man not give for health?

MORAL TEACHING IN SCHOOLS.—Mrs. Matilda Fletcher has prepared a very useful little book for schools, entitled Practical Ethics. There could hardly be a greater need just now. The tendency of the times is to take out of public schools all dogmatic and sectarian theological teaching, and this is right. The ablest educators and theologians favor it; but the great truths of uprightness, truth-speaking, courage, hope, charity, are virtues on which there are no disputes by any class of people, and ought to be taught in every school, as well as arithmetic and grammar. The one teaches the young how to speak grammatically and cast accounts correctly, the other how to speak truthfully and live purely and truly. Mrs. Fletcher's book is published by A. S. Barnes & Co., and makes a noble beginning in this neglected field.

POISON IN THE SOIL.—Cut from the earth a cubic foot of gravely soil and you will find you can pour into it one-third of its bulk of water. This really shows that the water occupies one third of the bulk, and when the water drains off an equal amount of air takes its place. Now the air of the soil is filled with various gases, such as are generated from animal matter. The amount of carbonic acid in ground soil lately manured, is many times what it is in the air. The soil, however, can hold these gases for plants, so that they rarely injure us.

LIGHT AS A MOTIVE POWER.—An important discovery as to the motive force of light has just been communicated to the Royal Society of London, by Mr. William Crookes. At the weekly meeting of 22d April he read a paper before the society, repeating his latest experiments and investigations, which are attracting attention here and in England. One of the objects of Mr. Crookes was to prove that light may be transformed into mechanical power. If this doctrine be true it overthrows the theory which has so long assumed that light, apart from heat, has no mechanical force whatever. This old dogma has never been proved, but has implicitly or explicitly been taken for granted. Dr. Balfour Stewart, with other authorities, have positively affirmed and taught it, without any attempt to support their assumption by evidence or demonstration. It is completely demolished by Mr. Crookes, who for some years past has been engaged in elaborate investi-

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gations, and has at last perfected an ingenious machine which shows the force of luminous rays in a very beautiful and picturesque manner. Among the methods by which he reveals to the eye this newly discovered force is that of driving round and round a little vane when the heat rays are excluded, being thoroughly sifted out by a screen of alum. In a future article we may perhaps give a more complete account of the delicate and ingenious apparatus by which Mr. Crookes exhibited the phenomena of light, and submitted them to investigation and analysis. At present we are compelled to limit our notice to a single experiment, and to pass by the rest for the present. With an air pump Mr. Crookes thoroughly exhausts a tube, which has a trumpet-shaped bulb at its extremity. In this little chamber, after a perfect vacuum has been produced, he balances upon a delicate pivot his liliputian orrery, with its arms of glass or straw, and its terminal disks of pith. These disks offer a broad surface with little weight, and they are blackened on one side for a purpose equally ingenious and important, as Mr. Crookes very beautifully showed. When the disks were mounted and the orrery was duly poised it was exposed to the sunshine, when the whole machine became, as it were, instinct with life, and its disks revolved around their common center in obedience to the solar force impressed upon them. Looked at through a properly adjusted eyeglass each circular disk as it revolved would assume the crescent and gibbous aspect of a miniature moon. As soon as the light became more intense the rotation was quickened, the rapidity being greater or less in proportion as the sunshine was clearer or more obscured.

Such is the experiment to which we have referred. What was the motive force in this beautiful little orrery. It was not heat; for, as we have said, the heat rays were sifted out by the alum screen without stopping the movement of the orrery. It is true that when the heat rays were thus got rid of by the interposed screen the revolutions were retarded; but the reason seems to be that some of the light rays were lost in sifting out the rays of heat.

Secondly, if it is thus proved that the heat rays of the sun originate no part of the force engaged in driving this tiny orrery, it is equally certain that the atmosphere and its changes have nothing to do with producing the rotation. This explanation was put forth by Professor Osborne Reynolds: when Mr. Crookes's researches first became known to him he suggested that the disks of pith went round because there was a latent moisture in them, which being evaporated in the experiment gave them a resiiient impulse. To overthrow this theory Mr. Crookes exhibited a bulb containing a platinum thread which had been heated to redness while under continuous and absolute exhaustion; yet this mechanism, which could hardly contain any latent moisture, obeyed the invisible push of the light-rays as completely as the disks of pith. The opinion expressed by such *savants* as Professors Stokes and Huxley, Doctors Huggins and Carpenter, Messrs. Norman-Lockyer, De La Rue, Siemans and Galton, was that the demonstration of a great and amazing discovery stood perfect.

We take several of the foregoing facts from the London Telegraph of 29th April. Our contemporary adds that the mechanical force thus made

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evident, can be measured, and turned to useful account in the arts. In proof of this statement he says that Mr. Crookes prepared for the Royal Society a card containing the rates at which different mediums of light at different distances would drive his fairy mill. At twenty inches one candle takes 182 seconds to move the vane round, at five inches it accomplishes a revolution in eleven seconds; but diffused daylight sends the little vanes spinning in less than two seconds, and full sunshine drives them merrily along yet more quickly. Green glass greatly diminishes the action, as also blue, while yellow and light red glass retard it much less. The stronger the luminous source the more vigorous is the impelling power; the electric and magnesium lights whirl the tiny vanes very rapidly, and thus may be developed an accurate measurer of actinic force, affording us—to come out of fairy land into practical life—an excellent gauge for the illuminating power of gas-burners.

Passing from this utilitarian view of Mr. Crookes's discovery our authority suggests that the motive power of light, as shown in this little orrery, is perhaps hereafter designed to solve the mystery which has surrounded the unfathomable depths of astronomy and of celestial mechanics. "Strange indeed," he says, "are the thoughts which must be started by this revelation, that light poured upon bodies freed from atmospheric friction is in itself an active and mighty force. That so remarkable a discovery solves at once the mystery of the comet's tail, which is always seen to be driven violently from its natural line upon approaching the sun, is, we believe, affirmed by more than one high astronomical authority. But may it not also have something to do with the axial motion of the planets? May it not have something to do with the maintenance of centrifugal force — balancing, as it were that of gravitation? Can it be for nothing in the depths of space that this potency and stress of light sweeps from center to circumference of each system, exercising a power which in its totality must be something prodigious?"

Such are the comments of the English press on this latest discovery of Mr. Crookes. We deem it due to the high reputation and scientific achievements of so distinguished a man, that his immediate friends and associates should be first heard on this subject. Hereafter we may probably find it instructive to compare and place on record the opinion of Mr. Crookes's experiments, expressed by scientists in this country and on the continent of Europe. The physiological aspects of this latest discovery as to the properties of light will probably be found equally novel and suggestive. Like the other scientific discoveries in which the present age has been so prolific, it will doubtless be found conducive not only to the material progress, but to the moral and intellectual elevation of mankind.

THE BETTER WAY.—By reference to our advertizing pages it will be seen that we have issued a little book which is destined to have a very beneficial influence on the purity and virtue of our race. It will, we believe, prove a special boon to women, and through them to all. It is written with great delicacy, and is rich with words of wisdom. We ask our readers to look at the advertisement, and order it for themselves and friends. We will send twelve copies, in paper, postpaid, for $2.

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WHEREABOUTS OF SOME LECTURERS.—Dr. T. A. Bland, formerly publisher of *The Ladies' Own*, is lecturing in Boston, Mass., to intelligent audiences. His first lecture was on the Age of Brain, and is warmly commended by the Boston press. We wish him success in his return to his first love, for he was formerly a lecturer before he entered literary life, in which he has been engaged for several years. The following are the subjects of a few of his lectures: The Age of Brain, The Lessons of History, The Science of Society, Diet and Destiny, The Philosophy of Marriage, Success and Failure, The Victories of Science, Plato and Epicurus, Poets and Poetry, Self-made Men. He can be addressed in our care. Dr. Bland is an able lecturer, bold and original wherever he goes. We wish him success.

Dr. Mary J. Studley has located in Worcester, Mass., where she is at this writing delivering to the ladies there the following course of lectures: The Frame-work of the House we Live In, Rational Eating and Drinking, The Heart and Circulation, The Lungs and Respiration, The Brain, Nerves, Nervousness, Rational Motherhood, Uses and Abuses of the Skin and Hair, Causes of Women's Diseases.

Dr. Mary J. Safford Blake, of Boston, finds time, in spite of her large business there, to go to neighboring towns. She is now lecturing to the young ladies of the Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.

Dr. Geo. H. Everett and Mrs. Dr. Susan Everett are rusticating in Montclair, New Jersey, pleasantly entertaining friends and driving over the beautiful roads and hills of that charming rural town, breathing its fresh air and gathering health and strength for work to come.

Mrs. Dr. Ryder, a pupil of Mrs. Lozier, is exciting interest wherever she goes. She has been lecturing in Central New York, and our latest advices from her are from the New England states.

Dr. U. E. Traer is lecturing in Illinois or Iowa on his favorite themes, and is well spoken of in the local papers; and scattering broadcast good books. He is said to be a fluent and accomplished lecturer.

Dr. Sara B. Chase is lecturing in and about New York. She speaks with great force, and to both sexes. She has even been bold enough to give private lectures to men on the sins they commit against their own wives. Listeners, who have often been clergymen, have spoken in high praise of her words of wisdom to men at these lectures.

There are many other lecturers in the field whom we should be glad to kindly notice if we knew their addresses and names. As it is we wish them all success in the field of hygiene and human health, and should be glad to hear from them and notice their labors at any future time.

REFORM PHYSICIAN WANTED.—Having several times been a boarder for a short time at your house, and a reader of THE HERALD OF HEALTH for years, both here and in Michigan, I take the liberty of asking whether you know of a good reformatory physician, with a fair knowledge of surgery, at least enough to dress cuts and set ordinary fractures, that would like a location, and for awhile receive part pay from this company (the American Plate Glass Company) in shape of salary, and when not employed at his profession to be usefully employed at something else.

We are starting with this large es-

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tablishment, and wish to make it a model place by keeping away whisky and all other pestiferous elements possible, and amongst others "dosing doctors" and the use of *hog meat* as food, with other things in that line too numerous to mention here. I believe that with the use of a reasonable amount of water to keep the body clean, and reasonable and wholesome food, pleasant and rational recreations, we can at least enjoy comfortable health in a good climate. THOS. LUCE.

THE HYGIENIC INSTITUTE AND HOTEL.—The past winter and spring our Institute and Hotel has been thronged with guests and patients, altogether constituting a happy family. The large parlors have been the scenes of many pleasant evenings, when music and other entertainments have delighted all. This house is a favorite place for strangers visiting our large city, who wish to feel at home, and to be free from tobacco and drink. A lady who has just been with us for a few days says: "I am glad I have found a place where I can feel at home." And another lady told us yesterday that she is sure she should not have been alive had she not learned how to live by a few weeks of our treatment and instruction in the arts of life. Still further improvements have been made in the Turkish Bath, and it is still, as before, the best, and the best managed, of any bath in this country.

CAPTAIN BOYNTON.—The readers of THE HERALD OF HEALTH cannot fail to feel a deep interest in the success of Captain Boynton, who has, on his second trial, crossed the English Channel dressed in his life-saving dress, in twenty-three hours and thirty-eight minutes. His pulse at the end of his journey was seventy-one and his temperature ninety-nine. When he stepped ashore he was sweating profusely, his face was badly burned by the sun and salt water and his joints stiff; but otherwise his condition was good. As a feat of physical strength, Captain Boynton's success is something very remarkable, for the English Channel is no quiet lake, but a turbulent current, affected by currents and tides so at times to make progress almost impossible.

The value of this dress for saving life can as yet hardly be estimated, but it is believed it will prove very serviceable in cases of shipwreck.

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BY

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Water Cure Processes,

THE

MOVEMENT CURE, ETC.

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AND ESPECIALLY FOR

Northern Invalids

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TERMS REDUCED FOR 1875.

A Splendid Summer Home for Invalids! On High Ground: A Cool Breeze all the Time!

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Our "Cure" is beautifully located in the open country-like suburbs of a pleasant and notably healthful city: thus we enjoy the pure air of the country, while we have gas, street cars, pavements and other city advantages.

THE BUILDING—a new three-story brick edifice, with double walls—to insure warmth and dryness—was planned and erected by the Proprietors for a Health Institute. It is surrounded by ample grounds, and is supplied with all the necessary apparatus and appliances for

PURE, SOFT WATER BATHS, SUN BATHS, SWEDISH MOVEMENTS, HEALTH LIFT, ETC.

It is newly furnished with special reference to the comfort of patients and guests. Beds supplied with the best Hair Mattresses on springs.

The most comfortable "Cure" in Winter in America, being warmed throughout by outside, steam-heated air; each room is *thoroughly ventilated* from its base into a warm flue—insuring outward draft and *warm floors*—giving a *pure atmosphere*, free from smoke, gas, or dust. Winters short and comparatively mild.

We conscientiously endeavor to set the

BEST HYGIENIC TABLE IN AMERICA.

It is supplied with the best preparations of grains, and the finest, fresh canned and dried, foreign and domestic fruits and vegetables.

☞ *We canned*, IN GLASS, 750 *half gallons of fruit, etc., for this season's use, for a family of fifteen patients.*

THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT and the general management of the "Home" are under the direct personal charge of the Proprietors—DRS. PUSEY HEALD, AND MARY H. HEALD, both of whom have had a large experience in the Hygienic System of healing the sick, during many years' connection with the largest "Cures" in the country.

Dr. M. H. HEALD gives special attention to

WOMEN INVALIDS,

giving them the benefit of kindly sympathy as well as of experience and skill.

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CONTENTS.

I.—A MOTHER'S PLEA FOR A WISER MOTHERHOOD.—Importance of Human Culture—Results of Ignorance and Marriage Prostitution—The Divine Overshadowing—Undisturbed Maternity.

II.—A FEW FACTS.—How Beauty and Amiability were conferred—How a Tattler and Busybody was made—Timidity transmitted—Slyness and Thieving, how entailed—A Welcome Child—Craft, Treachery, etc.—How Murderers are made.

III.—THE SOURCE OF CRIME.—Futility of Penal Laws and Capital Punishments—Abortions and Attempts at Abortion, and the Results—Who are Responsible for the existence of Criminals?—How they should be Treated.

IV.—THE KEY TO OTHER MYSTERIES.—Origin of Various Traits, Diseases, etc.—The Mother's Privilege—The Law of Pre-Natal Culture—Startling Possibilities—The Father's Power.

V.—DUTIES OF FATHERHOOD.—Personal Preparations—Selection of a Partner—Mutual Love—Law of Conjugal Harmony—Favorable Circumstances—Public Recognition—Marriage—A Suitable Home—Freedom—Pecuniary Independence—Attention during the Critical Period—No Intrusion—No Profanation—Support and Education of Offspring.

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It has recently been improved in a variety of ways, thoroughly renovated, and is in a better condition than ever before for the accommodation of guests.

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In connection with the Hotel are Turkish Baths, the Swedish Movement Cure, Electro-Magnetic Baths, Health Lift, etc.

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Important to Dyspeptics.

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Celebrated Graham Crackers,

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They will be found the most wholesome and nutritious article of food now in use, especially for those who want to perfect the muscle, nerve and brain, and persons of sedentary habits,

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NINTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

—OF—

NEW JERSEY

Mutual Life Insurance Company.

HOME OFFICE, 189 Market Street,

NEWARK, N. J.

JANUARY 1st, 1875.

Net Assets, January 1st, 1874		$1,451,741 53
Received for Premiums	$748,251 39	
Received for Interest	59,702 21	
		807,953 60
		$2,259,695 13

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Death Claims and Matured Endowments	$192,432 10	
Paid Return Premiums and Surrendered Policies	205,473 71	
Paid Contingent Expenses	79,976 83	
Paid Commissions to Agents	46,200 99	
Paid Taxes and Interest on Guarantee Capital	12,154 77	
Paid Advertising, Printing and Postage	21,676 24	
Paid Physicians' Fees	12,062 74	
Paid Re-Insurance and Annuities	5,673 43	
		$575,650 81
		$1,684,044 32

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ASSETS.

Cash in bank and on Hand	$88,709 38	
Bonds and Mortgages owned by Company	609,239 64	
U. S. and State Bonds	129,325 35	
Loans on Call (secured U. S. Bonds and other Collaterals)	144,612 41	
Real Estate	55,132 79	
Loans on Policies	363,091 50	
Premiums in course of transmis'n and def'd Premiums	242,157 05	
Accrued Interest	43,541 61	
Furniture and Fixtures	4,818 71	
Due for Re-Insurance	3,415 88	
		$1,684,044 32

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on Policies in force Dec. 31, 1874, as per standard of State of New Jersey Amer. Exp. 4 1-2 per cent	$1,121,753 00	
Death Claims not due and in process of adjustment	64,700 00	
All other Liabilities	20,200 00	
		$1.206,653 00
Surplus to Policy-Holders		$477,391 32

J. H. STEDWELL, President.

R. C. FROST, Vice-President.

C. H. BRINKERHOFF, Secretary.

J. H. CANIFF, Cashier.

NEW YORK CITY OFFICE, 261 BROADWAY.

OFFICE OF MIDDLE DEPARTMENT,

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NEW YORK CITY.

HENRY W. BALDWIN, Superintendent. mh-7t

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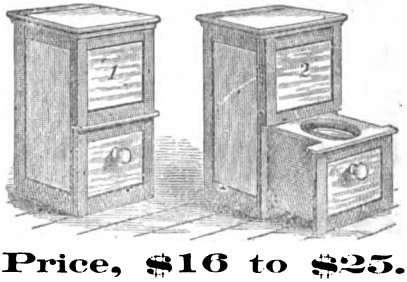
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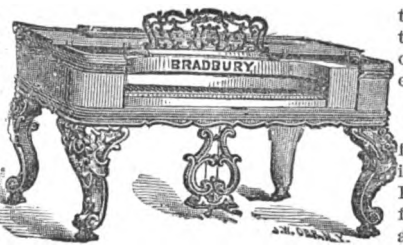
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THE

HERALD OF HEALTH.

AUGUST, 1875.

HOW I MANAGED MY CHILDREN. (No. 6.)

BY MRS. WARREN.

WHILE the girls were at home we had our customary verses of the Bible, two or three, but not more, read every morning after breakfast, and the usual comments made upon the meaning that lay hidden or developed in the sacred words, a custom which I found far more conducive to profit than reading a whole chapter as a matter of duty, while the thoughts were perhaps wandering far away. Therefore one verse rightly understood was better than a weary hour spent in reading without reflection.

My sturdy Dick seemed even more interested in Bible-reading than the others. His school life had not altered him. He was still a child apart from the rest. He took nothing for granted. He would tire one with inquiries why such a thing was. It could only be said of him that he hungered and thirsted for knowledge, but at every fresh accession of information he pondered and doubted how he could prove it.

Dot, or John, as it was proper to call him, though in my thoughts he was always "Dot," was in London, and frequently writing home hopefully. He was getting on, hoped to be with us at Christmas, was copying a painting of the Holy Family in the National Gallery, and it was to be a Christmas gift to his darling mother. The happy season soon came, and Christmas eve arrived, but no John. It was not the days of railroads then, and the coach which was due at seven had not reached our quiet town at ten. For we had long left London and been settled in the country, where my husband was the manager of a country bank.

How well do I remember that evening! The dining-room was bright with the glare of a ruddy fire, on which a log of wood had been placed, and occasionally it lighted up with a flash of radiance so cheering and so grateful in its warmth, for there had been a heavy fall of snow for two days. The table was set out with all the delicacies which Christmas brings, and in honor of our young artist's arrival a Christmas pudding was to be cut. The wainscoted walls gleamed with pictures, the ornaments scattered about flashed with scintillations of welcome, which shut out thoughts of evil. I was alone. The rest, with their father, all warmly wrapped up, had gone to see the cause of the unusual delay. Presently the tramping of feet was heard, the servants rushed to the door, and once more I heard my boys voice, once more I clasped him in thankfulness.

We were soon seated round the table, and as merry as reunited hearts always are.

"Now for my present, Dot," said I, the next morning after breakfast.

"Well, mamma," he replied, "I know I haven't done the right thing; but I've sold your present, and this is what I've

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got for it," displaying ten sovereigns.

"But how?" I asked in astonishment.

"It was a small water-color copy of Correggio's Holy Family, that I thought you would be delighted with. When it was finished a gentleman who had, I must say, been kind enough to watch my progress several times, looked over my shoulder and asked me what I was going to do with it. I told him it was for a Christmas present to you.

"'Well, you can paint your mother another picture,' said he, 'and let me have that. I'll give you ten pounds for it.'

"I hesitated, and he laughed and said:

"'Make up your mind, my boy, and tell old S——, the doorkeeper. He knows where to find me.'

"I thought the matter over and over. I did so wish to bring it home; it had been to me like a pet. I had even got to love it, and kept touching and retouching it, even after I concluded that it was finished. I should not have parted with it, but I thought that ten pounds was a large sum for so small a thing, and that my accepting the sum would be an earnest to you that I could even now get money, and be no longer an expense to my father. So I decided upon selling the picture, and this you see is the result."

"But who was the gentleman who bought it?" his father asked.

"Lord E——, of M—— Park. And wasn't it carefully packed, too, in a small wooden case lined with tin! Old S—— wouldn't tell me who was my grand patron for a long time, but I coaxed the old fellow at last. So now you've got the whole story, and you are not displeased, mamma?" said he, suddenly throwing his arms round my neck and kissing me.

Far from it. The tears were slowly rolling down my cheeks in thankfulness that so early my boy's talent had been appreciated. His father got up and looked out of the window. Matter-of-fact Dick asked:

'"Dot, what are you going to do with all that money?"

"It isn't mine," his brother replied; "it is mamma's. I didn't bring her the picture, and she must buy something she will like with the money. What shall it be, mamma mine?" he asked, putting his arm round my waist.

"Oh Dot, keep it," I said. "You will want it by-and-by."

"Mother, I am not your boy if I do. I'll have none of it."

And with that he threw it into my lap. The money was carefully put away, and looked at, I will not say how many times, and the mother's pride rose up and swelled and inwardly chanted the mother's song of her boy. All the future was rose-tinted—a life of independence, of fame, casting its full radiance on all the family circle. The fairest flower that God ever gave was to bloom through life in one rich perfume, forgetting the Great Gardener who lends, not gives; and when he claims the loan he says: "Not thine, but Mine." It is a sad story this, and were well brought to an end, for the recollection has unfitted me to carry on the thread of the tale in its slow unwinding.

A month saw my precious boy return to his duties, and at the end of the year he had so improved, and showed so much genius, that he had left the house of Mr. S., with the consent of the latter, and, with our approval, had taken lodgings with a young friend, an architect.

Christmas came round once more, with all its joyousness, and with it Dot arrived. In an instant my glance detected suffering. It was no use putting it aside, endeavoring to conceal what was so visible. "I am overworked, that is all; it's only a little cold; now I'm home it will be all right." And so the sickness was pooh-poohed away.

He certainly looked better when the end of February came, and with it his return to London, for I would not let him go before, and Dr. Vaughan said there was no danger, only a little delicacy of constitution which he would soon get over. Not many letters came from him after he left. "He was so busy, so engaged, was painting a picture that he hoped would get him the medal, and then he should be sent

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abroad to study the old masters. He should spend next Christmas with us, and then go to Rome."

"He cannot be ill," I argued, "if he writes so hopefully," and so I cheated myself with the belief that all was well. In November we were startled by a letter from his young friend, stating that he thought him not quite right, and as he himself was coming into the country, had persuaded him to come also, instead of waiting for Christmas; that as John's competition picture was finished there was no longer any motive for remaining, and that they would be back almost as soon as the letter reached us. Arthur thought all this was true; but a loving mother has a prophetic spirit. I went so far the other way as to fancy I should receive him all but a corpse.

I watched and waited in restless anxiety; then I wandered from one room to another, and, as is often the case, missed that which I most sought for.

I did not hear the travelers arrive, and was coming down stairs as Edith was seeking me, exclaiming, "Mamma, John's come!" In an instant I knew how it was. Had my boy been well he would have sought me, not his sister. I entered the room; there he lay on the sofa, wan and thin, but held out both his hands. It was some moments before I could recover myself, for I had nearly fainted as I kneeled by the couch and clasped him in my arms. It was Dr. Vaughan's voice that first recalled my deadened senses. Our young friend had called at the doctor's as they drove along—hence his quick arrival.

"Now, now, this is nonsense. The boy is only tired. Cheer up, Dot! What is the matter? You'll be all right by-and-by; only working a little too fast, eh?"

"That is all, doctor," he said cheerfully, and slowly raised himself upright. "And if mamma will only get me one of my old draughts, which I like so well, and let me talk a little to my father and you, I shall be all right."

"There, girls, you hear! That's an order from headquarters. So bustle about and get your brother's room comfortable, while mamma makes the egg draught of old. But you needn't hurry about it," said the doctor.

Bewildered and hesitatingly I quitted the room; the girls followed me. What exact conversation took place between the three I cannot describe, but the purport of it was this: That in the previous summer, while playing at cricket, he had been struck by a cricket ball; the blow had brought on a tumor, which was neglected, and the result was the sickness which had brought him home.

Many months he lay in this hopeless state. Consumption came on; but even then we were hard to be persuaded that death was near. Further advice was obtained, and never shall I forget the moment when the physician said, "Before this day six weeks he will not be here." I was stunned; for notwithstanding his illness the blow was sudden. I grasped for support blindly. Nowhere could I turn for comfort. My life—what was it? Alas! alas! I now see, but did not then, how all my so-called religion had shriveled up like a green leaf at the first frost. O God! how difficult it was to lose my son! I had no resignation, no faith; my soul was in rebellion, and the spirit's turmoil stamped its unrest upon my features. John was the first to see it. "My own mamma, how changed you are!" were his first words when he saw me. "You must not grieve. I know all, but I am happy. Pray with me, dearest mamma," and his thin white hand twined itself in my curls. "My child, I cannot," I gasped, rather than said. The suffering boy raised himself on his elbow and looked at me with astonishment. That look recalled me to myself. I shivered and said, "Oh that this cup might pass from me!" He clasped my hand tightly, and the tears stole down his cheeks as he murmured:

"Not so, not so; it is better as it is." And then, as if to himself, he gently spoke: "I loved my art better than all things—better than even you, dear mamma," and again he pressed my hand. "There was no moderation in me. I need not have worked so hard

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I have thrown my life away. A little more rest, a little more time for food, and this might not have been. Better now than later. O God pardon and keep my soul in peace!"

With these words sleep overpowered him, and he lay sweetly slumbering for hours. I dared not move, though I felt faint from my cramped position. My mind was busy wandering to the days of his childhood, to the many times that I had watched and tended his sick bed, now to be the last. The thought was torture. I looked on his face, but the smile there was not human. Never before had I seen or could I have imagined anything half so lovely—a loveliness not of earth. "Surely his spirit is with the angels," I thought, "and dare I recall him by my grief?" Strange, I could not pray—did not even think of it. I turned with distaste and rebellion from all thoughts of casting my care upon God. Like Rachel of old, I refused to be comforted. During this unusual slumber Edith came and whispered, "Dear mamma, God sees it best." White as the palest of white roses, she kneeled by my side. "Thy will be done, but give us strength to bear," she softly prayed. I looked at her, as if contemplating a piece of statuary. Even critically I examined her, even thought how fair and lovely she looked, and wondered she could so pray, and then I drew comparisons.

"It is not her child, only her brother. She cannot know a mother's heart."

The sun went down, and twilight deepened into night, and still the sufferer slept on. Late in the evening he awoke, refreshed. His first words were, "Kiss me, dear mamma. I have been so happy; but I am hungry."

How delighted I was to hear this common expression come from lips devoted to the tomb. There was something so cheering in the words that hope was born again within me, and I trusted that the sickness would—must pass away—a miracle must be worked in my favor, and with the thought came back the desire for prayer. Alas! it was not that of submission, but of entreaty that my darling boy might yet be spared, and so night and day I wearied Heaven with senseless repetitions.

Time wore on, and the dreaded six weeks were passed, and even spring was come, and yet he lingered with us, daily growing weaker and weaker. One fine summer morning in April—the apple trees were in full bloom; these he could see from his window—"I should like to be taken into the garden," he said. He was placed in a Bath chair, and so wheeled on the soft grass, and he felt better. As strength permitted he was thus taken as often as possible, until June came, and then the very early apples were ripe. On the morning before the last fatal one he was wheeled in the garden, as he had been many times before; the apple trees, laden with fruit, bent their branches to the ground. As he was slowly taken past he desired that a branch might be lifted to him. He admired them, smelt of them, and seemed as if caressingly to touch each with gentle love. After this he looked round on everything—trees and flowers—then asked to be taken in.

Night came, and before the morning dawned his gentle spirit left us. And thus, in the bloom of life, with everything around him to make life desirable, died my cherished darling son.

The hours of the weary day that succeeded, the footfalls that were hushed, and the scarcely audible voices, which sounded as if there was a fear to awaken the dead, the preparations which even in the first hour after the spirit's flight were necessary to be attended to, the despair at the thought that the services which had been so long necessary were now of no avail—all this was overpowering to feel, and, after long years, it is now depressing to recall.

Later in the day, and before our loss had become known, we were startled by the sound of carriage wheels, and the loud ringing of the door bell. A gentleman, who looked as surprised as ourselves, for the influence of the stillness had made itself felt just as it does on a Sabbath day, inquired of a servant, could he "see Mr. John Norton?"

"Master John is dead, sir."

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"Dead! What do you mean?"

"He died this morning before daylight, sir."

"O God! And for this I have come! Can I see any of the family?"

The stranger was speedily introduced to us, but we knew him not.

"No, no, you do not," he replied when we said so; "but I know every one of you. My name is B——."

"Ah!" my husband exclaimed, "we know you now. A thousand times welcome for his sake."

As Mr. B—— paced up and down he said:

"How my sons have anticipated with joyous feelings this visit of mine! John doubtless told you that we are all artists, one in one way, one in another. I, you know, am an architect, or rather was. I stayed last night at the bishop's. We are old friends. It was he who introduced—ahem—you know—to the President of the Academy. Well, never mind, let me see the boy once more;" and opening the dining-room door he at once proceeded up stairs; Arthur leading the way and I following. I do not recollect anything how we got to the room, or who went in first, but as I entered I saw Mr. B—— on his knees at the side of the bed, his face buried in his hands. In a moment or two he got up, gazed upon the dead form, laid his hand upon the chest, and pressed his lips to the cold forehead. He then turned suddenly round and, grasping both mine and my husband's hand, said: "God bless and comfort you!" and in a moment, without another word, he was gone. We never saw him afterward; but on turning to cover up the face we loved so well, on the breast was laid the coveted medal obtained by his picture, and a note from one of his young companions, telling him to be jolly, for now he would have to go abroad, and be the envy of them all."

How different was the realization of all our hopes! How the tone in which the note was written jarred us! Arthur folded me in his arms, and together we wept over all that remained of our first-born. Did I live a thousand years, never should I forget that first real sorrow. More than once since has my heart been lacerated by the fading away of all I held dear, but when Dot died the tendrils of affection were rudely torn, so they never clasped so tightly again. It is useless to prolong any further detail, it benefits no one, and even now my more perfect submission to God's will cannot wholly repress that first sorrow, which seems ever fresh, because it was a first experience.

During her brother's illness Edith was his devoted attendant, and when he died she seemed to feel his loss far less than any of us. She spoke of him as if he were only gone a short journey, and when no tears were in her eyes we got accustomed to see a spasm flit across her face as though she were in pain, but this she always denied. Two months after his death we saw such a decided change in her that Dr. Vaughan was again called. He sat with her some time, and then told us that a change was necessary for her, and recommended Torquay. She shook her head, but acquiesced gently, as her wont now was in everything. Mary was detained from school to accompany Edith and myself, for not for a moment would I leave my drooping child. However, not to lengthen out the story of my second bereavement, Edith followed her brother in less than ten months. Consumption craved its victim, and she was the sacrifice. The loss of Dot stunned us; this grief sent us prostrate.

There was a very large amount of rebellion in my heart at the loss of Dot. "Thy will be done," though uttered a hundred times by my mouth, was never once said in my heart; but when Edith was stricken down rebellion vanished, and a humbleness arose, as in deprecation; but it required years of teaching to feel that what he had done must have been in love, not anger.

NOTE.—This sad story is a convincing proof of the absolute necessity of more attention to the physical education of the young, and especially of the young of towns and villages, where the brain and nervous system gets more development than the body. Parents of delicate children should give heed to these matters before it is too late.—ED.

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SOPHIA, THE DOCTOR AND I.

BY CHARLOTTE FREEMAN.

SISTER SOPHIA is miserable! Every doctor (and she's had six or seven) gives a new name to her illness. Her nearest friends think she'll never be any better. She wants me to go and see her. I believe I must, for I have great faith in visits.

Not visiting, as people generally understand it, where you have to spend the best of the season in getting ready, and the time left with your friends is devoted to groaning, sleeping, and getting rested from the effects of those weeks of dress-trimming and fussing; but when you can start off just as you are, carrying in your hand a satchel with wrapper, night-dress, and half a dozen extras.

At any rate that is the way I'm obliged to do my visiting, and now I am going to tell you what I saw, heard and did, while on my love mission.

While I'm traveling those sixty miles to sweet sister Sophia, I'll relate a few introductory facts.

The city of Centerford is situated on the banks of the Merrimac river—now don't begin to guess what city I mean, for this same river flows through a long track of country, and unless you are one of the census takers I fear it will be useless for you to attempt finding us.

On a pleasant street, in a house owned by her husband, lives sister Sophia, She has two children, and is about thirty-eight years of age—but really that is quite a statement! she may be older—well we'll let the age go, there is so much due to complexion, exposure, and temperament, that one can hardly decide. She may be fifty for ought I know. I could count up, I suppose, if I thought it best, but I have so many sisters I should have to refer to the old Bible, and that doesn't happen to be here. I dislike to spend so much time on such a little matter as a person's age; but you can see for yourself, dear reader, just how it is if she is thirty-eight and I should say she is older, it will make it bad for the other members of the family. If she is really older, don't you perceive I might be suspected of having some design in concealing my own age? So I'll let the matter rest, and say that she is anywhere between thirty-six and fifty.

Centerford is the next station. Why, how quickly the cars do carry us!

Hurrah for the railroads!

CHAPTER SECOND.

Well, here I am at home again. I intended when I left the cars to write some every day and let you know how Sophia was getting along, but my housekeeper could only stop a week and I had no time.

I found her better than I feared.

Her neighbors had, it seems, each in turn recommended her own physician, but that ordeal was passed before my arrival, and the only one I saw was quite a mystery at first. He was quite young, and appeared to have just about as much faith in his tumblers of colorless fluid as I, and that is saying very little.

"What is it for?" said I, one morning when he had made a change of medicine and we'd brought in extra tumblers and spoons.

"To give the liver more action," he replied, softly.

What must a body do when he feels a weight of words pressing down upon him, and it seems to be, "speak, or die?"

So I felt toward this young doctor. There was something very lovable in his manner, and I couldn't bear to see him acting—really, there is more acting than is seen in theaters and society entertainments! This my doctor was just coming out. He's the fifty-third M. D. in Centerford, and I could see, by his visits on foot, that his practice was not large. Every morning he called precisely at nine o'clock.

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"How am I, doctor?" Sophia would say, extending her thin white hand to him.

"Better, I hope!" was always his reply. The last morning of my visit there, I left the room—too full of *words* to remain, knowing that a sick-room is no place for argument.

There is a rustic seat on the piazza in front, shaded by a thickly growing and beautiful grape vine; though not allowing myself to lie in wait for simple souls, that morning I did happen to be working very busily at the blighted rose-buds that covered the one bush in the yard.

"Doctor," said I after he had closed the front door, "will Mrs. Foster get well?"

"I don't know," said he; "I'm sure, I hope so; her symptoms are not very alarming; what do you think?"

"I am tired, and will avail myself of this settee! are you in a hurry?" said I.

"Oh, no;" he answered calmly, "I have several cases, about like this one. What a cheering place this is! how sweetly the birds sing! Is that an oriole? Isn't he magnificent?"

"Yes! my mother's favorite bird, and I am always affected by his song." Perhaps that, and the thought of my friend's feebleness—knowing too, that I must leave her the next day—all conspired to make me feel the burden of duty."

"What's to be done with these feeble, sickly ones, doctor?" said I.

"That is what I am trying to find out; there is something wrong somewhere; at times I'm discouraged, and wish I'd never left my father's farm!"

He looked really in earnest. I knew he meant all he said.

"Do you ever think what causes so much feebleness among woman kind?"

"That is my study! I know there are different reasons for suffering."

"Of course," said I, "but I've been talking with Sophia, and find from her own words enough to make a strong man ill! Rest, air, and diet are supposed to be the three great supporters of life, but how do people in cities, or country either, sleep? Do they ever think of having a bed for each one of the family? Are they always confined to two in a room, or bed, even? Mr. Foster is one of the best men on the street, a lady told me yesterday, but how does he take care of his wife? Oh, he kindly sleeps with her, so if she is worse in the night he will know it.

"Dear me! he uses tobacco what must his breath be like? The bedroom, sitting-room and kitchen are three times a day blue with the fumes of that same poisonous weed! At night 'he sleeps like a log,' and Sophia lies awake hour after hour!"

"I know—that subject was discussed at a medical lecture, years ago; but it is hard to make innovations," answered the doctor.

"Disease and death make innovations," said I. "Shall we send souls from earth to the spirit world rather than disturb the feelings of transgressors? Just think of little infants sleeping with great dirty men! for how many men are particular that they are perfectly clean and healthy when they press their dear babes to their breasts? and how many wives there are as delicate and sensitive as babes!"

"Not all families can afford so many sleeping-rooms!"

"Why not, sir?" said I, "there is not a family on this street but has a parlor and spare chamber; thus putting aside the *best* they have for strangers! I keep my best rooms for you—you keep your best rooms for me! how often are they occupied? Perhaps twenty-one nights in a year that spare bed is used, leaving three hundred and forty-four mornings the sun shines (when it isn't cloudy, of course) onto the closed blind, when God's pure air should be streaming in with health and happiness. What is the use of so much rich furniture? and what does it avail in time of sickness?"

"The Lord knows I would gladly raise every sick person to health as quickly as possible, but what am I to do?" said the doctor, thoughtfully; "sick people expect to take medicine, and if they don't their friends will

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find fault, and employ a doctor who will give it—the more the better!"

"Be free, Doctor, be free; tell what you know to be right, and true; your patients have confidence in you, and you are to enlighten them. You are just as responsible for your teaching and practice as is the minister. Don't you respect the preacher who gives his best thoughts untrammeled? Where shall we look for inspiration, or aid in any direction, if people get so to lean on one another?"

"I long for a new order of things," said he, "but when will it come? and who is to bring it?"

"You and I, Doctor; we are two of God's servants; shall we roll up our talents and hide them lest some one should be astonished?"

"We physicians must live!"

"Yes, so you may, and so should good men and women who employ you! Look at this case:

"Three months ago Mrs. Foster was about house doing the work; she overdid by some means and took cold. She applied to old Doctor Russ, whose practice is confined to office work. He advised her to keep warm, bathe frequently, and if possible, as soon as the season would permit visit some of her friends for a week or more. She paid him fifty cents for his advice and some composition powder, and came home. She tried to follow his advice as nearly as possible; but she didn't get well in a week and her husband sent in Mrs. Primrose's doctor, at the same time charging him to get her well in a hurry. He began with emetics till she became very much reduced. Impatient at that course, he yielded to the persuasions of another friend, trying Dr. Moffat, who gave her physic every day for a week. Of course she was confined to her bed by that time. No improvement perceptible, another one was called who administered morphine freely; the fifth told them she had not been treated right; that in all probability she had a tapeworm, and after keeping her without food for three days he would give a dose that would wring it away. Her sister came the second day and told her she would never see her starving to death, but went and bought a chicken and cooked it for her, sent off No. 5 and called you. Did you ever see such a piece of work? Now folks say she's in consumption."

"I see! I see! you should have been a lecturer, physician, minister; what would *you* recommend?"

"Rest and a home, and food and fire; her 'life's beset, her path is lost, the wind hath chilled her limbs with frost.'"

"Rest in a good bed—all to herself—healing angels will meet there, in answer to the spirit's prayer.

"Home! the husband's word of appreciation, his smile and gentle stroke on her head, now gray.

"Food! nourishment! not hot greasy dinners, to be eaten without relish; not pies that cost so much back and stomach ache, but a fresh egg, new milk, nourishing porridge, with sweet faces around the table.

"Fire! comfort! the sun's warmth, the feet warmed before going to bed, bathing in a warm room, good exercise that accomplishes something, leaving off work before it becomes fatiguing; her 'life's beset' with too much care, her 'path is lost,' for when the voice of nature calls, she hears not! the 'winds have chilled' her 'limbs with frost.'

"Doctor, did you ever see your father's land all covered with a white frost in early autumn? your mother's pretty flowers nipt? the vines black and destroyed? Do you remember the feeling of disappointment that came over you when viewing the work of a few hours? The squashes were too old to be hurt, some flowers were too hardy to mind the frost; but the beauty of the garden was gone, those which were left must stand alone. So it is with unkind words. I do think there is more real pain, dyspepsia and headache brought on by indifference and neglect in the family circle than by anything else.

"Women do want love; they sigh for it, they die without it."

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"So my wife says," said the doctor, looking at his watch, "but I must be going, I shall see you again."

"No," said I, "I go to-morrow."

"And I am going to send Mrs. Foster out to see you soon! Do you know who my wife was?"

"Why, no! you are a perfect stranger to me."

"Not exactly! the little girl who once lived with you and went to school; your name in my home is a household word. Let me thank you for us both!"

I could see his lips quiver, and his eyes began to look misty as he pressed my hand good bye.

Mrs. Foster was asleep when I peeped into the room. She was able to visit me the next week with the doctor's little wife and boy.

Wasn't I well paid for my visit?

Mr. Foster says the experiment has proved that it is far cheaper to send his wife visiting every summer for a few weeks, or provide a good girl for her, than to foot up so many doctors' bills.

"And far easier to take," Sophia says.

DEPARTMENT OF THE LADIES' OWN.

CONDUCTED BY M. CORA BLAND.

THE ACTOR'S CHILD. (No. 22.)

BY HENRIETTA PAYNE WESTBROOK.

"ARE you sure the call is for me, and not for my father?" Frederick F. Travis demanded of the servant who brought him the message that a gentleman was waiting to see him in the parlor below.

"Yes sir. He asked if the Rev. Frederick Fraser Travis was in; and I told him that you was in."

"You should have brought me the visitor's name, and come to see if I was home to him, Cato. You used to understand these things better when I lived in this house before."

"Your father is at home to everybody, and don't keep 'em long waiting, either," replied the man, presuming on his years of service to resent the implied reproof.

The young minister was in the midst of active preparation for a journey to California. He was engaged in packing; or rather, just then, in unpacking He had been doing this business up in man-fashion. He had taken first one bureau drawer and then another, and emptied them helter-skelter into his trunks. Then he had discovered that the things he wanted first lay in the lowest depths; so he had turned them topsy-turvy on the floor; and this double revolution had left things almost hopelessly mixed.

There lay a lot of immaculate white neckerchiefs, burst from the integument of the treacherous paste-board box which had promised to have and to hold them faithfully to the end. They were fraternizing in a frightfully democratic manner with his old slippers and nicely polished Sunday boots. A rosewood writing desk had rested in its fall upon his newest stove-pipe hat. The hat was crushed into opera shape; but it had not the innate integrity which those conveniences have, enabling them to rise like a Phœnix from its ashes. An ornamental inkstand, from which he had forgotten to remove the fluid, had scattered irregular polka spots all over a white velvet vest; while sermons in manuscript, books, and bits of virtu freely mingled with a broken bottle of pomade and another of perfume.

While he was trying to find a way

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out of what seemed to him an inextricable tangle, Cato had increased the confusion by putting his black head inside and making the above announcement. It is little wonder the minister's temper was tried; and that as the retreating menial closed the door with no gentle slam a boot-jack was seen flying toward it.

Frederick muttered to himself, "Confound the fellow, whoever he is. I wish he was in Jericho, or some other good place."

In no very amiable mood he descended to greet his guest. As he opened the room door an elderly gentleman advanced to meet him, extending his hand, and apologizing as he did so for giving the left, saying his right hand had lately become paralyzed.

Frederick responded that it happened conveniently, in this instance, as his own right hand had been cut off in a railroad accident.

"I heard of your affliction," observed the stranger. "It happened, if I remember rightly, some months ago, and a few weeks before your legal separation from your wife. You had really, and in your heart, been divorced from her for years."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the young minister, with much dignity; "but you seem remarkably well posted in my affairs, considering that I have not the honor of even knowing your name."

"Ah! I confess I should have introduced myself. Know then Mr. Frederick Fraser Travis, I am Frederick Fraser."

"Indeed!" said Frederick. "I have heard my father mention the fact that he named me for an old college friend of his, whom he once held in high esteem."

"And is that all he told you of me, young man? Said he not also that I was a famous actor, and"—assuming the tone and manner of the usual stage Macbeth — "thane of Cawdor too? went it not so, my lord!"

The old man's voice was a little broken, and he had only a partial control of his right limbs. It was very evident that whatever he had been in that line, he could be nothing any more. Frederick, readily imitating Mr. Fraser's histrionic style, replied, "I heard it not until this moment, sire. My education, as you must know, who knows so much of me, hath been of that serious sort that takes little cognizance of such worldly things."

The old actor shook his head with something more than the semblance of sorrow.

"And is this all the wealth and fame that I have won by all my years of toil? Now I am shattered in body and mind. I can do no more. I have been ambitious in my day. They have called me avaricious. I would have clutched the gold of all the world. It vanished in my grasp as if I had made it mine in a dream. I sought fame as well. I worked for it day and night. Until this hour I really thought 'twas mine; and now I find my own and only son has never heard of me."

"Mr. Fraser," said Frederick, "I do not understand your words; nor why you talk to me. If you have an *own* and *only son*, as you say, why do you not go to him?"

"I *have* come to him and he receives me not," said the old man, trembling and in tears.

"I will call my father and mother; perhaps they can do something for you," observed Frederick.

"Poor boy! poor boy!" muttered Fraser. "Your mother is dead, and you do not know it. I am your father, and you do not know that either."

The minister stood looking backward, his hand on the door-knob, evidently thinking that either the old actor was crazy, or that he had himself gone mad.

"Yes! call Mr. and Mrs. Travis if you will, Fred. my boy; they will tell you I do not rave."

More mystified than ever, and afraid to leave so insane a man alone, Frederick rang the bell and bade the servant summon his parents. When they made their appearance, their son introduced them.

"These are Mr. and Mrs. Terence Travis, your quondam friend Mr. Fred-

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erick Fraser, the great actor and tragedian, as he tells me."

"Yes, young man; and your father, too," said Fraser. "These good people will not deny that fact in my presence."

There is a day of judgment for all deeds, whether good or bad. There is a time when that which has been done in secret is proclaimed on the house-top.

Mr. and Mrs. Travis turned deathly pale; they saw that the time of their trial had come. Still each had a faint hope that they might delay the *denouement*. They had adopted Frederick in his infancy, because their hearts yearned for an object on which to exercise their philoprogenitiveness. They had taken him far away among strangers, to the new parish of Lacelede, where he would grow up as their own child, and thus take away that feeling of reproach among men from which the hopelessly issueless are said to suffer intensely.

In giving up his motherless babe Fraser had shown himself so thoroughly selfish, and so glad to be rid of the burden of parentage, that they had no fear he would ever wish to reclaim him.

For more than thirty years they had kept the secret so profoundly, they had almost forgotten it themselves.

Mr. Travis and his wife, with something of the cordiality for which they were distinguished, shook hands with Fraser on being presented to him. They declared, with a frankness that was hardly polite under the circumstances, that they should not have recognized him, so great was the change in his personal appearance in all the years since they had met.

"I must say the same of you, Terrence," said Fraser. "Your tall figure is a little bent; and your gray locks tell tales as well as mine. Of us four, I think we shall all agree, no one has changed so much as Frederick. He was just six months old when I gave him to you,

'An infant pulling in his nurse's arms,'

Look at him now. What strength of frame! what roundness of flesh! what beauty of person! spite of those ugly scars. He has intellect and cultivation too, and is well able to take care of his poor old father, who is no longer able to take care of himself."

Frederick was perfectly bewildered.

"Speak to me, father," he said. "Is not that man out of his mind?"

Mr. Travis scorned to tell a lie in words.

"No; my son," he replied with a bitter effort; "all that Mr. Fraser has told is true; we only adopted you. He is your real father." Entirely overcome by the revelation they had been forced to make, the foster-parents withdrew to the retirement of their own room, leaving the son and his new-found father alone together. Both men were silent for a time; and then Fraser spoke,

"Well, Fred., what have you to say?"

"I am at a loss what to say, sir. I do not see that you have any just claim upon me, having once voluntarily abandoned me."

"Say rather, my son, having once so well provided for you. Your mother died at your birth. I was obliged to intrust you to a hired nurse. This lady, to whom I gave you, has loved you tenderly; while her husband has supported and educated you in a style far beyond my means at any time. Do you not see how wisely I acted for your interest? and do you not see that you owe me a debt of gratitude which you can only pay by making my last days as comfortable as your days have already been?"

"But," objected Frederick, "I am just on the eve of leaving this part of the country, and going to begin anew in California."

"Nothing could happen more fortunately," replied the old actor. "I am tired of the East, and will go with you. The separation between yourself and the Travises was already determined upon. You can now even drop their name, and as Frederick Fraser, Jr., in a new land, defy the past. I have watched it, Fred. There were many little slips which you will be glad to cover up forever."

It was all true, and there was one

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other consideration that had weight with him. Mrs. Travis's sister, the beautiful and talented Mabel Lee. Now that Fraser's presence could prove that no relationship existed between them, might he not woo and win her? The hope was rapture. It decided him to take his new found father with him. Before starting on the journey Frazer wished to bring from the city some few treasures he still had. Fearing Frederick's new born affection might prove as fickle as his own, he insisted upon his son accompanying him.

They could not well return to Lacelede the same day, and Fraser learning that his at one time rival, the great ——, was going to play Macbeth at the W—— Garden, resolved to see him.

"I wish you to go, too," he had said to Frederick. "It will likely be the last time we shall have the opportunity to enjoy so great a treat. I know you will like it. Your mother was unrivaled in the part of Lady Macbeth, and with her features you have doubtless inherited something of her tastes?"

The young minister was easily persuaded to go, especially since his own desires pleaded too.

The play was nicely put upon the the stage, and the leading characters well sustained; yet the old actor seemed to find much satisfaction in criticising it, and in telling Frederick how he had done this or that, and how much more applause his wife had won, and how everybody had praised her.

When Scene 5th of Act V within the Castle of Dunsinane appeared, the old man touched Frederick.

"See," said he; "it was during the enacting of this scene that you were born, and your mother took her final departure from the stage of life. When the play was over I found her dead within the green-room, and you wrapped in a mimic royal robe by her side."

"There is a strong smell of fire here," said Frederick. "I hear a strange crackling noise beneath my feet." Putting his hand down he exclaimed:

"The floor is hot! Let us leave as quickly and quietly as possible."

There was an immense crowd, and he well knew in the event of a general stampede they would stand little chance, from where they were, of escaping. At that moment one rushed on the stage, pale with affright, shrieking:

"Fire! The theater is on fire!"

The panic that ensued was perfectly terrible to behold. The inside doors only opened inward, and in their unreasoning haste the press of people prevented their being pushed open by those who from the outside sprung to their aid. The delay was fatal to many.

Frederick, forgetting Frazer's decrepitude, rushed forward with all his might; but distinguishing above the din and uproar the old man's piteous appeals to him, went back. Taking a firm hold of him with his one strong arm, they started together for the nearest place of exit. Just then the floor gave way beneath them, and they were precipitated into the burning mass below.

To be continued.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

BY T. A. BLAND.

THE world is indebted to what may be best described as the eccentricities of genius, for some — indeed many—of its most important discoveries, and richest treasures of knowledge. In the life and labors of John James Audubon this proposition is most aptly illustrated.

This wonderful man was the son of a French officer, and was born in the territory of Louisiana, in 1780. Louisiana was at that date a French colony, and with the exception of the cities of New Orleans, St. Louis, and a few other points where Jesuits and adventurers had gone, it was a wilderness.

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The young naturalist was born amid the giant cypress and towering hemlocks, that had thrown their shadows across the murmuring waters of the grand old monarch of rivers for thousands of years, and he was nurtured in the lap of nature.

The beautiful birds of that semi-tropical clime were his favorite companions. Their beauty of plumage delighted him, and their songs charmed and soothed his spirit. He was happy in their society, and he had a passion for studying their habits and peculiarities. His teachers found him an apt student in the elementary branches, and in the higher departments of literature; but his great genius only revealed itself when he began the study of natural science and drawing. He was educated at home till he reached the age of fifteen, and then sent to Paris, where he remained three years at school, during which time he became master of the art of drawing, and accomplished in the general branches of learning. On his return to America, in 1798, he spent some years in the South, studying the birds of that region, making drawings of the different species and varieties, recording their habits in his notebook, collecting specimens, etc. etc.

With the hope that he would settle down to an industrious and quiet life, his father purchased a farm in eastern Pennsylvania, which he presented him, advising him at the same time to get married. He acted upon his father's advice so far as to get married and move on to his farm, but his wife was left in charge of the estate, while he traversed the woods in search of new birds. Having exhausted the resources of his immediate neighborhood his excursions became gradually more extended.

He would make excursions over the mountains and along the rivers for weeks, and even months at a time, traveling on foot, sleeping on the ground, and subsisting almost wholly upon such game as he could kill with his gun. He would return with his portfolio enriched by drawings in colors of all the new birds he had seen.

This passion grew upon what it fed, and for forty years this man gave up home, family, and friends, to wander through forest and jungle, over mountain and plain with no other purpose but to study the birds and collect drawings, specimens, and observations on their habits.

At the end of about twenty years (in 1826) he had visited every portion of North America, and made drawings and descriptions of about every sort of bird on the continent. He now went to London and made arrangements for the publication of that immense and most elaborate work, the "Birds of America." This book was issued in ten large volumes, five of which were filled with plates representing over one thousand species of birds, full size, and colored to life. The other five volumes contained descriptions of the character and habits and place of nativity of these birds. Humboldt pronounced it a work of priceless value, and Cuvier said it was by far the most magnificent monument that art has ever erected to ornithology. Some idea is given of its cost and of the value set upon it by the fact that quite a large edition of it was sold at $1,000 per copy.

Previous to this time Audubon had been comparatively unknown, save by those who saw him in his wanderings, and who only knew him as the crazy bird hunter. Now his fame swept over the civilized world with such rapidity that his name became a household word in all languages that had a literature, and the great naturalists—of which Humboldt and Cuvier were examples—vied with each other in honoring him as the greatest ornithologist the world had produced.

He returned to America in 1830, and resumed his observations, traveling over the continent by land and water, from the Straits of Labrador to the coast of Florida, verifying and correcting his previous observations, as well as enriching his store of knowledge.

In 1834 he visited Edinburgh, and

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brought out a work entitled "Ornithological Biography."

Christopher North, who knew and honored him, wrote as follows in Blackwood's Magazine at that time: "When Audubon first came among us, a few years ago, he was but little known in his own country and not at all in ours; now his name is known all over the world. His great work—referring to his first book—was indeed a perilous undertaking for a stranger in Britain, without the patronage of powerful friends, and with no great means of his own—all of which he embarked in the enterprise dearest to his heart. Had it failed he would have been a ruined man, and that fear must have dismally disturbed him, for he is not alone in life, and he is a man of family affections. But fortunately those nearest his heart are as enthusiastic in the love of natural science as himself, and were all willing to sink or swim with him. America may well be proud of such a man; and he gratefully speaks of the kindness he has experienced from many of her most distinguished sons." He adds, "It is dismal to see science—as it is sometimes seen—in the service of Atheism. It is delightful to see it—as it is seen in Audubon—enlightened by elevated piety, by the felt presence in all his works of the Great Spirit of the universe. He feels his vocation to be a high one, and says, 'Let me proceed towards the completion of a task, which seems to have been imposed upon me by him who called me into being.' For the sake of the acquisition of the knowledge he so passionately and devoutly loved, he has braved the enervating heats of the south and the cramping colds of the north, penetrated the tangled cane swamp, thrid the dubious trail of the silent forest, paddled his frail canoe in the creeks and rivers of the marshy shores, and swept in his gallant bark over the swelling waves of the treacherous ocean for the sake of the living treasures, then inexhaustable, and the sweet study of their unwitnessed wonders. He loves the primeval woods of his country—the vast bays of her Atlantic coast—her sea gulfs and her inland lakes—and all her mighty rivers, her thundering cataracts, her majestic mountains. He is at home in the wilderness wherever foot of bird can wade, or wing can fly. Dear to him every branch on which a bird has perched, every leaf and flower that has felt a feeding bill or concealed a warbling throat."

Audubon loved birds so well that he was unwilling to think ill of any of them. He even has a good word to say for the raven—that ominous croaker in solemn black. "I like him," says Aububon, "for the sake of his birth place and places of resort—the mountains, the abrupt banks of rivers, the rocky shores of lakes, and the cliffs of deserted or thinly peopled islands. I like him for his domestic fidelity. No truer monogamist than the raven ever lived. 'Till death do us part,' is the close of their nuptial oath, nor were they ever known to break it. No case of *crim. con.* ever occurred on their cliffs." He finds it difficult to defend the blue jay. He knows the rascal too well to attempt it; yet he speaks humanely, not to say kindly, of him. He says, "Rogues though they be, and thieves as I would call them were it fit for me to pass judgment on their actions, yet they are much like beings of a much higher order. Who could imagine that a form so graceful, arrayed by nature in a garb so resplendent, could harbor so much mischief; that selfishness, duplicity and cunning, should mar the moral accomplishments of such physical perfection. I have seen one go the rounds from one nest to another every day and suck the newly laid eggs of the different birds in the neighborhood, with as much regularity and composure as a physician would call on his patients. But I have also witnessed fearful retribution for its crimes, when on returning to its home it found its mate in the jaws of a snake. I have thought that, like all great culprits when brought to a sense of their enormities, it evinced a strong feeling of remorse."

Audubon is quite a moral philosopher. He thus reasons of the beautiful character in the habits of birds:

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"Alas!" he says; "the fate of the thieving jay bird often overtakes the innocent thrush; but she is not left to perish unpitied, for she has friends as well as a husband. I have seen a black snake attack the nest of this bird and get the female in his coil, when her mate by his cries summons as many of his friends as are within hearing, and the give battle to the reptile in so fierce and vigorous a manner that he is glad to release his victim and escape with a bleeding head. Should this not teach us that innocence, though beset with foes, may with the aid of friendship come off victorious."

He says that he has witnessed such scenes where, after the victory was complete, the birds would hold a jubilee over it, making the woods resound with their notes of exultation.

As an illustration of Audubon's enthusiasm for his pursuit I quote the following from his book:

"One fair morning, while we were scrambling through one of the thickets of trees in the Straits of Labrador, my youngest son chanced to scare from her nest a female of the black pall warbler. Reader, just fancy how this raised my spirits. *I felt as if the enormous expense of my voyage had been refunded.* '*Then*,' *said I*, '*we are the first white men that have seen such a bird.*'"

Audubon sold his farm in Pennsylvania and removed to Henderson county, Kentucky, about the year 1820. On his return from his last voyage to Europe, in 1840, he settled on the Hudson, some distance above New York. He published in 1844 a popular edition of his "Birds of America," in seven volumes, also his "Quadrupeds of North America," in six volumes, fully illustrated. He was a great man and a good man, and he did a great and a good work. In his peculiar field of Natural History he has never had a rival at all worthy the name. Other ornithologists have added to the immense stock of knowledge on that interesting subject contributed by Audubon, but none dare claim to an approach to him. He died in the city of New York, in January, 1851, at the ripe age of seventy-one years.

FAIRIES.

BY FRANKIE GREENO.

I HAD rather be Cinderille,
And live upon water and crust,
Than either of her proud sisters,
Who doomed her to dwell in the dust.

She sat, so sweet and so humble,
While they in their satins swept by,
And sung to herself, when they left her,
Despite the stray tear in her eye.

It is only the old, old story,
Such as good grandmothers tell,
At night by fireside and bedside;
And children love it well.

But it has such a sweet deep meaning,
That though I am a child no more,
My heart holds ever the echo,
Of the story loved of yore.

There are so many quiet people
Of a meek and lowly heart,

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Who are scorned by the gay and lofty,
And dwell from their pomp apart.

Yet to all there cometh some fairy;
She may not bring coaches and grooms,
But she scatters an inner sunshine,
That is better than kingly crowns.

She sends them to labor smiling,
Helps them to sing when alone,
To rejoice in birds and blossoms,
And to bless her own hearthstone.

Have you ever seen such fairies?
Do you know the way they went?
For they love to work sweet wonders,
And to banish discontent.

THE LIVER, ITS USE, AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF IT.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN former articles we have referred with considerable fullness to the effects of disease of the liver on the blood and the system generally. In this paper we shall speak of the effects upon digestion and the functions of the whole alimentary track, beginning with the mouth.

THE MOUTH.

Not every case of derangement of the liver shows its effects in the mouth, for the tongue will, in spite of the liver, present in the morning a clear or nearly clear surface, and the mouth taste comparatively sweet; but this is not generally the case. In a majority of instances the tongue will be coated in the morning, of a whitish or yellowish white, or brown color. Sometimes the tongue presents a flabby appearance, or looks enlarged, and the teeth easily make indentions in it that do not at once disappear. Sometimes the papillæ on the margin of the tongue become more or less congested, enlarge and look red and angry. The disagreeable bitter taste in the mouth in the morning may generally be traced to the derangements of the river. In what way this comes about is not quite clear, but there is one constituent of the bile, taurocholic acid, that is very bitter, and may be the cause of that most disagreeable taste that nearly every person can better appreciate than describe. In a perfectly healthy person the mouth tastes sweet and feels clean in the morning, and it should be the ideal standard that all ought to try to maintain. Who knows how much of the lying and false swearing, the loose, impulsive language and foolish talk may come from a mouth polluted by a deranged liver.

MORBID APPETITE.

In good health the appetite is free from much variation, and craves only wholesome and nutritious food. In disease the appetite varies, and is either wanting, or slight, or capricious; or it is craving and violent in its demands, refusing to be guided by reason and good sense.

In some cases of liver disease the appetite is good, but where the secretion of bile is defficient, so that the digestion in the duodenum can not go on vigorously, the appetite is generally poor, and food does not relish as it should. This is especially the case with food of a carbonaceous character, including the oils and fats. These substances cannot be digested without the aid of bile, and if there is no bile to digest them, or if there is too little of it, then there will of necessity be a loathing of

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such food. This is one reason why in dyspepsia and liver complaint so many suffer from cold hands and feet, defective circulation and emaciation. There is not blood rich enough, or in sufficient quantity, to fill up the arteries and warm and invigorate the body. The fault may not be entirely with the liver, but much of it is.

WIND IN THE BOWELS.

Flatulence is a characteristic of disease of the liver. Flatulence in the bowels indicates defective digestion in these parts. It will be remembered that, besides its digestive power over the fats, the bile exerts an antiseptic property over the albuminous elements of food, preventing decomposition. If, however, the bile is deficient in quantity, then this effect is lost, and the food decomposes as it passes along these channels, and generates the gas which causes flatulence.

IRREGULAR ACTION OF THE BOWELS.

No one knows better than a person with a torpid liver how irregular the bowels are apt to become. Sometimes constipation rules and sometimes diarrhea. Nothing can be much worse than persistent constipation. To lock up in the bowels for days matter that Nature has rejected, is very injurious to the health. There may be other causes of constipation than a deficiency of bile, but this alone will cause it. The reason is this: The presence of a normal quantity of bile in the intestines stimulates the peristaltic action of the bowels, and prevents their becoming clogged up.

On the other hand, the liver may take on excessive action, after being torpid for some time, and for a short time secrete too much bile, which will irritate the bowels and cause diarrhea.

HEMORRHOIDS.

Dr. Murchison makes the statement that nearly all cases of this disease have their cause in the liver. We think he has over-estimated it, but we give his statement as the latest high authority on this subject.

SIDEACHE.

In chronic torpidity of the liver acute pain may not be present; but a dull, heavy, uneasy feeling is pretty sure to be. So, too, when there is congestion of this organ there is considerable pain present. Not all sideache, however, is caused by disease of this organ, for it may come from slight inflammation of the peritoneal membrane investing the liver.

JAUNDICE.

I cannot in the brief space of this paper explain how jaundice is caused by disease of the liver; but it is, and it is a disease which no person cares to have. The briefest explanation as to its cause is that the bile, after it is secreted, is again absorbed into the blood, either from obstruction of the bile-duct, constipation, or some other cause.

VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE.

BY EDWIN F. BACON.

THE two most prominent institutions in America for the educations of young ladies are Mount Holyoke Seminary, and Vassar College. Of the former we have already given some account in THE HERALD OF HEALTH, representing it as a peculiarly Christian work, originating in the missionary zeal and unselfish devotion of that incomparable woman, Mary Lyon. It is an institution in which religious faith and practical talent stood in place of a rich endowment in the beginning, and where domestic industry and economy are still reckoned among the cardinal virtues.

Vassar has had a different history, and meets the requirements of a somewhat different class of students. Although its name and general character are familiarly known, a sketch of it, prompted by an attendance at its recent commencement exercises, may not be uninteresting; for there is always

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room and reason for asking of any institution that professes to educate American girls, whether its system is at all points complete; whether it sends forth its graduates physically as well as morally and intellectually sound. This is for us one of the most vital questions of the age, and to which an unequivocal answer may of right be demanded.

In the year 1861, Matthew Vassar, a wealthy citizen of Poughkeepsie, New York, determined to devote a great portion of his fortune to the founding of an institution, which, to use his own words, "should accomplish for young women what our colleges are accomplishing for young men." The location of the proposed institution was chosen in the valley of the Hudson, two miles east of Poughkeepsie. It consists of two hundred acres of land, perfectly rural in all its surroundings, and presenting a charming variety of scenery. The paths wind through sunny lawns and along shady hill-sides. A pretty stream flows through a lake upon which Vassar girls skate in winter and row in summer. The whole region for miles around is admirably suited to out-door life, to rambling and botanizing, in complete retirement from the busy world, which is just near enough and just far enough away.

Within this beautiful domain were erected buildings at a cost of over four hundred thousand dollars. The main edifice is 500 feet in length by 175 in depth, and contains over 800 rooms. It is designed as a residence and school for 400 students with their instructors and servants. Back of this are situated the Museum of Natural History, the Art Gallery, Calisthenium and Astronomical Observatory, with gas and water works, stables and other structures, making of this rural spot a little city within itself, with all the conveniences of modern city life.

The entire gifts and bequests of Mr. Vassar to the institution amounted to $778,000, including the following special funds, the interest of which is to be perpetually applied to the uses specified viz: $50,000 as a Lecture Fund for employing distinguished persons not members of the faculty to lecture before the students upon science, literature and art, $50,000 as an Auxiliary Fund for aiding students of superior ability to an extent not exceeding in any case one half the regular charge for board and tuition, $50,000 as a Library, Art and Cabinet Fund, and $125,000 as a Repair Fund. The current expenses of the school aside from the above items are met entirely by the board and tuition fees paid by the students. The expenses and income are each about $150,000 per annum.

Each student pays $400, per annum, $300 of which must be paid in advance. The charge at Mount Holyoke is but $150, the difference in price indicating not a difference in quality but in the general management of the respective institutions. Vassar with 400 students has 38 instructors and 128 servants and other employees. Mount Holyoke with 300 students has about 30 female teachers and two domestic superintendents; but not one servant nor any male employees. It is all woman's work, alike in origin and execution. The results in the two institutions are not dissimilar, and the comparison is a useful one to those who study educational problems from an economic standpoint. It is the earnest desire of the faculty and trustees of Vassar, as it was of its founder, to see the institution sufficiently endowed to make it accessible to that large class of students who stand most in need of its advantages, but who are unable to meet the heavy expense now rendered necessary; and as it is not proposed to economize as they do at Mount Holyoke, there is no resort but to await the benefactions of the friends of female education in the establishment of free or partially free scholarships, a beginning of which has already been made by Mr. Vassar's Auxiliary Fund, and by the Fox Free Scholarship. Of the instruction at Vassar nothing can be said except in its praise. Its President ranks among the ablest of American educators, and the entire administration is such as to meet the wish of its noble founder in his desire to provide for young women all that

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other colleges provide for young men.

With all these advantages there yet remains the question whether the system of education here pursued is truly in accordance with hygienic law. After all that has been said about the rural and hygienic character of the place, this question might be regarded as impertinent; but it is one that has already been freely discussed, and regarding which there is a difference of opinion among those entitled to be heard. It is a question that applies not to Vassar only, but to the whole system of female education in America; for that system has certain characteristics everywhere visible. It is a system born of our peculiar American life, and one that could hardly exist elsewhere than upon American soil. We are a fast people. In everything good and in everything bad we are fast. We are about to commemorate a century of progress such as the world has never before witnessed. In material and intellectual development, in national and individual precocity, in everything that makes the character of a fast and feverish race we stand unrivaled.

Our educational system is stamped with these peculiarities of our national life. We hasten toward intellectual results impatient of the restraints imposed by the necessities of the body. This is true with regard to male as well as to female education, but it is the female organism that suffers most in consequence of it. Vassar recognizes the fact and seeks as far as possible to adapt its system to the laws of health. We quote from its catalogue: "It is a maxim in the administration of the college that the health of the students shall be made a prime object of attention; and that, to the utmost possible extent, those whom it educates shall become physically well developed, vigorous, and graceful women, prepared to take an enlightened care of their own health and the health of others under their charge."

This, and much more to the same effect, may be found in all the reports of the institution, and no one can question the perfect good faith or intelligent watchcare of those who utter and aim to realize these golden promises. Nevertheless there is good reason to believe that they are not thus realized. And why not? It is, if we rightly understand the subject, because the educational work at Vassar, as at other like institutions, has been made to accord too much with the feverish demands of a fast age and nation, rather than with the actual requirements of the human system. The average American girl, nervous, delicate and intellectual, is received at Vassar as elsewnere to undertake a four years collegiate course, commencing usually between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, and requiring for the attainment of high scholarship from eight to ten hours a day of earnest brain work. Given this requirement and no amount of out-door exercise or in-door calisthenics can restore to the system the vitality thus consumed. No system of overwork can be so administered that it shall cease to be overwork.

We have not space here to enter into a detailed discussion of this subject, and besides it involves questions and facts more appropriate to a medical treatise than to a popular magazine; at least they would be so regarded. Dr. Clarke, of Boston, in his two admirable books entitled "Sex in Education," and "The Building of a Brain," has presented the whole subject of female education in a manner that has already been productive of much good. If any have been led to think from the nature of some of the replies that have been made to him, that he has played the part of an impertinent meddler in a matter of which he is ignorant, they will be relieved of any such impression by an impartial reading of his book. In his second volume he brings forward an array of unimpeachable testimony from eminent educators and physicians in support of the views which he previously advanced.

A very able criticism of Dr. Clarke's first volume has been made in a series of essays entitled "The Education of American Girls," edited by Anna C.

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Brackett. One of these essays is by Dr. Alida C. Avery, who was for eight years the physician and teacher of hygiene at Vassar, and who wrote the essay in question while there. This lady agrees to a certain extent, though not fully, with Dr. Clarke. Speaking of the evils to which we have alluded she says, referring to Vassar students: "Fifteen is the minimum age at which any are admitted, even for the preparatory classes; but no girl of fifteen has the poise, the *settledness* of nerve and muscle and brain, to enable her to bear uninjured the immense strain that the mere living in such a great family necessitates. It is almost impossible for any one who has not tried it to understand this; and parents listen with a polite incredulous smile when I explain why I think it unwise for their bright young daughters to attempt here the not difficult Latin, mathematics, etc., of the preparatory years. Again and again, I have seen these young students—for, of course they enter despite my protestations; everybody wants to see the folly of everything for himself—I have seen them succumb to the unwonted nervous tax within a few weeks; others bear up for months, many get through the year and go home to spend their summer vacation in bed."

Dr. Avery is here speaking especially of the preparatory department, in which there were at that time 146 pupils, and at present a still larger number; yet these very persons pass, or may pass, at once to the collegiate course to add four years more to the two years thus spent; a course commencing in the primary department at an age at which their own physician expressly declares that *no girl* is fit to enter such an institution.

Dr. Avery believes that girls do best who pursue their preparatory studies at home, or under other unexciting circumstances, and who, with sound health and quiet nerves, enter upon their collegiate course at the age of nineteen or twenty. To this all intelligent educators would agree, but educators are the servants rather than the authors of public opinion. Certain demands are made upon them by those who intrust pupils to their charge. To this Vassar is no exception; yet it has done much toward promoting a sound and healthy sentiment upon hygienic questions. Its defects, whatever they may be, are chargeable not directly to it, but to the social system of which it forms a part, while its many excellencies, in which it leads public opinion, entitle it to the foremost rank among educational institutions.

HOMES IN CALIFORNIA.

BY N. A. PICKEN, M. D.

I HAVE often heard health reformers describe their ideal of a country, wish they were in some semitropical country where fruit could be grown to perfection, could be had fresh all the year, where the climate is healthy, etc. Now I find Southern California my ideal of a country, and I am sure it will suit any one who can be satisfied with *any* country.

Southern California would be the best place I have seen for a colony of health reformers, for the following reasons: Fruit trees, berry bushes and grape vines grow faster, yield more and sooner than anywhere else. The climate is very healthy, the winters are mild and the summers not excessively hot, and the nights are always cool and pleasant for sleeping all through the summer.

There is a great variety of climate and country, to take all the State of California; but for brevity I will limit my description to a small portion of country, and give its leading characteristics.

Riverside is the name of a village, also of a large tract of land situated in

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San Bernardino county, about 400 miles from San Francisco and forty from the seacoast. It is a part of the valley of the Santa Anna river, and is irrigated by its waters. San Bernardino (the county seat) was started about twenty years ago, and a large scope of the surrounding country has been under cultivation the same length of time, so that its facilities for fruit and other products has been thoroughly tested.

The land that Riverside occupies was purchased from the United States five years ago, and was then a desert plain. The first purchase is mostly sold to individuals, in lots ranging from ten to forty acres, and planted in fruit trees, grape vines, etc.

If you eastern folks could see the rapid growth that trees have made here in five years, and the amount of fruit that has already been borne, you would think Riverside not many degrees below the Garden of Eden. The Land Company have recently added 12,000 acres more to the original purchase, which they offer for sale on the following terms: Thirty dollars per acre—one-third cash, one-third in one year and one-third in two years. The land all lies so that it can be irrigated, hence there is no such word as fail on the programme, when it is cultivated properly.

FACILITIES OF THE COUNTRY.

Fruit culture is the most profitable business to engage in here. The soil and climate are well adapted to the semitropical fruits. You can get a crop of strawberries, blackberries and grapes the second year after planting. The second year after grape vines are planted they will bear a crop that will pay for all the labor expended in their cultivation. The third year they will bear a large and remunerative crop, especially the raisin grape, as it can be shipped. There is no end to the variety of grapes that grow here, and all grapes grow larger, better flavored, and the bunches larger than east. A bunch of grapes weighing three and a half to four pounds is very common here.

The plum is a very remunerative crop here. They grow larger and better flavored here than east, and what is better the curculio never troubles them. Apricots are one of the standard varieties of fruit; they also grow larger and better than east. Apples, peaches, pears, and all other fruits that grow in the eastern and northern states, flourish here, besides the semi-tropical fruits—the lemon, lime, fig, banana, date and orange.

Lime trees and the chinese lemon will bear at four or five years old.

The inevitable orange tree commences into bearing the seventh year of its age, and is one of the most profitable crops that can be grown. Orange trees when twelve years old will yield from $20 to $50 worth of oranges apiece. When fifteen years old and over it is no uncommon thing for orange orchards of ten acres to yield $20,000 worth of oranges. So you will perceive that when a person has an orange orchard in bearing he has a life estate, and a legacy to hand down to posterity. While orange, lemon and lime trees are growing you can raise strawberries, blackberries, grapes or vegetables between the rows.

Vegetables, as well as fruit, grow to perfection here. You can have fresh vegetables from the ground every month in the year. The most hardy kinds of vegetables, such as cabbages, turnips, peas, radishes and lettuce will grow all winter. And both sweet and Irish potatoes need no other protection in winter than to remain in the ground where they have grown.

The magnolia, the palmetto, the feathery palm, and other ornamental trees flourish here. Roses and other flowers bloom all winter.

There is plenty of timber on the Santa Anna river, good for fuel and fencing, and on the mountains is plenty of timber suited to building purposes. The principal part of the land offered for sale here is not obstructed by timber, boulders, nor prairie-sod. All that is necessary to get it ready for planting a crop is to plow and harrow it, and it is then in as good condition for planting as after being cultivated repeatedly.

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THE FATAL BALLOON ASCENT AT PARIS, AND ITS LESSONS.

IT is somewhat surprising that more attention has not been directed in this country to the rich fund of scientific and practical information suggested by the fatal balloon ascent of the "Zenith," at Paris. Three aeronauts, Messrs. Sivel, Croce-Spinelli, and Gaston Tissandier, ascended to a height of 28,216 feet, which is the highest point ever reached by any balloonist who has survived to tell the story. M. Tissandier has written a full account of the perils which proved fatal to his two companions, and we give below a translation of his paper which was presented to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, and appears in their *Comptes Rendus* for April 26th. The purposes for which this expedition among the clouds was undertaken were twofold. First, the intention was to make some efforts to ascertain the condition of the atmosphere and its constituent elements at high altitudes. Every one knows that the air we breathe is an ocean in which the earth swims like a balloon, or rather it is a great spherical envelope surrounding the earth to the height of 45 or 50 miles on every side, and accompanying our planet in its annual journey through its orbit around the sun. Another thing which is familiarly known to us is that this atmospheric ocean which surrounds us is elastic, compressible, and possessed of appreciable weight. The surface of the human body being reckoned at 15 square feet, the atmosphere exerts upon it a pressure of 33,000 pounds or more. These and many other things are well known in regard to the atmospheric ocean which rolls around the earth its invisible transparent waves, and subserves so many useful purposes known and unknown to man.

What is not so well known is the modification which the air undergoes in its upper strata. It is composed of several ingredients, oxygen being the vital part diluted by other elements, the chief of which is nitrogen, with a small amount of carbonic acid gas, aqueous vapor, and various terrestial emanations. On the surface of the earth the constituents of the atmosphere do not show very much fluctuation. In 100 parts of air 20 parts will be oxgen, 79 nitrogen, and the rest will be composed of the minor and miscellaneous ingredients. One chief purpose of Tissandier's balloon ascent was to learn something about these miscellaneous elements which constitute so small a fraction of the air we breathe.

But this was not all. Tissandier and his friends wished not only to explore the air itself; they wished also to watch its effects on the human organism. They had thus two general questions before them. First, how does the atmosphere change in its composition as we ascend to great altitudes, and measure the amount of carbonic acid, earthy vapor and aqueous emanations, etc.; and secondly, how is the human organism affected by the changes of this kind, and by the diminished vitalizing power of the air in the more elevated layers of the earth's atmosphere.

Besides these there was a third question as to the rarefaction of the air, and the organic effects of the diminished pressure on the lungs and other organs. This inquiry was inestimably important, though it seems to have attracted scarcely any notice from Tissandier and his friends. Their whole attention was absorbed by the other interesting and curious questions to which we have referred. They appear to have been much more eagerly on the watch for the disappearance of all traces of terrestial vapor, or for the varying percentage of carbonic acid, than for the more important evidence as to the diminution of the pressure of the air, or to the effects thus produced on the sensitive organism of the body and the exquisitely sensitive and delicate forces engaged in the aeration of the blood. For this neglect, perhaps, they paid the penalty with their lives.

A few words will make this clear. The pressure of the atmosphere on the

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human body is as we said 33,000 pounds at the surface of the earth. This is the exterior pressure to which are adjusted all the interior forces of the body—all its tissues and all its vessels. Ever since the publication of the discovery of the blood by William Harvey, in April 1616, the human body has been considered as a great hydraulic machine, curiously adapted in its several parts to resist the pressure of the atmosphere from without and of the fluids from within. Now the pressure of the exterior atmosphere, as we have said, amounts in the aggregate to 33,000 pounds on the body of a man of average size. If we diminish the weight of the atmosphere one-third, so as to reduce the pressure on our body to 22,000 pounds, it is easy to see that the conditions of equilibrium in the hydrostatic apparatus of the body will be seriously deranged. Much more may this result be feared, if we reduce the pressure to one-third of its normal amount, which is precisely what Tissandier and his ill-fated companions did in the aerial journey which proved fatal to two of them. It would, perhaps, have been equally fatal to the third if he had not previously fainted, in consequence partly of his want of food. He entered the balloon fasting; and Nature, by this conservative swoon, prostrating Tissandier in a syncopal state, not only deprived him for the time being of sense and motion, but, what was of infinitely more importance, diminished the interior pressure within the walls of the hydraulic system of his body. The respiratory movements and the pulsations of the heart becoming partly or entirely suspended, the delicate walls of the vessels it is evident would be put to a much less severe strain.

Having now given a general view of some of the chief questions on which Tissandier and his unfortunate friends wished to throw light by the fatal expedition of the "Zenith," and by previous balloon excursions, we will proceed, as promised above, to translate for the benefit of our readers the paper Tissandier presented on the subject. The memoir is as follows, slightly abridged:

"On Thursday, 15th of April, 1875, at 11:35 A. M., the balloon 'Zenith,' ascended from La Villette, near Paris. In the boat were seated Croce-Spinelli, Sivel and myself, with the instruments necessary for our observations. At 3:30 P. M., after having twice passed the height of 8,000 meters—26,247 feet—Sivel and Croce-Spinelli were found inanimate in the boat. It devolves on their fellow-traveler to close for a moment his heart to grief, in order to report the facts collected during the expedition. As to the thermometer, the record is as follows:

THERMOMETRIC REPORT OF THE ZENITH

Time.	*Alt. meters.*	*Alt. feet.*	*Temperature*
11:35 A. M.	—	—	57° F.
—	792	2,598	46
11:40 A. M.	1,267	4,157	46
—	3,200	10,499	33
12:15 P. M.	3,698	12,132	35
—	4,387	14,393	32
12:51 P. M.	4,700	15,420	32
—	5,210	17,093	23
1:05 P. M.	5,600	19,229	23
—	6,700	21,982	17
1:20 P. M.	7,000	22,966	14
—	7,400	24,278	12
—	8,000	26,247	—
—	8,600	28,215	—*

"We had determined by means of the thermometrograph the interior temperature of the balloon. At 5,300 meters, 17,388 feet, the gas of the balloon was at 73° F. The exterior air at the time was 23° F. Beyond the altitude of 8,000 meters the temperature of the inside of the balloon showed no change, but remained throughout the excursion at 73° F. These new facts about the temperature explain the rapid ascent of balloons in elevated regions. They also explain why a balloon descends so rapidly although it traverses layers of air which become more and more dense. The temperature of these layers of air increases from above downwards; while the temperature of the balloon remains almost unchanged, which tends to diminish the force of the ascent. As to the physiological observations which we collected they are as follows:

* Tissandier has omitted the precise time at which eight of the above 14 observations were taken. The reader can, if he chooses, supply an approximate estimate of the probable time of each observation.

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PHYSIOLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE ZENITH.

Time.	*Alt. meters.*	*Alt. feet.*	*Observations.*
12;48 P.M.	4,602	15,099	Tissandier 110 pulsations a minute.
12:55 P.M.	5,210	17,093	Croce temperature of mouth 99° F.
1:03 P.M.	5,300	17,389	Croce 120 pulsations a minute.
1:05 P.M.	5,300	17,389	Tissandier 26 inspirations a minute.
1:05 P.M.	5,300	17,389	Sivel 155 pulsations a minute.
1:05 P.M.	5,300	17,389	Sivel temperature of mouth 100° F.

"The spectroscopic observations were conducted by Croce-Spinelli. The results obtained are unknown to me. Croce, however, cried out when we were above 5.000 meters: 'There is now a complete absence of the bands of aqueous vapor.' The atmosphere was on the 15th of April in a peculiar condition. At 4,000 meters we reached the edge of a grand sheet of light *cirri*. At 7,000 meters the boat was surrounded by a vast circle of more compact *cirri*, which had the appearance of crystallized solids. At 7,500 meters the sky appeared to us of its ordinary blue color. Till we rose to 7,000 meters none of us had felt in any alarming manner the influence of atmospheric depression. At 6,500 meters Croce and Sivel were pale, and the latter, who was of a sanguine temperament, closed his eyes for a moment. But on reaching 7,000 meters we inhaled several times the prepared air of M. Limousin. This air contained 70 per cent. of oxygen mixed with 30 per cent. of atmospheric air, which are the proportions indicated by M. Bert. The inhalation of this vitalized gas revived us.

"At the altitude of 7,000 meters we were all motionless at the bottom of the car, and were certainly bereft of sense. It was at this altitude that Sivel emptied three sacks of ballast to reach and pass the height of 8,000 meters, as we had previously agreed to do. According to my best recollection the state of senselessness in which we found ourselves had in it something peculiar. The body and the mind became weakened, little by little, without our being conscious of the change. We did not suffer any pain. We did not think anything of the peril of the voyage. We ascended, and we were happy to ascend. The vertigo of elevated regions no longer seems to me to be a word without meaning. After a while I found myself so weak that I could not turn my head to look at my companions. Soon afterward I wished to lay hold of the oxygen tube, but it was impossible for me to raise my arm; still my mind was quite clear. I kept my eye on the barometer, which soon reached the figure 280 and passed it. I wished to cry out, 'we are at 8,000 meters,' but my tongue was paralyzed. All at once I closed my eyes and fell helpless, losing absolutely all remembrance. It was about 1:30 P. M.

"At 2:08 P. M. I awoke. The balloon was descending. I emptied a sack of ballast to diminish the swiftness of the descent. I was able to write in my note-book a few lines. The barometer showed a pressure of 315, which indicated 7,059 meters, and the temperature was 18° F. It was I believe about 2:20 P. M. that a tremor seized me and I swooned again. The wind from below upward was violent, and indicated a precipitate descent. A few minutes afterward Croce-Spinelli awoke, shook me by the arm and said we must throw out some ballast. He threw out some himself. The balloon was impermeable and hot, and it rose again to the high regions which we had left. The proper course would have been for us to have opened the valve; but none of us had strength enough to do it. At 3:30 P. M. I awoke again at the height of 6,000 meters. Croce-Spinelli and Sivel had ceased to live. Both of them, especially Sivel, were black in the face, their eyes were half closed and dull, their mouths half open, dry and bloody, their lips swollen, their hands cold.

"The descent was made at Ciron, 150 miles from Paris, after a journey of four hours and a quarter. From the pilot indicators dropped from the balloon, and sent to Paris by those who picked them up, I learned that the 'Zenith' did not deviate from a straight line, but was impelled steadily in one direction up to the height of 8,000 meters.

"Two questions suggest themselves

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from this narrative: First, what was the height reached by the balloon? and secondly, what was the precise cause of the death of Sivel and Croce-Spinelli? The first of these questions may be today regarded as settled. By means of the delicate apparatus invented by M. Janssen, and used by Sivel and Croce-Spinelli in 1874 at the height of 7,300 meters, the most accurate results are obtainable. On the present occasion the smallest pressure registered was 264 to 262, which indicated a maximum height of 8,540 meters to 8,600 meters. The Aneroid barometer corresponded to these indications; for at the moment of my finding it at 8,000 meters the indicator was rapidly rising, and I believe that we reached the altitude of 8,600 meters at our first ascent, after which both my companions, and certainly Sivel, were still alive. They were struck with death when the balloon had reached for the second time the high altitude which it had just left, but which it could not rise beyond on account of its volume and weight.

"As to the second question, it seems to me certain beyond doubt that the death of my unfortunate companions was the consequence of the atmospheric depression, and of their double and long stay in the regions of rarefied air. The fact that during the ascent the air was particularly dry must also, no doubt, be regarded as exerting a mischievous influence. It may be asked, what is the cause of my surviving. I owe my life probably to my lymphatic temperament; perhaps to my complete swoon, in which the respiratory functions were almost arrested. I believe that Croce-Spinelli and Sivel would have still been alive, notwithstanding their long sojourn in the elevated regions to which we penetrated, if they could have inhaled the prepared oxygen gas. But they, like myself, suddenly lost the power of motion and were unable to grasp the vitalizing tube on which perhaps their lives depended; but these honorable pioneers of the great army of science have sacrificed themselves to lay open to future investigation new territories of knowledge. These soldiers of science, in dying, point their fingers to the perils of the journey, that we may know as we follow how to prevent these dangers."

Such is the memoir of M. Tissandier. He gives some details of previous balloon ascensions, which with other matters our space compels us to omit. Future balloonists are not likely to be rash enough to attempt scientific explorations in such high and dangerous regions of the atmosphere for the ordinary purposes of legitimate science. The lower layers of the atmosphere are infinitely more important than those layers which are more remote. It is well known that at the height of 18,480 feet the balloonist has passed through one-half of the substance of the atmosphere, and at 27,720 feet he has above him just one-third of the atmospheric pressure which exists on the surface of the earth. The "Zenith" seems to have risen to the height of 8,600 meters, or 28,216 feet. At this altitude, even could it be tolerated by man without the risk of instant death, the conditions of atmospheric pressure are so widely different from those which exist on the habitable surface of the earth, that it is hard to see what useful purpose could be fulfilled by any observations there conducted. At any rate it is demonstrated that such explorations are as impossible as they are useless.

For some years to come the chief value of balloon excursions in promoting the progress of science will probably lie in two directions: First, in aiding us to examine the unknown constituents and changes of the atmosphere; and secondly, in aiding the investigation of the organic effects of atmospheric pressure upon the human body, its various functions, structures and growth. Among all the questions as to the influence of atmospheric pressure in modifying the development and the functions of the body, the chief practical interest points to its effects upon the aeration of the blood. Careful experiments prove that the venous blood is slower to mix with the oxygen of the air in proportion as the pressure at which it works is lessened. These ex-

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periments early led men to expect that at high altitudes the effect of respiration in aerating the blood would be impaired; and that in this way health would be liable to suffer as well as by the causes previously referred to—an organic disturbance of the lungs and blood-vessels, so as to derange the functions of breathing and circulation. This view of the subject is gaining adherents, but the experiments are not so complete as might be wished. It has, however, been discussed in several interesting papers presented to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, by eminent scientists who have devoted much labor to their elaborate inquiries. These gentlemen start with the proposition that the structure and strength of man's physical organism are adjusted to a given atmospheric pressure, whether we view the body as a hydraulic machine, as a chemical laboratory, or as a living organism. Their next proposition is that if the normal pressure of the atmosphere we breathe is suddenly changed, either by balloon ascents or by the climbing of mountains, a peculiar elasticity of the tissues may modify our sensations and prevent their giving us the alarm. Hence it happens sometimes that little or no disagreeable impression is felt, though occult injury is being quietly done to the delicate tissues concerned in the functions of breathing, sanguification and nutrition. Thirdly, it is contended that although mountain air has stimulating properties, still the temporary excitement felt by the inhabitants of valleys and plains on ascending into the rarefied atmosphere of the mountains, offers no real evidence of the salubrity of high lands. Many facts are cited to prove that notwithstanding the adjustments and prophylactic care of Nature to persons resident in elevated regions, the human body does not find there all that is necessary for its healthy activity. In process of time nature develops a decided decline in the general vitality; and the type of the population has a tendency to degrade. The very fact that such elevated spots with their rarefied air have proved useful to the recovery of sufferers from certain maladies, confirms this view; for medicines and therapeutic treatment which are very good for the cure of some forms of sickness may be very bad for the indiscriminate use of people in good health.

It is much to be desired that the gentlemen who are pursuing this investigation into the effects, medicinal or mischievous, occult or open, of a rarefied atmosphere may be able to extend the range of their inquiries outside of France.

Travelers in the Andes and the Sierra Nevada often notice a peculiar sense of discomfort connected with mountain travel. They ascribe it to the novelty of unaccustomed exercise and hardships. Habit it is often said can easily overcome it; but careful observation shows that a rarefied atmosphere produces injurious effects, not only on transient residents but on people who might be supposed to be acclimated, and whose ordinary dwelling-place is on high lands. The New York Times, in referring recently to the low physical and intellectual activity often noticed among the population of the Alps, mentioned the highlands of Engadine as an instance, adding that the visitor is impressed with the inferior standard of vital energies which he commonly finds in the inhabitants. A few of them only take an active part in public affairs. They mostly live in a state of mental torpor and political indifference. Statistical tables have been drawn up by a French physician for the purpose of classifying the French departments according to their respective rates of mortality, and these tables show that the highest mortality from certain diseases prevails in mountainous districts, such as the Alps, Savoy, the Jura and the Vosges. The inferences drawn from this are confirmed by the observations of another French physician, who spent ten years on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico and on the Mexican table lands. When he left the plain for the highlands he expected to find physical signs of increased vital power and activity. Instead of that he noticed a general depression. In place of a lively, full-blooded, well-developed.

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and robust race, he found a people of quiet and sluggish disposition, with pallid and sallow complexion, and flabby unimproved muscles. By repeated experiments and observations the theory was fully confirmed, that these symptoms are due to a diminution of oxygen in the blood, the result of an insufficient condensation of that gas. Under too feeble an atmospheric pressure the oxygen is no longer forced into the blood in normal proportion, and the system becomes relaxed impoverished and weakened. In Mexico, at a height of about seven thousand feet, the symptoms of the debilitating action of rarefied air are clearly manifested. Even cattle are subject to these symptoms. The Mexican of the highlands is not energetic; he is fond of indolence and rest. The natives of the lower levels are more enterprising and more active. Statistical researches show that the increase of the population is much smaller above an elevation of six thousand feet than it is below that limit. The sluggishness and degeneracy of the Peruvian race are probably due to a similar cause, and the decline of the Thibetan population may be traceable to the same origin. It has even been contended that the backward condition of the Spanish people and their inability to keep pace with the moral, intellectual and material advance of modern civilization, are partly due to the fact that Spain occupies the highest tract of table land in Europe.

In dismissing this subject it is scarcely necessary to suggest to the thoughtful reader the importance to us all of the air we breathe. Every one knows that if the vital constituents of the atmosphere are vitiated, or do not exist in their proper proportions, our lungs cannot perform their proper office in aerating the blood and preserving life in its full vigor. What is not so well known is that the affinity of venous blood for oxygen may be elevated or depressed, so that however good the air may be which a man breathes, his power to appropriate its vitalizing forces may be impaired. In this respect our lungs may be compared to a guest at an oriental banquet where he can go to a well provided table, or if he so pleases he may choose a table less rich in its provisions. If he would make a hearty full meal, it is not only essential that he should select a well appointed table but he must also have a sharp appetite and use it. The *appetite* of the blood for oxygen is capable of being sharpened or dulled by various circumstances. One of these as we have seen is the pressure of the atmosphere. Others may doubtless be mentioned which are more within our control. If so, it certainly behooves the prudent man to search them out and study them. For if the first physical duty of the Hygienic Decalogue is "Eating for Strength," the second commandment should certainly enjoin "Breathing for Strength."

EDITOR'S STUDIES IN HYGIENE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

EXERCISE FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

What form of exercise is best for consumptives?

ANSWER.—Riding on horseback will probably suit most cases best. Rowing on quiet waters with an easy going boat, is also very excellent. Swinging is very good, too; as when the body is supported by the hands it raises the shoulders up, gives more room to the lungs, and more air is absorbed. Hunting and fishing are good. Gymnastic exercises with light dumb-bells, wands, clubs and rings, are all good if wisely used—bad if improperly used. Walking is good, but not so good as the other exercises. Lying on the back and gently expanding the lungs for half an hour is good. No person is so situated

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that he cannot use some of these forms of exercise.

ACTION OF ALCOHOL ON THE BLOOD.

How does alcohol affect the blood when taken in considerable quantities?

ANS.—Alcohol in its passage through the body first reaches the blood, and coming in contact with all parts of it causes the corpuscles to run too closely together, and to adhere in rolls; it may modify their outline, making the clearly defined, smooth outer edge irregular or crenate, or even starlike; it may change the red corpuscle into the oval form; or in very extreme cases it may produce a truncated form of corpuscle, in which the change is so great that if we did not trace it through all its phases we should be puzzled to know whether the object were indeed a blood cell. These changes are due to the action of the spirit on the water contained in the corpuscles. While these changes are going on the power to absorb and fix gases is impaired, and when the aggregation of the cells in masses is great other difficulties arise, for the cells united together pass less easily than they should through the minute vessels, and thus impede the current. Alcohol in excess acts also on the fibrine of the blood. It may act in two ways, according to the degree in which it affects the water that holds the fibrine in solution. It may fix the water with the fibrine, and thus destroy the power of coagulation; or it may extract the water so as to produce congulation. This explains why in acute cases of poisoning by alcohol the blood is sometimes found quite fluid, at other times firmly coagulated in the vessels.

TALKING SENSE.

Why is it that in polite society people talk so much nonsense and trivial stuff, hardly worth the breath it costs?

ANS.—Mr. Frothingham says, in a recent essay: "Why is it thought improper to discuss politics or religion in general society? Because people are not civilized enough to be submitted to the test of such discussion. Their passions are not sufficiently under control; their temper is unequal to the strain. They must talk *nothings*, because if they venture on *somethings* they may scratch the skin and draw blood. Neither men nor women can talk together on any subject that excites feeling; the moment they do they begin to quarrel—the wild beast appears. It may be doubted whether society anywhere affords a spot where the spirit of fraternity is made supreme; where speech may be open, thought sincere, feeling frank and honest, and no offence be given or taken. The Quakers maintain their sedateness by making their wants few, and reducing to their smallest dimensions the world of vexations and provocations; yet the Quakers have shown themselves more than once unable to resist the disintegrating effect of discussion on vital themes. The Shakers avoid civilization altogether; and, according to Mr. Chas. Nordhoff, display most of the traits that distinguished Mr. Barnum's Happy Family. It is only by remaining homogeneous that we succeed in keeping the peace; and as to be homogeneous is to be stupid, peace and dullness invariably go together."

VENTILATION WITHOUT DRAFT.

Is there any way to get a current of air through an ordinary window without a draft.

ANS.—Yes.—Fit the center frame of the top sash of a window with double panes of glass, one attached to the outer margin of the frame, and the other to the inner, leaving an interval of about an inch between. The outer pane is deficient for the last inch at the bottom, and the inner pane for an inch at the top, thus allowing a current of air to enter the bottom of the outside pane, pass upward between the two, and enter the room in a vertical direction, causing no draft but maintaining an almost constant supply of fresh air, which can be increased or diminished to any extent in proportion to the number of panes thus treated.

ARSENIC IN CALICO.

Is there any arsenic used in calico dying?

ANS,—A certain number of English and Alsatian manufacturers have lately in printing fabrics been substituting

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for albumen cheaper materials, such as compounds of arsenic acid, glycerine and alumina. They do not scruple to sell fabrics containing two or three grammes of arsenical acid per yard under the combined form. This is especially the case with printed calicoes and muslins presenting white designs on a violet ground, or calicoes with yellowish-brown or brownish-red patterns, shades hitherto unsuspected, which the uninitiated buy without suspecting the danger incurred in wearing them. The arsenic is not in an indissoluble combination, for on the fabrics being placed in water for a few seconds they give off a considerable quantity of it. These productions are generally sold at a low price, and have evidently not been washed after being printed, as this would have removed a portion of the color. We are not aware that the practice has been introduced into the United States.

DRYING SOILED NAPKINS.

Is it injurious to dry a soiled napkin and use it again without washing it?

ANS.—Yes. It is a practice that cannot be commended. The notion of some nurses that this practice is conducive to health is absurd.

THE BELLY BAND.

What cloth is best for a belly band?

ANS.—The belly band should be of soft flannel. Let it be worn very loosely, so as not to cramp the stomach in the least.

MEASLES.

Can a child give the measles to another child before the disease is fully developed.

ANS.—Yes, both measles and hooping-cough are propagated during the period of incubation almost as well as after the disease is out. To know this is important in a family when it is desirable that certain members should not be exposed to these diseases. It takes from ten to twelve days after exposure to develop fully the measles, and fourteen for small-pox.

SCARLET FEVER.

How long will it be after a child has been exposed to scarlet fever before the disease appears.

ANS.—Seven or eight days. In rare instances it lies dormant for some weeks. The mumps require for development three times as long, or from eighteen to twenty-one days, with slight variations.

RHEUMATISM, ETC.

Do you think it beneficial for weak persons to use salt in the water in which they bathe? Do you think it best for persons with rheumatism to bathe in cold water, or to go without flannel through the summer?

ANS.—Salt water bathing is often beneficial, but salt put into fresh water is quite another affair, and water so prepared has no special virtue, indeed is not equal to plenty of hand friction. Persons with rheumatism should generally bathe in tepid water rather than cold. They may, and generally should, wear white soft flannel during most of the year, but this is a point in which circumstances must decide.

POLYGAMY AND GIRLS.

Do you know whether there are any more girls born among the Mormons as a result of polygamy.

ANS.—No. The effect of polygamy on the birth-rate of girls is not apparent, and the proportion of children of each sex seems to be much what it is elsewhere. The immense preponderance of girls at a recent Mormon jubilee was attributed to polygamy by more than one observer, but one of the leading physicians explained this by "the greater piety of the female mind," and the fact that many of the boys are occupied in farm labor and other work. His own experience was that polygamy makes no difference in the proportion of boys and girls, and he stated that one Mormon elder with three wives has twelve children, the last of which is the only girl; another has five boys and three girls, and a third seven boys and two girls. The Mormon census of 1871 gives 14,434 boys to 14,303 girls between four and sixteen years of age, which, if correct, settles the question.

The same results were noticed in Turkey, where the birth-rates were not sensibly higher in the harems than in those countries where such institutions do not exist. Thus it is that Nature sets her hand against polygamy by re-

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fusing to make the number of the girls born much in excess of boys.

FLUSHED CHEEKS.

People who drink much alcoholic drinks have a red nose and flushed cheeks. Why is this?

ANS.—Alcohol paralyzes the nerves of the small bloodvessels and they become dilated, filling with blood. The flush seen on the cheek during the first stage of alcoholic excitation is commonly presumed to extend merely to the parts exposed to view. It cannot, however, be too forcibly impressed that the condition is universal in the body. If the lungs could be seen, they too would be found with their vessels injected; if the brain and spinal cord could be laid open to view, they would be discovered in the same condition, and so on. Dr. Richardson said he had witnessed this vascular condition of the lungs of an animal killed suddenly when under the influence of alcohol. He once had the opportunity of observing the same phenomenon in the brain structure of a man who, in a paroxysm of alcholic frenzy, had his brains dashed out by the wheel of a railway carriage. The brain, entire, was examined three minutes after death. It exhaled the odor of spirit; its membranes and minute structure were vascular in the extreme. "It looked as if it had been injected with vermilion." The white matter of the cerebrum could scarcely be distinguished, and the pia mater, the internal vascular membrane covering the brain, resembled a delicate web of coagulated red blood.

SICKNESS OR PECUNIARY TROUBLES.

Which makes the most misery, ill-health or want of money.

ANS.—Judging from the number of persons who commit suicide from pecuniary embarrassment, we must conclude that want of money causes more misery than ill-health; and for this reason men in business will find it an excellent sanitary precaution, that will add years to their life and greatly to their happiness, to conduct their business on the plan that will prevent as far as possible embarrassment.

DIRECTION OF THE HEAD.

Which direction should a child's body lie in sleep.

ANS.—Let the head point to the north always. This may seem a notion to many intelligent persons, but it has a foundation in the fact that the magnetic currents of the earth run north and south, or nearly so, and they should traverse the body from head to foot rather than at right angles, or from the foot to the head.

PILLOWS.

What do you think about giving a little child a pillow for the head.

ANS.—A child's bed should slope a little from the head to the foot. So that the head may be a little higher than the feet—but never bend the neck to get the head onto a pillow. This makes the child round-shouldered, and cramps the veins and arteries and interferes with the free circulation of the blood. Even when a child is several years old the pillow should be thin and made of hair, not feathers.

ROCKING BABIES TO SLEEP.

Is it the right way to rock a baby to sleep.

ANS.—No. Healthy children will go to sleep without rocking—sickly ones may need special efforts to make them sleep, but they should all be in accordance with a wise hygiene. Sometimes a moistened handkerchief laid over the eyes to shut out the light will do it, sometimes holding the hands quietly for a few moments, sometimes a little gentle patting or percussion over the stomach and along the back will send a child to sleep at once. It is very essential to give children good sleeping habits from the first; it will save much trouble. Above all things do not give a child narcotics; there is no need of this except for the most ignorant and lazy people who will not trouble themselves to learn the right way.

FRUIT FOR CHILDREN.

May a child after it is weaned eat fruit.

ANS.—Yes, the ripest and best in moderate quantities—all others must be forbidden. Ripe fruit will prove very

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useful in keeping the child in health. If apples are given they should be scraped, or roasted. Pears should be stewed. They are objectionable eaten raw, except where there is constipation.

THE TROUBLES OF TEETHING.

May the troubles of teething be avoided?

ANS. — Yes, by wise hygiene they may be very largely avoided. Invigorate the child's constitution. Give it abundant fresh air and proper exercise and take care that its stomach does not get deranged by improper or excessive food.

AFTER WEANING.

How should a child be managed after it is weaned.

ANS.—Simply take good care of it. Give it plenty of good food and but few nick-nacks. Let it have a reasonable amount of freedom, not much education till it is old enough to go to Kindergarden — and not too much petting or humoring. Children need to "rough it" a little to make them strong, to exercise a good deal, sleep ten or more hours, and not wear too many fine clothes. A child in fine clothes cannot have that free life so necessary to development. In summer let them go barefoot and live out of doors much of the time.

FOUNDATION OF OLD AGE.

When and how should the foundation for old age be laid?

ANS.—It should be laid in youth and early manhood. It can rarely be laid afterward. The Sanitary Record says: "The Prince of Canino, on a monument he has erected near Penzance, to Dolly Pentreath, the last survivor of those who spoke the Cornish language, and who spoke it up to the age of 102, quotes the promise made in the fourth commandment to those who honor their father and mother. It is difficult to do this effectually in old age, and the inference is that Dolly did it early, and by obeying their wise advice retained her vigor of mind and body. There is no doubt that a sober and reverential youth, free from the excitements which elders designate as "vanities," contributes more than aught else to length of days. He that rightly honors his natural advisers will be able to say:

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

WEANING THE BABY.

At what age should a baby be weaned?

ANS.—There is no absolute time that must be set. It depends on the child's strength and the mother's health. Sometimes it should be done at nine months, but more generally at the age of one year. A child should rarely be nursed after this.

FLATULENCE.

What should be done for flatulence.

ANS.—Regulate the diet. Above all things don't dose the child with mint essence, as is sometimes done, unless you want to injure it.

TO INCREASE THE FLOW OF MILK.

What food should be taken to increase the flow of milk?

ANS.—A bowl of oatmeal gruel taken once or twice a day is worth more for this purpose than almost anything else. It should be made with milk, and rather thin; a little skill will teach you how to flavor it so as to make it appetizing, for if it is not liked it will not do so much good. This, in addition to the regular diet, which should be wholesome and free from impurities, ought to be sufficient. Avoid everything that sours on the stomach, or is difficult of digestion.

CHOOSING A WET NURSE.

How would you choose a wet nurse?

ANS —Choose one with a ruddy countenance, whose babe is about the age of your own; and who is in good health. If she is scrofulous, suffers with skin disease, swelling of the neck or joints, then she is unfit. Examine her milk and see if it is good. She should not menstruate, nor be over thirty years old; she should be honest, kind and true, and furnish an abundant flow of milk; she should have a normal appetite, eat well, and neither smoke, drink or dose herself with medicines.

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OUR DESSERT TABLE.

APPROPRIATE CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SOLICITED.

THE WEARY NIGHT WINDS.

I hear the weary night winds
Moaning like a lonely dove;
Like a wounded heart that crieth
O'er a broken dream of love.
Oh the weary, weary night winds!
Sighing, moaning unto me;
Lifting all the waves of feeling
That drift across life's sea.

Oh have ye wandered night winds,
Where my departed lie?
Have ye caught of them a whisper,
As ye hurried swiftly by?
Oh ye weary, weary night winds!
Complaining unto me,
O'er the wrecks that lie all scattered
Upon life's tossing sea.

Helen M. Cooke.

HOPE.

The plant's first shoot was fresh and fair,
We tended it with loving care,
But keen the breath of April air,
It chilled the frail new comer.
We said, "The days roll onward fast,
The east wind's reign will soon be past,
We'll fence it from the bitter blast,
Our bud will blow in summer."

But June had half her smile forgot,
And August suns blazed fierce and hot,
And tired of their earthly lot,
The soft leaves drooped and faded.
We said, "When heat and glare pass by,
Beneath October's tranquil sky,
The bloom will blossom quietly,
By Autumn's calm wings shaded."

But ah! the dead leaves heaped the plain,
And rotted 'neath the ceaseless rain,
With, like a weary soul in pain,
The winds amid it sighing.
We heard the winter's coming tread,
The low skies darkened overhead,
"Love, Faith and Truth are vain," we said,
"Our treasure lies a dying."

And slowly, with reluctant feet,
We left the snowdrift's winding sheet,
Where lay the promise, pure and sweet,
To youth's gay morning given.
Then, angel-like, Hope whispered low,
"Life lingers 'neath yon saving snow,
On through the seasons patient go,
God keeps your flower in Heaven."

All the Year Round.

Friend after friend departs—
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.

A DRUNKARD'S ANATHEMA.

By my stomach's gnawing pains,
By this aching head of mine,
By these puzzled, raveled brains,
By these sickening fumes of wine;

By the plasters on my shins,
By the rags upon my back,
By my conscious smarting sins,
By the breakfast which I lack:

By this nose so long and pink,
By this nervous, trembling hand,
By my pockets wanting chink,
By the sheriff's writ at hand;

Curs'd the landord's canting looks,
Tempting to the poison'd draught,
Curs'd their cosy snugs and nooks,
Where the ply the infernal craft.

Curs'd be brandy, rum and gin,
Curs'd the barrels double x'd,
Curs'd be all their kith and kin,
Curs'd be I when we meet next.

R. C.

CONTENTMENT IS BETTER THAN RICHES.

"Contentment is better than riches,"
Aye, better than silver or gold;
Without it enjoyment's a treasure
That no power of wealth can unfold.
The miser may yearn to have millions,
But it's not a commendable lot,
Far higher is he who is happy
And contented with what he has got.

Some imagine that life's sweetest pleasures
Abide with the rich and the great,
Surrounded by earth's gilded treasures,
The glare and the trappings of state;
Still 'tis not at the gay courts of fashion
That the highest enjoyment is found;
There is more in the quiet home circles
Where peace and affection abound.

Though merchants may long for large profits,
And landlords delight in high rents,
Yet happiness dwells with contentment,
And not with mere dollars and cents;
A continual struggle for riches
Brings numerous troubles and cares,
While often the wealth when acquired,
Is nothing but ashes and tares.

A higher possession than money,
Or the riches so eagerly sought,
Is a conscience clear and unclouded
By any vile action or thought;
For this is a power that can always
The charms of contentment unfold,
And is therefore of far greater value
Than paltry silver or gold.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1875.

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 that 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.*

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

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

SARATOGA.—When the sun begins to shine with all his fury upon the denizens of the metropolis, heating the pavements till they burn, and the brick walls till they are hot, and the bodies of men, women and children till they don only the lightest clothing and perspire at the least exertion, then commences a stampede, east, west, north, and even south, to find favorable shade, cool breezes, fresh air, green trees, carpets of grass and fine scenery. If it were not for this annual hegira New Yorkers would soon be extinguished; only the tougher ones could endure it, and their children, if they have any, would become dwarfed.

This exodus begins early among the wealthy, later among those of moderate means, and even the poor go out for a day at a time when they can. Feeling, the last of June, that we should like to get away from the noisy 4th, we took passage on one of the day line of steamers for Albany, on our way to Saratoga, famous as a resort long before most other American watering places were known. As we stepped on board, the sun was doing his best to melt us; but the cool breeze fanned us back to life and joy, and we rode for nearly ten hours with wife and friends amid the magnificent scenery of the Hudson to Albany, whence the cars took us flying to Saratoga. How different such a trip now from the same in the olden time. In 1808, we believe, Fulton made the first voyage by steamboat from New York to Albany, and it was thought wonderful to do it in 36 hours. We do it now in one-fourth this time. But here we are in Saratoga, famous over the whole world, and especially over all our own country, as a watering place. Here the Indians congregated long before the Revolution to drink the mineral waters. Here, in 1777, General Gates fought Burgoyne at the head of the English forces, two memorable battles. People who have never been to Saratoga can form no idea of the place. It is very cosmopolitan and democratic. The streets are wide and clean, and the houses stand close up to them, with yards at the sides instead of in front; shade trees abound, of maple and elm; the drives and walks are delightful, and the hotels are gorgeous—almost painfully so. Some of these will accommodate over 2,000 people, and inclose in their center

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a small park, laid out and ornamented with walks and trees most delightfully. The great attraction of the place is, of course, the mineral springs. There are over a dozen of them that have become famous, and many others not known to the world. Some of these spout the water up from a great depth, being so charged with carbonic acid gas that the water is thrown out with great force—others break out of the ground near the surface. There are a great variety, no two being alike, though they may be within a few feet of each other. They are scattered all along a narrow valley for three miles or more, and extend even to neighboring towns, but nowhere are they so fine as here. It is a very interesting sight to see the people at the springs drinking water before breakfast. The wells are surrounded by a sort of *counter*, inside of which stand dipper boys, and over which is a building open all round, of artistic appearance; and the people stand round the counter and are helped to water in a glass goblet by the boys. It is perfectly free to all, rich and poor, black and white. Servant and master or mistress all meet here together. The walks through the park near Congress spring are delightful and refreshing to the tired invalid and overworked person.

It will be asked by many of our readers if there are any health institutions in Saratoga, where the invalid can go and receive good care, in a pleasant home, with good social surroundings, at reasonable prices, and enjoy the delights of the climate and scenery. We answer yes. Dr. Strong, formerly a methodist clergyman, failing in health established himself in the practice of medicine in New York city, and finding it desirable to build a home where invalids could come and stay, after reflection located in Saratoga; and from small beginnings, with the aid of his son—who having also studied medicine joined in the enterprise—has one of the most delightfully located, well equipped and managed institutions in this country. The location is on Circle street, quiet and retired, and yet not over two minutes' walk from the center of the town and the best springs. It will accommodate about 150 persons. In summer they fill up several neighboring houses, and feed them all at their own large table. It has been the aim of Dr. Strong and his son to introduce every modern method of benefiting the sick that promised to be useful. They have put in a very fine Turkish bath—that prince of baths—a Russian bath, all the forms of hydropathic treatment, a gymnasium, movement cure and electric baths, etc., etc. Their electrical apparatus is of the most approved French make, and gives great satisfaction. The institution is open all the year for invalids, with dyspepsia, rheumatism, nervous diseases, female diseases, and almost all forms of chronic disease. The prices are quite low, except in July and August; during these months so great is the demand for room that there is a slight increase of price, though even then not high. They are aided in their work by educated assistants, and the home life is very pleasant. Very many educated and cultivated people go there.

Of Dr. Strong, the founder of the institution, and his son we can truly say, they are well educated, genial, enterprising and enthusiastic physicians, who mean to do all the good they can and live truly noble lives. We wish them every success; as, indeed, we do all the friends and co-workers in this great cause, wherever found.

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HOW ONE MAN LIVES.—We are much inclined, as our readers know, to publish the health experience of individuals, wherever a profitable lesson may be derived from it. The simple story of the daily life of one who has restored health and made existence a delight by hygienic right living, is worth volumes of abstract reasoning and exhortation. We have been permitted to take the following from a private letter by an American gentleman, now residing in London, from which may be gathered as many hints toward practical hygiene as we have often seen condensed within the same space. Being familiarly addressed to a relative, the domestic details, which give an inside view of English home life, will not appear out of place.

LONDON, June 2d, 1875.

My Dear Brother:—I join you heartily in agreeing to put into practice certain established health rules. I have been making progress in that direction for several years past. My health is constantly improving, and I am as well now as I have been in previous years after a two months' holiday. My method of life, as it seems to interest you, is about as follows:

First, I secure the full requisite amount of sound sleep by taking at least an hour's out-door exercise after supper, and by freeing my mind from all anxious thought for an hour or two before bedtime.

Second, I take full three hours out-door exercise daily, and on Saturdays six. We drive to town every day (four miles) and back in all seasons—having a top buggy for rainy weather—and we talk all the way, and pretty loud too, on account of the noise of the streets; and as this out-door talking makes me "as hungry as a hunter" I reckon the hour's drive as one of the hours of out-door exercise. The garden, the children on the grass, and the care of a hundred chickens keeps me out the remainder of the three hours. In winter I partially substitute for the above, rapid walking, horse-back exercise and in-door gymnastics with the window open.

Third, I have given special attention to ventilation (without draft.) We use open grates both at home and at business, with patent ventilators to each fireplace—consisting of a ventilating brick in each hearth (with a flue connecting it with the out-door air), and an Arnott's valve near the ceiling, opening outward from the room into the chimney. The former supplies constant fresh air, which becomes heated as it ascends in front of the fire, and the latter provides an escape for all foul air. This arrangement I have in every room in the house. How you in America live through the winter with your close rooms and hot-air stoves, is a mystery to me, and to all Englishmen who visit America in winter.

Fourth, I have found the right way I think with regard to *diet*. I reject all tea, coffee, malt liquors and stimulants of every sort, and use only about one-fourth the usual quantity of meat, and am certain I can perceive a decided benefit from this change. In rejecting meat I have given some attention to the proper substitutes. I am inquiring into this matter carefully, and when satisfied I intend to try a complete vegetarian diet. I have also, with the assistance of my English wife, pretty well conquered the American habit of fast eating; and thus I gain a double advantage, slow eating being the best safeguard against overeating. "Intemperance," says Dr. Kitchener "is woefully destructive; but her demure sister, *gluttony*, destroys a hundred to her one." All food eaten beyond the amount which can be digested and assimilated, you are no doubt aware levies a tax on the system; and a very heavy one too. I have found some excellent hints on diet in the work by Dr. Holbrook which you sent me, entitled "Eating for Strength."

Fifth, I bathe all over in cold water every morning summer and winter, and find it a luxury which no one would be

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without after getting well accustomed to it. I have through this means pretty well overcome my suceptibility to taking cold. In winter I find a brisk walk the best means of creating a thorough reaction after the bath. I have bought me a shower bath since you wrote me of the luxury you found in yours. I have also practiced Dio Lewis's plan of wetting the head with cold water night and morning, for the past six years, and have not had a cold in my head for the whole time, and it has quite checked my hair from falling out and partly restored what I had lost.

Sixth, I have reduced my hours of brain work from twelve to eight. They were sixteen before I married; and I doubt if I should have been alive to-day had I continued such overwork.

Seventh, I aim to cultivate a tranquil, contented and cheerful mind at all times, for without this all else would avail comparatively little. I hardly know to which of these causes to attribute the most benefit; I am sure the neglect of any one would materially impair my health, for, as you know, I have been compelled to study these things, not having a very strong constitution. Numerous ailments which formerly troubled me have disappeared. Instead of attacking them one by one, each with a different remedy as they made their appearance, I trust I have struck at the root of them all by building up and strengthening my whole system; not by medicines, which I have now scarcely touched for years, but simply by a due attention to the above, and other simple laws of health, which so many think they can afford to disregard.

So much for my personal habits. As for the children, I may say that by making their care and diet a special study we have managed to keep them thus far with scarcely a day's illness since they were born, and you never saw more healthy looking little ones. Our doctor says they are walking advertisements in favor of the book we have principally consulted, viz "Bull's Maternal Management," which you might do well to recommend to American mothers. The fact that thirty-five children out of every hundred born in this country die before they reach the age of five years, is beginning to be regarded as a great national crime and disgrace. Three-fourths of this great mortality is owing to utter ignorance on the part of those who have the care of children. But a great deal is being done to remedy this state of things by institutes for training nurses, health societies, and the distribution of pamphlets on the care of infants and children. The idea of relieving the mother of all responsibility respecting the death of her infant, on the ground that "Providence has taken it away"—a prevailing error among the ignorant—was well answered by the late Dr. Lankester, Coroner for Middlesex, who did a great work in enlightening the poor on the care of children. I heard him say in one of his lectures that after questioning a careless mother till he was fully satisfied that the death of the child resulted solely from neglect and imprudence, and after leading her to admit that with proper care the child might probably have lived at least a little longer, he would say: "Then you assisted Providence to *some* extent, at least, in taking the child away," which she could not now deny; whereupon he warned her that assisting Providence a little too far sometimes led people to the gallows. He would then give her a pamphlet that would enable her to avoid such fatal mistakes in future. I believe that the chief of all reforms is reform in the management of children, and I trust that we here, and you too in America, are making steady progress in this direction. G. W. B.

LEARNING TO SWIM.—July and August are good months to learn to swim, and we advise all to do it if the can. Girls as well as boys should be taught the art. Here is the way they do it in swimming schools: A band is fastened around the chest, to which is attached a strong cord several feet long; the other end of the cord is fastened to a

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strong pole; the teacher holds the pole and directs the movements of the pupil, who is at the end of the line. A very little aid will keep one afloat, and a band made of stout cloth will answer the purpose. After the pupil learns to strike out properly while held by the cord, he is gradually taught not to depend upon this. Watching the movements of a good swimmer will teach more about using the hands and feet than anything that can be written. There are some rules that should always be observed: keep all parts, hands and feet, well under water, and do not be afraid to sink the whole body up to the chin; throw the head well back, and hollow the spine, or backbone; this allows the weight of the head to come over the chest, which is the lightest part of the body. Learn to breathe through the nostrils; some swimmers make a great sputtering in throwing water from the mouth; it is easy to learn to swim with the mouth shut. Make every movement slowly and quietly; it is a great fault with beginners that the make hard work of swimming, and seem to think that they must make great exertions. Be quiet, and you will find that swimming need not tire you any more than walking. Do not go into the water when heated, very tired, or after eating a hearty meal.

A GOOD IDEA.—Tartar physicians, if out of medicine, write the name of the remedy they desire to give on a piece of paper, moisten with saliva, and roll into a little ball. This the patient swallows, in perfect confidence that it will avail equally as much as the medicine itself. If paper is not at hand, the name is written on a board with clay; this is washed off and the the liquid swallowed by the patient. These physicians claim that the effect is the same whether the patient swallowed the name of the remedy or the remedy itself. Will some of our friends try it, and report?

HOMEOPATHY.—The Homeopathists are to have a chair in the medical department of Michigan University. In consequence of this the Dean of the Faculty, Prof. Sager, who has been connected with the school for a quarter of a century, has resigned. We regret that he has felt it his duty to do this, as he was a man of solid learning both in his profession and out of it, and an honor to any school; but he has no doubt acted as he deemed honest and wise. We fear the harmony of the medical school will be destroyed and its prosperity much injured. The putting of new wine in old bottles will make a ferment that will do more harm than good. Still the people demand it, and if harm comes from the innovation they must suffer the consequences.

HINTS ON TRAVEL.—An old contributor, Mrs. C. M. Severance, has taken up her abode in California. She writes to the Woman's Journal a letter from which we copy some useful hints for healthful travel, which will prove useful to any of our readers who may have occasion to journey over the same long road. She says: "Our experience bids me advise all who would travel with comfort on this long trip, to bring only a small basket, stored simply with relishes, canned fruit and milk, or what one will, with a cup, spoon, knife and fork for each; depend upon buying a loaf of bread, a French twist, etc., and a broiled chicken or cold meat at the various stations—and, for those who use them, a flask,

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which can be filled with tea or coffee. For ourselves, we chose the comfort of taking these cold and very much diluted; and found most relishing of all the lemonade, which we could make at the moment, glass by glass, at our little table. Equipped in this way, and taking but two meals a day, one can lay in supplies quietly at the usual eating-places, with time to spare for a brisk walk and prospecting of the surroundings; while those not thus provided must make a rush at the not very appetizing table in common with the hungry, unwashed crowd, and look on afterward enviously at the home-like 'spread' and picnic relish of the little car-table meals. It must be said, however, that too large a basket, too great an accumulation in it, and more than two meals per day, destroy this relish, and make the plan a nuisance in many ways.

"While speaking of the preparations for the trip, let me say, as the result of our experience, that at this season one does not need to be dressed very warmly in heavy flannels and woolen dress, but rather in cool linens, which will also shed the dust, and with wraps for the short season of the highest altitudes."

FOXES WITHOUT TAILS. — The following story will not only excite a wholesome laugh, but teach a wholesome lesson to those who are in the habit of magnifying what they relate;

"A Highland minister, given somewhat to exaggeration in the pulpit, was remonstrated with by his clerk, and told of its ill effects upon the congregation. He replied that he was not aware of it, and wished the precentor the next time he did it to give a cough by way of a hint. Soon after he was describing Samson's tying the foxes' tails together. He said: 'The foxes in those days were much larger than ours, and they had tails twenty feet long.' 'Ahem!' came from the precentor's desk. 'That is,' continued the preacher, 'according to their measurement, but by ours they were fifteen feet long.' 'Ahem!' louder than before. 'But as you may think this extravagant, we'll just say they were ten feet.' 'Ahem! ahem!' still more vigorous. The parson leaned over the pulpit and, shaking his finger at the precentor, said, 'Ye may cough there all night long, mon—I'll nae tak' off a fut more. Would ye hae the foxes wi' nae teels at a'?'"

HEALTH AND VIGOR.—As vigorous health and its accompanying high spirits are larger elements of happiness than any other things whatever, the teaching how to maintain them is a teaching that yields to no other whatever.—*Herbert Spencer.*

EXCESS OF WOMEN.—Massachusetts is not the only part of the world where there is an excess of women. In Germany the loss of young men in the war and by emigration has been so great that there are nearly 1,000,000 more women than men.

"WELL Pat," asked the doctor, "how do you feel to-day?" "Och, dochtor. I enjoy very poor health intirely. The rumatics is very distressin' indade; whin I go to slape I lay awake all night, an' me toes is swiled as big as a goose hen's egg, so whin I stand up I fall down immadiately."

"THE BETTER WAY."—This little book, published quite unannounced, has met with a favorable reception, the first edition being nearly exhausted.

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The following are a few of the notices. N. E. Boyd wriing to the author says:

"From an eager and hurried perusal, I am ready to say *I believe you had the Spirit of the Lord*, or the Spirit of the Lord *had you*, when you wrote it. [Underscorings his.] "The searching thoroughness, the solemn earnestness and wise persuasiveness with which you have done it are past praise."

A lady—a mother of much thought and experience—writes:

"No words of mine can express my high appreciation of your book, and the good it is destined to do. I like its high moral tone; besides it is plain, simple, clear, and cannot be misunderstood. It must elevate and ennoble wherever it goes, and it should go to every home, and be read by every man woman and child who could in the least appreciate its worth. I can vouch for the truth of every word, for it has been deeply impressed upon my mind, through my own life-experience."

Hon. J. M. Peebles, the lecturer, author and traveler, expressed himself in extravagant terms of its worth, said he would immediately write his views in its favor, and would recommend it wherever he went. He had been often asked by people what they should read on the subject, and had never before known what to tell them, etc.

The following letter has also been reeeived:

"I desire to offer an unsolicited recommendation of a useful book. A. E. Newton, in his little pamphlet entitled 'The Better Way,' has, it seems to me, said much in a few words upon a subject of vital consequence to humanity. His views upon continence and the higher uses of procreative force are new and striking, and worthy of careful attention. He has spoken boldly upon a delicate subject, and in a manner that entitles him to be heard. One who cannot write a book may do almost as much good by recommending a useful one to others. Hence this note. E. F. B."

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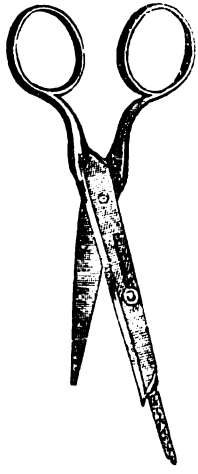
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—OF—

NEW JERSEY

Mutual Life Insurance Company.

HOME OFFICE, 189 Market Street,

NEWARK, N. J.

JANUARY 1st, 1875.

Net Assets, January 1st, 1874		$1,451,741 53
Received for Premiums	$748,251 39	
Received for Interest	59,702 21	
		807,953 60
		$2,259,695 13

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Death Claims and Matured Endowments	$192,432 10	
Paid Return Premiums and Surrendered Policies	205,473 71	
Paid Contingent Expenses	79,976 83	
Paid Commissions to Agents	46,200 99	
Paid Taxes and Interest on Guarantee Capital	12,154 77	
Paid Advertising, Printing and Postage	21,676 24	
Paid Physicians' Fees	12,062 74	
Paid Re-Insurance and Annuities	5,673 43	
		$575,650 81
		$1,684,044 32

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ASSETS.

Cash in bank and on Hand	$88,709 38	
Bonds and Mortgages owned by Company	609,239 64	
U. S. and State Bonds	129,325 35	
Loans on Call (secured U. S. Bonds and other Collaterals)	144,612 41	
Real Estate	55,132 79	
Loans on Policies	363,091 50	
Premiums in course of transmis'n and def'd Premiums	242,157 05	
Accrued Interest	43,541 61	
Furniture and Fixtures	4,818 71	
Due for Re-Insurance	3,415 88	
		$1,684,044 32

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on Policies in force Dec. 31, 1874, as per standard of State of New Jersey Amer. Exp. 4 1-2 per cent	$1,121,753 00	
Death Claims not due and in process of adjustment	64,700 00	
All other Liabilities	20,200 00	
		$1.206,653 00
Surplus to Policy-Holders		$477,391 32

J. H. STEDWELL, President.

R. C. FROST, Vice-President.

C. H. BRINKERHOFF, Secretary.

J. H. CANIFF, Cashier.

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OFFICE OF MIDDLE DEPARTMENT,

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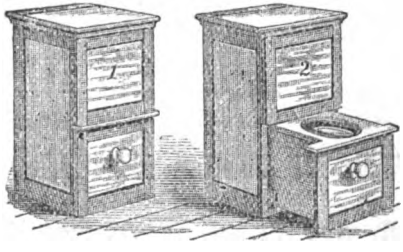
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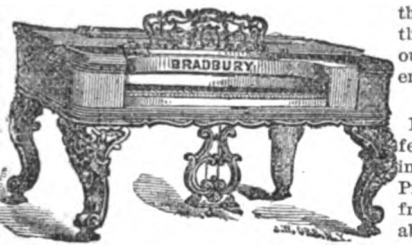
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THE

HERALD OF HEALTH.

SEPTEMBER, 1875.

HOW I MANAGED MY CHILDREN. (No. 7.)

BY MRS. WARREN.

RICHARD'S destiny was now a matter for consideration. Over and over again we questioned him as to his choice of profession or trade, but could elicit no satisfactory reply. He came to me one morning, looking very grave, took a chair and leaning on the back of it stood fronting me.

"Mother, I'm come to talk with you about what I'm to do. Father is too quick for me. I'm unhappy to be at home doing nothing. Pottering about like this will kill one. If it were not a question of money to be paid down with me I should say let me try my luck in the first thing that comes to hand, and I think now it would be for the best. I can't tell what I shall like. Suppose you and father give me a twelvemonth to try what I can do. I suppose a strong fellow can get his grub for his services."

"And what to do?" I laughingly asked. There was sound sense in the boy's words.

"Well, I'm not going to be a carpenter, or a blacksmith, nor a butcher, nor a grocer; and least of all would I be a draper."

"An engineer?" I asked, "or a doctor, or a lawyer?"

"I can't tell. I think I fancy—but mind, I do not say for certain—but I have a half love for chemistry. I don't mean to kick about in a chemist's shop, and sell all the halfpenny articles that they do, but a good hard-working chemist who doesn't sell. I mean one who finds out all about things—"

"In general," I suggested.

An angry flush mounted to his brow, which, however, I would not notice. He did not go on, and I waited a few moments before I spoke, considering that if he turned his talent for inquiry into this channel, the everlasting "why?" of his would in a measure be answered; and if he did not find therein a rest, at all events chemistry, in its wonderful affinities, combinations and creations, would perhaps be a source of profitable employment. All this took but a moment to flash through my brain, and an exultation arose in my heart at the thought of what might possibly be, and then the memory of my aspirations about Dot recurred to me, and I was humbled.

"Well, Dick, I will speak to your father about it. You know his heart is set upon your entering Mr. James's office, with a view, some time or other, to your being a partner there. Think the matter over again, and come here to-morrow morning. I do not wish that either you or I should be precipitate in speaking to your father. Be sure of yourself, my boy, first." And so I dismissed him.

The morrow came, and so also came Dick, at the earliest possible moment after his father's departure.

"I will be a chemist, mother," said he, even before he had given me his

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morning greeting. "And more, I will be a chemist's boy—that is, a working boy. I mean to begin at the beginning, and I only want help till I can get on. I am sure in a twelvemonth to be able to do for myself."

I saw in a moment there was no other path open for him, and I promised to do all I could, at the same time begging him to wait patiently till some one could be found willing to take him.

"Ah! I knew that was just what you would say; but I can't wait for chances to turn up in my favor. I must make them. I haven't slept a wink all night, and I've drawn up an advertisement to put in the Times, to try my fortune in that lucky-bag.

I was astonished at the common sense of the boy, and amused at his not inappropriate designation of the fitch power. He held the projected advertisement out to me.

"No, no; read it, Dick; you will give it proper emphasis."

"No fun, mother. I'm in earnest. Here goes:

"A young gentleman is desirous of entering a chemist's laboratory in order to become an adept in the mysteries of the sublime art. A small salary will be accepted. Address A. B., Post-office, T——, till called for."

I felt merriment overspread my face, and he saw it.

"Hang it, mother, help me. I know I'm a fool."

"Don't say that, Richard. You are not a fool, and never less foolish than now, because you've tried to do your best. But wait a minute and I'll write a suitable advertisement, always remembering that your father not only does not object, but gives his hearty concurrence to our scheme." I took my pencil and wrote:

"A youth of fifteen, active, intelligent, well-educated, spells well, and writes rapidly and plainly, from dictation or otherwise, desires to become a practical working chemist, and is wishful to fulfill all the lower duties in a laboratory, provided he can obtain a practical knowledge of the details connected with chemistry. References given. Address, A. B., etc."

"Now Dick, that is what you want, isn't it? I dare say I have said too much, or too little according to advertisement measurement, but I have said all you wish me to say."

"Yes, mother, that must take. Now will you ask my father to-night?"

"No, not to-night, Richard. He is tired; and you know my rule, never to worry him about home doings in the evening.* To-morrow morning I will tell him."

I got up an hour earlier, and was dressing before my husband rose, and, finding him disposed to talk, I said, "Dick wants to be a chemist."

"Whew!" was the reply.

"And I think, Arthur, it will be the very best thing for him. You know he is everlastingly asking 'why?' Now chemistry will certainly give him food for thought—stop! I know what you are going to say. He has drawn up an advertisement to put in the Times. There it is." I handed it to him, and he read it.

"Why, Mary, this will never do. No doubt there will be answers, but the premiums demanded will vary from three to five hundred pounds."

"But Dick wants to go without expense to us. His very elegant and expressive phrase was, 'that he certainly could get grub for his services.'"

"Well, I'm not used to these things; but it strikes me that this advertisement won't pay. Is this Dick's composition?"

"Oh, no; his wording was, that a 'young gentleman wanted a situation, etc.'—just like a boy, you know."

Arthur did not speak again while I was dressing, but just as I was leaving the room he called me back. "You may send it; but I warn you, Mary, no good will come of it—I mean to say, nothing that will serve Dick's turn."

The advertisement went in. A few days passed away in the usual manner, but to Dick they were days of restlessness; he had yet to learn to be a philosopher. At last came a packet of letters, sent from my husband's solicitors, but not one without asking a premium, and higher than we could afford to pay, having the consideration that Walter and Frank were to be provided for. Besides the girls' prospects in life had

[* This is a capital hint which many can profit by.—ED.]

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to be considered. We were very much averse to their leading an idle life. The loss of Edith and Dot reduced our loving circle to six children — Richard, Alice, Mary, Janet, Walter and Frank, who was the youngest. However much our income had increased, yet it was still inadequate to what we desired it to be for our children. Richard pleaded that he wanted no more money advanced for him than had been given for John, and then only did he require it as a help while he was, as he termed it, doing drudgery. He was altogether averse that the money we could spare should be paid as a premium. It was in vain that we argued that the payment of a sum was but just and right in return for knowledge that was not to be obtained any other way. The boy, with a self-willfulness which was even exasperating, would not give way on this point. He could not be led; he would not be driven.

"Besides," said he, "my father says he has no money to spare."

"Your father says, Richard, that although he cannot pay the large sums here asked, he may be able to manage a lesser one, particularly if it would be accepted in installments."

It was no use arguing the matter. Then I bethought myself of asking my husband to write to Messrs. Armstrong, to whose care the letters had been directed, and stating the case to them. They at once promptly replied:

"You committed a grave error in causing the advertisement to be directed to our care, as it would necessarily be presumed that the party advertising could pay a premium. Send your son to us for a week or so. He may look about him, if he can do nothing else."

Richard was in raptures, but his father and myself had grave doubts as to sending our fledgling out so soon. The phrase "to look about him" sounded in my ears as if he was suddenly to be plunged into all temptations. However, upon further consideration, but not without misgivings on my part, it was arranged that he should go and—we could give it no other name—"look about him."

After ten days we had the following letter:

"*My own Dearest Mamma.*—It's all right. Out of the money you gave me to spend I put an advertisement again in the Times the very morning after I got here. Mr. William Armstrong's son is here; he's about twenty, so we soon got good friends. I told him what I wanted, and showed him the advertisement you put in the Times. He said how jolly green I must be; of course such wording as that would imply that I was somebody, and so he took a pen and wrote what I now send you:

"'A strong active lad wants a situation in a chemist's shop. Wages six shillings a week. Address A. B., etc.'

"I told him I didn't want to go in a chemist's shop, and I didn't want wages. He said, 'Bosh! you don't want to clean knives and forks, and go of house errands, and all that. I suppose that wouldn't suit you? but you must crawl before you can walk. My advice to you is to get into some place of the kind, get the names of the drugs and make yourself useful. You'll soon learn more, and by the time you are twenty you'll be worth taking into a wholesale place, or wherever else you want to get, without a premium; and if you mind what you are about you'll make somebody yet. But keep your eyes open, old boy; that's the way to get through the world.' Dear mamma, I shall get on somehow or other; only just let me have a few pounds to pay my way. I have just heard of a place, and I'm to go on Monday. Lots of love, dear mamma, to you and my father, and Alice, and all of them. I mean to be A 1. Your affectionate son, DICK."

"Here is a trouble for an anxious mother!" I exclaimed to my husband, after I had read the letter aloud to him.

"What trouble can there be?" he asked. "It is not exactly the position I should have wished for him, but it is his own choice. It was said when I was a boy that 'Robinson Crusoe' made the runaways of a family. Now I think the book which you gave Dick on his last birthday, 'The Early Footsteps of Great Men,' must have influenced him. It is quite certain that I could not have

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paid any one of what appear to me the extravagant premiums demanded, and so it is best as it is."

"But about paying the money for his living?" I asked.

"Ah! that is to be considered. First, I must get a coherent letter from the Armstrongs, and when I know the particulars I shall be better able to judge."

A few days and the post brought the desired communication. Dick had given their names as a reference to a house doing an active business at the east end of London. All they had said when applied to was, that they knew his parents, and that he was an honest lad. Richard had taken a bed-room, for which he was going to pay five shillings a week, but they did not know how he was to manage about his food. As for his Sundays, they had given him an invitation to spend with them.

This, though to me very unsatisfactory, I was obliged to be content with, and a whole fortnight passed without our hearing anything further. Then came the following:

"4 New Road, Mile End, LONDON.

"*My Dear Mother and Father.*—I am in very comfortable lodgings, with a nice old lady and her son, who is a steady-going chap. I've been finding my own grub the last fortnight, but this is very uncomfortable, for I used to forget all about it, so that last Sunday morning I got up and found nothing to eat. I couldn't stand this, you know, but Mrs. Reed was very kind, and gave me some breakfast, and after that I went to Hornsey and spent the day with young Armstrong and his family. I told him of my adventure. He said the best way was to give Mrs. Reed so much a week to find me in everything except dinner and washing. Dinner I get near the business. This costs me ninepence every day. So when I got home at night I asked her about it. She said she would talk about it in the morning, as she liked to keep the Sabbath as a day of rest from worldly matters. I tell you this, mother, because I know you will like to hear I am not among heathens. Last night when I came home Mrs. Reed said she had thought over the matter, and if I liked to live as they did she would give me bed, breakfast and tea for ten shillings a week. Now, my dinner will cost me perhaps five and sixpence a week, and my washing a shilling a week, and I would like about a shilling a week for pocket money; for you know, mother, a fellow doesn't know what he wants exactly to a penny. Now if my father would allow me the difference for a few months, perhaps after that I could do for myself altogether. My work is rather hard, but I think I shall get to know a great deal more than if I had gone out as a swell. If you will only give me a twelvemonth to make the experiment in I shall do. DICK."

The letter contained a good deal about home affairs, not at all interesting to the outer world, but the business matter contained in it was practical: that I could see.

"I can do that very well," Arthur said. "It is not so much as I have been paying lately for his schooling; but there is one temptation I mean to shield him from. I shall remit the money to Mrs. Reed for his board either in advance or at the end of each month, as she likes best, and shall not leave it to him to pay or make away with it."

"You are hard upon Dick, Arthur," I said.

"Not so, Mary. Richard has hitherto had no command of money, and there are so many petty temptations which dog the steps of a youth first away from home that I do not mean to put it in his power to deprive Mrs. Reed of her just due; and in that payment I shall include also his washing bill."

"But you will send him some other money besides the shilling a week he asks for?"

"To give him more than two shillings a week I do not think would be wise. I know it is said by some parents that to stint a boy in money is to tempt him to be dishonest. I do not think so. I do not yet know if Dick has money belonging to his employers passing through his hands or not, or whether he has any chance of getting at it; but this I feel, that if a boy with even a shilling a week is tempted at all he would be equally so if he were at Ele-

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erty to spend a pound a week, and perhaps in a greater degree. Hitherto we have had no opportunity of judging the strength of the right principles we have both endeavored to inculcate. I would go up to London, but Armstrong writes that it is better not."

OVERWORKED WOMEN.

TO write such a title as this is to start a discussion at once; for there are women who are lapped in all degrees of ease, as well as women whose daily toil is a daily oppression—an irremovable burden. In this modern era, the difference in their condition is immense. There are women in the city of New York to-day—or at the watering-places, whose homes are here—and in all large towns, to whom time is an enemy to be got rid of. It hangs heavily on their hands. In fact they have nothing to do, and they do it. Their health suffers from *ennui*. They are pale and listless; and their languor and lassitude are worse even than disease. A great idea never jostles their brain, or pulses their blood. They have eveything on call, but no appetite to give their pleasures zest. Of course there can be no moral or spiritual health without this.

On the other hand, there are poor factory-girls, and sewing women, and clerks and waiters, and the wives of men who are struggling against hard conditions, who are forced to do what these women leave undone. The work of the world will not be put aside. If they first idle themselves into disease and atrophy, the others must overwork merely to keep life going. It is a pitiful story; but it shows the "solidarity" of humanity, for the immunity of one member can only be purchased at the expense of the other—and at a final cost to both.

Without going too far into generalities, we beg to introduce the reader's attention to a recent editorial in the Weekly and Semi-weekly Tribune, which gives some facts concerning the overwork of a class in the country—the hard lot of some farmers' wives. The writer says:

"Although American Slavery is abolished, and serfdom in most despotic countries is either doomed or dying out, there is a relic of something, in some degree resembling one or the other, still remaining in too many places. It would sound harsh and sweeping—in fact it would be untrue—to say that all farmers' wives are overworked, for there is diversity in this, as in most conditions. But it *is* true that a large number are; and, though some of them know it, and some from long custom have got habituated to their daily hardship, the fact of a life of pitiless drudgery, in too many cases, only needs examining to be seen. Now we are not purposing to preach a sermon on the cruelty of men, or bring forward a patent panacea for unspeakable ills. Doubtless affairs are in the shape in which we find them for some reason, and without premeditated wrong on anybody's part. The blind philosophy which marks the minds of children and of the ignorant of kicking the object nearest them because of some wrong with which it seemed connected (your pail for instance, because you have spilled the milk,) is not so much in vogue as it was. We are not inclined, therefore, to put indiscriminate blame on men, because so many women suffer peculiar hardships. Artemus Ward was willing, he said, for the sake of the war to sacrifice all his wife's relations; but it is not likely that for the sake of good farming, even, we are many of us willing to sacrifice our wives. The condition of hardship of which we speak has been brought about, it would seem, by a species of unequal, or, to speak scientifically, of 'arrested' growth.

"For it is a curious circumstance that while almost every year for fifty years

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past the prolific genius of invention has had something to offer to make the farmer's life more easy, more productive and more agreeable, the lot of his wife remains nearly unchanged. It is essentially what it was two generations ago, omitting such exceptions, of course, as we have already made allowance for. Improved machinery has pretty thoroughly revolutionized the out-door work of the farm. It reaps and mows and binds; it loads and unloads and stows away; it sows the field and hoes it; it saws wood and thrashes. There is little, in fact, that is done by hand that is not easier done because of invention or of improved implements. It is not too much to say that on some large farms where many hands are employed, the farmer, though busy—and, if thrifty, full of care—leads such a life as neither his father nor his grandfather ever heard or dreamt of. He puts other men in the harness of muscular toil where it is demanded, but he himself is as a general in the tent. He looks over the field, he gives directions and supplies wants, but he may never know what it is to stand in the furrow or really turn the swath. Franklin's motto, which tells us that,

> He who by the plow would thrive,
> Himself must either hold or drive,

is now practically quite reversed, and might well enough read,

> He who is a farmer wise,
> Need do no work—but supervise.

"But all this evolution toward an improved condition—and that it is an improved condition we cheerfully and joyfully admit—has only helped the farmer. It has hardly touched his wife. There is no royal way as yet to cook, to bake, to sweep, or to make beds. You cannot wash the children's faces, or dust the rooms, or clean house, or put up the year's preserves, or patch and mend, or do any of the multitudinous minutiæ that constitutes the housekeeper's curriculum by any machine that has as yet escaped the Patent Office. And, as to washing dishes, that is the same pathetic, perennial, perfunctory nuisance that it was the day after Eve packed her Saratoga trunk and abdicated Paradise. It is a business that any man who should have it to follow for a week only would call calculated for the promotion of idiocy. If there is any thankless task—any work utterly stale, stifling, and idealess—it is this. 'Tis as enervating and monotonous as building up cob houses in one particular way one hour, and then knocking them down the next merely to facilitate a repetition of the double process, but not half so tidy. If Sisyphus had been relieved from his ever-rolling stone and been set to washing dishes in its stead for a year, he would have gone back to the old task with an alacrity and joy unspeakable. For he, at least, had scenery and atmosphere of some sort, but the soul-benumbing dish-water suggests nothing that goes higher than the mechanical round of a galley-slave. And it is peremptory and unescapable so long as people eat.

"No broom has been invented yet that takes away toil, and every attempt to make one to supersede the simple broom corn, with its familiar handle, has been a failure. It was thought when crank-churns came in fashion that something had really been gained; but after thirty years' of attempted improvement of them, it remains true that they do not diminish the labor, and are not so well liked as the primitive one for achievement. The old dash-churn is still the best, in spite of a score of Yankee models. We are aware there are some highly praised washing-machines, but they come very far from making the Monday's work of much essential difference, and they are frequently not procured, by reason of expense, where the farm itself is not allowed to suffer for the lack of any new and desirable implement, no matter what may be the cost. We do not wish to be understood as disparaging them; we are merely trying to say that they cannot accomplish impossibilities.

"To sum up what we have but little more than cursorily glanced at—the tasks of farmers' wives are still, from their very nature, pitiless and exacting; and from their close, indoor surroundings, offer nothing like inspiration of an incidental sort in the way of

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relief. It is toil pure and simple; and unless there is abundant help, and where peculiar guards are not provided on the part of husbands to make it less, the farmer's wife is, from the style of her vocation, too often an unalleviated drudge. She is compelled to breathe the steam of cooking till she herself cannot eat, while the Irishman who is hired by her husband to plow may look out of his furrow at the spring flowers, hear the song of a bird as he rests his team, and perpetually breathe the aroma of dew and clover. The farmer goes to the postoffice and store, and gathers bits of news, or hears refreshing talk, or reads the daily paper even when he takes none. The wife's recreation is to mend his coat or darn his stockings. The farmer's toil has an end with the fall of the sun. The wife's goes on till the doors are bolted and all are at rest. And it begins first in the morning, too. The husband can leave his work for a week's absence better than she hers for a day's. And where she has read enough to have met Tennyson's couplet, she may well repeat, in its midst and pressure.

> For men may come and men may go,
> But I go on forever.

"It is beginning to be a habit now with the most enlightened farmers, we are glad to say, to keep their hired laborers in houses of their owu. And this is one step in the right direction. A recent correspondent writes:

"'When I married I told my wife she was never to board a hired laborer. Thirty-five years have elapsed, and I have stuck to my agreement. I get first-rate men by selecting those who have families, and give them comfortable houses to live in. They can board themselves much cheaper than I can do it. It would seem absurd for my wife to make a slave of herself to feed laborers, and to do the work of providing for them three meals a day, sick or well, and do the innumerable tasks of drudgery connected with it, in order that my hired man's wife should escape all this labor, and have a good time of it. Yet there are thousands of farmers well off in the world, who are wearing out and killing their wives with this very thing. I say, shame on them! Put up one or two cheap and neat cottages to begin with, and try the experiment. Do not compel the women to the slavery of providing meals a thousand times a year for half a dozen or more hired men, wash all the dishes a thousand times a year, in addition to the common work of mending clothes, making butter, and a hundred other things. Let the men board themselves, and you will make money by it in the end, for I speak from experience.'

"But we insist on lightening as much as possible the heavy, unremitting round and pressure of housework. It galls the spirit, cheapens life and dethrones hope. It shuts the door on rational happiness for women. Remember whoever emancipates a class from needless drudgery of any sort, not only benefits that class, but ennobles and elevates the race. As we have faith enough in man, and in the sense and energy of farmers as a body, to believe they only need to be shown a way to do what they can to enlarge the horizon and stimulate the hope of the most potent help the farm can boast."

COMPRESSED SPONGE FOR ABSCESS. A patient had been suffering from mammary abscess for several weeks, at one of our hospitals, but without any special benefit from treatment in checking the discharge of pus. It was decided to try the effect of compressed sponge, and for this purpose a sponge about ten inches in diameter was subjected to pressure and then applied by means of a bandage over the breast. After it had been in use forty-eight hours the abcess was completely cured. No pain was experienced by the patient, and in this case the opening in the breast was three inches above the dependent part of the abcess. In applying a sponge to the breast in this class of cases, it is found of advantage to compress it when dry. After it is applied to the breast, and firmly secured in position, a little water is poured upon it to cause expansion and the necessary pressure.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE LADIES' OWN.

CONDUCTED BY M. CORA BLAND.

THE ACTOR'S CHILD. (No. 23.)

BY HENRIETTA PAYNE WESTBROOK.

FROM a living tomb, from walls of fire, Frederick Travis was snatched as a brand from the burning. He was wholly unconscious, and nearly suffocated by the smoke.

His beautiful blonde hair and flowing beard had disappeared in the blaze through which he had fallen. He was thoroughly singed; but not really burned. His left leg was broken; but he had sustained no other serious injury.

On being brought into the open air he revived; and, recollecting that the old actor went down with him, he begged the brave men, who had rescued himself, to return for his father.

They did so at once; but found, even in that brief time, the fire had made such headway it would have been sheer madness to enter the cellar again.

When they told Fred of this failure, he, forgetting the noble service they had previously done him, berated them for a set of cruel cowards, who would let a poor old man be burned alive before their very eyes.

"I will save him yet," Fred cried, springing up from the rude couch on which they had laid him; but finding himself helpless, with his shattered limb, he fell back half fainting from the torture he felt.

Only a short time ago Mr. Fred F. Travis knew naught of the existence of such a personage as Frederick Fraser, senior. Now, he felt something like filial regret, mingled with sympathy at the tragic fate that had overtaken the desolate old man.

A message was sent to the Rev. Terrence Travis, and immediately he set forth to bring, for the third time, his adopted son from the great city of his birth to their home in Lacelede.

The change in Fred's looks was quite shocking to the old minister. The tears came into his eyes when he saw Fred's scorched face, and noticed that the fair locks and the flowing beard, the young minister's special pride and the admiration of many a romantic girl, had disappeared altogether.

On being assured, however, that Fred's injuries were not alarming. Mr. Travis grew light-hearted again and was reminded of a little story, which he told as follows:

"A very handsome boy was very fond of going into dangerous places, particularly into close proximity with the heels of a certain vicious mule. The youth had been frequently warned, but did not heed. At last, one day, the mule kicked him, cutting frightful gashes in his fine features.

"When the boy was partially recovered he insisted upon seeing himself in the glass. Gazing at his swollen and disfigured visage, he, with a suppressed sigh, demanded,

"'Father shall I ever again be as handsome as I was?'

"The father replied, 'No, my son, but you will be a great deal wiser.'"

The theater, according to Mr. Travis's old-fashioned Puritanical notions, was simply an abomination; and this accident to Fred was, to his mind, a direct punishment from Heaven for the sin of being seen in such a place. Yet the old gentleman was far too merciful and too tender of Fred's feelings to say to him in so many words:

"It serves you just right, my boy."

This last misfortune of Fred's had rendered it necessary to postpone the journey to California indefinitely. The plan had been to take a steamship by way of Panama for San Francisco. Now that must be given up, and when he should be well enough, the

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quicker and more prosaic route by rail must be substituted.

Some weeks passed, and Fred was still confined to his bed in the parsonage at Lacelede. A short down already thickly covered his head and chin. It was several shades darker than his hair had been, and promised to be stronger also.

Mrs. Travis, one of those sweetly pious souls who pray in every act and thought, in their down-sittings, and their up-risings, devoutly asked while tending him, that he might be made stronger in purpose and purer in spirit by his present affliction.

Meanwhile Mabel Lee, "in the city by the sea," watched the great ships come and go, hearing no word of all that had transpired.

Her favorite seat during the leisure hours was by an upper window which overlooked the bay. There she waited for Fred's coming. There she recalled their old glad times together. She thought of him as she had known him in all the beauty, the waywardness, the immaturity and the conceit of early manhood. She loved him dearly; just as she would have loved a brother she imagined.

As the time rolled slowly on, she grew anxious. "Why doesFred so long delay his coming to his grandparents and to me?" Finally she wrote to her half-sister, Amelia Travis, asking of her this question and more.

The task of informing their California friends of what had happened had been assigned to Mr. Travis.

With all a man's unwillingness to perform an unpleasant duty, and more than the ordinary man's proneness to procrastination, he had not written a word of it.

Mrs. Travis was not aware of this fact, or she would herself have written and had the agony over.

"The dread of a thing," she was accustomed to say, "is as dreadful as the doing; if not even worse. One cannot afford to dread a disagreeable duty. If he had some pleasant thing to perform he might with propriety postpone that, so as to enjoy the pleasure of anticipation."

Immediately on receiving Mabel's letter Amelia seated herself to address Mr. and Mrs. Lee. In order to have the worst part over first, she began by saying:

"*My Dear Father and Mother*:—I have the mortification of informing you that your grandson is not your grandson at all."

After this it was comparatively easy to tell the rest of the story. She finished her letter by assuring her relatives that they were not going to lose anything by this involuntary revelation, as instead of having Fred alone they were now to have the whole family. Mr. Travis had concluded to give up his charge in Lacelede, to try the effect of a change of scene and climate on his impaired health and broken spirits. They were only waiting, she added, for Fred's complete restoration to health, when they would bid farewell to the east forever.

To Amelia's letter the Lee's responded separately and jointly expressing sympathy for disappointment and disaster, joy at the prospect of a speedy reunion, and bright hopes of future happiness and usefulness.

During the weary weeks which Fred was obliged to lie flat on his back, while the irritating process of bone-knitting was going on, he learned the lesson of patience and submission.

"I cannot help looking Heavenward now," he said playfully.

Sometimes he would exclaim, "Dear, dear mother how can you nurse me so carefully, and show me so much love and forbearance when I have been such a source of anxiety and trouble to you?"

"We read," Mrs. Travis replied, "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and I always think he loves them the more because they have suffered so much. I know I have loved you more tenderly for each new trial you have endured. Every misstep you have repented, every penalty you have paid, has made you dearer to my heart; and if they only bring you nearer our Heavenly Father my prayer will be granted, my desire satisfied."

Hoping to comfort Fred, Mabel

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wrote often, bright, cheery, girlish letters, full of delightful reminiscences of the past and glorious anticipations of the future.

Did she mean *his* future, or *their future*? She gave no hint by which he could determine, but he wrote to her:

"*Dear Mabel.*—Your letters make me in an agony of desire to see you. They do me good like a medicine. They awaken in me new life and strength. They inspire me with a lofty ambition and a holy purpose.

"Lying here day after day, unable to do anything but think and pray, I have learned to know myself much better than I did before. I understand now all the inherited tendencies against which I have been struggling all my life, without knowing what I fought, or why.

"I only know that when I would do good, evil was present with me. I have felt all along as if I was unsuited to my sacred calling. I have always felt as if I was wearing a mask, and playing a part. I once heard an Irish orator compare himself to a square stick trying to fill a round hole. The description applies to me.

"The time is past for me to search for the square niche in which to fit myself. The only thing left for me to do is to smooth off my angularities as best I may, with the help of Him who helpeth all."

In concluding this letter Fred wrote, "I only wait to be well again when we shall take the shortest road to California and to you."

On the long western journey only one incident occurred which need be recorded here. The train had crossed the Mississippi, and was dashing on at the rate of forty miles an hour towards the Missouri, when, quick as a flash, the air brakes were applied and the cars came to a sudden stop.

There was no scream of whistle, no outward commotion; but one thrill of excitement brought every male passenger to his feet. Everybody knew that something had happened, or was going to happen, and every man rushed out to ascertain what was the matter.

The thing which had taken place, not an unheard of one in those parts, was the disappearance of a portion of the track, caused by the sinking of the land on which it was laid. The engineer, ever on the lookout for dangers ahead, had discovered this in time to prevent a fearful accident.

Mr. Travis was hastening back to the drawing-room car to inform Amelia of the facts, and allay her fears, when he heard his name called. Looking around he saw the engineer, whose watchfulness had saved them, beckoning to him. The outline of the man's face and figure seemed familiar, but he was blackened past recognition with the soot and the smoke.

"You don't know me, Mr. Travis. I am Jake Flenner, the bad boy, over whom you used to agonize so much. I wanted to tell you your prayers have been answered, and to thank you and your wife for all you tried to do for me. I want you to know it was not labor lost. It was bread cast on the waters to return after many days of soaking misery, and want, and waste."

"This is glad news indeed, Jake;" said the minister. "It will make Mrs. Travis happy too. Both she and Frederick are traveling with me. Can you not come into the car and speak to them?"

"No, my dear sir, I cannot leave my post; it is a part of my religion 'to treat my engine well.' But they can come here and sit on my box. The train cannot move till the break is repaired; and that will take a good while, as I well know."

Mr. Travis soon returned with his wife and son. Jake had meanwhile wiped the box clean with the cotton waste they use; and he had spread his coat as a carpet for her feet.

The greeting over, the three visitors expressed a desire to hear his experience.

"Well," said Jake, "you know I was pretty bad to begin with, and after my failure in the blackmailing experiment on Mr. Frederick, I did not dare show myself in Lacelede any more; so I left for parts unknown. I went on from bad to worse, till one day in a drunken brawl I struck a man with a

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club, hurting him pretty badly. For it I was arrested and put in prison a whole year. I was terribly cut up by the disgrace of it; and I thought it would be no use ever to try to be anybody after that. You see, my dear friends, through all my wickedness I had never given up the intention of settling down into something better sometime. I looked at my striped clothes, and fumbled my cropped hair, and I said to myself, 'Well this is a pretty mess you have brought yourself to, Jake Flenner. You are a jail-bird now, and no mistake. Nobody 'll ever believe there is any good in you after this.'

"Well, I blubbered like a schoolboy," Jake continued, "and I thought it the very worst thing that could have come to me. But it turned out to be the very best. I do believe my old grandmother from the spirit world had some hand in bringing it about. She had often appeared to me; and the first night I was in my lonely cell she came for the last time, looking quite satisfied and happy, and saying, in a sort of pantomime that I understood: 'It's all right now?' I couldn't see it; but somehow I felt better ever after."

"I fear most prisons make people worse, Mr. Flenner," said the minister.

"I think," replied Jake, "that the folks who had charge of my prison were unusually good ones; for the keeper came to me and kindly explained that I was not there for punishment so much as for imprisonment. He asked what kind of employment I'd like, and what trade I had followed. I was obliged to confess that I knew little or nothing about any useful work, and that this ignorance was one great cause of my present misfortune.

"He then took me through the many manufactories connected with the institution, that I might decide what I would like to do. In the department devoted to locomotive works I wished to stay and learn all I could. There I worked out my term. At the end of it the superintendent said to me:

"'Where will you go, and what will you do when you return to the world?'

"I frankly told him I had no friends and nothing in prospect.

"'Then it becomes our duty to help you to help yourself,' he said. 'Would you like us to secure you a place in some locomotive works?'

"I thought a moment. I was interested in the machinery, but I hated the in-doors and the confinement. 'I should like to run one of them things on the road, sir,' I said.

"'Very well. You shall do that Jake, but not immediately. You must begin lower down; and if you do well you will soon be promoted.'

"So he found me a place as fireman on this very engine; and six months after I became its engineer. That is three years ago. By that time I was in love with a nice little woman; and, thinking four dollars and a half a day a reasonable means of support, we were married.

"Our baby is nearly two years old; and, sir," turning to Mr. Travis, "if you will excuse the liberty I took, I named him Terence in remembrance of those to whose teachings I owe most.

"We have a neat little cottage for our home in Omaha. My duties allow me only Sunday there, but you may be sure I enjoy it; and, my dear Mrs. Travis, I have no difficulty in saying now,

'Thine earthly Sabbaths Lord we love.'"

Mr. Lee met the Travis family at the station, and took them in his carriage to his house, where Mabel and her mother received them with great joy. This was the first meeting of the half-sisters, and more than thirty years had passed since Amelia had parted from her mother and her stepfather. Mr. Travis had only met them once in all that time.

Mabel was now nearly thirty-five years of age, and Frederick was a little more. The latter, although maimed and slightly scarred, was still handsome. His figure was elegant; and his bearing both graceful and commanding. His eyes were large, expressive, and full of magnetic power.

On his face an interesting palor, the effect of fatigue and recent illness,

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imparted a delicately pathetic look, which seemed a constant appeal for love and sympathy. Mabel brought pillows for his head, and showered perfumes and pettings in about equal proportions. She caressed and cuddled him, as a mother does a tired child come home to rest.

"Fred will never want to go to Heaven, if you continue to treat him in that manner," said Amelia.

"I am in Paradise already, mother," said the young parson. "My willing soul would stay in such a frame as this forever."

"Oh! I don't mean to be so good to him all the time," said Mabel. "I shall not surfeit him with sweetness. I do not mean to let him forget that he came not to be ministered unto, but to minister to others' needs. There is much for him to do here. The people that called him have waited long for his coming. He must begin his work in another week."

Outside of home influences Mabel's education had been like Fred's, Calvinistic; but her father's broad culture, his cosmopolitan tastes, and world-wide sympathies, had so far influenced her mature years that she had outgrown it.

No pent-up Utica of a creed could longer bind her soul. Fully realizing that what she believed to-day might in to-morrow's light become impossible to her faith, she utterly refused to subscribe to the Thirty-Nine Articles, or any others. With marvelous success, in one so young, she had educated her people up to her own standard. They boldly declared themselves independent of all ecclesiastical authority. They were no longer supporters of a dogma, but truth seekers, in the highest sense of the term. Their religion was in no danger of being upset by science, nor their system of theology of being destroyed by a discovery.

"In religion Mabel was wont to say, "there is no middle ground 'twixt Rome and reason. Rome is not to our liking; we are not born into bondage; therefore we choose reason."

Mabel Lee's congregation was an association of people bound together, not by any common belief, but by a single purpose; namely, to seek the truth and to live up to their highest light.

In the church itself were some of the peculiarities. Each alternate pew, without regard to location, was set apart for the poor and the stranger. The remaining ones were rented at a rate that paid every necessary expense of the association. No officious sexton was allowed to discriminate between the shabbily and the elegantly dressed. The rich and the poor met together on equal footing there. Nobody was made uncomfortable by a collection plate being presented to him every time he went to worship. Almsboxes were arranged at convenient places, and people quietly dropped in much or little, or nothing at all, according to their means or their sense of duty. No one gave because he was expected to give, or to be seen of men.

"The motive in giving is the thing that counts in its moral effect," the preacher told them. On each Sunday morning she was accustomed to state to what purpose the contributions of that day would be appropriated; and then larger or smaller sums would be dropped, according to the necessities of the case or the popularity of the object.

The parlors of the church had been constructed and liberally endowed by some early members of the association, now passed away. They were pleasant places for social gatherings, reading, and innocent amusements. Their doors stood always open, ever

> "Rendering gracious service to the living
> Grateful memories to the dead."

The first Sabbath after their arrival, both Fred and his father sat under Mabel's ministrations.

"I shall not invite you into the pulpit with me," she had said to them. "It embarrasses me to have any one sitting behind me when I talk. I like to see my auditors. I want to look into their eyes and read their very thoughts while they listen to my words."

In that grand audience room no "dim religious light" struggled through stained window panes; but the gol-

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den sunlight, softened by ground glass, brightened everything. A profusion of flowers on platform and pulpit filled the air with fragrance.

Mabel herself, in a black silk robe, her rich dark hair falling in natural curls over her queenly shoulders, her dress enlivened by a bit of blue ribbon, her hazel eyes glowing with earnestness, and her lovely face flushing with health and excitement, looked as if she had discovered the fountain of perpetual youth and beauty.

In most religious meetings there is a surplus of womenkind. Here Frederick noticed, not without a pang akin to jealousy, was an excess of men. Mabel, it must be acknowledged, had not been without her adorers; but it was "as if a man should love a bright particular star, and hope to win and wear it for his own."

Mabel was not unconscious of her own attractions. She cherished them as gifts from God; and she consecrated them with her talents, and all that she had to His service. It was impossible to come within her influence and not be made purer and better.

The perfection of church music is congregational singing led by a well-trained quartet. As Mabel Lee ascended to her place the grand anthem,

"How beautiful are the feet of Him that
Bringeth glad tidings, that publisheth a peace,"

pealed forth from the organ; and was caught up by a thousand voices.

The prayer which followed was a a model of its kind. She seemed to approach the throne of grace with all the simplicity of a child presenting to her father the desires and the aspirations of her heart; and holding loving communion with Him. She prayed not like one standing afar off and speaking through a brazen trumpet to the Most High.

Her words were those of one who has constant access to the ear that is ever open to our cry; to the mercy which is ever ready to forgive, to the great heart that is ever full of tenderness toward the children of men. Every one present felt that he himself prayed, that he cast off his burdens and received a newness of strength, a fulness of joy, and the promise of "pleasures forevermore."

Mabel's sermon was from the text Philipians iii: 13. "Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, etc."

We cannot hope to give an adequate idea of its beauty and its power.

Her enthusiasm for humanity, her charming presence, her perfect consecration, her implicit faith, her holy unction, should be seen and felt; they cannot be described.

The burden of the thought, and that which seemed to have special reference to Fred's case, was this: forgetting all the mistakes we regretted, the sins we have repented, believing there is forgiveness, and that our sins are remembered against us no more, let us not distress our souls with a remembrance of guilt; but laying aside every weight, and arising to a newness of life "press forward toward the mark of the high calling."

The parsonage of Fred's new church was directly opposite Mr. Lee's residence. There Fred and his parents went to live after a time; yet the two families were almost like one, so constant was the intercourse between them.

With his own flock Fred was immensely successful. He took all hearts by storm. Still he was not spoiled by his popularity. Their praise and esteem only stimulated him to higher endeavors.

"Fred, my son, you never begun to preach with such power before," Mr. Travis one day observed.

"I never felt so in earnest before, dear father," Fred replied. "I read awhile ago an anecdote of Garrick that was new to me. A certain bishop in conversing with him asked: 'How is it that you actors make people weep or laugh at will at your fictions, while we pious preachers often put our audiences to sleep under the most sublime and awful truths.'

"'I will tell you,' said Garrick. 'You, sire, present truths as if they were fictions. We present fictions as if they were truths.' This little story gave

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me a hint upon which I have since acted. I try now to present truths as if they were truths real and tangible."

With Mabel Fred was most desperately in love; but she was always so perfectly frank and cordial he found it utterly impossible to make a regular declaration. He remembered to have heard his father say that with two persons who loved, and were suited to each other, such a formality was quite unnecessary; and that the first thing the lovers would know they would be making their wedding arrangements.

"Here," thought Fred, "is a way out of my dilemma."

He had not a doubt of his being accepted. Some men never have. The answer would be "yes, and thank you for the honor," of course. And yet he wondered at his own nervousness. Well, he confessed to himself, he would feel relieved when he was right sure everything was perfectly understood between them.

So he waited for a favorable opportunity, a moonlight night in the garden, under the shadow of the magnolia trees, as they walked there hand in hand.

"Mabel," said Fred, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "when shall we be married?"

"Why, Fred! What do you mean?"

"Mean, Mabel! do not you love me?"

"Yes, Fred, dearly. But why change our relation to each other? Could we be happier than we have been these last few weeks? Have you forgotten what I said to you so long ago at Blank University? 'I shall never marry, I am wedded to my profession.' Besides I feel 'a necessity is laid upon me, and woe is me if I preach not the Gospel."

Frederick, overcome by the refusal, threw himself into a seat, bowed his head on his hand and wept, as only a strong man weeps, with bitter disappointment.

Mabel's heart was wrung with pity and a desire to comfort him. For one moment her resolution wavered. She would gladly give her own life to make his bright again.

Suddenly a thought struck her.

"Fred! Fred!" she cried, laying one hand gently on his shoulder, and with the other taking Fred's hand from his eyes; "we have forgotten Julia. Your wife still lives."

"To me she has been dead for years," Frederick replied, half-sullenly.

"My sister informed us that the divorce was only partial. In the eye of the law you are still a married man."

Fred groaned aloud. The iron had entered his soul again. In an agony of spirit he exclaimed:

"Yes, Julia lives to come between me and all that I most desire! Alas! 'who shall deliver me from this body of death.'" [*Concluded.*]

GEORGE FREDERICK CUVIER.

BY T. A. BLAND.

THE three largest brains of which we have statistics, as to measurement and weight, were those of Lord Bacon, Napoleon Bonaparte and Baron Cuvier. Bacon is credited with being the most profound thinker and the ablest jurist of modern times, but a corrupt and treacherous man. Napoleon Bonaparte but for his ambition would have proved the greatest statesman since Plato, and Cuvier was eminent as a philosopher, statesman and naturalist. He was grandly great as a philosopher and statesman, but his researches in natural history were so profound and learned as to eclipse his fame in other fields, and he is known in history chiefly as the great naturalist. Natural history as a science was little known to the ancients. Aristotle stands almost alone among the Greeks as an observer and thinker in this department of science. Rome, as the mistress of the world, at a time when

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learning was at its height in her schools, failed to be attached to this study, Pliny being the only Roman who gave any attention to the classification of the productions of Nature. His attempt was an ambitious, but not a very successful one. During the dark ages the writings of Aristotle were accepted by the church and forced upon the people as the scriptures of science, which it were heresy to question. During all these long centuries of starless night the stone of religious dogmatism covered the mouth of the tomb to which crucified science had been consigned by the church. As the first gleam of light shot athwart the horizon, heralding the dawn of the Reformation, Redi and Lister turned to Nature for knowledge, and directly began a classification of her wonderful facts. As these retired from the field Ray and Willoughby took up the work. These were succeeded by the immortal Linnæus, whose genius and labors have never been excelled. Through the aid of the great men who preceded him, and by virtue of the godlike gifts of mind bestowed upon him by his Creator, this wonderful man was enabled to give to natural history the form of an exact science. He conceived when a boy the idea of arranging and classifying all the productions of Nature, and his whole life was industriously devoted to this great work. That he did not fully realize his youthful vision is to be attributed solely to the fact that his comparatively long career was not long enough for the completion of the task he had set himself to perform.

Buffon, the most brilliant of all the contemporaries of Linnæus, aided him greatly in getting public attention drawn to the importance of his researches, and in defending him against the prejudices of the ignorant and the aspersions of the corrupt religionists. He was superior to Linnæus as a generalizer, and in eloquent descriptions and arguments, but greatly inferior in accurate observation and the ability to classify.

Cuvier may justly be said to have been the first successor of Linnæus at all worthy the title. He took up the work where the great master laid it down, and went forward toward perfection. No man till Cuvier came had attempted to improve upon the classifications of Linnæus. He saw defects in his system which, while not detracting from his fame, were yet greatly in the way of reaching perfection in the science of natural history. For example, the mollusca, vermes and zoophytes were included in one class by Linnæus, the class of vermes, consisting of five orders—the intestina, mollusca, testacea, zoophyta and infusoria. This classification had been an inheritance to Linnæus from Ray, and was found by Cuvier to be very defective. It rested upon imperfect observations of the respiratory and circulatory systems of animals, and was greatly modified by Cuvier, who succeeded in constructing a classification of animals which has not been materially modified since.

Baron Cuvier was born at Montbéliard, France, on the 23d of August, 1769, and was thoroughly educated at Stuttgart. He attracted great attention and won universal admiration while at school by his wonderful mental powers, and especially was he remarkable for his tenacity of memory.

He removed to Paris—whither his fame had preceded him—in 1795, and was welcomed with distinguished honors by the Society of Natural Sciences. He was made professor of natural history in the central schools, and assistant professor of comparative anatomy in the Museum of Natural History. He at once set about the work of forming a cabinet of comparative anatomy. About the close of his first year in Paris he was chosen a member of the Institute of Science and Art.

His first work was published in 1798, and at once attracted great attention. It contained the genesis of his great system of classification. He became professor of natural history in the College of France in the year 1800, was chosen perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences in 1802, and was married the same year to Madame Duranceal, an intelligent and highly cultivated lady. A treatise on fossil bones, illustrated by engravings from his own

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hand, was issued in 1808. The same year he was appointed councillor to the Imperial University, and for some years following he was engaged in presiding over commissions appointed to supervise and to establish academies and colleges throughout the country. In 1812 a revised edition of his treatise on "Fossil Bones," with a preliminary treatise on the "Revolutions of the Surface of the Globe" was issued. This work establishes his claim to be the founder of the science of comparative anatomy; but it by no means proves that he perfected that science, or exhausted the subjects connected with it.

Napoleon honored Cuvier with the official appointment of Councillor of State, in 1814.

The greatest of all his published works is his "Animal Kingdom," (4 volumes,) issued in 1817.

His new classification of animals, and the philosophy of it, are fully given here. He begins with four grand divisions; the vertebrata; the mollusca; the articulata and the radiata. He says that the natural history of a being is a knowledge of all its relations, of all the properties of that being, and that the whole of its organization should serve to assign it a place in a methodical arrangement.

He maintained that anatomy and physiology should form the basis of zoology, and that the most general and constant fact in the organization should determine its grand divisions, and the least general and most reliable facts the secondary divisions. He thus established a subordination of characters, which alone can be the principle of a natural method of arrangement of beings, that the place occupied by each of them gives a general idea of its organization, and the relations which connect it with all the others.

This raised the importance of the inferior classes, as neither size nor utility was allowed to enter into the competition in scientific distributions. "Indeed," he says, "we have such limited knowledge of the views of the Author of Nature, that the animals which appear to us to be of the smallest importance, are perhaps as necessary to the general plan of creation as those we would place at the top of the scale." Cuvier supported his views so well by facts and arguments, that they were adopted by the scientific world almost without a criticism.

Cuvier's system and his fame rest on the solid foundation of close and accurate observation, governed by a philosophy well nigh perfect. It is a well authenticated fact, that if given a single bone of an animal that he never saw or heard of he would make a correct drawing of the living animal. This seems almost beyond belief, at first, but is plain enough in the light of his principles of observation and comparison. If he would say an animal's jaws are constructed for devouring flesh, its teeth must be made for tearing, its claws for seizing, its limbs for running, its muscles for springing: its neck must be strong for lifting and carrying its prey, etc., etc. Thus the habits of the animal are determined by the law of correspondences, and the shape, size, etc., by its habits.

Before his day naturalists had been deterred from any attempt to classify fossil bones of quadrupeds from want of some such system as Cuvier's. The remains of other forms of animals and of vegetables were generally more complete. Leibnitz and Buffon, had gone as far in the classification of fossil remains as it were possible to go without a better system, or a more complete one, than they possessed. With reluctance we leave the contemplation of the work of the great naturalist to briefly review the career of Cuvier as a statesman.

He was greater than Louis XVII. Robespierre, the jacobin leader, Napoleon I, or Louis Phillipe, and these each in turn gave practical recognition of that fact by seeking his council.

No revolution or change of government affected the fame or influence of Cuvier. The consulate, the imperial government, the restoration, the monarchy, were all as one to him personally, for what could kings, emperors or governments do for such a man as Cuvier.

He was independent of them, but

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they felt their dependence upon him. He was a favorite with Napoleon, who often consulted him on matters of state. After the restoration of the Bourbons he was the most trusted counsellor of the king. In politics he was rather conservative. Perhaps he deserves to be classed with M. Roland, and the conservative girondists. But be that as it may, his sincerity and entire devotion to the best good of the French people was never questioned.

He was not hopeful of the republic, because he had been accustomed to note the gradual changes in Nature; and he argued that change in political or religious institutions to be permanent must be gradual.

He maintained that only an intellectual and cultivated people could govern themselves, and such would submit to no other form of government but self-government. Is there not profound wisdom in these conclusions? This eminent man died in May, 1832, aged 63. The editor of the London Quarterly Review, in giving a record of his death in the number for July, 1832, says: "Certainly of all those of whom enlightened nations have had to mourn the loss in this age, none did more for them, none performed their duty upon earth more efficiently and with more marked effect, none have advanced the thought of his time, or left the influence of his labors more visible on the labors commencing as his were ending, than Cuvier. We weave the brightest wreaths to crown his name, for his memory is unspotted by cruelty or crime.

LEXINGTON AND BUNKER HILL.

BY M. CORA BLAND.

HISTORIC names and more. They have come to mean all that is embraced in the first essential element of political and intellectual progress—protest against tyranny.

War is not only incidental to, but a *sine qua non* to evolution. It is a phenomenon arising from the elements of society undergoing important change, preparatory to readjustment on a higher plane.

The English barons, our ancestors of the thirteenth century, forced King John to sign *Magna Charta*, and the heroes of Lexington and Bunker Hill said to George III, in language the most emphatic, "*We will defend our rights as Englishmen with our lives.*" This was all they meant. Putnam, Prescott and Warren were loyal Englishmen, fighting for the rights guaranteed to them under the constitution of Great Britain, but which were being trampled upon by a despotic king and an arbitrary ministry. This was the highest inspiration and broadest thought that sustained the hearts and nerved the arms of the martyr heroes of 1775.

The genius of liberty meant more, much more, than this.

> "There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them as we will."

And this divinity took charge of the destiny of America the moment her people showed themselves worthy such guardianship.

Political evolution was steady and rapid. A year had scarcely gone by till the idea of national independence took possession of the people, and they said: "We are no longer English subjects but American freemen." The circle of a rounded century is complete since the thundering protest against British tyrrany awoke the echoes that slumbered in the Mystic valley. And to-day, as the grand procession marches around Monument square, our thoughts are busy with the events of the past century and the lessons they embody.

One hundred years ago this day, aye, this very hour, fifteen hundred sturdy yeomen, from the farms and workshops of New England, clad in homespun and armed with squirrel rifles, were engaged in deadly conflict with four times their

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number of trained British troops, while from the housetops of the provincial town of Boston a few hundred anxious friends awaited the issue. Now thirty thousand citizen soldiers arrayed in uniform brilliant as the kingly robes of a Persian monarch, march in stately order around this spot—"where Warren fell"—consecrated to freedom, under the admiring gaze of half a million of eyes beaming with patriotic pride.

The two pictures contrast sharply, but they truly represent the *then* and the *now* of America.

Then it was an insignificant British dependence, with a population of less than three millions, with limited commerce, few and simple arts, no science worthy the name, and but little wealth of any sort, save the hidden wealth of Nature yet unsuspected. Now it is a queenly nation of vast area, covered by a population numbering forty millions, cities of the first order, productive resources unequaled, a commerce whose ships whiten every sea, and a railway system of such magnitude as to justly be classed with the few great wonders of the world; arts and sciences whose marvelous revelations put to the blush the supernatural achievements of Egyptian magic, Persian genii, or Grecian gods, and a literature of such ubiquitous character as to convert every hamlet into a center of thought, and every home into a university of learning. It is in no spirit of presumptious pride, therefore, but with feelings of gratitude we say to the world: Behold what a century of freedom hath wrought!

THE MILLINER.

MAKE her work harder, she is but a milliner,
How dare she complain hard work is killing her?
Aged seventeen, and in a consumption!
Some law should be made to punish presumption.

Make her work harder! her mother, poor creature,
Is paralytic in each limb and feature.
In such a condition she should be willing,
To work day and night to obtain but a shilling.

Make her work harder! she dwells in a kitchen,
And people who live by their hemming and stitching,
Must keep on working for breakfast and dinner,
Or go without clothes and get thinner and thinner.

Harder they made her work, harder than ever,
Then came across her path a practiced deceiver,
One young and wealthy, who, smiling upon her,
First gained her affections and then her dishonor!

Of course he forsook her: a creature so tender,
Who in this wide world would care to defend her?
Down with her, down with her! lower and lower,
In a few weeks her old mother wont know her.

Bright are her young eyes, delighting beholders,
Her hair falls in ringlets over her shoulders;
Down with her, down with her! lower and lower!
Till only the vilest acknowledge they know her.

God! what a wreck of a creature so dutiful!
God! what a wreck of a creature so beautiful!
Purchase a shroud, her pale face to tie in;
Take her away! the victim is dying!

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HUMAN LONGEVITY.

BY EDWIN F. BACON.

There is a destiny made for a man by his ancestors, and no one can elude, were he able to attempt it, the tyranny of his organization.—*Maudsley.*

THE subject of longevity has of late attracted unusual attention, a lively controversy having sprung up, both in England and America, concerning the numerous alleged cases of centenarianism. Several writers have denied that any human being since the days of the ancient patriarchs has been known to live beyond the age of one hundred and five years, and have challenged proof in all cases where even the age of one hundred is said to have been reached. In this and other articles I purpose giving the result of considerable inquiry into the general subject, with an examination of some special cases of great longevity, and trust that the information thus gathered may not be without its bearings upon the question of practical right living.

The length of life is evidently determined, to a great extent, by the inherited qualities of the physical organization. To every being there is an appointed term of existence, which under favorable circumstances may be reached, but which cannot be exceeded. There are insects that flit in the light of a single summer's day and die of old age before the going down of the sun, while there are other animals that survive for centuries. The difference is a matter of inheritance. Much inquiry has been made concerning the normal duration of human life. Buffon, the naturalist, claimed to have discovered the law that all animals live from six to seven times the period of their physical growth. M. Flourens, late secretary of the French Academy of Sciences, investigated the matter still further, and accepted the general rule that length of life depends upon the time of growth, but fixed the normal age of man at about five times this period. He says: "I find the sign which indicates the term of growth in the union of the bones with their epiphyses (soft extremities.) As long as the bones are not thus united the animal grows." In man this union takes place between the ages of sixteen and twenty, there being a difference both in races and in individuals of the same race. Human life should therefore be prolonged to the age of from eighty to one hundred years, as is actually the case. In this law we see the truth of the common remark that persons who come late to maturity retain their faculties proportionably long, while undue precocity is an almost certain indication of premature decay; and we find here, too, a warning against the over stimulation of the intellectual powers in childhood.

Among the influences that affect the duration of human life, that of climate is one of the most prominent. "Give me the geography of a people" says M. Cousin, "and I will give you its history." Although man inhabits almost the entire earth, his condition and length of life present a variety corresponding to his physical surroundings. The greatest longevity is found among the most highly civilized nations of the north temperate zone, especially in the northwestern part of Europe and in certain portions of the United States and British America. Various writers have undertaken to state the average duration of human life in different countries and at different periods of history, but really the material for anything like accuracy in the matter does not exist. An official register of births and deaths, under the supervision of a central authority in each country, with a truthful statement of age at decease, and this continued through a long period of time, is necessary to accuracy. Such records exist only in the most enlightened countries of Europe, and are of comparatively recent origin.

The facts upon record and the observations of travelers go to show that there is a general, though not uniform, increase in the average duration of human life from the equator toward the

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poles, to a latitude beyond which it is again shortened by the intensity of the cold; the Esquimaux, for example, being a dwarfish and short lived race. It is also true that in a given latitude civilized races live longer than savages. In tropical regions generally the average of life has been stated at from fifteen to twenty-four years in different localities, the latter figure being given for southern Asia. In southern Europe it is about thirty years, with the exception of Austria and Turkey, where it is somewhat less. In the German empire it is about thirty-two, and from there it increases very decidedly toward the northwestern portion of the continent and the British isles, reaching its maximum in Norway, where upon the basis of reasonably exact statistics, it is reckoned at forty-three and a half years, which for an entire country is the highest average known, though for particular localities and among certain classes of people it is still higher.

Wapphaeus, the distinguished German writer upon population, states the average duration of life in European countries as follows: In Norway forty-three and a half years, in Sweeden, Denmark and France forty and a half, Belgium thirty-eight and a half, Hanover thirty-eight, England thirty-seven. Holland thirty-five, Bavaria thirty-two and a half, Prussia, Saxony and Sardinia thirty-one, Austria twenty-eight. With regard to Russia no exact statement can be made, the vital statistics of that country being very defective. It is known, however, that the number both of births and deaths is larger in proportion to the population than in the countries of western Europe. The temperature is favorable to longevity, but the low state of civilization more than counterbalances this advantage. Whatever may be said of the demoralizing influences of a high civilization, it has upon the whole increased the average duration of life, its most conspicuous effect being seen in the preservation of children.

The most striking instance on record of the effects of modern culture upon human life and happiness is found in the history of the city of Geneva, Switzerland, where vital statistics have been kept since the year 1549, with an exactness nowhere else to be found. According to these records the average "expectation of life," that is the average prospect of life of each individual at birth, was at different periods as follows:

From 1550 to 1600, 8½ years.
From 1600 to 1700, 13¼ years.
From 1701 to 1750, 27¾ years.
From 1751 to 1800, 31¼ years.
From 1801 to 1813, 40⅔ years.
From 1813 to 1833, 45 years.

The first averages given were due chiefly to excessive infant mortality, and is only a specimen of the condition of Europe in the middle ages, the commonest sanitary regulations of modern cities being unknown, while the personal habits of the people are sufficiently indicated by the fact, for which we have good authority, that for a thousand years after the decline of the old Roman empire the practice of bathing with a view to cleanliness was utterly unknown in Europe.

We have no means of knowing the average length of life in the United States. The necessary records have never been kept in any form by the national authorities, and only partially by the several states. The average is believed to be considerably less here than in northern Europe, and has been variously stated at from twenty-seven to thirty-four years. It should be remembered, however, that a comparatively low average is found in every country where children are numerous. One-half the human race perishes in infancy. A child who in the United States reaches the age of six years in good health has, according to the life insurance tables, an average prospect of living to the age of fifty-five years, and this compares favorably with the life tables of the healthiest countries of Europe, yet between the various classes of our heterogeneous population there is a wide difference. The highest averages of life are undoubtedly to be found in the New England states, among the descendants of our Puritan ancestors, and among the Quakers and Shak-

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ers in various localities. The Jews also, here as elsewhere, maintain their proverbial tenacity of life. Throughout the north, and especially in the northwest, many instances of great longevity are found. In the south the average is not high, and the great majority of aged people are negroes.

With regard to the extreme duration of life there is not so wide a difference as in the matter of averages. In every part of the world where records are kept there may be found authentic instances of persons living a full century, and even exceeding that limit by a few years, but beyond this we enter the region of the fabulous and incredible. Human records everywhere justify the words which we find in the apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus "The number of a man's days are at most one hundred years." The few who have tarried "superfluous on the stage of life" a trifle beyond that limit have scarce invalidated the rule.

Among the ancients the most interesting cases of longevity are those of the old Greek philosophers. Their locality, if we are to judge by the present inhabitants of Greece, was not favorable to long life, yet they not only lived but preserved in a wonderful degree their physical and mental powers to ages ranging often from eighty to one hundred years, though the exact date of birth was either not recorded, or has in most cases been lost; so that we are unable to state with accuracy the ages of even the most celebrated men.

A curious and interesting document concerning the longevity of the ancients exists in the form of an epistle written by the Latin author Lucian to Quintillian, about the middle of the first century of the Christian era. This has recently been republished, among other matter of a like character, by the American Popular Life Insurance Company, of New York, the president of which, Dr. Lambert, ranks as an authority on this subject. In this epistle Lucian gives upward of seventy cases of great longevity among distinguished men known to Grecian and Roman history. He states that three of the first seven kings of Rome, those who preceded the republic, exceeded the age of eighty, the last of these, Tarquin, having lived in banishment to the age of ninety-two. Three of the seven wise men of Greece, Solon, Thales and Pittacus lived, he says, fully one hundred years, though by other writers their ages are variously stated between eighty and ninety-five.

Zeno the great stoic philosopher continued teaching to the age of ninety-eight, and then died, as was not uncommon in those days, by voluntary abstinence from food. His age is confirmed by other authorities. Cleanthus, a pupil and successor of Zeno, is stated to have died in the same manner at the age of ninty-nine, retaining his faculties to the last. Plato, as well as several of his disciples, lived beyond the age of eighty. Georgias an orator, lived according to Lucian to the age of one hundred and eight, a statement rendered credible by the reply which Georgias made when asked how he had preserved his health; he said it was by staying at home and not indulging his appetite at other men's tables, which reminds one of the remark of a certain bishop who said that he could discharge all the duties of his office except eating the dinners set before him.

Democritus, the laughing philosopher, reached the age of one hundred according to all authorities. Lucian states that he terminated his life at one hundred and four, in the same manner as Zeno. The mental vigor of the Greeks in old age is even more remarkable than their longevity. In almost every instance, we read that they retained their faculties to the last. Isocrates the orator wrote a famous panegyric after he was ninety, and Sophocles the dramatist produced a play in the highest style of the poetic art when about the same age.

Lucian attributes great longevity to the eastern Magi, to the Assyrian, Egyptian and Arabian philosophers, and to the holy men of the Medes and Persians, ascribing their health and long life to the "temperance and abstinence to which their studies obliged them."

The ancient Romans were not as long

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lived as the Greeks. During a period of one thousand years, ending in the time of Justinian, the average length of life among the free citizens of Rome is stated, upon the authority of Ulpinus, at thirty years, which is also that of Italy at the present time. Lucian although himself a Roman takes his examples, of individual longevity almost exclusively from Greece and its colonies. In the time of Vespasian, however, in the year 76, a registry was made of the ages of the Roman people, from which it appears that between the Po and the base of the Apennines there were one hundred and eighty-eight centenarians, of whom fifty-seven were one hundred and ten, four one hundred and thirty, and three one hundred and forty years old, but none of these cases admit of verification. They rank with the ordinary records of the census taker, such, for example, as that of enumerating thirty-five hundred centenarians in the United States in the year 1870. Among the higher classes it is the philosophers rather than the statesmen or warriors who attain to a great age, hence the superiority of the Greeks to the Romans in this respect.

The subject of personal longevity in modern times will furnish material for a subsequent article. During the past year I have taken much pains to inquire into cases of supposed centenarianism, but have thus far found only one clearly established instance of a person living in the United States beyond the age of one hundred and five years. Careful investigations in England, by Mr. W. J. Thoms and others, have failed to establish even one such case in that country in modern times. Few of the reported cases admit of verification. The faithful body servants of Washington and the gallant survivors of Waterloo, who sojourn among us, have usually no evidence of the date of their birth more reliable than their own recollection, yet we are happy to feel assured that there are a score or more—not the thirty-five hundred of the census—of genuine centenarians in the United States, some of whom we hope to have the pleasure of introducing to the readers of THE HERALD OF HEALTH. Our neighbors the Chinese erect monuments to their centenarians, regarding them as the especial favorites of heaven. When we know who our own centenarians really are, I am persuaded we shall also feel disposed to honor them, and to profit by the useful lesson of their lives.

THE LIVER, ITS USE, AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF IT.*

DERANGEMENTS OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

1. *Aching Pains in the Limbs and Lassitude*, coming on about an hour after a full meal, and sometimes associated with an irresistible tendency to drowsiness, are very common symptons resulting from hepatic derangement with uræmia. They are often attended by flatulence and other indications of atonic dyspepsia.

2. *Pain in the Shoulder.*—It is well known that in organic disease of the liver complaint is often made of a dull, heavy, or aching pain about the right, and more rarely about the left, shoulder-blade, which is accounted for by the connection existing between the branches of the subclavius nerve and the phrenic. Patients with uræmia often complain of a similar pain.

3. *Hepatic Neuralgia.*—In rare cases, a neuralgic pain seems to occur in the liver itself. Many, probably most, of the reported cases of "neuralgic hepatis" have probably been examples of biliary colic, where the stone has never advanced beyond the neck of the gall-bladder or the cystic duct, so as to cause jaundice. My experience would certainly lead me to doubt the purely

* We present this month an able paper on the effect of disease of the liver, by Dr. Murchison, the ablest writer on this subject.

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neuralgic character of any such attack in which the pain is followed by jaundice, as has happened in some of the recorded cases. Other instances of supposed hepatic neuralgia have probably been examples of nephritic colic from renal calculi, where the pain, as I have known happen, radiates horizontally forward, instead of taking the usual direction downward toward the pubes. But, making allowance for such mistakes in diagnosis, a certain number of cases remain which appear to be examples of true neuralgia of the liver. Cases of this sort have been described by Trousseau, Anstie, and other authors, and a few have come under my notice. The patients in these cases have been liable to sudden attacks, often periodic, of severe pain in the right hypochondrium, and radiating thence to the right shoulder, with tenderness over one or more of the dorsal spinous processes. They have been for the most part of nervous temperament, and subject to neuralgic pains in other parts of the body; and in most instances the attacks have been attended with great depression of spirits. The cause of the attacks is to be sought for in a general neuralgic tendency, rather than in any disorder of the liver. Trousseau, however, has pointed out that hepatic colic from gall-stones may excite a true neuralgia. After showing how the peripheral irritation of a false tooth may excite facial neuralgia, he observes: "The same thing obtains in hepatic colic. Fearful pains set up suddenly in the pit of the stomach and in the region of the gall-bladder and of the ductus communis choledochus. So far there is merely local pain, without neuralgia, and there is no tendency on pressure of the dorsal spinous processes; but, after two or three days spent in acute pain, a sharp pain is frequently complained of in the seventh, eighth, and ninth intercostal spaces, in the shoulder, in the neck, and in the arm on the same side; from that time neuralgia exists, and the vertebræ become very tender on pressure."

4. *Severe Cramps* in the legs and different parts of the body are a common symptom in persons who are the subjects of uræmia. They often come on during the night, and they are most common in cold and damp weather. The late Sir Charles Scudamore remarked that, in some gouty persons, they produced such intense suffering as to form the leading feature of the disease. Sometimes they precede a paroxysm of articular gout. Two remarkable instances of this result of uræmia have been recorded by Dr. Bence Jones. The first was that of a gentleman aged forty, who for years had been liable to constant deposits of lithic acid and lithates in the urine. He then became the subject of attacks of violent pain in the stomach, coming on from one to five hours after a late dinner. The pain was intermittently spasmodic; the most intense pain was reached in half a minute; it then relaxed, and returned as badly as before in two minutes. His suffering lasted about an hour, when the pain gradually abated, leaving a tenderness on pressure and an irritability after food for two or three days. After the attack, the urine always deposited lithic acid crystals. These attacks lasted for several months, but, under a careful diet they entirely ceased. The second patient, who also was the subject of uræmia, was seized with violent cramps in the rectum, coming on six or eight hours after food, and lasting from half an hour to an hour. The attacks entirely ceased under the same treatment as in the first case.

6. *Headache* is a not unfrequent result of hepatic derangement. Most commonly it takes the form of a dull heavy pain in the forehead, more rarely in the occiput, complained of as soon as the patient awakes in the morning, and either speedily ceasing or lasting the greater part of the day, or for several days. Such headaches are common in the subjects of uræmia after any indiscretion in diet, or when the bowels are constipated. Their immediate cause is probably the presence in the blood of some abnormal product of albumen-metamorphosis; the derangement of the liver is usually indicated by pain and fullness in the right

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hypochondrium, flatulence, and high-colored urine loaded with lithates.

From these headaches it is necessary to distinguish *Megrim*, which unfortunately is the form of headache to which the terms "bilious" or "sick" are still popularly applied. This is neuralgia, which probably in most cases is in no way connected with hepatic derangement, the bilious symptoms being the result, and not the cause of the attack, and the presence of bile in the vomited matter being, as in sea-sickness, simply due to the urgency of the vomiting. Although this view was enunciated two centuries ago by Sydenham, and since his time has been clearly set forth in many medical writings recently published, it is still the fashion to attribute these attacks to "biliousness," or to "an excess of bile in the system."

But, while fully admitting that megrim is in no way connected with retained bile, I agree with those authors who believe that certain cases of megrim are toxic in their origin, being symptomatic of gout and of some other disorders. The late Sir Henry Holland, in his "Medical Notes and Reflections," described hereditary periodic headaches associated with gout, and he added: "In conformity with this view, there is reason to believe that the kidneys are the excretory organs most concerned in giving relief in these cases, and principally by an increased separation of lithic acid and its compounds." Megrim, as Dr. Liveing states, is sometimes the expression of what is called a latent gouty diathesis, or, in other words, of uræmia. A father may have suffered from gout, and his son become the victim of megrim. In some patients megrim terminates when they are attacked with gout. "So evidently," observes Trousseau, "is it (megrim) a manifestation of the gouty diathesis, that articular gout and megrim are observed in the same person, the one subsiding on the appearance of the other; and that it is often also the only expression of the hereditary tendency in subjects who are the children of decidedly gouty parents. In connection with these observations, I would call attention to certain cases which have come under my notice of severe neuralgic headache occuring in connection with contracted granular kidneys, and being sometimes the first symptom for which the patient has sought medical advice. The headache in these cases also was evidently toxic, and in one instance fatal coma followed the subcutaneous injection of a quarter of a grain of morphia. The headache has been so severe that more than once I have known the case diagnosed as one of cerebral tumor. I have met with these cases so frequently, that I believe it to be a good rule to investigate the condition of the kidneys in all cases of neuralgic headache occurring for the first time in persons of middle or advanced age, before having recourse to treatment.

In this way, then, megrim may sometimes be traced to hepatic derangement, this derangement consisting, not in the retention of bile, but in that condition of liver which we have found to produce uræmia; and, in accordance with this view, I have often noticed that megrim has been produced by particular articles of diet, and relieved by remedies which unload the liver.

6. *Vertigo and Temporary Dimness of Sight.*—Sudden attacks of giddiness are in many instances similar in their pathology to megrim, and giddiness in certain patients replaces the neuralgia. But giddiness, according to my experience, is in a much larger proportion of cases connected with hepatic derangement, uræmia, and gout, and follows the use of certain articles of diet, such as tea, champagne, citron, etc. Many years ago, Boerhaave's commentator related the case of a man who, during two years, was always seized with vertiginous symptoms when he attempted to stand up. In vain had the ablest practitioners endeavored to cure him. Quite suddenly he had an attack of gout, of which disease, up to that date, he had no indication; and from that moment he found himself free from the vertigo to which he had formerly been liable. A medical friend of my own who has long suffered from gout, as certainly as he drinks a cup of tea or a

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glass of champagne is seized, often while walking in the street, with sudden giddiness; his head feels empty, and neighboring objects seem to whirl round him; he does not lose consciousness, but he would fall did he not lay hold of a railing. After a few seconds or minutes, the attack passes off, but in some patients it is more persistent. Another friend, who never has had gout, but whose urine is frequently loaded with lithates, was seized with dimness of sight and giddiness every night while writing. He took iron, quinine, and other tonics, but he got worse instead of better. He was advised to give up his profession for a time and try the effect of change of air; but before taking so serious a step he corrected the action of the liver and was cured. A third patient under my care, who for years had been subject to uræmia, but never had gout, would be suddenly seized, while writing, with dimness of sight and specks floating before the eyes, or even with complete, but temporary, blindness of one eye. The symptoms were removed by curing the liver. Many writers have referred attacks such as those which I have now described to derangements of the stomach. Trousseau, for example, who has described them under the designation of "vertigo à stomacho læso," speaks of them as associated with epigastric pain increased by food, flatulence, acid eructations, and vomiting of glairy mucus; but he admits that the gastric derangement, in which the vertigo is supposed to originate, may not show itself, and this admission certainly accords with my experience. On the other hand, the circumstances of the frequent association of the vertigo with gout or uræmia, make it probable that this has a toxic origin, and that the liver is the organ mainly at fault.

7. *Convulsions.*—In January of the present year I saw a gentleman, about fifty-eight years of age, suffering from cirrhosis of the liver. He had all his life been addicted to the pleasures of the table, and had suffered from hepatic derangements as long as he could remember. Six years ago, he became subject to severe spasmodic twitchings in his legs, followed on three occasions by several epileptiform seizures. Shortly after the last fit he had his first attack of gout, and since then he had suffered repeatedly from the gout, but there had been no return of the convulsions or of the muscular twitchings. There was no evidence of renal disease. Many similar cases are, I believe, on record. For example, Van Swieten mentions the case of a man who had violent abdominal pains accompanied by delirium and general trembling, and subsequently a severe attack of epilepsy. From that date he had repeated attacks of gout, but no return of the nervous symptoms.

8. *Paralysis.*—I have repeatedly met with patients who have complained of numbness, tingling and pricking sensations, and a feeling of coldness or creeping in the extremities on both sides, or only on one. These symptoms may be associated with headache, nausea, and depression of spirits, and often cause needless alarm by exciting the suspicion that paralysis is imminent; whereas if associated, as they often are, with evidence of hepatic derangement, they may entirely and permanently disappear under proper attention to diet, exercise, etc.

9. *Noises in the Ears* are common symptoms in gout, and also in uræmia independent of gout. One patient has the feeling of a strong wind blowing into the ear; another compares the noise to that of flowing water, or of singing or buzzing; while in another the sounds have a pulsating character, the sounds corresponding to those of the heart.

10. *Sleeplessness* may, of course, arise from many different causes, but one of its causes is that derangement of the liver which produces uræmia. When this is the case, the patient is often heavy and drowsy after a full meal, and he may fall asleep at once on retiring to rest; but, after one, two, three, or four hours, he awakes, and then he either lies awake for hours, or he is constantly falling asleep, dreaming or having the nightmare and awaking—four or five times or even oftener in the

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course of one hour—until the morning comes, when he drops into a quiet sleep of an hour or more, or he is obliged to get up tired and irritable. This sleeplessness, like the vertigo we have already considered, is often induced by particular articles of diet, or by some unwholesome combination of them. What will excite headache, giddiness, or disorders of the circulation in some patients will in others cause sleeplessness. Sometimes, however, this symptom will occur when the patient is most careful as to diet. What is important also to note is that, in most cases, there are no obvious symptoms of gastric dyspepsia; the appetite may be good—too good in fact—the bowels may be regular, and there may be no pain, flatulence or other discomfort after meals; but there will be found an unusal tendency to the deposit of lithates in the urine, and very often other phenomena of a so-called gouty diathesis. This form of sleeplessness was described a century ago by Cullen, in these words: "Persons who labor under a weakness of the stomach, as I have done for a great number of years past, know that certain foods, without their being conscious of it, prevent sleeping. So I have been awakened a hundred times at two o'clock in the morning, when I did not feel any particular impression; but I knew that I had been awakened by an irregular operation in that organ, and I have then recollected what I took at dinner, which was the cause of it. Dr. Haller is liable to the same complaint; and, in his larger work especially, he gives the particulars of his own case." The affection has also been well described by Dr. Dyce Duckworth in some excellent observations on different forms of sleeplessness recently published. It is, however, a form of sleeplessness not generally understood, and harm is often done to patients suffering from it by the administration of opiates and other soporifics, from ignorance of its real cause. Very often the symptom will be greatly relieved, if not entirely removed, by careful attention to diet, and particularly by abstinence from wine.

11. *Depression of Spirits.*—The influence of the liver upon the animal spirits has been recognized by medical writers in all ages. To the belief in the existence of such an influence may be traced the origin of such terms as *Hypochondriasis* and *Melancholia*. Although it is not contended that the morbid states of mind to which at the present day we apply these terms, have their origin in the liver, they are unquestionably, in many instances, accompanied and aggravated by derangements of this organ; and it is equally true that, independently of either hypochondriasis or melancholia, persons with functional derangement or structural disease of the liver are subject to fits of great depression of spirits and often groundless fears of impending danger, which cease when the liver is restored to its normal state.

12. *Irritability of Temper* is another common symptom of functional derangement of the liver, and is sometimes the first indication of anything wrong. A man who has previously borne the crosses of life with equanimity, and been amiable to those about him, gradually becomes disconcerted by trifles; his mind broods upon them; and he makes all around him unhappy, and himself the most miserable of all. His relatives perceiving no other sign of indisposition, and failing to recognize the true cause, too often put down the ebullitions of temper to something mentally or morally wrong, to moral depravity, or failure to make any mental effort; but measures calculated to restore the liver to healthy action, if resorted to in time, will often remove the irritability, and either the patient's improvement under such treatment or an attack of gout reveals the cause of the patient's bad temper. In his "Psychological Inquiries," the late Sir Benjamin Brodie thus speaks of a patient with a superabundance of lithic acid in the blood: "Uncomfortable thoughts are presented to his mind; he becomes fretful and peevish, a trouble to himself, and, if he be not trained to exercise a moral restraint over his thoughts and actions, a trouble to every one

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about him. After awhile the poison, as it were, explodes; he has a severe attack of gout in his foot; he is placed on a more prudent diet; the system is relieved of the lithic acid by which it was poisoned. Then the gout subsides, happy and cheerful thoughts succeed those by which the patient was previously tormented; and these continue until he has had the opportunity of relapsing into his former habits, and thus earning a fresh attack of the disease."

13. *Cerebral Symptoms and the Typhoid State.*—It is well known that restlessness, delirium, stupor, coma, subsultus, tremors, convulsions, a dry, brown tongue, and other phenomena of the "typhoid state," are apt to supervene in certain cases of advanced disease of the liver, whether attended by jaundice or not. These symptoms have been usually attributed to a suppressed secretion of bile. But the assumption that the elements of the bile are preformed in the blood, and are merely separated from the blood by the liver, we have already found to be devoid of foundation; and we have also found that bile is far from being, as commonly supposed, a deadly poison, and that its presence in the blood, even to saturation, does not give rise to cerebral symptoms. The cerebral symptoms referred to are often most severe when the jaundice is slight, or when there is none; and they are readily accounted for by the knowledge of the disintegrating function which the liver is now known to perform. When this function of the liver is arrested or seriously impaired, urea is no longer eliminated in sufficient quantity by the kidneys; lithic acid and deleterious products of disintegrating albumen even less oxodized, such as leucin and tyrosin, and perhaps others with which we are as yet imperfectly acquainted, accumulate in the blood and tissues; and the result is the development of symptoms of blood-poisoning similar to those which arise when the kidneys are unable to eliminate the products of albumen-disintegration, owing to disease of their own structure, or to an excessive formation of urea and other products, as happens in many febrile diseases. In acute atrophy, for example, the structure of the liver is destroyed and its functions arrested; leucin and tyrosin take the place of urea in the urine, and are also found in large quantity in the liver, spleen, and kidneys, while cerebral symptoms and the typhoid state are prominent features of the disease.

EDITOR'S STUDIES IN HYGIENE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

WHY CORNELL WON.

Can you, from your standpoint, tell why Cornell University won the recent boat race at Saratoga, and why the Yale boys were so much behind?

Ans.—It would be difficult to give a better answer than the following talk with one of the Ward brothers, the champion oarsmen of the world. He says: "Before they had gone half a mile I had picked out one crew that by their long clean stroke were doing the most powerful work there. They told me 'twas the Cornell crew. 'Then,' said I, 'New York state is ahead again. Cornell wins this race. They can't beat that.' As they came nearer I observed them more closely. When Cornell's oar struck the water they began to exert a force that continued uniform to the very end, and here's one of the secrets of her strength. She didn't seem to get winded once, and I really think that when those six fellows reached the finish they were in a condition to row two miles further in the same way. That couldn't be said of any other crew there. Harvard gives a sudden jerk before she takes her oar out of the water, which sends the boat forward rapidly enough, but tires the men too much. When she spurted she went at once

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ahead of the others; but nobody could stand such a strain so long, and soon she would fall behind again. She will have to learn to take a longer, easier stroke.

"Cooke claims that Yale has the perfections of the English stroke, but I don't see that she has any stroke at all, English, American, or a cross between. No; and they won't win as long as they stick to it, that's pretty certain. And I dont believe they would if they had the genuine English stroke. What reason is there really to claim superiority for that method? Why here in 1871 we Wards clearly beat the four best English oarsmen, although they, with their slow stroke, led for more than two miles. Now until some crew can show better time with the English stroke than we made with the genuine American, I am going to cling to our own. It is because Cornell gets this so perfectly that I believe in her. I really don't see any difference between their method and ours, and hardly know how I could go to work to better it. That Ostrom is the man. He knew what he was doing when he got an old crew, shaped as they were, and none of them very heavy. I don't believe any crew ought to average over 160 pounds; a heavier crew takes a heavier boat, and they don't make up for the loss by the little power they gain. Then, too, their muscles weren't developed to too great a size. I never thought much of those oarsmen like Curtis, with their great swelling biceps like the old-fashioned 'mutton-leg' sleeves that women used to wear. The real power after all lies in the fore-arm, and that's all that ever hardens or grows on my whole arm. Just feel of that bicep there. You see that it isn't very large, and it never has been, and it is a good deal so with the Cornell boys."

This partly explains why the Cornell boys won; now why did the Yale boys not win? We understand they were the poorest scholars in their class, had to be excused from more than half their recitations for six months previous to rowing, that better scholars than they would have been dismissed from college if they had not been chosen for this purpose. In addition to all this they smoked and chewed tobacco, used profane language, and were not noble specimens of their kind, neither physically nor mentally. Yale College sends out multitudes of noble men, but it is also a favorite place for the pampered sons of wealth and luxury, and if her rowers are always chosen from this class instead of her hardy workers—of which there are many—she will always come out somewhere in the rear.

GREEK FOR GIRLS.

Can girls study Greek without injuring their health?

ANS.—That depends on whether they do it in the right way. Prof. Tyler, who delivered the dedicatory address at the opening of the new college for women, at Northampton, Mass., says: "One of my friends, when I told him that Greek was to be studied at Smith College, replied: 'Nonsense! girls cannot bear such a strain;' and yet his own daughters were going, with no remonstrance from him, night after night through the round of parties and fashionable amusements in a great city. We question whether any greater expenditure of physical force is necessary to master Greek than to endure ordinary fashionable amusements. Woman's health is endangered far more by balls and parties than by schools. For one ruined by over study we can point to a hundred ruined by dainties and dances. Have women been so highly educated in the past that all the physical ills under which the sex is groaning are to be attributed to hard study? Are sickly women confined to students? Is there any larger proportion of invalids in our female schools, with all their unhealthy requirements, than among those who evidently have never injured themselves by excessive devotion to learning? Give our schools and colleges all the light they need about hygiene and physiology, but let us not indulge the folly of supposing that mental strength can only come through physical weakness, or that women must suffer as the penalty of the highest intellectual enjoyment the life-long torments of a diseased body. While claiming for the students here no exemption

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from those diseases incidental to human life, we are confident, with the provisions we have made, they will not only be able to meet with safety all our requirements of study, but will be benefited physically, as well as mentally, by their work.

BRANDY FOR COOKING PURPOSES.

When brandy is used for culinary purposes to flavor foods and sauces, is it injurious or not?

ANS.—It is injurious, and spoils the flavor of food. Only corrupted appetites can tolerate foods prepared with it. It also helps to form a taste for strong drink in the young. A writer in the Advance says: "The use of liquors in the household for culinary purposes seems a vulnerable spot in our defences. This is condemned by many women; but there are others, even among the friends of temperance, who still consider it indispensable. From some recent publications it would appear that this idea is generally prevalent. Cook books are now being issued on behalf of churches and benevolent institutions, some of which are open to objections in this regard. When womanhood, philantrophy and religion join hands to protect the liquor business, what marvel if it seems almost impregnable? In one of these books not only are recipes given for egg-nog, sangaree, and similar preparations, but among the instructions to a dinner party we are told, 'when there is preserved ginger it follows the ices, as it serves to stimulate the palate, so that the delicious coolness of the wines may be better appreciated.' Directions are also furnished for serving wine in a fashionable manner. Who shall say where the boy who grows up to break his parents' hearts and fill a drunkard's grave acquired his unexpected appetite? Why not at the family table, where such articles are considered not only agreeable, but necessary?"

OLD BEDS.

Are old beds as wholesome as new ones?

ANS.—No. We have much to learn about beds. Disease and feebleness very often come from our beds. Without refreshing sleep we cannot enjoy or exert the full powers of our physical or mental natures. The first question which many of our wisest doctors are now asking of their patients is, "How and where do you sleep?" The location of a bed-room is everything. Science and common sense tell us that our bed-rooms should always be on the sunny side of the house, and that light and air should pass freely through them most of the day. The seeds of disease are in our mattresses. Thousands of families sleep on feather and curled hair beds which have been in daily use—and they boast of it—for twenty-five years. How often have such beds, even in well-regulated families, been turned out under the sun and exposed to the air, as the should have been, especially in the summer months, for hours together? It is frightful to think of the quantity of perspiration from our bodies which adheres to the unrefreshed mattresses. Ignorance of these matters inflicts upon posterity untold burdens, and robs the world of an immense amount of power. How can a man who has slept on an unhealthy bed rise in a singing mood in the morning ready for a full day's work? Almost any bed well managed contributes to vigorous health and long life. The material of the mattress is of the smallest account. Freshness and cleanliness are the essentials. In these sweltering nights no bed is fit to be occupied that has not been under the sun several hours in the twenty-four. The maids in our houses make up the cribs and beds almost as soon as they are vacated, without the slightest regard to their purification. The hard struggle for healthy life is of our own creation. As we make our beds so we must lie on them. There is light enough on this subject, as on all others, but we love the darkness rather than the light. We think with pity of the family which attends the poisonous theaters and returns to neglected beds at midnight. This is called enjoyment and recreation by persons who know not what they are doing.

CARE OF THE EYES.

What are some of the best ways to take care of the eyes, so as to preserve them in health for a long time.

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ANS.—First take good care of the health. The eyes are apt to suffer with the body and become weak when it is weak. The following rules may be useful:

When writing, reading, drawing, sewing, etc., always take care

1. That the room is comfortably cool, and the feet warm.
2. That there is nothing tight about the neck.
3. That there is plenty of light without dazzling the eyes.
4. That the sun does not shine directly on the object we are at work upon.
5. That the light does not come from in front; it is best when it comes over the left shoulder.
6. That the head is not very much bent over the work.
7. That the page is nearly perpendicular to the line of sight; that is, that the eye is nearly opposite the middle of the page, for an object held slanting is not seen so clearly.
8. That the page, or other object, is not less than fifteen inches from the eye.

Near-sightedness is apt to increase rapidly when a person wears, in reading, the glasses intended to enable him to see distant objects. In any case, when the eyes have any defect, avoid fine needle-work, drawing of fine maps, and all such fine work, except for very short tasks, not exceeding half an hour each, and in the morning.

Never study or write before breakfast by candle light.

Do not lie down when reading.

Never play tricks with the eyes, as squinting or rolling them.

The eyes are often troublesome when the stomach is out of order.

Avoid reading or sewing by twilight, or when debilitated by recent illness, especially fever.

HYGIENE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Is there any hygienic value in friendship?

ANS.—Yes. People who have warm friends are healthier and happier than those who have none. A single real friend is a treasure worth more than gold or precious stones. Money can buy many things, good and evil. All the wealth of the world could not buy you a friend, nor pay you for the loss of one. "I have wanted only one thing to make me happy," Hazlitt writes, "but wanting that, have wanted everything. And again: "My heart, shut up in a prison-house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to." We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one friend drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy, or heedless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of all the earth.

COMPARATIVE CITY MORTALITY.

What is the comparative mortality of the large cities of the Union?

ANS.—For the first week in July, 1875, the following are the figures for several cities; but these figures would not hold good for the year. The mortality in New York in summer is much higher than during the rest of the year:

Death-rate per 1,000 during the week. New York, 37; Philadelphia, 28; Boston, 22; Cincinnati, 30; Providence, 15; Worcester 17; Lowell, 25; Cambridge, 12; Fall River, 31; Lawrence, 19; Springfield, 11; Lynn, 13; Salem, 16.

STRAW BEDS.

Does straw make a good bed?

ANS.—Yes. Some think the healthiest bed possible is clean straw, replenished at least once a fortnight, and turned under the sun and air daily. This is a hint to our farmer friends, who have straw in abundance all the year round. Many people waste so much upon appearances and gaudy show that they have neither the means nor inclination to make themselves comfortable and healthy in the important item of beds and under clothing. The first thing that good and successful boarding-house keepers do is to expose with pride their mattresses and bedding. The last thing that poor housekeepers do is to show theirs. Nothing is more repulsive to well-bred people than an ill-looking bed, and none more disastrous to health.

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Let the bed not only *look* well, but be clean and sweet. Cleanliness is the great point to be looked after—though warmth for the old and feeble must not be neglected.

TALKING TO THE POINT.

To the Editor.—My health is nearly giving out because I am talked too so much by people who have nothing to say and take a long time to say it. What would you suggest?

ANS.—Give your visitors less time to talk to you. When you have heard all that is necessary, a quiet way of suggesting that you must depart or go about your business will suffice. Read the following: "If you would be pungent," says Southey, "be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn." Talk to the point, and stop when you have reached it. The faculty some possess of making one idea cover a quire of paper, is not good for much. Be comprehensive in all you say or write. To fill a column upon nothing is a credit to nobody, though Lord Chesterfield wrote a very clever poem upon nothing. There are men who get one idea into their heads, and but one, and they make the most of it. You can see it, and almost feel it, when in their presence. On all occasions it is produced until it is worn as thin as charity. They remind one of a twenty-four pounder discharged at a humming bird. You hear a tremendous noise, see a volume of smoke; but you look in vain for the effects. The bird is shattered to atoms. Just so with the idea. It is enveloped in a cloud, and lost amid the rumblings of words and flourishes. Short letters, sermons, speeches and paragraphs are favorites with us. Commend us to the young man who wrote to his father,—"Dear Sir, I am going to be married;" and also to the old gentleman, who replied, "Dear Son, go ahead." Such are the men for action. They do more than they say. The half is not told in their cases. They are worth their weight in gold for every purpose in life.

EXERCISE FOR A SEAMSTRESS.

What form of exercise is best for a seamstress, who sits many hours daily over her work?

ANS.—It is indispensable in all forms of labor requiring the exercise of vision on minute objects, that the worker should rise from the task now and then, take a few deep inspirations with closed mouth, stretch the frame out into the erect posture, throw the arms backward and forward, and, if possible, step to a window or into the open air if only for a moment. A small pair of dumb bells and a wand will aid much in taking the exercise which should be systematic and frequent. Above all exercise the chest, the sides, the back and the feet. The hands and arms need less than these parts.

FRETFULNESS.

Is there any way to cure fretfulness?

ANS.—Every person must cure himself. It is both a disease and a habit—and requires hygiene and self-discipline. Two gardeners, who were neighbors, had their crops of early peas killed by frost; one of them came to condole with the other on this misfortune. "Ah!" cried he, "how unfortunate we have been, neighbor! do you know I have done nothing but fret ever since. But you seem to have a fine healthy crop coming up already; what are these?" "These!" cried the other gardener, "why, these are what I sowed immediately after my loss." "What! coming up already?" cried the fretter. "Yes; while you was fretting, I was working." "What! don't you fret when you have a loss?" "Yes; but I always put it off until I have repaired the mischief." "Why, you have no need to fret at all." "True," replied the industrious gardener; "and that's the very reason."

TABLE FOR A SEAMSTRESS.

What sort of a table or workstand is most healthful for a seamstress?

ANS.—It should be tolerably high, and incline from the front back, like a writing desk, with a flat surface back of the inclination to hold anything that is required. It should be so constructed with reference to the line of vision as to make it possible to exercise a close scrutiny without bending the head or body much forward.

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OUR DESSERT TABLE.

APPROPRIATE CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SOLICITED.

EATING BREAD AND MILK.

The daintiest, prettiest picture
'Twas e'er my lot to see,
Was one of four little children,
On a door-stone vis-a-vis;
With eyes as bright as diamonds,
And hair as soft as silk,
Out of an old-fashioned porringer
Eating bread and milk.

In the background, near the door,
Sit the father and the mother;
And when the laugh goes round
They glance at one another.
What need is there for speech?
The eye so much hath said,
As they watch the little children
Eating milk and bread.

The household pet, old Bounce,
Is sleeping in the clover,
And in his dreams again
The hunt he's living over;
Whene'er the spoons click on the dish
He lifts his shaggy head,
And seems to say, "I envy you
Your sweet new milk and bread."

Through the trees the low sun-shadows
Were sifting here and there,
Lighting up each winsome face
With a beauty rare;
While the tired birds came trooping
To leaf-cots overhead,
Softly twittering good-night
To the girls with milk and bread.

What artist hand can catch
The smile-light, coming, going?
Or tint the restless tresses
On the dimpled shoulders flowing?
Or give the pouting lip
So fine a shade of red,
As it takes a sip of milk,
And then a bit of bread?

Oh, happy little dreamers
Upon that door-stone step,
No shade of care has crossed
Their sunny paths as yet.
Oh, would their lives might ever be
So free from care and dread,
As now, while twilight gathers,
Eating milk and bread.

Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissention between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fell off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquility.

Thomas Moore.

I WAS A HUNGERED.

Oh! wild wet winds that clasp me
Close in a cold embrace,
That winnow life's sands
With ghostly hands,
And my burning pulses trace.

Wrap me away from the world—
The world away from life's pain—
And smother the beats,
Cool the fever heats
Of tired heart, hand and brain!

I have tried—have tried and failed
The sums of life to tell;
Why beakers are filled
And their wine is spilled,
Why death harvests heart-breaks for hell.

One cannot do for the world
What it does not for its own.
For the hearts that die
And the souls that cry
There is no bread; only a stone.

There is! the words are a lie!
The dear Lord speaks from above
To the tired who wait,
The scoffers who prate;
"Go, give ye the bread of love!"

M. Elgin Hays.

EVENING WHISPERS.

When the twilight shadows gather
Softly round my lonely door,
Then I see the forms and faces
That have crossed the sea before
Then I see the angel faces,
Sweeter there than when on earth,
For more beautiful in heaven,
They have passed the spirit's birth.

And I hear soft voices whisper,
All about me in the air,
"Sister spirit be not weary,
For you have the loving care
Of the dear ones gone before you,
To a land of life and light,
Where there is no grief nor sorrow,
Neither darkness there, nor night."

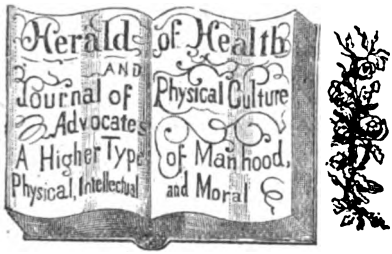
And my tired soul from the billows,
That about me seethe and roll,
Rises up renewed and strengthened
For the pilgrim's heavenly goal,
Deeply grateful to the angels,
That still visit me at night,
Pointing out the way to heaven,
To the land of life and light.

Erminie C. Stra

Oh, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1875.

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 that 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.*

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

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

IN OUR TENTS ONCE MORE.—Now for the third year have we in the months of July and August sought our tents by the seaside, and for the third time taken our pen in hand to write about it. It was our intention this season to try camp life for a few weeks in the famous Adirondacks, but we have not been able to get up the courage to face the mosquitoes and black flies in July and August, and September is too late for us; so we seek again our old camping ground at Ocean Grove, seven miles south of Long Branch, New Jersey, a place now quite famous as a resort in summer. All people, however, do not live in tents here, for there are several hundred cottages. The grounds are owned by the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association, and they could not have been more favorably chosen; fronting three-fourths of a mile on the shore of the broad Atlantic, and bounded for nearly a mile on the north and south by two lakes. We are pretty well hemmed in, for the other side is fenced so that all unnecessary intrusion is prevented. The grounds are under the best police and other regulations, and great effort is made to secure good sanitary conditions. So far the healthiness of the place has been secured, and it is to be hoped the future will be equally safe, as there is always great danger of forgetting some sanitary law at summer resorts. We are assured that here every effort will be made to retain the present healthfulness of the place, and we see no reason why it will not be done.

The settlement originated some years ago among the methodist brethern, who wish to avoid the temptations of fashionable watering-places, the expense, and the other disadvantages; but no favoritism is shown to any sect, and all are welcome who will come under the wholesome rules of the society. Sunday is kept as a day of rest, and no horses or carriages are permitted on the grounds to disturb the peace of the day. During other days all wholesome amusements are permitted; but the principal ones are bathing and boating; both of which are indulged in freely by not only men, but by boys and girls hardly old enough to lift an oar. This year there are over three hundred boats on the lake, and the sight from four to seven in the afternoon is like a fairy scene, and the view at the beach du-

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ring bathing hours cannot be described. More people assemble to see it than would fill an ordinary circus tent, and still more plunge into the briny wave, to leave there some physical infirmity. It is a pretty sight to see children sport with the ocean. Dressed in bathing costume, feet and legs bare, they toy with the waves as with living playthings, dipping in their little feet, and often running away to avoid a ducking by a wave breaking on the sand and dashing its briny contents over their heads. Those who are not accustomed to sea-bathing know little of the tremendous power of a wave as it breaks on the shore, dashing about as a toy the strongest man if he is unskilled, but as easy to ride as a gentle horse if he only knows how. Sea-bathing is a very exhilarating tonic, if not over-done. It is often over-done, however, producing exhaustion.

The tent life is to us a perpetual charm. One almost fancies himself a little boy again, and his wife a little girl, both in a great elegant play-house, like children. Living in tents is an old custom. The eastern nations dwelt in tents. The old patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob lived in tents. The Israelites, when they left Egypt and until after they were settled in the promised land, dwelt in tents. The Arabs even now live in tents, wild and healthy as the children of Nature. We almost dread going back to sleep in a house. And yet we have just passed through one of the most severe storms of many years, of which all the New York daily papers reported our tents swept away, and the women and children turned out of doors in their night-clothes and shrieking through the streets in the darkness of night for help. Happily nothing of the kind happened. A gale of twenty-four hours' duration did not take off one tent, though it did try them thoroughly. The Long Branch correspondent of the New York Herald, who reported the story, simply imagined it. He probably thought it must be so and so, and meanly told it to the world, thus exciting the fears of many who had friends there. The telegraph was busy the next day contradicting the hoax, but the Herald man never made the correction. A tent to stand the storm needs to be strong and well put up. The ladies of our party endured the long storm bravely, and showed that the effeminacy of modern civilization had not injured them. Our little party this year fills eight tents, a few hundred feet from the ocean, and consists of the Editor's family, Dr. and Mrs. Marsland, Mrs. Parsons, of New York, and her six children; Mrs. Reid and daughter, of New York; Mr. Eaton and family, of Utica; E. F. Bacon, our well-known contributor; Mr. Leighton, of New Haven; Mr. Lenox, of Miss.; Miss Banks, teacher, from New York, and Miss Anna Cummins, our faithful tent-keeper. Each and all have done their share for the happiness of all, enjoyed a delightful vacation, and will return with renewed health to the labors and duties of life.

LET SUNSHINE INTO THE HEART.—Do what you can to make sunshine in the world. Lift up the curtains. We do not only mean the curtains to the room; but the curtains which darken the spirit of your brother, your friend, your neighbor, or even a stranger, if the curtain strings are within your convenient reach. Lift up the curtain and let the sunshine in! Light is better than darkness, and how cheap it is! A kind and cheering word to one who

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is in trouble, and is perplexed, and almost discouraged; a word of heartfelt sympathy to the afflicted; a loving word of counsel to the young; a word of assurance to the doubting; a "soft word which, though it butters no parsnips, turneth away wrath," to the prejudiced and unreasonably provoked: all such words as these are sunshine to those to whom they are spoken. "I have never found anything else so cheap and so useful as politeness," said an old traveler to us once. He then went on to state that, early in life, finding how useful it was frequently to strangers to give them some information of which they were in search, and which he possessed, he had adopted the rule always to help everybody he could in such little opportunities as were constantly offering in his travels. The result was, that out of the merest trifles of assistance rendered in this way had grown some of the pleasantest and most valuable acquaintances that he had ever formed. How many great men have testified that their whole lives have been influenced by some single remark made to them in their boyhood! And who cannot recall words spoken to himself in his childhood, to which, perhaps, the speaker attached no importance, but which sank deep and immovably into his memory, and which have never lost their power over him? Make sunlight! the world at best is dark enough. Do what you can to make it more cheerful and happy.

SMOKING ROOMS IN BOARDING SCHOOLS.—The Philadelphia Medical and Surgical Reporter says: "We have recently been surprised to learn that in two well patronized and highly praised boys' boarding schools near this city, *smoking-rooms* are kept for such of the boys as have permission from their parents to smoke! We are further informed that these are not singular in that respect, as many other schools also have them. The pupils are from nine to eighteen years of age. Surely, if parents are so grossly ignorant or criminally negligent of the laws of health, professed guides of youth ought to know better, and discourage by every possible means the use of tobacco in growing boys."

If anything teaches the importance of the constant study of sanitary laws by parents the above does. Such schools ought to be suppressed as dangerous to the morals and health of the race. We fight some evils with all our might, and cultivate others. Such is human nature.

HYGEIA.—Hygeia, the "sweet-smiling goddess of health," was one of the fairest conceptions of an age which combined, in an exceptional degree, poetry of thought with clearness of judgment; owing, perhaps, to the very fact that it appreciated so much more thoroughly than any other (unless it may have been the Mosaic) the absolute necessity of corporeal sanity to the existence of mental sanity, and was, therefore, not ashamed of this human form, which the Creator himself, having moulded after his own likeness, contemplated with unmixed admiration and pronounced superlatively "good." This age of poets, sages, and artists lavished all its wonderful powers of creative genius in giving expression to its ideal of that divinity whose special care should be the bestowment and maintenance of physical health. The embodyment must needs be feminine, because the mother, the nurse, the wife, have for their special function that daily ministry to the bodily wel-

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fare and necessities of offspring and of husband, that constant presence in and care of the home, which are the two essentials of health in the family and in the individual. She must needs be youthful, as presenting ever to the mind of the entranced beholder that period of life when a blood unvitiated by vice or excess courses through a frame unmarred by violence or exposure, and colors a cheek unstained by sin. Purity must look forth from her eyes, and truth sit enthroned on her brow; for unbridled passion and soul-torturing deceit are equally inimical to the perfect preservation of health. Her form must be lithe, vigorous and well nourished, but not redundant—as showing her adorers that neither asceticism on the one hand, nor gluttony and voluptuousness on the other, are allowed in her worship—encouraging activity as contrasted with indolence. Cheerfulness must radiate from her every feature, since gloom and despondency are the recognized foes of sanity, whether of body or mind; and over all, pervading expression of face or pose of limb, must be that indescribable charm of gentleness, as teaching her votaries that in the mutual interchange of kindly sentiment and act they should greatly promote the common health and common weal. And so has the lovely inspiration come down to us immortalized by the sculptor's art, a joyous maiden, full of tender grace, robed in chaste and flowing vestment. B. LEE, M. D.

A FRENCH LADY-PHYSICIAN.—Madame Brès, who was received this last June into the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, is the first French lady who has taken such a step. She passed all her examinations in a most creditable manner, and M. Wurtz, the president of the examining board and dean of the faculty, addressed her in the following terms: "Madame, you have not only raised women from the secondary position they have held in medicine, but your thesis is one of the best that the faculty of Paris has ever received, and it will be consigned with honor to its archives." The title of the thesis is "La Mamelle et l'Allaitement," a very appropriate subject for a doctress. It is treated in an anatomical, a chemical, and a physiological point of view.

THE WEEPING GROTTO.—Upon the coast of Scotland rise high hills, whose picturesque slopes are covered with furze, thorn-broom and wild flowers, which perfume the air for a long distance.

Each of these hills has its legend, for the Scotch, although generally intelligent, still preserve and perpetuate old traditions. Above the weeping grotto, where the lichens are petrified by the drops which fall from the stalactites of the cavern, is a perpendicular rock. A rude path leads to the top, where from a little hillock bursts a crystal spring known by the name of the "Miraculous Fountain," and the discovery of its sanative properties is supposed to be due to a supernatural event.

Two young people in the vicinity, who had been attached to each other from childhood, fell ill. One of them died; the survivor, reduced to a shadow, had scarce strength enough to attend the funeral of his friend. He returned home sadder than ever, and mournful visions haunted his couch. Towards dawn he fell asleep, and dreamed that one fine summer day he was walking alone on the shore where they had so often strolled together. Suddenly he heard a voice behind him saying "Climb the mountain and I

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will meet you there." He did so, but alas! the summit was deserted—the voice had deceived him, and he sat down to weep. A field bee hizzed around his head, until at length it seemed to assume the voice of his departed friend, and said, "dig and drink." He obeyed, and a crystal spring issued from the ground, which renewed his strength.

The dream fled, but its impression remained. He set out to accomplish his task. The day was stormy and the fog blinded his eyes, but still he pressed on. Breathless he caught hold of the rock and when the summit was reached fell exhausted upon it.

Some hidden virtue in the soil at length revived him, and striking the rock, the refreshing water burst forth; and to this day the spring retains its celebrity and is supposed to produce wonderful cures.

A LADY GRADUATE.—Miss Mary H. Ladd has just graduated at Cornell with high honors. It was she who knocked at the doors of Harvard, Williams and Amherst for admission some three or four years ago. They quietly informed her that they were not at home. But Cornell took her in, with many others, and neither her sons nor Miss Ladd are the worse for it, but both, we hope, are better. Miss L. certainly is not injured in health, and will continue her studies another year.

The Ithaca Democrat, of June 17th, describes her address thus briefly:

"The repeated rounds of applause which succeeded Miss Ladd's oration, as well the bouquets which were showered upon her, showed that she had won a high place in the regards of the audience. Like all the lady graduates, she is a living proof that co-education at Cornell is not a failure, but that the young men will have to look to their laurels; for if they do not, it is not unlikely that some blushing damsel may walk gracefully away with them.

"Miss Ladd bears the reputation of being one of the best classical scholars in the University, and her appearance on the Commencement stage was no more than a deserved testimonial of her past glorious record in the University as a student."

LOOK TO YOUR CISTERNS.—Dirt is never more "matter in the wrong place" than when it is putrefying under a summer temperature in the receptacle of our household supply of water. Open cisterns should be cleansed once a week. Closed cisterns need not be so often cleansed, for insects do not increase so rapidly when light and air are excluded. But even covered reservoirs ought to be thoroughly purified once a month during the summer and autumn.

WATER CURE IN FEVERS.—The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal has published in a recent number an elaborate article on the treatment of typhoid fever by the old water cure method, which a generation ago physicians thought so dangerous. Indeed there seems to be at last a recognition of the value of water in fevers by physicians, and the medical journals which once tabboed it are now in its praise.

NEW TEETH IN OLD MOUTHS.—The medical journals say a woman in the hospital in Paris has cut a new set of teeth at the age of ninety. This is the fourth set. We wish our toothless people in this country would try it. The dentists might then go at some other business.

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CONCERNING SOCKS.—The old-fashioned notion was that thick woolen stockings were requisite to keep the feet warm in winter, and the grandames of a former generation, before the invention of machinery for the manufacture of almost everything had been made, would hardly indulge in ten minutes social chat without at the same time keeping their fingers in motion with the knitting needle, so important did they deem it to keep the family well supplied with warm socks. But this is found to have been a mistake. Thin cotton socks—at least for men—are found to be much warmer than thick woolen ones. The woolen socks cause the feet to perspire, and as the moisture cools they become chilled. Persons who have suffered from cold feet as long as they wore woolen stockings, have ceased to complain as soon as they have changed them for cotton.

SOLEMN FACT.—Dr. Richardson concluded a course of lectures on alcohol with these true words: "If this agent does really for the moment cheer the weary, and impart a flush of transient pleasure to the unwearied who crave for mirth, its influence (doubtful even in these modest and moderate degrees) is an infinitesimal advantage by the side of an infinity of evil for which there is no compensation and no human cure.

VERY TRUE.—Some one has well said that "parents who spend money judiciously to improve and beautify their home, are paying their children a premium to stay there and enjoy it; but when they spend money unnecessarily on fine clothing and jewelry for their children, they are paying them a premium to spend their time away from home—that is, in places where they can display such ornaments.

STOLEN PROPERTY.—A publishing house in Canada, not having the fear of any international copyright before their eyes, have republished our work "Parturition Without Pain," without so much as "If you please." A German translator has also translated it into the German language. This is all very well for them, but how are we to be recompensed?

WANTED.—We want immediately copies of the August HERALD OF HEALTH for 1875, and will give a copy of the "Hygienic Cook Book," price thirty cents, to any one who will return copies in good condition, with particulars as to name and address by mail, so we may know who to send to.

TO READERS OF THE LADIES' OWN.—Some of the subscribers of *The Ladies' Own* seem to think they should have *The Ladies' Own* for May and June, and have written to us about it. Now *The Ladies' Own* for May and June were not printed and so cannot be sent. To make good the numbers of THE HERALD OF HEALTH to which such will be entitled, we shall send THE HERALD for January and February, 1876. Should any subscriber prefer the May and June HERALD OF HEALTH for 1875 instead of January and February, 1876, so as to end their subscription with the year, they can have them by so indicating to us definitely—and then should any one desire to complete the volume for 1875, the January, February, March and April numbers for 1875 we will send them for fifty cents. In this case their subscription will end with December instead of February. All desiring this change made must notify us at once. Have we made the matter plain? We are most anxious to please our new subscribers who have been attached to *The Ladies' Own*.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

—:o:—

WIGWAM AND WARPATH. By Hon. A. B. Meacham. Boston: John P. Dale & Co.

Hon. A. B. Meacham, of Oregon, has written a book under the above title, which ought to have a wide reading, and we can scarcely conceive it possible for it to fail of this. If it does not meet with public favor that fact will not

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be due to its want of merit as a vigorous literary production involving a subject of the most thrilling interest; but must be chargeable to that ignorant and selfish prejudice, so disgraceful to the present, and so disastrous to the former inhabitants of this continent; to the fact, that unlike all former books of the sort, it is written in the interest of truth, under the inspiration of the spirit of justice.

The author has spent thirty years among the Indians of Oregon and California, during a large part of which period he has represented the Government of the United States, as Indian agent, Indian commissioner, etc., etc.

His opportunities, therefore, for studying Indian character, and Indian habits, and becoming familiar with the policy of the government and the people toward the red man, have been excellent and abundant, and this book is not only a most thrilling recital of his observations and experiences among the Indians of the far west, but a most able and impartial review of the policy of the government, and the conduct of its citizens and agents. He tells us what sort of folk this once numerous and powerful and still interesting but now almost extinct race are, illustrating his subject by numerous incidents of absorbing interest, told in a style scarcely inferior in any, and in some respects superior, to that of Fenimore Cooper.

The author of this book was chairman of the Indian Peace Commission in 1873, and was with General Canby when he was assassinated by the Modocs, and shared his fate so far as to be left on the field for dead, with eleven wounds made by Indian bullets and his scalp cut around but not taken, Boston Charley having been prevented from completing the savage job by the interference of Wi-ne-mah the Wom chief, who carried the pale face chief to a place of safety and nursed him back to life.

The story of Pocahontas has come down to us as one of the most thrilling legends of the early times of this country; that of "Wi-ne-mah," as told by Col. Meacham, surpasses it in all respects.

The book is profusely illustrated by scenes and portraits, and is every way a work of interest and value.

POPULAR RESORTS AND HOW TO REACH THEM. By John D. Bachelder.

This comes rather late for the season, but it is a large substantial volume, well illustrated and elegantly bound. Our only objection to it is its size; but as a sort of encyclopedia for consulting before leaving home it must be very useful.

BABBITT'S CHART OF HEALTH. By E. D. Babbitt, D. M.

Dr. E. D. Babbitt has prepared a chart of health, a sort of guide-board to suggest the way to physical vigor. It is mounted on rollers, and is about thirty by forty inches, made so as to hang up and daily suggest certain topics. The type is large and can be read many feet away. It is sold at the very low price of sixty cents, postpaid. We should be pleased to send it to any who may want it.

Advertisements.

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It is newly furnished with special reference to the comfort of patients and guests. Beds supplied with the best Hair Mattresses on springs.

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☞ *We canned*, IN GLASS, 750 *half gallons of fruit, etc., for this season's use, for a family of fifteen patients.*

THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT and the general management of the "Home" are under the direct personal charge of the Proprietors—DRS. PUSEY HEALD, AND MARY H. HEALD, both of whom have had a large experience in the Hygienic System of healing the sick, during many years' connection with the largest "Cures" in the country.

Dr. M. H. HEALD gives special attention to

WOMEN INVALIDS,

giving them the benefit of kindly sympathy a well as of experience and skill.

Gentlemen may rely upon equal skill and care at the hands of DR. P. HEALD.

☞ Correspondence from all clases of invalids, and those desiring Hygienic Board, solicited.

We give *our personal attention to all the departments* of the Home. For circulars, etc., address, with stamp, PUSEY HEALD, M. D., or MARY H. HEALD, M. D.

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This HOME for Invalids is one-and-a-half miles from the above celebrated place of Summer resort, in one of the most romantic, picturesque and healthful localities in our country. It is on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, ninety miles from New York, Philadelphia and Binghamton. Railroad connections are easy from all points. The *Natural* influences here are very rare. Consumption, Asthma and Malarious Diseases are scarcely known. We have lived here over three years, and have heard of but three cases of Consumption. The sick are greatly improved by the bracing influences of the fine mountain air and equable climate. We treat every form of disease. A successful practice of over sixteen years has established our reputation in the treatment of both Acute and Chronic Diseases. Very few invalids *can fail* of recovery if they have the benefit of rational Hygienic treatment, and will consent to take the time necessary to purify the blood and tissues and establish healthy action of the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels and brain. This is accomplished in a wonderful degree under the *Cumulative*, or graduated system of inducing changes of body or of habits; and by it are avoided the dangerous reactions consequent upon a *Heroic* practice, making every gain permanent and lasting. We invite the attention of those contemplating a visit to some institution, to our new Circular and moderate charges. Those desiring Hygienic board can be accommodated, under the usual regulations of the establishment. Prices reduced $1 per week for the Winter. Inclose stamp for Circular, and address

F. WILSON HURD, M. D.,
Experiment Mills, Monroe Co., Pa.

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CONTENTS.

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II.—A FEW FACTS.—How Beauty and Amiability were conferred—How a Tattler and Busybody was made—Timidity transmitted—Slyness and Thieving, how entailed—A Welcome Child—Craft, Treachery, etc.—How Murderers are made.

III.—THE SOURCE OF CRIME.—Futility of Penal Laws and Capital Punishments—Abortions and Attempts at Abortion, and the Results—Who are Responsible for the existence of Criminals?—How they should be Treated.

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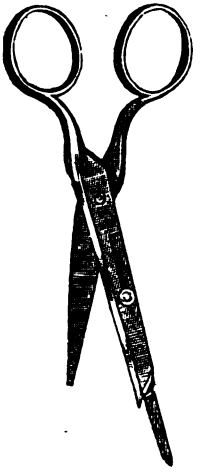
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—OF—

NEW JERSEY

Mutual Life Insurance Company.

HOME OFFICE, 189 Market Street,

NEWARK, N. J.

JANUARY 1st, 1875.

Net Assets, January 1st, 1874		$1,451,741 53
Received for Premiums	$748,251 39	
Received for Interest	59,702 21	
		807,953 60
		$2,259,695 13

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Death Claims and Matured Endowments	$192,432 10	
Paid Return Premiums and Surrendered Policies	205,473 71	
Paid Contingent Expenses	79,976 83	
Paid Commissions to Agents	46,200 99	
Paid Taxes and Interest on Guarantee Capital	12,154 77	
Paid Advertising, Printing and Postage	21,676 24	
Paid Physicians' Fees	12,062 74	
Paid Re-Insurance and Annuities	5,673 43	
		$575,650 81
		$1,684,044 32

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ASSETS.

Cash in bank and on Hand	$88,709 38	
Bonds and Mortgages owned by Company	609,239 64	
U. S. and State Bonds	129,325 35	
Loans on Call (secured U. S. Bonds and other Collaterals)	144,612 41	
Real Estate	55,132 79	
Loans on Policies	363,091 50	
Premiums in course of transmis'n and def'd Premiums	242,157 05	
Accrued Interest	43,541 61	
Furniture and Fixtures	4,818 71	
Due for Re-Insurance	3,415 88	
		$1,684,044 32

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on Policies in force Dec. 31, 1874, as per standard of State of New Jersey Amer. Exp. 4 1-2 per cent	$1,121,753 00	
Death Claims not due and in process of adjustment	64,700 00	
All other Liabilities	20,200 00	
		$1.206,653 00
Surplus to Policy-Holders		$477,391 32

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R. C. FROST, Vice-President.

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J. H. CANIFF, Cashier.

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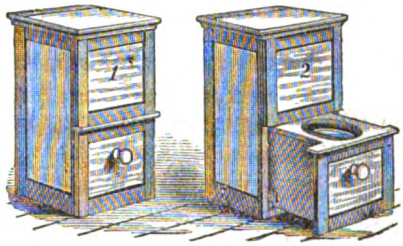
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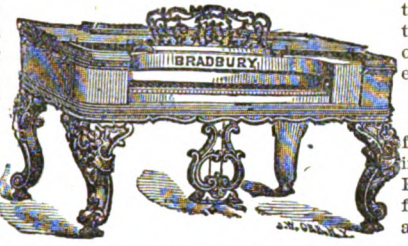
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THE
HERALD OF HEALTH.

OCTOBER, 1875.

HOW I MANAGED MY CHILDREN. (No. 8.)

BY MRS. WARREN.

ALICE was now eighteen, and Mary a year younger. I was desirous that both should be made economical and industrious, but not fussy, housekeepers. Alice was useful, quiet, and observant; but home duties did not suffice for Mary. In the conversations with my husband about our girls I was very anxious to give them some employment by which in the future they might, if needed, maintain themselves. Alice was an adept at her needle. It was she who helped the dressmaker, whom we always had each spring and fall of the year. Miss Roberts was the daughter of respectable parents, and had learned her business thoroughly; so I made an agreement with her that for a stipulated sum she should show my daughters how to cut out and fit a dress. Mary had a mathematical turn of mind, and very soon reduced the desultory instructions for cutting out into something like rule; for every turn and twist of the pattern she could give a reason, but she hated the needle. She was always sketching on every bit of paper or white wood, and even on her nail if no better material offered. There was no thought of making her an artist, but I certainly pondered very much over her future. One day Mr. Hendon, of established fame as a copper-plate engraver, paid us a visit on his way into Devonshire, and during his stay came across several of her sketches.

"What a capital engraver you would make, Miss Mary!" he said.

These words were like firing a train of gunpowder. Immediately I asked:

"Do you think she would ever make a living by it?"

"Most certainly, at wood engraving, if she needed it," he replied, looking up in some surprise.

"Well," I said, returning his look calmly, "Mr. Norton and I both think it better that girls should have something to interest them—something to render them independent of marriage, if a suitable union cannot be attained."

"You are right," he exclaimed. "The number of marriages which take place without a spark of true affection in them is something fearful, just because a man offers a home, or because girls of middle class have no resource in themselves against either penury or *ennui*. Every girl should be able to face ill-fortune; she is none the less fitted to adorn all the good that may befall her."

Without entering more fully into the details of this business, it was decided, with Mary's earnest desire, that she should become a wood engraver, if after a month's trial she liked the occupation. For this it was necessary to be in or near London; but how was it to be accomplished? Ultimately we fixed that in the spring of the succeeding year I and Mary should go to London for six weeks and try the experi-

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ment of finding some one with whom she could reside while learning the art that was to bring her a competence, if not fame. The latter word was suggestive of temptation, which I put behind me, for the memory of my beloved Dot had not faded in the least.

Through the winter we employed ourselves in household matters, kept up our readings, music and drawing. We even discharged our cook and took a good general servant; this not being done so much from a motive of economy, but in order to make my girls good housekeepers. I fully knew the value of this acquirement, and was determined that my earnest efforts should be directed in this channel. I sought in vain in all the cookery books for some simple but certain rules for cooking. Recipes there were in plenty, capital mediums for waste, with doubtful results; but whether hot, boiling, or cold water was to be used for cooking particular things, we were generally left to our own surmises. It seemed as if the books were intended for those who knew the first principles of the art of cookery, and not for the ignorant. Wearied with fruitless expense we began to make recipes of our own, which, if successful, were written down even to every minute particular, to the smallest trifle; for we generally found that these seeming trivialities were just the things which made the difference between good and bad cooking. We called our book of recipes the "Epicure," because the word signified all that was excellent, but not luxurious or extravagant. This employment continued throughout the winter, much to the amusement of my husband, who declared that he was most grateful for our consideration for him—so he termed our cooking mania.

"Every day in the week I have some fresh and wholesome dish for breakfast, and for dinner what delicious fare. But how about the expense?"

Mary hastened to reply:

"Papa, you have all the good things you talk about at much less expense than when cook was here. I am sure there is not a scrap wasted, not even a bone; for when we have boiled all the goodness out we throw the bones on the root of the vine. Alice one day took up a printed paper that came wrapped about some cheese. It was about the culture of the vine, and it said if the roots were laid nearly bare and bones thrown upon them, and then the earth lightly laid on, that the vine, if hitherto ever so unproductive, was sure to bear grapes. So we've tried it, and don't laugh, papa, at our experiment. I don't think we've told mamma this."

"And how do you make me such delicious soups, and vary them each day?" he asked.

"Oh, papa, that would be a long story to tell, but we don't have any more meat for them than what you see come to the table. And I know you thought that that potted beef which you had yesterday for luncheon came from Burt's, the pastry-cook's, and it didn't, you know, for I made it out of that cold scrap of boiled beef that was left the other day. And it's true, papa, though you look as though you could not believe it."

"My child I cannot disbelieve you: but if you can transmute a bit of meat as dry as a chip into that delicious dish of potted beef, all I can say is that your talents as a wood engraver will be thrown away. You had better become a cook," he said, as he folded her in his arms and kissed her.

The tears rose up in her eyes, which she turned upon me as I came to her rescue. "Mary means first to become a wood engraver, in which art she hopes to excel, and then she will be a cook when she has a home of her own, and is the presiding genius. And then, Mary darling, you will be loved more for the comfort your knowledge of cooking brings with it than you will for all the fame the world can give you—and that is not a little. And should you never have a house of your own, and never need to employ your time in wood engraving, you will be a blessing to all around you, for you will be enabled to teach those to whom otherwise such knowledge could never come; and so you will have done well the work you have been set to do in this life."

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After the girls were in bed Arthur asked me seriously if we were not living too expensively. I smiled with almost innate glee as I told him—which was the truth—that our expenses were much lessened by the discharge of the cook. that we had a greater variety, with more digestible food; that is, it was cooked in such a manner as to render it more easily assimilated with the juices of the stomach, which really was a something to be fed, and not a mill to be used for grinding food.

He laughed at my simile, and then I entered upon a subject which had long been near my heart. Alice was getting of an age in which though surrounded by all the endearments of a happy home, there is still a void in a young girl's breast that can be filled by neither parents, brothers, nor sisters. This I represented to my husband, who could not, or would not, understand me.

"Explain yourself, Polly. I am wide awake."

"I read a verse to-day in Ecclesiasticus which will perhaps make you more readily understand me: 'Marry thy daughter, and so shalt though have performed a weighty matter; but give her to a man of understanding.'

"Now do not exclaim, Arthur, but listen to me. I wish to keep my child with me as long as God sees fit, but I do not wish that neglected youth should sour in maturer age."

My husband fidgeted in his seat, and his eyes flashed a reply. I rested my arm on his chair, standing behind him, and, occasionally pressing my lips to his forehead, I continued:

"It is the concealed hope of all girls to marry, to be happy, as their parents or friends have been before them; for you know as well as I, that there is no real happiness but between husband and wife, and yet, how is a girl to find a husband if she have no opportunity of mixing with the opposite sex? We have been so happy in our home, so selfishly wrapped up in its comforts, so lovingly idolized by our children, that we have forgotten to associate with other families more than what has been absolutely necessary. What youth have we ever invited here to make acquaintance with our daughters—to see them as they are, with loving natures, with simple manners, and truthful bearing? And how are we to repair this thoughtlessness?"

"But I do not see it is thoughtlessness. There is plenty of time if lovers be really necessary."

"If!" I hastily exclaimed. "Carry yourself back in thought to our early days. Had I not known you I might, in the choice to which I was limited, have married some one who would have made of me a desperate woman."

"There was no fear of that," my husband replied, looking up smilingly in my face. "But, to return to the topic you have started, one would think, Mary, that you were desirous of getting rid of your girls, while I, on the contrary, would keep them always with me. Why should they marry?"

"Arthur, I never recognized you as other than youthful until now. You have uttered the speech of eighty winters. You, a man of forty-five, to talk like this! Do you think for one moment that I want to get rid of my girls, as you term it? God forbid! But I do not want to see them lead loveless, joyless lives, or making their placid joy apparently from the choice of a single and solitary life, when too frequently other selection has been denied them."

"Now, how absurd you talk! There is Jane Hardy. Who can be happier than she? useful, contented, and always in good spirits."

"Did you never know that the happy soul lost her lover by death when she was very young? Some natures cannot love twice, and hers is one of them. Therefore she is no example."

"Then there is Miss Mavor. She is certainly happy, though she is nearly sixty. What do you say to her, Polly?"

"I heard the story of Fanny Mavor not long since, and perhaps hers is a case in point of my argument. She was the only, and of course the idolized, child of her parents, bred up in every home luxury that their means could command, but at the same time made to be useful. She was rarely permitted to go from home. Mr. Ma-

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vor had a dread of her marrying during his lifetime, and never invited any one to the house who would have made her a suitable husband. On the contrary, he was so exceedingly uncivil that did anyone venture within the sacred precincts, no matter how introduced, his conduct was such that the suitor never made a second experiment. Mr. and Mrs. Mavor married late in life, and when Fanny was about twenty both fell into ill health. Consequently she was kept, from her affection, a willing prisoner, neither thinking nor caring of what was to come after; and when she was thirty-eight she was left solitary, with only enough of fortune to keep her in a much less luxurious style of living than she had ever known."

"But who told you all this? It may not be true."

"The best of all authority—herself. And more, she said that in her parents' lifetime she had met one with whom she could have been happy, but the dread of leaving her parents alone made her put away all thought of marriage, and when they died she felt rejoiced that her means were too limited to invite an adventurer, for, as she expressed herself:

"'The solitary, lonely feeling, the desolation of heart was terrible. Till my parents died I scarcely knew I was capable of loving other than them; but to be left alone till I was seventy, perhaps, it was dreadful; so I thought. But you see I have lived to realize the Scriptures, "The desolate hath many more children than she which hath an husband." Children I dearly love, and so I make the stray little ones my own, as far as teaching and taking care of them, till they go out and battle with the world and know its joys and cares, and *live*, which I have never done. My life has been one of vegetation only.'

"I asked her if she had never loved, and I shall never forget the sad expression and suffusion which flooded her face as she replied:

"'Once I did Mrs. Norton, It was a painful dream, and I do not like to think about it.'

"'But why did you not marry then?' I asked.

"'Because I heard my father say so often that he hoped I would never leave them, and I always set duty before inclination. So I put such thoughts away, and perhaps it is all for the best.'

"This is the story of the life of Fanny Mavor and her parents' selfishness."

"Selfishness!" my husband exclaimed, as he got up and looked at me. "That is a hard word, Mary."

"But it is the truth. Turn and twist such conduct which way you will it is pure selfishness, and nothing else."

Arthur drummed on the chimney-piece for a few moments with his fingers, then turning round sharply said:

"What am I to do? I cannot go and invite a lot of young men in to marry my daughters."

In an instant my face became scarlet, and I am afraid my tone was rather sharp as I said:

"That is an unmanly way of treating the subject."

"Hang it! have your own way, then. Only, if things go wrong don't blame me," and with these words he swung out of the room.

I sat down to take a view of my position, and to discover if I had been in error in thus almost suddenly broaching a subject upon which many men are very sensitive.

My husband was not different from others in considering his elder sons and daughters as yet children. Ten years is not a period of much moment to a man or woman in a settled position, but to a girl it is her fate.

Thinking thus, I mentally argued that if we loved our children we must give up our own selfish feeling of desiring to have them always with us, and so place them in positions that we should be enabled to feel life again renewed in their happiness.

I was not surprised when Arthur next greeted me with, "Well, Mary, how goes on your husband-hunting?" He saw that I was hurt by his thoughtless remark, but I answered, waiving the question, as mildly as my rising temper would allow:

"Arthur, Alice has asked me to invite

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two of her schoolfellows, who are both older than she is. I do not think Mrs. Forbes will object to their spending a fortnight with us."

"By all means ask them," he replied, cheerfully. "I am glad you are come to your senses, Mary; for do you know I fancied your theory of finding husbands for Alice and Mary, to say the least of it, rather indelicate?"

"Well, Arthur, I am of opinion that this indelicacy, as you call it, but as I think common sense, when wanting in parents is just what leads many girls to be restless, unhappy, and frequently to forsake their homes.

"We have a duty which cannot be ignored—to put before them, *as far as able, the opportunity to choose between a single or married life.* And it is this opportunity which we must make.

"Hitherto we have created our happiness away from the world. Months and years have rolled on, and our smiling infants, our prattling children, our rosebud girls, have expanded into beauty, which in our arrant selfishness we would keep alone to gladden our eyes and comfort our hearts. 'Do to others as we would be done by,' Arthur dear, and we shall not err.

"Daughters are a perpetual source of anxiety to a mother to obtain a suitable marriage, not that her own care or expense may be lessened, but that she may see no discontent on her daughter's brow, hear no disappointment in her tone, nor feel that there is bitterness lurking in her heart. This is a truth as old as the hills, my husband, and witnessed by the son of Sirach, ere the last of the prophets departed to their rest."

I paused suddenly, though scarcely aware of it, and had fallen into a reverie, from which I was startled by my husband asking:

"What does the son of Sirach say, Polly?"

"'The father waketh for the daughter when no man knoweth, and the care for her taketh away sleep, when she is young, lest she pass away the flower of her age, and being married, lest she should be hated.'

"But it may be said now-a-days of the mother, not of the father, for all fathers in middle-class life are very heedless of their daughters' future," I remarked.

"Well don't say so any more, Polly. I'll send the town crier notice to tell all eligible young men candidates for matrimony that they may call upon you."

I looked up in astonishment and disappointment to find that all my arguments had ended in ridicule, and I fairly burst into tears, which seemed not a little to surprise him, for he came over to where I was sitting, and, kissing me, said:

"Don't be a little fool, Mary. I dare say you are right; only a man doesn't see these things, and I don't know how to help you in the matter. I shall make a mess of it if I go inviting men here. You may do what you like, but don't ask me about it."

Upon this understanding the matter was dropped.

Christmas was approaching, when Richard would be home. I wrote to Mrs. Forbes, asking for the two girls Lucy Damer and Lilian Foster to visit us. Both were orphans, without fortune, only barely sufficient to keep them from want. They had been many years with their valued governess, and were receiving the finish of their education under masters, preparatory to their taking situations.

My husband being now the manager of the bank in town, was greatly looked up to; but so absorbed had I been in my children and house that I had never extended the circle of my acquaintance so as to embrace any families where there were young people, and I was not aware how isolated from them we had become till one day, expecting some friends, Jane, or Janet, as we called her, and now fifteen, said: "How tiresome, mamma, to have to make these preparations for such old fogies! Why don't you ask some young ones?"

"Janet!" I exclaimed in surprise, "you have associated with your brothers so long that you have acquired all their random sayings."

"Say slang, mammie dear, and that's just it."

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I looked up very gravely; not that I meant to do so, but her remark struck me forcibly. She was right, but as I was silent poor Janet thought she had offended, and with a deprecating look and jesture turned my face toward her, and, kissing me, said:

"You know, mamma, it is so tiresome. There is old Mr. Edwards and his wife, and Mr. Paterson and his sister, who I am sure is ninety, and lots more. I could not sit and amuse them as Alice does, and Mary actually seems as if she delighted to listen to a detail of rheumatics and coughs, and the doings of maidservants, and how their sweethearts have gone away, and all this trumpery. And then what do girls want to know about who's likely to be in the town council, and who's to be mayor, and who's dead, and who's to have the vacant almshouse? I hope, mamma, you'll know some young people when I 'come out.'"

I could not find it in my heart to censure her flippancy, or even to make a remark, and I walked away, for suddenly my child had turned a page in the book of life, and its readings were new to me; and this it was which led to the conversation with my husband relative to inviting suitable companions for the two elder girls.

Very recently old Wilson the chemist had died, and his place was taken by a gentlemanly man of five-and-twenty. His sister, many years older, kept house for him. So one fine morning, without mentioning my intention at home, I called and sent up my card to the sister. Miss May—she should have been December—received me with a great deal of flutter, and at the same time of assumed dignity, which rendered her reception rather a ludicrous one. Evidently she was an old lady who had been drawn from the seclusion of her village home, where she had reigned paramount in her respectability, and I am not sure that she thought my rank in life equal to her own, for on my taking leave she did not very cordially respond to my invitation to visit me.

Soon after this I called upon Mr. and Mrs. Elwood, who had retired from business, but who had two sons in London. I found the father and mother well educated, well bred, and most hospitable, but as I had never visited them before I had to invent an excuse for doing so now. The ruse ultimately succeeded.

I would just mention here that these worthy people became afterward our dearest and best respected friends.

A week or two after this I went to a highly respectable bookseller. Here I had a great difficulty. I could only go as a purchaser, and was of course served with great respect. I was unable to say, "I am sorry I have neglected hitherto calling upon you, but it was from no sense of pride, only I have not before needed your acquaintance." I asked to be permitted to walk into an inner room in which books were arranged, to look at the titles. Here, hidden by a screen, sat a young girl about Janet's age, working at a canvas frame some really beautiful needlework, which I could not but greatly admire. I offered to show her some of Alice's work if she would call and see it. She thanked me very sweetly, and after I had made a show of inspecting the books I left. When I got home I said to Janet:

"I saw Miss Marshall working some very pretty embroidery, and I asked her to come and see Alice's; so when you pass that way call and beg her to come with you."

Janet promised compliance. I did not know how old Mr. Marshall's sons were, though I had heard he had two who were not at home. A fortnight passed on, my husband asked me no questions, and we were sitting together alone one afternoon when Janet and Miss Marshall walked in, very delighted. Janet had taken her for a walk, and the two had struck up a loving friendship that was seen at a glance. The work was exhibited and admired, and we tried to keep her to tea, but she said, "Mamma would be lonely, as papa was in London." To this plea nothing could be said. Janet looked as if she would have retained her by force, but after inviting her to come to tea on Tuesday in the week following she accepted conditionally on her mamma's permission, and then left. On re

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tiring to rest, my husband asked: "Is that part of your scheme, Mary, to entice the little ones first? Marshall is a rich man, and he has two sons, one at Cambridge and the other with Seldon reading for the bar."

"I did not know what Mr. Marshall's sons were. And how came you by the information?" I said.

"About the sons or the wealth?" he mischievously asked. "I have means at hand to know what money there is, but I have only recently heard about the sons, and from no one in the town, or I should doubt the correctness of the tale, but Crisp, the lawyer at Farningham, with whom the younger son is articled, told me."

"Well," I said, "I am happy to hear such good news." But it was snappishly uttered, as though I had been detected in something underhand.

Long before Christmas came we had so improved our position with our neighbors that pleasant calls and occasional tea-drinkings were established. Janet, quite happy in the society of Agnes Marshall, forgot about the "old fogies." Mr. May, the chemist, who did not come near us for some time, in the end proved not only an entertaining but an intellectual guest, and my husband always met him with the heartiest of welcomes.

One morning about three weeks before Christmas, when we were assembled round the breakfast table, and anxiously listening for the postman's knock, which we hoped would bring us Richard's letter, I asked: "How would you all like to have a party the week before Christmas?"

"I should like one," replied Alice, "on Lilian and Lucy's account; but I don't care much about it, mamma, until Richard comes."

"And I don't care about it at all, mamma," said Janet. "Now, if Richard would bring down some of his London friends, then I should jump for joy, but our parties are stupid. Walter and Frank are so rough; they always come home from school eager to enjoy themselves, and won't give us girls a thought unless we can scamper over the country and go out with them in all weathers."

"And what say you, Mary?" I said.

"I do not care, mamma," she answered pensively, "if we are to have many old people here."

My husband sat reading his paper, with his face concealed from view. He did not speak till Dick's letter came, when all thought of the distasteful party was put aside. Richard said he could not be with us till the Christmas eve, and could stay only a week. This was rather a disappointment to us, who had calculated on a fortnight at least. Arthur said he was glad to hear it, as it showed that the boy was acquiring a love of business, and that he had probably become useful to his employers. He got up, and on leaving the room motioned me to follow him into his study.

"You were right, Mary," said he. "I could not have supposed the girls had lost their child-thoughts so soon. Give a party—ten if you like—but don't bore them with old people."

"That is all very well," I replied. "But where am I to get young folks? My plan is to give a party purposely to introduce the two girls, Lilian and Lucy, and before Christmas. Mr. May must be our only single beau, if he will come; but all our newly acquired friends must be invited, with the most influential of our old ones."

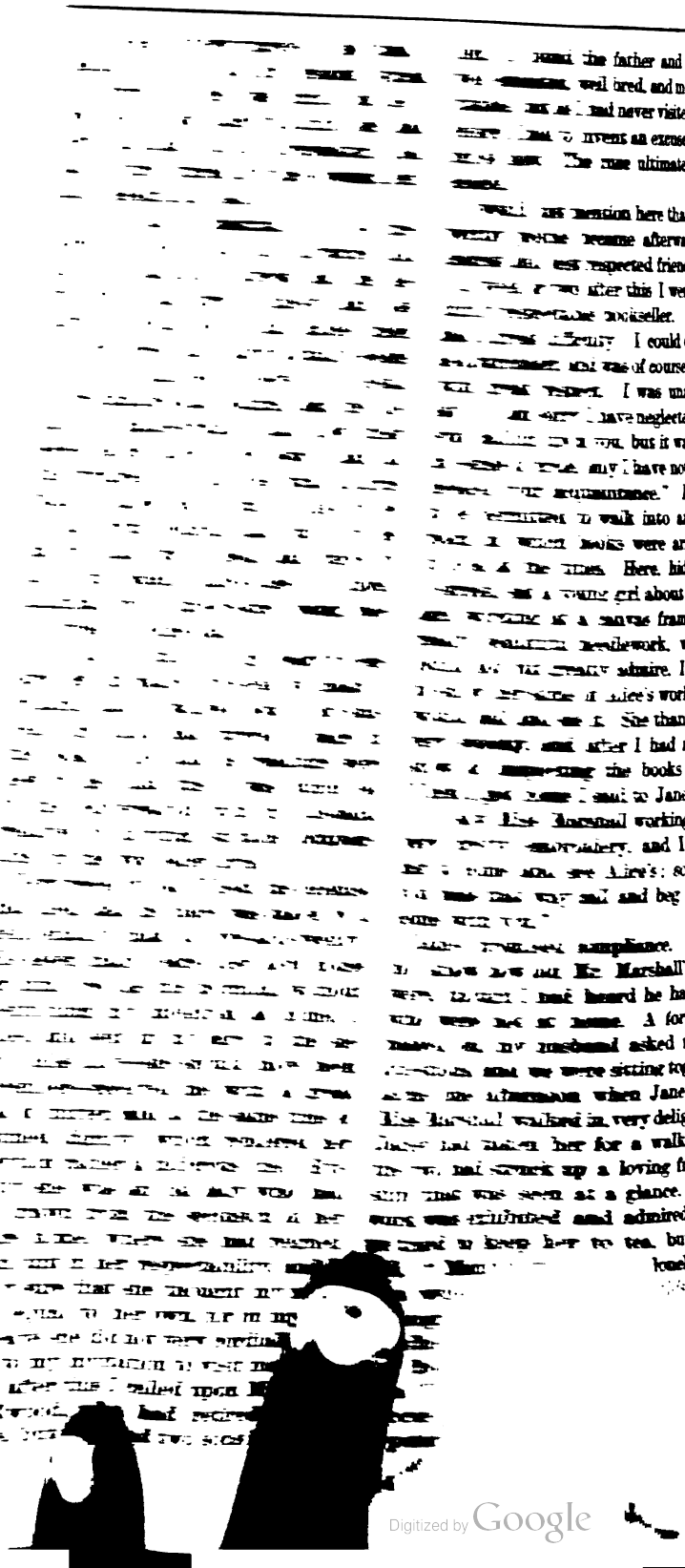
"Bravo! Polly, you are a capital diplomatist. Things may be safely left to your management."

"Without sending round the town-crier to invite matrimonial candidates?" I asked.

He went out of the room laughing, and I knew I had gained my point. I might do what I liked in the matter now. The details of our projected party had to be talked over with the girls, who seemed provokingly indifferent to all my arrangements, for I would not have given the slightest whisper as a clue to my hope of return invitations.

"It is so odd of you, mamma, that you will not wait till after Christmas," said Mary. "Why, everybody will be engaged in making their own preparations."

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"As this will not be a grand party at all, but merely a tea-drinking, a little music, and a dance afterward, there is no occasion to make a fuss over it. You should recollect that Lily and Lucy will like some little introduction to our friends previous to the festivities of Christmas," I replied. "I do not intend to send out written invitations, but Alice you can call upon our old acquaintances, choose any six you like, and ask them to come, while I will do the same by the Mays, the Marshalls and Elwoods. Do not convey to them any idea of a party in the usual sense, it is understood, but merely to tea and a little music."

And so this first step of the ladder was gained.

ARE CRIMINALS MORALLY DISEASED AND IRRESPONSIBLE?

BY PROF. L. N. FOWLER.

ACCORDING to Dr. Despine, as quoted in the London Medical Record, "Most criminals are irresponsible, no matter how great the crime they commit against society." I differ from Dr. Despine's conclusions, and believe that criminals are responsible for their crimes, unless those criminals are moral and intellectual idiots. There are degrees of responsibility, and these depend on the amount and balance of the mental and moral faculties with which individuals are endowed, also on the quality of their organizations. Some are below the average scale in quality and quantity, while others are far above the average in moral development. Barbarians have enough intellectual and moral power to make them very exacting of each other, and they are very severe in their punishments when they think offenders have not fulfilled their respective duties faithfully. No man, unless he be an idiot, can grow up in a civilized and Christianized community without having his moral sense awakened sufficiently to distinguish between right and wrong, according to his acceptation of moral ethics, and in a normal state of his mind he is able to obey the laws of the land. Men can so live as to lower the tone of their minds, stunt their moral sense, and stupefy their moral feelings. But many criminals assume the appearance of indifference in order to manifest a plucky, bravado spirit. Some deperadoes sagaciously calculate that success in their wicked ways will bring great luck, while failure will bring misfortune and disappointment, and they are willing to take the consequences of their risks, whatever they may be. I will not deny but that they are more conscious of the legal than of the moral consequences: but one who has any idea of the legal consequences of an act has some idea of moral obligation. Let an outrage be committed on one of those men and he will quickly show that he has moral sense enough to resent the outrage, particularly if his property has been appropriated in any way. Having had very great experience through visiting in prisons some of the most noted criminals, and having examined them phrenologically and physiologically, in order to satisfy my own mind why they have committed flagrant crimes, I have deliberately formed this conclusion: That although criminals are defective in the balance of their mental powers, all have sufficient counterbalancing or redeeming qualities to enable them to lead a moral life if they would. Though the animal passions and propensities may greatly predominate, and the moral sense be feebly developed, yet it is never entirely destitute. A man may stunt its growth, harden the tender feelings of his soul, weaken the sense of right and wrong, live only in the gratification of passion, without the least regard for the future or the wellbeing of the community. Let such a man be convicted of crime and sentenced to

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an ignominious death, he braces himself up to repress every manifestation of moral feeling, and to the last will not confess the turpidity of his crimes even if he inwardly feel it. Such have a false code of honor, and one of its tenets is "to die game." We should not be surprised at this when we reflect that perhaps these men have been undergoing a hardening process in the school of vice for many years, and that each one attempts to outdo his fellows in manifesting indifference to all tender emotions; in fact this is a part of their training, and the boldest and most fearless are considered the best in their circle. To such the highest source of enjoyment is the gratification of the appetites and passions. Again, many criminals take the law into their own hands, and punish a real or imaginary wrong by the infliction of great cruelty, and even murder. Generally they are not a dull, but morbidly sensitive class of people, and they dwell continuously on the mistaken idea that society has done them some egregious wrong, and that if they can in their way retaliate by striking a deadly blow at society, they will have discharged their duty. Yet even the most abandoned criminal is sometimes touched by an appeal made to his moral sense or higher nature, and leaves off his evil practices; which he would not do, unless he had some moral sense to be affected. If we admit that we have among us a class of men lower than the savage and barbarian, not accountable for their wicked deeds, we admit a condition that is exceedingly dangerous to society, and once let that idea become prevalent, crime would increase. A thorough discussion of this subject would involve a consideration of the laws of hereditary descent, the influences of habits, associations, training, etc.

But I have found that confirmed criminals have perverted the normal action of the moral faculties by indulgence in lustful habits, or they have poisoned their healthful blood by alcohol and tobacco, or they have never tried to control their selfish propensities, or circumstances have been such that they have grown up from childhood in vice without having had helping hands to guide them into the ways of a better life. Whatever may have been the primary causes of a tendency to do evil, it is a fact that the most abandoned criminals have lived the most intemperate and immoral lives. Had they never tasted a drop of alcohol, even though they may have had an imperfect organization, yet they need not have led immoral lives. If it can be proved that a man once had moral sense and has lived so as to destroy it, then he should be recognized as unfit to be at large in society, and should be confined in an institution. It is as natural to be born with moral sense as to be born with an appetite, an intellectual nature and social faculties; and every individual who is not an idiot by birth has enough of the moral faculties to know right from wrong, and hence is more or less responsible for his actions.

[In addition to the above we may add that the fact that criminals are generally inferior physically to the non-criminal class, and therefore unable to compete with them in honorable ways of living, suggests new views as to their treatment. They need to be restored to physical as well as moral soundness.]

PLEASURE.—The idea of presenting learning in the guise of a fair and beautiful maiden, to whom youths are invited to pay their court and with whom they may hold sweet and delightful converse, is a very beautiful and attractive one; and yet, if this is for its own sake, what is it but elevated and innocent pleasure-seeking? a sort of butterfly existence. There is pleasure in gymnastics or physical culture; but if either is sought simply for the pleasure it affords, why is the seeker of mere pleasure in this particular way so much more exalted than the pleasure-seeker in any other way? Besides too much real pleasure is like too much sugar, injurious. A touch of something difficult, something hard, that requires effort to overcome, is necessary to bring out the highest type of character.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE LADIES' OWN.

CONDUCTED BY M. CORA BLAND.

THE TENANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY SALLY A. HUME.

"NELLIE, we ought to have a birthday party two weeks from to-night," said Hattie Hays, turning to her twin sister, who was carelessly twitching the keys of the piano in the cheerful sitting-room. "Yes, we will ask pa and ma this very evening. If they consent we must get the cards out in two days." While they are discussing the new idea we will find out more about them.

They are the youngest of four children, and the daughters of a wealthy farmer, who has spared neither time nor money in their education. Though living in the country they have a palatial home, and the *elite* of the city are their frequent guests.

To get the consent of the parents was an easy matter, for they had already talked of a party for their girls on the night of their eighteenth birthday.

So whom to invite became the next question. They had a few special friends in the neighborhood, but it might not be agreeable to some of their city friends to mingle with young people who could churn, wash dishes, plow or plant.

Hattie was for leaving them all out, but her neighborly, kind-hearted father would not consent.

"We must not slight the Abbots and the Kinneys," said Mrs. Hays; "they are our equals in wealth." "Nor the Miss Kirks, nor Mary Rawley," put in Mr. Hays.

"Why pa you don't mean we shall ask Mary Rawley, who knows nothing about the rules of society; besides she is our tenant's daughter?" said Hattie.

"She knows how to be a lady, though she is not college bred," said the father, drily.

Hattie bit her lip and remained silent; she knew it was useless to oppose her pa, and she was not willing to state the real motive for not wishing to ask Mary. Nellie's kind heart could not bear the thought of slighting one whom they both found an agreeable companion when alone. She expressed her willingness to ask Mary, when Hattie exclaimed.

"Nellie you know she has nothing to wear but that old pink dress, and though it looks very well to come here of an afternoon in, it would hardly be a becoming party dress."

"Perhaps you could lend her one," replied Mr. Hays, for come she shall, if I must buy a new dress."

"She can wear my white Swiss, and some natural flowers in her pretty curls," said Nellie.

"Right, Nellie, fix her up and show your friends one of the prettiest wild flowers in this neighborhood."

So it was decided, and the cards were sent out.

The two intervening weeks were busy ones, but when the evening arrived all was in readiness. The new dresses of gray gauze enriched with lace, the rich fine sashes of satin brocade, and elegant jewels, all had been selected with care and in good taste; so the sisters had no fear of appearing countrified among their city guests.

Nellie had made several visits to Mary Rawley's, and knew how she was to appear at the party, but Hattie was too much vexed to ask any questions. "If she and ma had had their way no hired hands or girls like Mary would have been invited; Nellie and pa had such queer ideas."

They had gone to their room to dress when Hattie said, "I almost wish Paul Seymore would not come to-night. Think of introducing him to such as Lizzie Kirk or Mary Rawley. As for Gertrude Paxton it will never do to introduce her to them at

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all. Then Peter Fink, our neighbor's hired man, just because pa has taken a fancy to him; it is too bad. We can't tell the company he is the son of a southern millionaire who lost all when his slaves were freed, and if his manners *are* finished his brown hands and face show he is a laborer."

"But, Hattie, he is honorably employed, which is better than being idle, or trying to live by genteel knavery; and as for the girls you mentioned, the friendship of Mary Rawley and Lizzie Kirk is worth more than a dozen such as Gertrude Paxton. You do not find her companionable; but because they live on Fifth avenue and will come here in a liveried carriage and four, she and her weak minded brother must be invited. But do help me get this sash arranged and this collarette, and get the gloom of your face," said Nelly laughing.

"I promised to put the finishing touches on Mary, and she will soon be here. Then help me on with this dress and catch up the lace sleeves for me; I never could make a pretty bow you know."

As Nellie finished tying the rich ribbon that matched so beautifully with the sash, a timid knock announced Mary at the door, and Nellie said, "come in."

Hattie bade her a rather formal good evening and swept out of the room, but Nellie commenced chatting, and excused Hattie's haste by saying it was time one of them was in the parlor.

"Now, Mary, here is everything you may need; slip into these and see how you will look as a graduate. How fortunate we were away at Wooster when we wore those dresses; no one has ever seen mine worn at home." It was her complete graduating outfit. White Swiss, ruffled from bottom to top with hand-width ruffles, tucked skirt under, of the same material, black gaiters, blue sash, white rose, just plucked from a favorite monthly, in the shining auburn curls, a bud and a few leaves at the neck, a soft fine rushing and Mary was transfigured. As she stood before the large mirror and saw the transformation tears sprung to her eyes.

"It will be harder than ever to be so very poor hereafter," said she.

"Who knows but you may make your fortune to-night, and never be poor again," was the gay reply.

The bell now kept ringing and the guests rapidly assembled. The girls descended to the parlors, and after introducing Mary to several city friends Nellie left her to receive other comers.

Gertrude and her brother were among the last arrivals—it was so unfashionable to come early; and Hattie, after waiting upon Miss Gertie in the reception room, conducted her into the parlor and picked out such of the company as she thought sufficiently showy to introduce to so important a guest.

That she came to create a sensation was evident, and to attempt a description of her costume would only give a faint idea of its elegance.

A murmur of admiration followed her as she passed down the rooms and finally took a seat offered by Paul Seymore.

Hattie was too well bred to devote more than polite attention to any one guest, and soon excused herself. But she had not the moral courage of her sister, and when she saw Nellie approaching with Lizzie Kirk she trembled at what she knew would follow. Before she could get Nellie's eye they had passed and Nellie was saying, "Miss Paxton permit me to present to you my friend Lizzie Kirk—also Mr. Seymore, Miss Kirk." A very formal bow from Miss Gertrude, and a most polite one from Mr. Seymore, and the girls passed on.

"You are the strangest man," said Gertrie, a minute later. "Your very polite greeting entirely unnerved her. A little jerk of the head without the formula, 'I am happy to form your acquaintance,' she would have understood better."

"Perhaps; but it would have been rather awkward in me. I really mean to make my word good, for Ed Hays has been telling me about Lizzie Kirk, the village teacher, and speaks highly of her entertaining manner."

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"No doubt Ed likes her, for with all his college attainments and law reading he will yet settle down to a granger, and Lizzie Kirk will probably share his 'love in a cottage.'"

Paul noted the sarcasm, and was too much of a gentleman to continue the ill-natured remarks.

Soon Ed Hays came up, and leaving Gertie he went in search of Nellie and Miss Kirk.

As the evening advanced the usual round of games, charades, tableaus and cards were exhausted, and as dancing was to form no part of the entertainment some one proposed a spelling match. It was hailed with applause by some, but a few doubting ones objected. It was then carried by vote, and the captains chosen were Nellie Hays and Paul Seymore.

All who did not wish to take part were excused as their names were called. Gertie though indifferent in orthography would not refuse, and it had been announced that no very difficult words should be propounded. But when she spelled pity with two t's and lily with two l's a very slight sensation passed round the class, and the hot blood mounted to her temples.

After a few rounds they were requested to rise and spell down to close the exercise. Soon they wilted.

Gertie in spelling satin spelled it sattin, and her brother in spelling satan had it saten. One dropt after spelling "shugar," and another spelling shure for sure, so it was found among the simplest words many, for a little want of attention, could not spell correctly.

At last only three or four on a side remained up, and as harder words were put out they diminished, until only Paul Seymore and Mary Rawley were left opponents; at the word kalsomine Paul was knocked off his feet and Mary was declared champion of the spelling match.

During the former part of the evening Paul had not noticed Mary in the crowd, and now he was exceedingly anxious to know who she was. Turning to Hattie Hays he requested an introduction; and though a little piqued she could not refuse, but performed the ceremony gracefully and left them.

Gertie was looking for her also to inquire "who that handsome man in navy blue was; he had such a noble bearing she was dying for an introduction."

"That is Mr. Fink, a southern gentleman, staying at one of our neighbors at present. His father owned a thousand slaves at one time," whispered Hattie. She was glad to notice he had on kids to hide his rough hands. As she presented Miss Paxton his noble countenance beamed with a most benign smile, and the most courtly bow was her reward. Hattie left them very much fearing Gertie would learn she was entertaining a hired hand before the close of the party.

An hour later she saw them promenading, and soon Joseph Paxton, with his Burnside whiskers, his dandy cane and his disagreeable familiarity, offered his arm, while Paul and Mary fell into rank just behind them.

With a disagreeable companion, a disappointed expectation, Hattie was not sorry to hear the Paxton carriage announced, and after their departure the rest soon dispersed. Two large busses were waiting to carry the city people home. Those from the country took the old-fashioned way of gallanting the ladies, Ed Hays took special pains to see Lizzie Kirk safe home, though her sister and brother were going the same way. Mary Rawley remained till the next morning, and so the great house became still and dark, save the hall lamp that dimly glimmered to let Ed find his way up stairs.

It was quite late when the girls awoke the next morning, but Mary had risen and slipped away home. Neither felt like talking, and Hattie did not appear at the breakfast table. She was more disappointed than she cared to admit, though honestly she could not tell why. Nellie, on the other hand, was delighted, and when her sister came into the sitting-room dejected and spiritless, she tried to rally her by exclaiming, "Oh, Hattie! was it not splendid? all seemed to enjoy themselves so well."

"Why, Nellie, I thought it perfectly

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stupid. That spelling match was a real bore."

"I am astonished to hear you say so; it brought out Mary so nicely, and she wore the laurels most gracefully."

"And appropriated Paul Seymore to herself the remainder of the evening."

Nellie gave a quick glance of surprise at her sister, and began to have a vague idea of the cause of her low spirits.

After a few days things flowed in the old channel; Mary came nearly every afternoon to practice music, study botany or help Nellie on some fancy work, Hattie was a little reserved, though she tried to treat her as usual. They had grown up together from childhood, and much of the grace and dignity of the college bred ladies the tenant's daughter naturally appropriated. She was loved by all of the family, and as much at home in their elegant parlors as the young ladies themselves. Her voice, sweet as a wild bird's, mingled with theirs in song, and if help was needed in the busy harvest time Mary was ready for service. She never failed them.

It was near Christmas time, and the girls were at the cottage spending an evening when Hattie carelessly picked a book from a high shelf and opened it at the title page. It was a "Natural History," and on the fly leaf was Paul Seymore's name. Closing it hastily she took up another and another. "Physiology," "Moral Science, "Astronomy," and "Logic," all with Paul's name. Mary had been watching her. It was the one secret she had kept from the girls that Paul had sent her a box of his school books. Seeing she was found out, she explained that on the night of the party Mr. Seymore enquired whether she had been a schoolmate of the Miss Hays, and when she told him she was only their tenant's daughter, but greatly desired a better knowledge of books, he kindly offered her the use of those he had laid aside. "I was afraid you would not approve, and tried to keep it secret."

"I see no reason to object" said Nellie, "but how do you get along without a teacher?"

"I may as well make a clean breast of it," said Mary, laughing. "Peter Fink sometimes assists me in astronomy and logic, and for the rest I have not found anything very difficult."

A load was lifted from Hattie's heart. She became her former self again. The warm companion and friend of Mary.

To Nellie she said: "It will be in better keeping with her circumstances to encourage Peter, as she would be out of her sphere in a city home."

If Nellie felt a little twinge of remorse for keeping a secret from her darling sister, it was because she did not wish to wound her afresh.

As the holidays approached Gertrude Paxton sent cards to the Miss Hays and their brother to attend a grand reception at her home on Christmas eve. The next day she and her brother drove out in a pony phaeton and remained to tea. During the afternoon Gertie drew Hattie aside and inquired if Mr. Fink was still in the neighborhood.

"He was a short time ago," said Hattie evasively. "Then perhaps you could forward this card to him. I should like so much to have him attend our reception."

Hattie promised to send the card by a small boy to Mr. Fink, and Gertie returned home well satisfied.

The next evening he called on Mary and found Nellie there before him.

"I am here to criticise your logic," said she, laughing. "I fear you are trying to reason Mary away from our neighborhood. Something I positively veto."

"Does this look like it?" said he producing the delicately perfumed card. "Dont it look more like Miss Paxton was using logic?"

The girls looked at each other in surprise.

That he understood human nature was evident.

"You will go, of course," said Mary.

"Certainly. It would not be polite to refuse. She has been in the south, thinks the country so romantic, the climate so lovely, the people so hospitable, the colored people such a convenience, everything perfectly splendid;

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could live there forever with a congenial companion."

The girls caught the spirit of the sarcasm, and peals of merry laughter rang through the cozy sitting-room.

The evening arrived, bright, cold and biting. But the brilliant parlors of the Paxton mansion glowed with tropical warmth and splendor.

Gertie received her guests in tea green silk, with lace sleeves that showed her well rounded arm to the best advantage. Her sweetest smiles were reserved for Peter Fink, and most nobly did he acquit himself. In the dance, the promenade, to the dining hall he was her escort or companion, and he arranged the music stool and turned the pages when she played. Gertie was delighted. The ladies were all in ecstacies over the handsome southerner.

Nellie more than once caught his eye, but she kept her counsel. A few evenings later they met again at the cottage. Peter said he was growing in favor rapidly, and expected shortly to be transported to Fifth avenue.

Mary said she hoped he would enjoy the transfer. But the joke turned a few weeks later. Gertrude was taking a great fancy to Hattie Hays, and made frequent visits to the country. One day she came to spend the night. Ed was bent on a little fun, and proposed a sleigh ride. The girls were as eager as he, but when he turned up the north road Hattie objected? but Ed gave a sly wink at Nellie and drove on.

Soon they came in sight of neighbor Stark's, and, as Ed had hoped, Peter Fink was in the barnyard "pailing" the cows. As the sleigh approached and he knew its occupants he rose and bowed his most courtly bow.

The ladies, Hattie and Nellie, returned it with Ed, but Gertie took not the slightest notice of it, though mortification and anger were depicted in her countenance.

When a little recovered from her surprise, she turned to Hattie and said:

"Didn't you tell me he was a southern gentleman staying with a friend in this neighborhood, and that he was very wealthy?"

"I said they once owned a thousand slaves; but you know they have been liberated."

"And what of their estate?"

"It was confiscated," said Ed.

"And Peter Fink is a hired hand," groaned Gertie. "Oh Hattie! how could you deceive me so?"

"I did not mean to deceive you."

"If the friends at my late reception should hear of it, oh dear!" and Gertie suddenly grew silent and sullen. The next morning she returned to the city, and her country friends received no more cards to her receptions.

Towards spring Peter Fink returned south, after drawing his twenty dollars a month from Mr. Stark for the four months' service.

After his departure there came weekly little white messengers to Mary Rawley, and as Ed Hays generally brought the mail from the city he took great delight in teasing her about the letters.

Several times larger packages came, and Mary sought the advice and help of her friends in their make up. They were surprised at the richness of the presents, and were in doubt as to the propriety of having her accept them, but when he returned in June, and after a private interview with Mr. Hays, sent out cards for a reception at his friend's houseto be crowned wiih a wedding, everybody thought he had won the lovely Nellie.

When the hour arrived the guests assembled were surprised to see him lead upon the floor, in satin and bridal wreath, Mary Rawley, the tenant's daughter. Though Gertie scorned the ticket sent her, she was a little piqued to learn that the confiscated estate had been recovered, and Peter Fink was worth, without his slaves, a hundred thousand.

COMMON coal oil is an excellent protection against mosquitoes. Drop a little on a piece of cotton, squeeze as dry as possible, and rub over the exposed portions of the body. The smell of the oil disappears in about five minutes, and no mosquito will alight upon the anointed places. It is said to be better than pennyroyal for this purpose

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RESPONSIBILITIES OF PARENTS.

BY SARAH ELDRIDGE.

TO PARENTS, in a great degree, is committed the present and the future destiny of their children. The example, the conduct, the whole character of the parent, begins to exert its molding influence on the infant mind at the earliest dawn of its existence. In former times much was said of the duties of children to parents. It was thought necessary, to be sure, among the intelligent classes that a good example, a good education, a sufficient amount of property to start them in the world, was the rightful inheritance of a child from a parent. They may have thought more, felt more, but little comparatively was said.

Now in these times of bold thought, in which new ideas find expression, and intelligently so in a measure, not only for the existence but for the condition physically, mentally and morally of their children, it is not my purpose in this short paper to discuss the various reasons why this is so. It is already an accepted fact. Few minds but have realized its truthfulness. Few of us but have felt the weight of inherited tendencies and early impressions dragging us down; and ah! how well we know what a mighty and continued effort it requires on our part to rise above them. It was truly the voice of inspiration which with warning voice said to all coming time. "The sins of the parents shall be visited upon the children." Mother! father! there is a vital spark lighted up in that little bosom—a lambent flame that never will be quenched, but will exist and burn when the fires of the old celestial sun shall have gone out. What image, what character shall be stamped on that plastic mind which it is yours to mold? Shall it bear the lineaments of purity and goodness, a happy and useful member of society, a bright and exultant spirit forevermore? or shall it walk in the paths of sin and shame, which are unhappiness, with a mourning and saddened spirit, in a suffering, polluted body? Fix your eye of affection on the child now so dear to you. Trace its onward career. Send your winged thought after it, as its spirit begins the journey of countless ages. Think of it, happy or miserable by your fidelity or neglect. His little life is just begun. A million years hence his spirit life will be just begun. How can we look upon the little form intrusted to our care but with fear and trembling. The immortal mind enshrined within is destined to live forever. A destiny of honor or infamy, of pleasure or pain, is inevitable. The responsibility of parents, therefore, is one of fearful magnitude, and one that should be most scrupulously regarded with reference to that long vista of future which inevitably stretches out before every spark of intelligent life. Think of this young mothers, as you clasp your precious darling babies in your arms, and gaze upon their beauty with pride, and give more thought to the training and culture of their immortal minds than to the pretty dresses with which you love to adorn their little innocent bodies. It is all right, nay very important to dress them neatly and tastefully, and as richly as you can afford, for the love of the beautiful implanted in the mind is one of God's gifts, which it is one of our duties to cherish and gratify in all innocent ways. And what picture can be more beautiful than an innocent babe clad sweetly and becomingly? I have neither time nor space to even hint at the nature of the responsibilities of parents in regard to the healthy development of body, mind and soul of their offspring. Nor is it possible to do so. The soul working of every individual is a problem which their own lives must solve. The condition, the circumstances of every parent, of every child, differs in some degree from that of every other; so no rule or set of rules can apply infallibly to all. In saying this I have no reference to the rules laid down by the great Lawgiver. I simply mean hu-

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man rules. It is only to the infinite we can look in our hours of direst need, and by bringing the spark of Divinity within us in some sense into sympathy with the Great Divine, receive that inspiration which will teach us what we should do, and how to do it.

DAME FASHION, QUEEN OF AMERICA.

BY FRANK E. GREENO.

AS I was coming down Broadway one of the rainy days of last week my heart ached for the ladies I met, for myself, and for all women in America. I think I am only one of the many that suffer from heartaches caused by the slavery of these women, which is nothing compared with the physical suffering they endure. Slavery! you say. American women are not slaves; American government is unparalleled in this respect; the women here have more liberty than those of any other nation in the world. The sun shines on no tribe or country that treats the women with the respect and homage we Americans do. It is true we make the laws for all, as such has always been the custom; yet if you can convince us that it would be better for them as individuals, or us as a nation if they helped to make these laws, we would most certainly secure for them this privilege.

Stop, stop, my dear sir; that is not what I mean. We are slaves to a greater despot than ever sat upon a throne. One who compared with Xerxes and the tyrants of the olden time would make them seem as angels; and strange as it may seem to you, this ruler is a woman, her name is Dame Fashion.

Crushed as we are beneath this inherited bondage, bound with a chain which has gained strength with age, whose links in all past time we have found it impossible to break, struggle we ever so bravely, what can we hope for the future?

Is it not sad enough to make the strongest hearted among us faint to see the misery of to-day, caused by this power? When we realize that our children and our children's children must go in the same way, suffering physically, mentally and morally, do you wonder our hearts ache almost to breaking? realizing as we do that physical slavery crushes out the best life of the slave, and slavery of mind is more fearful than slavery of the body; for so long as the whole vital energy is directed to the support of fashion there is none left to direct the support of thought.

We realize that each generation is weaker than the one that preceded it, that we suffer miseries that our first parents never dreamed of; and these are owing to the extravagances of the nineteenth century that Dame Fashion has taxed us with. Now if this taxation increases in the next century as it has in the last, we undoubtedly suffer little in comparison with what the people of the twentieth century will have to endure. Lest you think I am complaining without just cause, I will mention some slight forms of this taxation. We are not allowed to remain as Nature has made us; we must cover our faces with paint, our heads with false hair twisted and frizzed in every imaginable shape, brighten our eyes with belladonna, draw our ribs together until our waists measure just a certain number of inches, put upon our backs a sufficient amount of clothing to give us the appearance of a camel, punch holes in our ears, deform our fingers with rings, wear shoes three sizes too small, and gloves to match. In addition to this, all our clothing must cost fifty per cent. more than we are able to pay; our dresses must be covered with ruffles and puffs that it takes somebody days to make, while this dress must be constructed in such a manner as to sweep up every particle of filth as we pass along. Then, as if it were not enough to destroy the outside of the

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body, we are compelled to take into the system wine, ale, champagne, tea, coffee and rich food enough to destroy a much more hardy race than we are. Now is'nt there enough to dwarf the mind and maim the body? Can not some one in this enlightened age invent a successful plan for our liberation! and at the same time win for themselves laurels unequaled before, and the adoration and grateful remembrance of American women through all time to come.

HUMAN LONGEVITY. (No. 2.)

BY EDWIN F. BACON.

IN my previous article on this subject reference was made to the investigations of Mr. William J. Thoms, F. S. A., in England, concerning alleged cases of centenarianism; and before presenting some of the facts which I have been able to gather in America, it may be interesting to glance at his work, which is the most thorough and satisfactory treatment of the subject that has yet appeared. Mr. Thoms is often erroneously represented as denying that any one has ever lived beyond the age of one hundred years. He himself, however, finds several well authenticated instances of persons exceeding that age, though by only two or three years.

His theory with regard to the utmost duration of human life is sufficiently indicated by these words, which he uses while discussing a certain case: "When the supposed centenarian is believed to be a hundred, or a year or two over, some error may not unreasonably be *suspected*, but when the age is extended beyond, say 106, error so certainly exists that no trustworthy evidence can be produced in support of it." This assumption that no one can be shown to have lived to a greater age than 106 really seems unjustifiable, and yet all who have taken the trouble to investigate a number of the alleged instances of centenarianism so commonly reported will readily sympathize with his scepticism.

Sir George Lewis, another careful inquirer upon this subject, wrote in 1862, as quoted by Mr. Thoms: "There is not on record in published books any conclusive proof of a life which has been prolonged beyond 100 years under the existing conditions of our physical nature." He calls attention to the facts that no royal or noble person known to history, whose birth was recorded at the time of its occurrence, lived to the age of 100 years, and although the English aristocracy as a class are exceptionally long lived, he could learn of no case of centenarianism on record in the peerage and baronetage books, nor up to the time at which he wrote had any person whose life was insured lived to that age. Such a case, however, occurred in 1870, being that of a Mr. Luning, who lived to the age of 103 years one month and four days, his life having been insured when he was thirty-six years of age. This was the greatest longevity authenticated by Mr. Thoms. Sir George Lewis himself also found an instance of a woman living to about the same age. The fact of centenarianism is thus fully recognized by the most sceptical of English investigators; but it is to be observed that the few authentic cases which they found are those of persons who exceeded the century by very short periods. The numerous reported instances of much greater longevity were rejected upon examination by these painstaking inquirers.

OLD PARR, AGED 152.

The best known case which Mr. Thoms investigates is that of Thomas Parr, usually called "Old Parr." A professed biography of this person, written about the time of his death, gives so many details of his history, apparently from official records, that his case has for more than 200 years been regarded as perfectly authentic. Ac-

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cording to this account he was born at Winnington, Shropshire, England, in the year 1483; at the age of seventeen he left home to go into service; at the death of his father he came into possession of a certain lease of property, which was twice renewed; at the age of eighty he married and had two children; at 105 he did penance by standing in a white sheet in church for the offence of begetting at that age an illegitimate child; at 112 he buried his first wife, and at 122 he married again. In the year 1635, he being then, according to this story, 152 years old, the Earl of Arundel, happening in his vicinity and learning of his great age, took him to London and introduced him at Court. The change of diet and circumstances, however, proved fatal to him. He died soon after his removal, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a tablet was erected to his memory. This straightforward account of a man who passed nearly his whole life in his native village, and of whom a lively tradition is still preserved by the inhabitants of the place, is certainly calculated to command respect; yet upon making diligent search for the records concerning him, which were confidently believed to be in existence in his native parish, nothing whatever could be found; the fact of his removal to London in the manner above stated, and of his death and burial there, being all that can now be authenticated. Tradition alone supports the usual statement as to his age.

HENRY JENKINS, AGED 169.

Another case examined was that of Henry Jenkins, a native of Yorkshire, who died in 1670, and to whose memory a monument was erected nearly a century later, to commemorate the fact of his having lived to the great age of 169 years. The evidence, however, does not exist. He was a poor man, and in his old age when begging alms, as he sometimes did, he was accustomed to relate the events of his early life, and among other things would tell how he was employed at the battle of Flodden to go with a load of arrows to the army; he being then, according to his recollection, about ten or twelve years old. This, if true, would corroborate the received account as to his age, this battle having been fought in the year 1513. It has also been stated that he testified in court to events that had occurred 140 years previously, but no record of this has been shown to exist. Tradition, as in the case of old Parr, is the only evidence of his extraordinary age.

THE COUNTESS OF DESMOND, AGED 140.

The case of this person, currently reported as having lived to the age of 140, is in like manner examined and shown to be fictitious. The error resulted from confounding together two or three ladies who bore the same title. The three instances above mentioned are those of the greatest longevity upon record in Great Britain.

CAPTAIN LAHRBUSH, AGED 109.

There is one case which Mr. Thoms submitted to his severe method of inquiry, regarding which I am reluctant to speak at this time, for it involves the reputation of a venerable and much respected gentleman now residing in New York city, a certain Captain Frederick Lahrbush, formerly of the British army; or *Lieutenant* Lahrbush, as Mr. Thoms will have it. This person claims to have been born in the city of London, March 9th, 1766, and consequently to be now over 109 years old. His character is vouched for by some of the most wealthy and respectable families of the city, whose guest he often is, and among whom he is a great favorite; yet Mr. Thoms pronounces him an impostor, and declares that at a certain period he, for dishonest purposes, added twenty years to his age. I shall have occasion to speak of this case hereafter, first giving Captain Lahrbush or his friends an opportunity to refute the charges made against him. As an officer of many years service he certainly has the means of defending himself by reference to the records of the British War Office, his statements as to his rank and length of service having been flatly contradicted. His present vigorous condition promises him yet some years of life, and it certainly is a matter of consequence to

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him, as well as to centenarianism, that the truth should be known.

Some twenty others of the most prominent cases before the public were by our author subjected to a like thorough investigation, and a surprising amount of ignorance and credulity exposed. The obituary and other published accounts of the supposed centenarians were critically examined, and verified or disproved. Church and legal records were also searched, and the exact age in many cases determined. The following summary of these cases will illustrate the nature of the work: Mary Billinge was found to have been not 112, as so often stated, but 91, being a case of mistaken identity. Jonathan Reeves was shown, from the army records and by an analysis of his own statements, to have died not at the age of 104 but 80. Joshua Miller, another instance of mistaken identity, was not 111 but 90. Thomas Geeran and John Pratt were not 106, as reported, but were impostors of unknown age. The Rev. George Fletcher was not 108 but 92. George Smith and William Webb reached the ripe age of 95, but not 105, as stated. John Dawe was not 116, but 87. George Brewer not 106, but 98, and so on to the end of the chapter.

No such thorough work on this subject has yet been performed in America. My own inquiries during the past year have been much more limited, but I have been led to the same general conclusion that centenarianism is of far less frequent occurrence than is generally supposed, that there are indeed very few persons now living in the United States who will upon the occasion of our approaching centennial be able to show that they are as old as our Declaration of Independence. It was with the patriotic thought of seeking out our genuine centenarians and writing an account of their manner of life, that I undertook the present line of inquiry, a familiar account of which will best exhibit the information thus far gained, and enable the reader properly to estimate for himself the value of the current reports of extraordinary longevity. First, referring to the census reports, it appeared that there were in the United States in the year 1870, 3,522 persons who had attained the age of 100 years and upwards. Of this number 642 were native white, and 2,557 native colored people. The latter having been nearly all born in slavery, and being uneducated, could hardly be expected to know their exact age; but among the 642 native white citizens a large number should be able to authenticate their statements in some way, and although these individuals were rapidly passing away the total number of similar age living would not be seriously altered, for by the census alluded to there were living upwards of 2,500 native white citizens who were born previous to the year 1776. Here, then, was abundant material, and it was with a certain degree of enthusiasm that I undertook the agreeable task before me. In pursuance of it I have made many inquiries, and have visited some thirty of the excellent institutions for the aged which Christian benevolence has established in our eastern cities. The result, as already intimated, has greatly diminished my confidence in the current reports of centenarianism. As yet I have seen but two persons over 100 years of age whose birth was recorded at the time it occurred, and of which the record is still preserved. Both of these, as it happened, were Methodist preachers, and both exceedingly interesting characters. An account of them, and of others of whom I have learned through correspondence, must be deferred for the present in order to introduce the remarkable centenarian whose portrait is given on the next page.

MRS. ANAH GOSS,

the daughter of Stephen and Jemima Bathrick, was born at Lunenburg, Mass., February 1st, 1770, and died at Amherst, New Hampshire, March 19th, 1875, aged 105 years one month and eighteen days. The portrait is very correctly engraved from a photograph taken the summer previous to her one hundredth birthday. The facts regarding her age are substantiated by the family records and by the original entry of her birth at Lunenburg, having myself obtained an official copy of the

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entire family record from the town clerk, the only discrepancy being in the spelling of her name Anar, instead of Anah, as in the family bible, both being old forms for *Anna*. From her daughter, Mrs. E. H. Wilcox, with whom she lived, I received, in reply to my inquiries, an interesting account of her life and character, which I take the liberty of giving in this place. Mrs. Wilcox writes:

"My mother, Mrs. Anah Goss, was born at Lunenburg, Mass., Feb. 1, 1770. It is still on record. Mother was sixteen when she was married to Ephraim Goss, a returned fifer from the revolutionary war. They had not much of this world's goods. They lived very plain and simple. All their children were baptized in infancy; there were



seven daughters and three sons. Only two are now living. Mother often spoke of her childhood. She remembered perfectly when the revolutionary war broke out. She also remembered the *dark day;* the fowls went to roost; it was dark as night; no one could tell the cause. After father's death, which occurred in 1840, mother worked more or less in the garden every season. She often said that hard work had not killed her, she always worked hard. Her disposition was pleasant, though she had a strong will. She could see to read and thread her needle and sew until her last sickness. She became a little hard of hearing the last few years of her life. She used to be quite a sizeable woman, and fleshy; but for the last two or three years had been growing thin and more bowed over. but could walk about the house and some in the yard. Her memory was very much impaired, her judgment weak, but she retained her faculties in a wonderful degree to the last. Mother had great reverence for the Sabbath. A few days previous to her 104th birthday she called me to her and said: "Elizabeth, as my birthday comes on the Lord's day, I wish you would write to our Manchester friends and tell them I wish they would come Saturday or Monday, because He is so much more worthy of having His day kept than I am of mine.' She was always glad to see all who came to see her. A great many strangers came, and said she did not look as though she was more than 75 years old."

From the pastor of the church with which Mrs. Goss was connected I have also the following reply to inquiries concerning the cause of her remarkable longevity:

AMHERST, N. H., August 19th, 1875.

MR. EDWIN F. BACON.—*Dear Sir:* Your letter to Mrs. Wilcox was left at my house in my absence, and I now improve my earliest opportunity to assure you of the truthfulness of the statements concerning Mrs. Anah Goss, as the name stands on the records of the church. Having known her for over thirty years, and accustomed for the past ten to call upon her with the anniversary of her birthday, I can speak of her with as much confidence as of any one who has died in my parish. She is one of three whom I have known who attained the unusual age of over 100 years. In accounting for her unusual longevity, aside from the original endowment of vital force, three things may have contributed to this result.

1. A strong will, that had been disciplined by the necessity of regular industry. She was married at the age of sixteen, had a large family of children in circumstances that imposed a constant pressure of labor. She worked literally from morning to night all the days of her life.

2. She sacredly observed the Sabbath, resting from all the labor of the week. She usually attended both ser-

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vices at the sanctuary, and was an attentive and devout listener. At home she seldom read any book but the Bible. This made the Sabbath a genuine rest day, by the entire contrast with the occupations of the week.

3. She lived without *thought*, in the scriptural sense of that word. Her natural sprightliness was supplemented by strong faith in God. With a large experience of hardship and sorrow, she was uniformly cheerful; a good singer, she was accustomed to pour out her heart in praise. In these three particulars I think may be found the secret of her strength, illustrating Psalms xcii, 12-15.

A somewhat different aspect of her character may be found in a short sketch of Mrs. Goss which appeared in the New York Observer of March 25th, 1875, by Yours truly, J. G. DAVIS,
Pastor Congregational Church.

I have taken so much pains to authenticate this case of longevity because, although not a very remarkable one to those accustomed to believe the current reports, it will seem almost incredible to such investigators as Mr. Thoms and Dr. Lambert, the latter having publicly offered a reward of $500 for a case of a life prolonged beyond the age of 105, and $1,000 for a case beyond 110. If he is satisfied with the evidence above presented relating to Mrs. Goss, I hereby call upon him to contribute the first sum named to the funds of some one of our excellent old ladies' homes, where it will bless both giver and receiver. I have another case in hand the determination of which may afford him the pleasure of paying in like manner the other reward also. While as skeptical as he or Mr. Thoms can be in advance of proof, I have no theory that can cause me to prejudge testimony, and shall rejoice (as they doubtless will) if it can be conclusively shown that Count Waldeck, recently deceased in Paris, really lived to the age of 109, Mrs Stewart, in Iowa, to 111, or that Mrs. Katie Shepp is now doing sprightly housework in old Virginia at 122. But of these more hereafter.

THE LIVER, ITS USE, AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF IT.*

BY THE EDITOR.

THE heart is sometimes affected by derangement of the liver, though more frequently by distention of the stomach and indigestion. The most common symptoms are palpitation, irregularity of rhythm and pulsation of some of the larger arteries. Impurities in the blood, too, as they pour into and through the heart affect its regular action and cause it to suffer. If these conditions continue a long time the muscular tissue of the heart grows weak, and debility of the organ is the result. With this condition follows a long train of depressing symptoms, melancholia, etc., not easily understood. Patient and friends, and even the physician attributes it to the imagination, that scapegoat for so many of the nervous disorders of human beings. And here we may say that these so-called imaginary diseases are, except in few cases, the result of defective nutrition and circulation, or of poisons in the blood, or disorganization of some of the nervous tissue, and they are to be cured by building up the system rather than by any other means. When the faculties are strong and well nourished with rich pure blood they imagine themselves well, and are well; but when they are weak and fed by thin, impure blood they have not the strength to imagine themselves sound, and really they are not sound.

There is another sensation which dyspeptics feel, and those with deranged livers feel, which is worth noting here. It is the sensation of beating or throbbing in the large arteries of the body. It is often felt in the large artery that carries the blood down

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from the heart in the region back of the stomach and upper bowels, and is often very distressing. This symptom, too, may occur in dyspepsia as well as liver disease. Its cure depends on general invigoration of the system.

The pulse in health should beat with regularity—this is a sign of integrity of the heart and the body generally. In those morbid states of the liver which poison the blood through and through, the heart shows it by beating irregularly as previously mentioned. This may be caused by disease of the heart, and by nervousness. This irregularity sometimes amounts to an intermission of one beat. If there is no heart disease, no flatulence and indigestion, no nervousness and old age, then the cause is likely to be in derangement of the liver. In cases of long continued and serious liver derangement, not only may the pulse intermit but become feeble. In all such cases the usual remedies are iron, quinine, liquors, etc.; but this treatment generally does more harm than good.

Angina pectoris may arise from liver complaint, and catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, boils, some forms of skin disease, discoloration of the skin, and many other diseases may come from deranged livers.

Our catalogue of charges against the liver have been quite numerous, and yet we might have extended it. It is too bad to add, however, to the list, as the reader may become discouraged. We propose here to rest this part of our case and go on to what most are interested in, the causes of liver complaint, and then the cure.

BILL.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

ARISTOCRATIC noses were turned up in disgust. The broad piazza of the hotel in the village of B—— had perhaps never before held such a weight of annoyed humanity. The proprietor had just informed his guests that the members of a circus company who were to perform in the neighborhood had telegraphed their intention of "putting up at our tavern." Within five minutes after the receipt of this intelligence almost every guest had received a personal insult. This of course was not to be wondered at; indeed it was a perfectly natural result, and one which our host should have been prepared for. The only surprise I felt was that in this goodly company there were to be found a few individuals, whose noses remained level, and who, notwithstanding their "distinguished descent," did not appear to be in the least disturbed by the unusual news. We are sometimes compelled to look this fact squarely in the face. The accident of aristocratic birth does not always insure against plebian proclivities. The minority in this case, I observed, kept very quiet. A wise course for minorities on all occasions.

One little woman, who had charmed us all, even the folks with the sensitive olfactories, came dancing up to me after the party had dispersed, evidently imagining that she had found a congenial spirit.

"I am so glad," she said; "won't it be jolly?"

"Hush!" I answered, warningly. "Don't talk so loud."

"Oh! they are all gone," she went on, her pleasant eyes sparkling; "and I do believe I should just like to shock 'em."

I kept to myself the fact that she had already done so. Twice to my knowledge she had threatened Mrs. Grundy with vertigo. Once she had been seen tying up a finger of the head waiter. The poor fellow had given himself a bad cut, and naturally enough, perhaps, for one who didn't know any better, had rushed to the person whose sympathy and assistance he was the surest of. On another occasion she had bounded into the di-

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ing-room fresh from a ramble in the woods, her hands full of wild flowers for her table. After arranging them nicely in a vase she actually selected some of the freshest of the blossoms, and making a tasteful buttonhole bouquet fastened it to the lappel of our waiter's coat.

"There, Frank," she said, "this is what I call a proper regard for the fitness of things. Give me some soup quick, please! I am famished."

It was a little singular perhaps, but that colored man wore those flowers till they withered and wasted, carefully putting them in water every night.

But I must hurry on to "Bill." The circus company arrived, and of course there was a great bustle. Most of the guests kept their own rooms. I thought it would be pleasant to get a glimpse of the horses and hear the music, so I did not vacate my rocking-chair on the piazza, as perhaps under the circumstances it was eminently proper I should do. My only lady companion was the sweet and incorrigible little Mrs. Van Arness, the lady above mentioned. Trunks, portmanteaus, and baggage of all description found its way to the rooms set apart for our new guests. Then followed the human freight; by the way, not half so frightful or so coarse as our super-sensitiveness had imagined. A man and a woman looking very much like other folks walked into the house, the woman with a young baby in her arms, the man leading a little boy apparently about three years of age. The child's gait and manner gave evidence of training for the ring, even at that early age. Five minutes after I looked up from my book to see Mrs. Van Arness a short distance away from me, talking very busily with this same little fellow. His parents were busy in their own room, and had probably not noticed the child's absence.

"Come out here," said she at last, actually taking her companion by the hand and leading him toward me, "and see this lady. She likes little boys. I have heard her say so."

"Oh, everybody likes little boys," he answered naively; "everybody likes me," and then after a moment added; "but Bill likes me better than anybody."

"Who is Bill?" I asked.

"What does Bill do?" inquired my friend, with keener intuition. The little one stopped a moment, and then, as if possessed by an original idea, bounded off to the iron chains which fenced the grounds in front of the hotel. Once here he stopped to assure himself if we were looking, and then said: "This is what Bill does."

In an instant he had turned two or three somersaults around the chain, and landed gracefully on his feet in the middle of the grass-plot.

"That's no place to do it," he added, scornfully, as he returned to our side.

"Bill makes all the peoples clap their hands and holler 'hi, hi!' Oh! you ought to see Bill."

Just then a gray-coated, keen-faced and good-natured looking young man, came quickly up the path. In an instant the boy was off, saying joyfully:

"Oh, there's Bill!" and in less time than it takes me to write it. Bill had him tight in his arms.

"Did you see that rough fellow kiss that child," said Mrs. Van Arness, as the couple disappeared. Just then the most pompous of our boarders sauntered out, cigar between fingers, and with a shrug of his fat shoulders remarked:

"I wonder at you ladies. I have insisted upon my wife's keeping her room."

"Well!" said my companion striking an attitude, and for the first time since my acquaintance with her evidently losing her temper, "that means that you think your wife would be contaminated by contact with these circus people!"

"You are correct, as usual, Mrs. Van Arness," he answered with impressiveness.

"Well, I *like* circus riders," she replied, with a mischievous crease in the corners of her pretty mouth; "that is, if they have got hearts. I saw an Irishman sir, a day laborer, the other day digging in the streets, and I declare to

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you that I wanted to shake hands with him. A little girl almost fell into the hole he was making, and when he not only prevented her, but took her in his arms and hugged and kissed her, I thought to myself that the sweet nobility of that red-shirted son of Erin would put to shame many a so-called aristocrat in our so-called best society.

"Well, I declare!" said the gentleman, as my lady walked off. "Would you believe that a woman of her culture could have such low tastes?"

I believe I smiled and made no answer. What use to fight these prejudices? About as much as to try and destroy a stone wall with a blow from one's head. Not long after this I came across Mrs. Van Arness in earnest conversation with Bill. I confess that this slightly annoyed me; but my annoyance was of short duration, for she turned to me and said:

"I just met that little boy I was talking to awhile ago in the hall, and if I hadn't dashed some water in his face I really believe he would have choked to death; and I was asking his friend some questions about him."

"And I was telling her," said Bill, respectfully, his hat in his hand, "that last night he had the croup, and he don't seem to have got over it; but he's as bright as a dollar now. The croup is generally pretty hard, I've heard, on a child of his build. He'll get through his performance the first of the evening, and his mother will send him right down to the hotel; and I shall be through in an hour or so after that. She has to ride the last one."

"And what becomes of the baby?"

"That goes to the show?" he answered, with a smile.

"It's a mighty good baby, and we take turns taking care of it. If you have anything ma'am that's good for croup, I wish you'd let me know. If anything should happen to little Jo—well—if anything *should* happen."

For a moment he twirled his hat nervously, and then with an abrupt bow turned on his heel and walked hastily away.

"Oh! it was frightful!" said my companion: "Poor little child! I don't believe you ever heard anything half so sweet as what he said to me when I wiped the water from his face, after the spasm had passed.

"'You was scared, wasn't you lady? Mind now, don't tell Bill nor my mamma. My mamma will cry, and Bill will look this way!' and then he drew down his face in comic imitation of his faithful friend. I lost a little boy with croup once," she continued softly. "It must be agonizing for a mother to be obliged to live a life of this kind, with no time for domestic comforts, no time to nurse her sick, or pet her little ones."

It was strange that this woman, bred in luxury, accustomed to the choicest society, should have not a word of blame to utter against the profession which her sister woman had chosen. She was sorry for her, she wanted to help her. She would have assisted her with her means and her sympathy, have nursed her and hers with her own tender hands, but reproach her never, by thought word or deed. I realized then as never before the tremendous power for good that such purity and unselfishness must exert. But, God help us, the majority of those who labor for others, seek first in their mistaken zeal and pride to tear down trades and institutions, never thinking of the poor souls who perish in the ruins.

I heard no more from Mrs. Van Arness until about nine o'clock that evening. Then a messenger informed me that the lady desired my presence immediately in her room. I found her with little Jo in her arms, looking very pale and anxious. The boy had been brought home a short time before, and Bill on arriving a few moments after had found him in another spasm of strangulation, and sent for my friend. He was now easier, and looked up into my face with a smile.

"Much as Jo could do to stand on Bill's hand to-night," he said, glancing at the poor fellow, who looked the picture of despair.

"But didn't they holler hi! hi! Bill! didn't they clap their hands and holler hi! hi?"

"Next time we'll make 'em holler

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louder than that," said Bill with difficulty; "we'll just tickle 'em to death Jo!" and, as the child closed his eyes wearily, continued with great pathos; "Won't we little Jo? say, won't we Jo?"

"Guess so!" said the child, and then followed another frightful spasm. The doctor came, and did all that human skill suggested. The mother was sent for in great haste, and all the time Bill walked backward and forward, up and down, with the little sufferer, who begged to be kept in motion. At last, after one of these fearful paroxysms, the child opened his eyes and looked around at all of us. The angel of death, or rather of quick life was hovering near. That was plain to all but Bill. "Where's my mamma?" the child asked, in piteous tones, and then raising himself in his nurse's arms as if perfectly conscious that his time was short, said:

"Kiss Jo, quick, Bill! Kiss Jo, quick!"

The tiny arms were clasped round the rough neck, and when Bill a moment after held him off and looked in his face to account for the sudden stillness, a pair of lifeless blue eyes stared up at him. The child was gone. The mother, in her short skirts, tinsel and paint, fresh from the ring, came in a moment after, and fell in a dead faint upon the floor. Neither mourn nor tear escaped poor Bill. Once, as Mrs. Van Arness endeavored to comfort him, he remarked in a far off way:

"I thought there was a *God*. Jo was all I had."

Well, it was all over, and the wretched mourners went away with their precious burden. I was surprised when Bill bade Mrs. Van Arness goodbye, to hear him say;

"I hope I shall see you again some time, ma'am. I begin to understand it now, and I am sure that little Jo is in God's hands. That's a good deal to be sure of ma'am, and some time I shall be reconciled—but if it hadn't been for you."

The man turned away too full to utter another word. I don't think anybody else saw it, but when the weeping mother pressed Mrs. Van Arness's hand to her lips the dear woman drew her sister close to her heart and kissed her cheek with all tenderness and affection; an affection born of purest charity. "For the greatest of all is charity."

A few days after this I was introduced to the Rev. Mr. Van Arness. Imagine my surprise on discovering that my friend was a minister's wife.

Our pompous guest said to him soon after his arrival:

"Your wife has worn herself quite out waiting on some people here. Nothing any of us could say or do seemed to have the least effect; and with this class of people, sir, you of course know how impossible it is to do any good!"

The pale face of the minister flushed a little as he answered:

"My wife, Heaven bless her! works with her heart! and, my dear sir, although mine has not been an unsuccessful ministry, yet I assure you she has accomplished more with her heart and her hands than I ever have or ever shall accomplish by the pulpit." Amen! and amen!

MISMANAGEMENT BY PHYSICIANS.

DURING a recent visit of the writer to Aiken, the noted sanitarium in South Carolina, he became impressed with the fact that the relations which existed between the invalid sojourners there and their physicians at home were, in a number of cases by far too large, of a wrongful and mischief-making character. It was distressingly common to meet those who were able and willing to lay at the door of their medical advisers the responsibility of a greater part of their ills, and who did not hesitate to denounce in the most emphatic language a certain lamentable ignorance, or something

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worse, that had governed the advice that had been given them.

To even the coolest and most dispassionate observer, one accustomed to see faults in both parties to any issue, there must finally come, after he has heard the tales that many patients can tell, the conviction that there is a class of men among the medical practitioners of the higher orders who should be shorn of their titles, and thus prevented from doing further harm in the community.

The invalids who visit Aiken are those who seek an equable climate to aid them in their endeavors to throw off pulmonary disorders. There is a large number upon whom these disorders have settled but lightly; a large number who are conscious that they are in danger; and a smaller number who know perfectly well that it must be the work of a miracle if their strength is restored to them and their lives preserved. It is from the lips of some of the members of these two last-mentioned classes that the evidence against the doctors is to be chiefly gathered.

The writer selects the criticisms of consumptives to emphasize his remarks, for several good reasons. It would seem that the treatment of consumption is among the most important labors of a physician's life, and therefore one upon which he directs, or should direct, his best powers of observation. It would also appear that, relatively, the disease is a simple one; that its general remedies are few; that little difference of opinion exists as to the kind of remedies, and that the disease is commonly of such slow development that it can be seized and expurgated long after it has established a fast hold on the system. In each and all of these particulars it demonstrates its openness to attack and defeat; and the cases are comparatively few where it seizes upon a human being and hurries him into his grave in spite of all prompt aid and care.

Most of the other great universal sicknesses are more complex, more violent, and are susceptible to more methods of treatment. Physicians differ radically in their estimates of the remedies that may be applied to them, and if one be attacked by a disease that belongs to one of these classes, he will receive a certain kind of treatment just as he happens to call a certain doctor. With consumption, however, the case is entirely different. The same general prescription that is good for the New-Englander is equally good for the Old-Englander, and also equally good for a native in Africa. Dry air, even temperature, nutritious food, and strict watch on a few of his habits; and any physician can instruct him, if he can talk at all. The main course that he should take is laid out before him as straight and clear as any path in any medical task.

But the charge against the men who have proved themselves to be culprits is not that they do not see and understand this course—such a charge would fall to the ground of its own weight if it were brought against children. The accusations are far more important, since they deal with faults infinitely more terrible than ignorance, i. e., carelessness and neglect of duty. Remember we are now speaking of the experience of some consumptives in the hands of their physicians; not of the innumerable unfortunates who have to complain of the other great ills, and whose miseries and disappointments must be greater as their troubles are more complex; and do not forget that we are dealing with well-taught men, and a simple disorder that has simple cures.

The charges, then, are these: that many physicians fail to study the patient while they imperatively order new courses of life; that they turn enfeebled persons adrift in regions whose qualities and properties they (the physicians) know little or nothing of; that they do not tell the truth to those who seek the truth; and that they withhold it, not from a fear of the patient's inability to bear it, but from an aversion to implicate themselves in cases whose issues, being doubtful, may bring discredit upon themselves; that they fail most signally to bring to bear upon the question of general treatment the

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cool, thoughtful judgment that is demanded; and that, upon insufficient evidence they utter hasty flats, to recall which would be to prejudice the supposed dignity of their standing; and, finally, that they so completely lose their once lofty estimate of their holy calling that they bear themselves as critics and antagonists to those who, humbled by diseases, approach them for advice and assistance.

These accusations are not made against those of the lower order of practitioners, but against those of the upper — against those who by the exercise of skill and real industry have risen high in the estimation of the community, but who have forgotten to practice in the good ways that they knew when younger. It is in the work of these aged and all-powerful men that the fault seems most hateful.

That great experience should have brought them belief in themselves; that dealings with thousands should have taught them to be arrogant; that intimacy with all the sentiments of life and death should not have kept them charitable and kindly in their bearing to their fellow-men; that the traditions of their calling should not have prevented them from being hasty, half-sighted and obstinate — are lamentations that go up every hour from many a forlorn sick chamber: and no one stands by to record them and make them bear the fruit they teem with.

To cite instances in support of the accusations that have been briefly made would be a useless task. The writer must content himself with the reflection that what he has charged will find support in the experience of nine invalids in every ten in the country, and that no physician can be found who will not only admit the truth of what has been said, in so far as it applies to his contemporaries, but will be able and willing to add a little testimony out of his own memory.

Still it may not come amiss to refer to examples of each of the shortcomings described, in order that the points may be illustrated.

Take the first count, for instance. A man in the last stages of consumption, whom the writer met in Aiken, had become alarmed about his condition some eighteen months before. He had gone to a prominent physician in Boston, entirely unannounced, and had submitted his case to him. The physician asked in quick succession these questions: "Any consumptives among your immediate ancestors? Is your life sedentary? What have you been doing for yourself? Do you cough much?" The patient was then ordered to divest himself of his coat and waistcoat. The physician applied his ear to the bared chest, and ordered that "one, two, three," should be counted. The enunciating was repeated half a dozen times. Then the patient's lungs were sounded by a series of taps made by the finger-tips of the doctor's right hand. With this operation the examination was brought to a close. Scarcely four minutes had been consumed in the task. The patient was then told to put his clothing on again. The physician wrote a prescription calling for cod-liver oil and a mild tonic, and said to the young man: "There is nothing the matter; but perhaps you had better live in another city next winter. Give me your address." He wrote it in a pass-book, and the young man went away. The address was wanted for the use of the bill-collector.

When the patient got out of the austere presence and found himself in the street, he reflected that he had not been called upon to describe his symptoms; that he now knew nothing more about the character of his trouble than he had known before; that he had received no explanations, no encouragement, no warnings; and that he was entirely distrustful of the doctor's statement that "there was nothing the matter." He *knew* something was the matter. He was too pale, too weak, he coughed too much, and he had too many pains to be put at rest by an impatient assertion made after an impatient glance at his condition.

Still the doctor was a great man.

The patient hesitated and dilly-dallied until spring came, when he went

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to another physician, who held up his hands in amazement and ordered him off to *Florida*.

He became frightened, and he went to Florida by the first boat, and found out, after staying there two months, that it was in all probability the worst place on the surface of the earth for a person with his ailment.

The weather was exceedingly bad, and the air was heavy with moisture almost continually. Besides this, he found very little, if any, blood-food; such as it was positively necessary that he should have, and also that the druggists were ill-supplied with fresh goods of the better sort. He was subjected to all the inconveniences of overcrowded towns, and when he fled from these he found that he had also fled from the very sorry comforts that he had been able to purchase.

The result was that he went to Aiken with consumption fastened upon him, and I have no doubt that he is now dead.

The second physician committed as great a wrong as the first did. The weather in Florida that spring was relatively quite as bad as it was elsewhere, and the physician should have known it. Had he prescribed a drug whose quality was notoriously bad, he would have committed a misdeed similar to this one. The law does not permit the plea of ignorance of a statute to enter into the defence of a culprit. How would the law frown, then, upon the blunder of a person who sends another into danger because he failed to know what it was incumbent upon him in a positive sense that he should know. In case of the felon, knowledge, or rather a strong impression regarding the law should be instinctive; but, in the case of a physician, the knowledge of climate and collateral matters should be as much a part of his stock of valuable information as his knowledge of medicine itself, and if he does not have it, even to the most minute particular, and if he acts in his ignorance, then he is, in the harshest meaning of the term, a wicked man.

This same case may be made to explain another point.

The physician did not tell the truth to his patient. In fact he told him a deliberate and mischievous falsehood; and, what is more, he proved that he spoke falsely in the same breath.

He had before him a debilitated man, whom he examined in the customary way, and to whom he said, "There is nothing the matter; but," he added, "perhaps you'd better live in another city next winter," Why did he not say as he should have said?

"You are in danger. Your lungs are liable to become diseased, and you should not stay in the climate that produced this condition in your system a day longer than you can help."

That would have been plain and honest, and it would have produced an alarm in the breast of the sick man that would have armed him against death with some effect. The claim that reticence on a doctor's part is frequently to be desired, does not admit of denial; but it is contended that he should always talk plainly when the question of the expediency of plain talk is even doubtful, and that it is imperatively demanded by honesty and humanity that he should speak plainly when he knows the patient has stamina enough to bear the truth. It is to be safely believed that the physicians whose methods are under criticism, refrain from detailing what they know or suspect of a new patient's case from sheer antipathy to embroil themselves in fresh affairs—affairs whose turns and complications might bring discredit upon themselves. They show only too plainly by their manner that they would that the invalid had gone elsewhere. They regard the stranger as an interloper in the fair circle of selected clients, and they dispatch him in one, two, three order, and send him packing about his sorry business, quite as ignorant as he was before and twice as bewildered.

It is to be said that, although the remedies for consumption are simple, it is in the application of them that the trouble lies. The physician has upon his lips a few stock pieces of advice; but if he does not comprehend the condition and physical needs of the pa-

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tient (and every patient is *sui generis*,) he had much better hold his tongue.

All doctors can give the staple advice to consumptives; but it is the only best taught among them that can find out what patients require modifications or elaborations of these items of advice, and what these modifications or elaborations should be. It is very nice work to make these discoveries. It requires consummate skill, great experience and sound judgment; but it is all wholly within the duty of a good physician to perform it. Believing this, how monstrous, then, does it seem when a patient is hurried into the street with the commands, "Live in a dry atmosphere; eat nourishing food; avoid changeable climates," ringing in his ears; hearing after all but repetitions of the advice he was once accustomed to hear in the nursery! What is a dry atmosphere? Where is he to find it? How shall he take advantage of it when he has found it? What food will help him? Is it to be procured where he is to live? What are the chemical changes that are to be wrought? and so on, not *ad infinitum*, but to the extent perhaps of forty or fifty queries, all to be answered within five minutes, each being absolutely necessary to enable the patient to conduct his case with intelligence.

And if these questions be not asked, and if the physician does not satisfy himself of the true and exact wants of the system that needs treatment, then creep in those errors, those dreadful mistakes, the details of which make the listener wonder if sense and humanity have any offices to perform between doctor and invalid.—*Albert F. Webster, in Appleton's Journal.*

EDITOR'S STUDIES IN HYGIENE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

TOBACCO IN PRISONS.

Do you think that the government of any state is justified in furnishing tobacco to the convicts in our jails and prisons?

ANS.—No. The following method has been adopted in the State Prison of Maine: The Warden says: "Sixty-four convicts agreed last January to give up tobacco and have a weekly paper furnished them instead, and thus far they have held to their agreement. Several of the officers of the prison have profited by their example, and abandoned the use of tobacco. For years its use by convicts was prohibited, as far as possible; but that course would not effect a cure of the 'disease,' because any reform must be voluntary on the part of the individual, though of course it will aid a person who has been addicted to drink, in resisting the temptation to indulge, if stimulants are kept out of his reach; but it was found hardly possible to keep tobacco out of the reach of the convicts, because so many people were passing through that an opportunity was afforded to drop a piece here and there where it could be picked up. But this plan seems to work well so far, and we shall endeavor to make the substitute as nearly universal as possible. At present just half of the convicts here do not use tobacco, though about nineteen-twentieths have been addicted to the habit before coming here."

LEAVING OFF CORSETS.

Would one not take cold on leaving off corsets, when in the habit of wearing them?

ANS.—No; not if some other equally warm garment is substituted in its place, and the chest bathed every morning, with enough friction to excite a healthy glow of the skin.

THE PURITAN STOCK.

Is the old Puritan stock dying out? and if so, why?

ANS.—T. W. Higginson says, in the Woman's Journal: "Considering the smallness of the Puritan stock transplanted from England, mostly in the 17th century, and the extent to which

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the continent has been populated out of its increase, the New England blood has nothing to be ashamed of in fecundity and present vitality. Families are smaller than they used to be, owing in a great measure to the fact that parents wish to give their children a better bringing up. They prefer fewer and better; and we notice the same influence operates on the second generation of the Irish. We shall wait for the new census returns before discussing the relations of the old race to the incoming."

HIGH CHAIRS FOR SEWING MACHINES.

Working on the sewing machine I find injures my back. Is there any remedy?"

ANS.—Relief is often found by using a high chair. One a foot higher than the ordinary chair. So, too, the treadles of some machines are so made that all the work comes on the toes, when it should come on the bottom of the foot evenly, heel and toe.

MOTHER WITH SLEEPLESS BABE.

How is a mother with a restless babe to obtain that sleep you advise? I have not slept more than four hours a night for the past year. I am losing flesh and am nearly broken down.

ANS. — Find out the cause of the sleeplessness of the babe, and remove it. If you cannot do this, then get some one to help you, and take your sleep. If you don't the consequences will be serious. No doubt the child has been wrongly managed in some way. Young babies ought to pass the first months of their lives in the country, for its stillness no less than its fresh air. But where silence is not to be commanded, baby may be soothed by folding a soft napkin wet with warmish water lightly over the top of its head, its eyes and ears. It is the best way to put nervous babies asleep; we have tried it hundreds of times. A fine towel would be wet and laid over its head, the ends twisted a little till it made a sort of skull-cap, and though baby sometimes fought against being blindfolded in this way, five minutes usually sent him off into deep and blissful slumber. The compress cooled the little feverish brain, deadened sound in his ears, and shut out everything that took his attention, so that sleep took him unaware. Teething babies find this very comforting; for their heads are always hot, and there is fever beating in the arteries each side.

FACTORY LIFE.

I work in a cotton factory, and am troubled with sleepiness after meals. What kind of diet would you recommend for one in my position? I used to be very costive until I began to use brown bread. I used to have to take pills. I am troubled at times with a dull aching pain in my right side under the short ribs; have the heartburn often, and a nasty taste in my mouth in the mornings. I don't use tea, coffee, or tobacco, nor drink any kind of intoxicating liquors. My employment is of a sedentary nature, and I don't have much exercise.

ANS.—You need more fresh air and active exercise. People may eat the best food in the world and yet be ill, if they live as you do in a foul air, and with scarcely any physical exercise.

SPENDING THE DAY TO ADVANTAGE.

Please give a few hints on the best way to spend the hours of each day to the best advantage of both mind and body?

ANS.—Do the work each day and hour thankfully and reasonably, and don't cross any bridges until you come to them. Try and see the good side to life; avoid overreaching or doing; speak the truth, and have an abiding faith hope and trust in that power that governs the world for our good.

ILL HEALTH FROM SERVANTS.

Do you not think that much ill health is caused by the worrying over and about servants? and is there no way to remedy it?

ANS.—No doubt of it; all kinds of worry is injurious to the health. Better not worry. Try and have only faithful servants, and then with decent management there will be no trouble. The person who has much trouble with servants is not fit to have the charge of them.

ENTERTAINING COMPANY.

How can one entertain company so as not to injure the health by it?

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ANS.—Don't make so much effort to entertain your company, but let them entertain themselves and you; and above all things don't spend time and effort in elaborate and costly dinners, but have a simple, wholesome repast, kindly feeling and mirth, with a flow of wit and humor—sense and nonsense of that sort which makes people better and not worse.

FAT WOMEN.

Why do so many ladies who had slender forms when young, between the ages of thirty-five and forty grow so disproportionately large about the hips? As the sensation is not pleasant, and it is not desirable for locomotion, can it be prevented? and how?

ANS.—It is the tendency of some temperaments to grow stout at this age. Where this tendency is in excess the remedy is to eat moderately, eschewing fats, sugars and butter largely, and to take a daily bath with much exercise. Gymnastic training has relieved many cases.

COOKING EGGS.

What is the best manner of cooking eggs so that they will be easily digested and wholesome?

ANS.—For directions see "Eating for Strength." One of the best methods is to put them into boiling water, cover them, and let them stand off the fire for fifteen minutes. The yolk will be hard and the white tender and soft.

DARKNESS ABOUT THE EYE.

Please inform me what causes a darkness about the eye of an apparently healthy young lady?

ANS.—The cause is some error in diet, or some defect in the circulation, or some drain on the vitality through some bad habit. The remedy is to find out and remove the cause. Apparently healthy don't mean that the health is perfect. Many men and women call themselves well, but if tested by any high test they would be "found wanting."

THE HAIR.

What is the cause of one in a family having sandy hair, and all the rest brown?

ANS.—There are two methods of explaining it. One the scientific method, called atavism, which means the occurrence of any peculiarity of a remote ancestor after several generations, and the other theory is the one of maternal impressions. The first is probably the more correct.

ROBUST MOTHERS AND SICKLY CHILDREN.

Why do robust mothers often bear sickly children?

Because they violate in some way the laws of life. Overeat, overwork, or dissipate in some way, lace tightly, and do not take good care of their children. It is also believed by some that no matter how healthy parents are, if they are of certain temperaments the children will be feeble.

CONSUMPTIVE TENDENCY.

What can a person do to promote health who has a consumptive tendency, has had hemorrhage of the lungs; but is now in apparent good health, but is not strong?

ANS.—Never overtax the system nor exhaust it by excesses, eat plenty of wholesome nutritious food, sleep eight hours every night, and enlarge and expand the chest by the right sort of physical culture and an out of door life. If sedentary in your habits, then be sure to take systematic exercise daily.

PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

What is the best method of purifying the blood?

ANS.—Eating the best food, and keeping the skin, bowels, liver and kidneys healthy and active, so they will purify their fluid by carrying off its broken down effete tissue. Let pills alone. The best pills are made by Nature, and are apples, grapes, etc.

SLEEPLESSNESS.

Can you give any cure for sleeplessness?

ANS.—Restore the general health and balance between body and brain. Live moderately, retire early, live out of doors much, and avoid all evening excitements. The warm sitz bath before retiring, for ten minutes, is an excellent remedy, so too is electricity taken through the hands and feet and along the spine a very valuable means of cure.

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OUR DESSERT TABLE.

APPROPRIATE CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SOLICITED.

THE PRAISE OF POVERTY.

From the Italian of B. Jacopone Da Todi.

Great should be our love for thee,
Sweetest love of poverty!

Little is enough for thee,
Sister of humility;
Just a little drink and food,
Just a dish, however rude.

Poverty hath scanty store,
Bread and water—nothing more
But some herbs—unless, indeed,
These a little salt should need.

Very safely doth she fare,
Having neither thought nor care;
Dread of thieves she cannot feel
Who has nothing they can steal.

Humbly at the door she knocks,
Carries neither bag nor box;
Other burden she has none,
Save the bit she lives upon.

Poverty has not a bed,
Nor a roof above her head,
Cloth nor table for her meat,
On the ground she sits to eat.

Ne'er a will to make had she,
So in peace dies poverty;
Kin nor friends can raise a suit,
There is nothing to dispute.

Poverty is full of mirth,
Scorning everything on earth;
None will court or speak her fair
In the hope to be her heir.

Very poor indeed art thou,
Yet thy home is heaven, I trow;
Sweetest lady, there can be
Nothing earthly dear to thee.

Those who crave for worldly gear,
They are dull and sad of cheer,
Always cumbered and distrest,
Never knowing ease or rest.

Poverty is always gay,
Teaching man the perfect way;
Earthly things she holds in thrall,
Just because she spurns them all.

Hoarding up and laying by
Never troubleth poverty;
Free from carking care or sorrow
For the evening or the morrow.

Light of foot is she, I ween,
Glad of heart, and meek of mien.
Not a burden will she bear,
She—a stranger everywhere.

Poverty is frank and free,
Fareth well where'er she be,
For she knoweth that a room
Waits her in her heavenly home.

Poverty, thou hast a throne,
And the world is all thine own;
For the things thou dost disdain
Must obey thy sovereign reign.

Poverty, supremely wise,
Wealth and treasures doth despise,
And the more she bends her will
Higher soars in freedom still.

To the very truly poor
God's high kingdom is secure;
This we know—for Christ has spoken,
And His word is never broken.

Poverty, most perfect state,
Thou alone are really great,
For the eternal life divine
Is, in truth, already thine.

Poverty, most full of grace,
Free from care, and bright of face,
How can any blush to be
Faithful lovers unto thee?

More and more their thirst doth grow
As thy sweetness more they know,
For thy waters cannot dry,
Fairest fount of poverty!

Through the streets aloud she cries
Earthly treasure to despise;
Bids us turn from worldly pride,
Casting riches quite aside.

All these lories of the earth,
What—I ask you—are they worth
Where is now the wealth and gear
Of the men who once were here

Poverty, if thou would'st gain
Quit this world so poor and vain
More than this, too, must thou do—
Scorn thyself supremely too.

This is poverty—to be
Stripped and beggared utterly,
Self to conquer and disdain,
Then, at last, with Christ to reign.

The Month.

Opinion governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind:
For he that has no eyes in's head,
Must be by dogs glad to be led;
And no beasts have so little in 'em
As that inhuman brute, Opinion.
'Tis an infectious pestilence,
Worst enemy of wit and sense,
That with a venomous contagion
Invades the sick imagination;
And, when it seizes any part,
It strikes the poison to the heart.
This men of one another catch
By contact, as the humors match;
And nothing's so perverse in nature
As a profound opinionator.

Samuel Butler.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1875.

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 that 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.*

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

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

FAILURES AND HEALTH. — During the past month the commercial world has had its full share of trouble. Old and established firms, that we all believed strong enough to stand the hardest storms, have withered away and fallen. New York, Baltimore and San Francisco have been the seats of the great failures, while the smaller places have suffered more or less. It is not our intention to go into a discussion of the causes of these commercial disasters, or speculate on their results. In most instances they are the product of illegitimate speculations, overreaching ambition beyond what is wholesome and good, and a recklessness bordering on insanity, or a stupidity bordering on idiocy.

The failure of the Bank of California is a case in point, involving both recklessness and stupidity. Ralston, now dead, the president and chief manager, was a man of the greatest ability, but reckless; he wanted to control every profitable business in California—banking, mining, hotel-keeping, theaters, gas companies, railroads, etc. His ambition became an insanity. The other officers of the bank seemed not to know anything about its condition. This was stupidity and idiocy. So it has been in nearly all great failures. Those failing have been either or both reckless and stupid. The result on the country, while bad in individual cases, will be good in the end. It is Nature's way of driving people to their senses. Human beings are such stupid creatures at best, that they need great and powerful appeals to make them think and act right; and even then they will not always do so; but, strange to say, these appeals to the pocket touch them more tenderly than anything else.

The effect of so much financial trouble is, for the time, very distressing on the health of those involved. Debts and inability to meet them depress vital energy and impair physical integrity; hence we see so many taking their own lives. The brain reels, the nervous system totters and falls, and the man is a wreck who once was the noblest work of God. There is little hope of the generation now on the stage that they will ever all learn the laws of true living so as to be able to stand up against misfortune, or, better still, avoid it; but there is a better time coming, when people will study the laws of life as re-

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vealed in our bodies and minds, and then things will be different. They will then be so instructed that they will refuse to enter upon a course of life calculated to end in ruin to body and soul.

Those in business will do well to heed the signs of the times, and to guard the body from harm by right living, and to keep their business within the limits of their ability, so in times of pressure to be able to endure. There can be no great and abiding success in business enterprises without sound health, good bodies, firm nerves, a stomach capable of doing its daily duty, and a nervous system that can throw off care at night, and take sweet, serene repose. Look well to these things, and there will be little to fear.

AUTUMNAL CATARRH. — Those subject to attacks of this troublesome disease should not expose themselves to the direct rays of the sun during the hot weather, as they have a debilitating influence on the nervous system. They should avoid the smoke and dust of the railway train, and the dust of the street; also those plants, such as Roman wormwood, golden rod, and other flowers and fruits that are known to bring on an attack. The sleeping-room should have an open fire-place, and be well aired for an hour in the early morning, and no draft permitted. Still air allows its injurious particles to subside; but whether this be so or not we are satisfied that this course has given us a good night's sleep and a better condition in the morning. The diet should be nourishing, and alcoholic stimulants avoided. Flannels worn from the middle of August, and increased in warmth as the season and disease advance, give protection against sudden changes of temperature, to which both the skin and the nervous system are very sensitive, and between which, at this time, there is a close sympathy.

HOT SAND BATH FOR THE FEET.—Those who suffer with cold feet may restore the warmth to them by walking for an hour daily on the sand or earth made warm by the sun; and even a hot sand bath for the feet at home may be used as a substitute.

DUST A CAUSE OF CATARRH.—Dr. W. H. Bennett, of New York, has contributed to the September number of the Medical Record a very able essay upon abnormal conditions of the superior air passages, and some of the causes of chronic inflammation of these parts, in which he ranks dust as one of the most efficient causes. He thinks he has proved satisfactorily that chronic catarrh may be produced by the action of dust, through experiments upon animals forced to breathe air which contained no more dust than is frequently seen in the air in certain parts of the business portions of New York. Dust issuing from the registers of houses heated with hot air furnaces, and dust of streets—which is a combination of nearly all substances, filthy and otherwise, known to mankind—he regards as more effective in producing these complaints than clean earth dust and dust occurring in various manufactories. It seems certain that chronic catarrh is more prevalent in cities than in country districts. Dr. Bennett estimates that at least four or five out of every twelve in the city of New York irrespective of their calling or profession, suffer from chronic inflammation of some part of the respiratory membrane situated above the trachea

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Naso-pharyngeal catarrh, he states, is extremely prevalent among the conductors of the city horse-cars, and this disease is always aggravated when the streets are dry, and the consequent amount of dust dragged after the cars is excessive. We think Dr. B. is correct in his conclusions, so far as the majority of cases are concerned, and as the amount of dust is unlimited, there seems to be no remedy except to keep out of it, and keep the nasal passages as clean as possible.

MOODY ON TEETOTALISM.—The great revivalist, Mr. Moody, is also an ardent temperance man. Here are his last words on this subject before leaving England: From what he had heard from the young converts, every one had fallen through strong drink. How sad a sight it is to see the existence of the vice of drunkenness in the land. It was only a few days ago that a lovely lady came into the inquiry-room, but she was in such a state that he could not converse with her. It was not the public house that had brought her in that condition; it was the social customs of the country. He asked those who took drink themselves not to try to get others to take it. Some said they could not get on without it, and that it was necessary for them to take drink to enable them to do their work, but he thought it was better for them to do only a half day's work if they did without the drink. If drink was becoming such a temptation why not give it up? He implored them never to enter a public house unless it was to get some one out; but never let them go to the bar to drink. He believed that a great many young men who might be reformed were led away by strong drink, and if they could only get young men to take a right step on this subject they would soon have a reformation. People talked about closing the public houses, but the quickest way to do that was not to go into them at all. That would close them very quickly. If they wanted to be real Christians, he advised them to keep from drink, and if there was a poor publican present that night he said from the depths of his heart that he loved and pitied him; but he could not help but condemn his business. It was a hellish traffic, and it was taking many down to an untimely grave. He would hate to go up to the bar of God and give an account of his stewardship if he were a publican, and he did say with love and with pity, to every man engaged in the hellish traffic, to get out of it as Lot got out of Sodom. They would say, perhaps, what is to become of their families. It was better to die in the workhouse rather than die engaged in such a trade; and he did not believe that any man who was hurrying men on to a drunkard's grave would inherit the kingdom of Heaven.

CATCHING COLD.—The season of the year will soon be upon us when people everywhere will be taking cold, and in many cases they will suffer much and die. A little care would often prevent it. In the first place, as one of the means to prevent a cold, the daily bath in a warm room, with much friction, is very important. In no case should the body be chilled. Use much friction over the chest and throat, and snuff into the nostrils a little of the water warmed to a comfortable temperature.

Next, after the bath, take daily exercise in the open air, neither too much nor too little; exposing the body

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somewhat to the cold and sun for a short time, but never exhausting it. One chief danger from colds is the exhausted state of the body that first occurs, so it is not able to resist unfavorable influences. People who are not very vigorous should avoid over exertion and keep the strength up to the highest point.

It will help those prone to colds to sleep all they can.

Another cause of colds is eating too heartily after a day's work, when there are not forces enough to digest the food and keep up the circulation. Eat moderately at night, if you would avoid a cold.

A cold in its early stages may be broken up by hot foot-baths, warmth to the body, especially a hot pack or a hot bath in the middle of the day, with much friction and quiet in a comfortable room. It is not advisable to take a hot bath at night in such cases.

When you have a cold don't eat much or work much unless you have great physical strength, when a hard day's work may be a good thing to equalize the circulation and restore the action to the skin, which always suffers when one takes cold.

HYGIENE OF THE TEETH.—The old, who lose their teeth, should have them replaced by artificial ones. Much of the indigestion and feebleness of old age comes from the inability to properly masticate the food for want of teeth. It is a matter of great importance to the aged that these organs be preserved if possible to the end of life. Dr. Doune gives an account of an old man remarkable for bodily and mental vigor, but who at eighty went into a decline. His children noticing this, attributed it correctly to his inability to masticate his food. A good set of teeth arrested the evil, and restored him at this age to blooming health.

FLOATING HOSPITAL.—Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, if we happen to go through the bay, we are pretty sure to see a floating hospital labelled with immense letters reaching from one end of the boat to the other: "Floating Hospital of the St. John's Guild," and on board about 1,200 children of the poorest of this great city, taking an excursion on the bay or river. It is one of the noblest charities of the city, for it is free, and supported by donations from the rich. It is, in our opinion, only a beginning to a reform which shall take these children to the sea-side and keep them there during the summer months, where they may have fresh air all the time. Till then let us give them at least one day in the year, which is certainly a great deal better than nothing.

PICKING AND PRESERVING GRAPES.—Pick when fully ripe and on a pleasant day. Let them stand in the grape-house for ten days or two weeks, until all moisture is gone and the stems are perfectly dry. Then pack in a small and shallow box, about fourteen by ten, and four inches deep, after cutting out all the imperfect berries. Pack close and tight, and use no paper whatever. H. G. Warner, who has kept grapes nearly into midsummer, lays down four essential requisites: They must be ripe, clean, dry, and cold. They are packed in boxes containing five, twelve, and twenty-four pounds. They are placed in a cellar under his barn, where the temperature is often twenty-eight degrees through winter. Grapes will not

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freeze at this temperature when kept in boxes. He is careful not to place so many in each box as to press on and crush the lower ones. The boxes are nailed up and set one upon another, so as to occupy but little room. This is the season of the year for putting in a large supply of grapes for winter use, and the above, had from the best of authority, will be found useful to those not already familiar with the best process of keeping their fruit.

SANITARY STAIRCASES.—It may be well to know that stairs have a relation to health, and that they should be constructed on sanitary principles. The passage should be well ventilated; as the effort of climbing is such as to make a demand for pure air in abundance. They should not be too cramped, and the rising step should not be over six inches, while the width of each step should be about eleven or twelve inches. If the flight is long there should be frequent rests, otherwise the exhaustion of continued effort will be great. It may be interesting to know that it takes twenty times as much strength to climb stairs as to walk on an even surface, and if you double the speed you quadruple the force required for the effort.

ARTIFICIAL COOLING OF ROOMS.—In the hot months it is worth while to bear in mind the plan adopted by M. Martin in order to keep the rooms of the sick in a state of freshness. This consists in opening the windows widely, and then hanging wet cloths before them. The water as it vaporizes absorbs the caloric, and lowers the temperature of the apartment by several degrees, while the humidity which is diffused renders the heat much more supportable. By adopting this plan patients find themselves, even in the height of summer, in a freshened atmosphere analogous to that which prevails after a storm.

BEVERAGE FOR HORSES.—The papers tell us of a sportsman who a few days ago gave brandy to his horse in order to get it up to proper speed for the race. Can it be that alcohol, having ruined the human race, is about to invade the brute creation, and that horses, in order to improve their speed, and oxen, in order to augment their draught, and hunting-dogs, in order to endure fatigue, are to have intoxicating stimulant? Oh spare the brutes! Do not let us have drunken horses, and oxen with delirium tremens, and dogs staggering to their kennel. We do not doubt that temporary strength might be given to beasts of burden by these artificial means, but the stock would depreciate. Neither man nor beast can endure alcoholic captivity.—*Christian at Work.*

RECOVERY FROM LIGHTNING-STROKE.—In his valuable work on "The Maintenance of Health," Dr. Fothergill has the following on resuscitation after lightning stroke: "Persons struck by lightning are not always dead when they appear to be so. There are few recoveries from this state, because no means are tried to restore the sufferer. In the tropics there are many instances of persons struck down by lightning, recovering after a heavy thunder shower; and it would appear that cold affusion to the body has a decided action in such cases. The injured cannot be harmed by the free use of cold water, and if only an occasional recovery took place it would be well worth

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the pains bestowed. The persons so injured should have cold water poured or dashed freely over them."

INFLUENCE OF DRESS. — Mentally and physically, dress has its influence best illustrated by examples. One whom we knew during many years of girlhood, and as a wife and mother, often spoke of her experiences as regarding dress. "When I was a young girl just going into society the fashion of small waists was as prevalent as it is is now. The corsets were stiffened throughout with whalebone, and what were called 'busks,' wide boards of wood or whalebone, were worn in front to make the wearer 'sit straight.' I joined in the folly, and being delicate and small, had the honor of owning a remarkably small waist. I was a singer, and after my rehearsals felt so badly, having 'strained my breath' as I called it, that I became uneasy and anxious. Another symptom alarmed me. I could not ascend the stairs, nor stoop low without a violent throbbing pain in the top of my head, and often had to put both hands up to hold it, for it seemed as if it would burst. Then I had headache every day till my young life seemed no comfort to me. Feeling this I had often to disrobe and lie down, and when I did so the pain would pass away. I became careless, and lounged around in loose garments not caring to dress. After a time I noticed my head felt easier. In a few days I could ascend the stairs, stoop or sing without experiencing any feeling but the soreness left by the pain. Then I put on my corset and dressed, and prepared to have a good time. But lo! the old enemy flew at me with more violence than ever. Compelled again to succumb, the thought suddenly occurred: 'Can it be my corset?' I started up, resolved I would discover; for I loved ease and disliked medicine with which my friends had threatened me. I put on my dress without a corset, and during that evening my head was easier, my breath longer. I tried the experiment several times with the same result, and finally abandoned my corset entirely. After some weeks I felt a desire to unfasten the belt of my dress; its tightness made me uncomforable. 'How old-fashioned you are getting,' said my young friends. 'I don't care,' said I, pettishly, 'I'm not going to be in pain all the time for the sake of a little waist.' My form expanded with the freedom I had given it. I could sing without effort, and when the headache occasionally came I knew it was not the corset. Since then I have never laced—never tried to have a small waist, and worn a substitute far more comfortable. Now this corset had its influence, it made me sick, unhappy and irritable. When I was a mother I never allowed my girls to have their dresses tight. I made them so they could shove them around their forms as they pleased, allowing the air to circulate between their clothing and their bodies. 'Why, how you dress your children! they will have awful big waists!' said my neighbors. 'I mean they shall,' was my reply. I made them little easy waists and buttoned their shirts onto them, and they could frolic and laugh and sing with perfect freedom. They always looked neat, and their waists were ample, but well formed; and often while they were small they would repeat Dr. Watts's lines:

'How proud are we—how proud to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new:
When the poor sheep and silk worm wore
That very clothing long before.'

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"Was not the influence of this simple dressing good upon the morals? And there were no better pupils than my children at school—and they were far healthier than their playmates.

"But there came at last the years of womanhood, and my daughters were to be mothers. One was small and rather frail, and was so narrow across the pelvis that as the hour of the peril approached I shuddered with fear. But she passed through with more ease and safety than many larger and stronger women. Her physician said she had never compressed her ribs, and to their ample dimensions was owing the comparative ease of her labor and delivery. Oh, how thankful I was for the physical influence of the training she had received. And such has been the result again, and my daughters are now bringing up their little ones in the paths they trod themselves.

"How often I have had to alter the bands on the pantaloons made by the tailor for my boys! tight as a corset, the little fellows were miserable. If I get angry, I am never more so than when sweet childhood is punished by a tight girdle around those vital parts where life has its being."

Well did this mother do her part physically and mentally. If others resembled her such a case as this, in this enlightened age, could not have happened. A young woman twenty-five years of age—a hard-working girl, daughter of a farmer—broke her ribs in lacing her corset, and is not expected to live. Is this credible? possible? Even so, it is true. E. S. CUSTAR.

MISS MARIA R. AUDUBON, granddaughter of the great naturalist, a sketch of whom we recently published, who was taught to swim by her father almost before she could walk, and who now ventures out to sea far beyond the most adventurous man in the place, is a remarkably fine swimmer, and creates quite a sensation at Watch Hill, R. I., this summer, showing her physical culture has not been neglected.

INSIPID FOOD.—Insipid food is not wholesome; and, on the other hand, food with too much taste over-stimulates the appetite and causes overeating. So, too, many foods not in themselves insipid, are made to appear so from contrast after one has been a long time accustomed to highly seasoned food.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL.—Mr. J. Clark thinks every breach of physical law is a breach of the command, "Thou shalt no kill," and every such sin has a tendency to harden the conscience, blind the mind, and blunt the fine perceptions.

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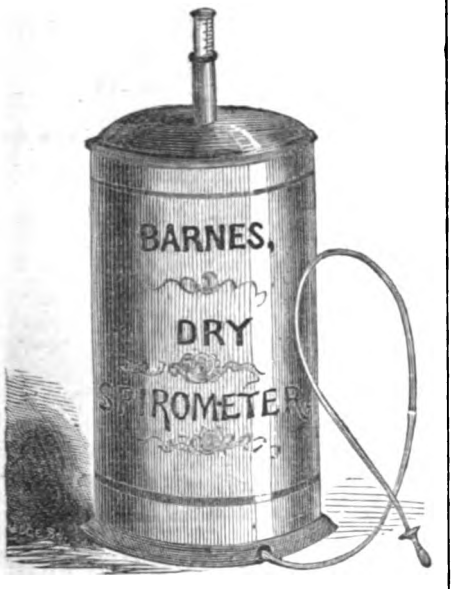
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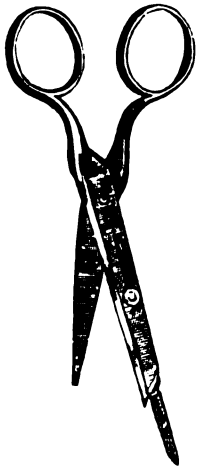
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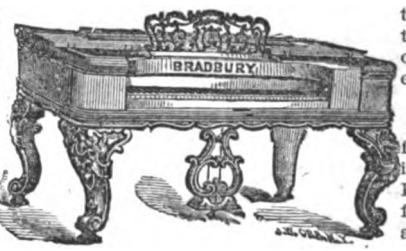
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THE
HERALD OF HEALTH.

NOVEMBER, 1875.

HOW I MANAGED MY CHILDREN. (No. 9.)

BY MRS. WARREN.

WE arrived at the Museum and obtained an introduction to the proper authorities of the School of Art. We were rather dismayed at finding that teaching wood engraving had been transferred elsewhere, but were courteously invited to inspect the school for drawing and painting. Here in various rooms were pupils of all ages; some learning to draw from the flat—or studies sketched on paper—and others, more advanced, from plaster figures. Some very young girls were drawing from plaster casts for enrichment of ceilings, walls, and cornices; others painting from real sprays of leaves—the holly branch being the favorite—or from flowers, fruit, shells, and many other objects that would form pretty pictures. Again, there was drawing from the life, though so still, so motionless was the sitter, the very resemblance of an Arab chief, that until the black eyes slowly rolled to take a sidelong glance at us we were totally unaware but that the object was a lay figure.

Another room was devoted in part to modeling. A young girl, entirely left to her own talents and skill to make her living in the world, was already working her path cheerily by giving lessons in drawing and painting; and because some of her pupils wished to learn modeling she was receiving lessons which she could impart again, as she herself was daily learning, inch by inch, from the foundation lump of clay spread on the slanting board, to the fine touches which finished and stamped it as a perfect copy of some classical head.

In the corridors adjoining the various rooms, which were separated from each other by a *portiere* of cloth hanging over each doorway, were various specimens of painting, drawing, and lithography, all executed by former pupils, who were now perhaps reaping the reward of the industrial talent nature had planted, but which here had been fostered and carefully tended till it had bloomed into useful perfection.

We observed one fine specimen of lithography, which certainly seemed unsurpassable. The lady who had produced it, we were told, was now in France pursuing her avocation.

I was rather curious to know why it was that both wood engraving and lithography were no longer taught at this school, but did not learn anything except that pupils had ceased to present themslves for instructions, and that a lady who had learned the art of wood engraving in the school when lessons were given, was now superintendent and teacher of that accomplishment in a Female School of Art.

Having obtained her address, and seeing that the hour for closing had arrived, we took leave of the courteous gentleman who had given us all the information, and returned to our hotel.

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At the first opportunity we went to Queen square, but found we had chosen the wrong day—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays being the days devoted to wood engraving—so we made an appointment by note with the lady teacher, Miss M. A. Williams, and paid a visit to the British Museum, which was within a short distance from the square.

Punctually to the hour mentioned we were next day at the school, which we learned was under the patronage of the Queen. Miss Williams very pleasantly gave us every information respecting the course of general instructions given in the school, wherein geometrical drawing and perspective figure drawing, with its attendant studies, painting in water colors, fresco and oil painting, designing for decorations and for manufactures, wood engraving, and modeling in clay and wax were taught. For instructions in each of these arts different fees are demanded.

That for learning wood engraving was four guineas the term of five months.

Three days in each week, from ten till three o'clock, are the hours for study.

Instruction in practical geometry and perspective could be obtained by all students without fee.

Mary's eyes sparkled, as a wood block, partially cut, was tendered for her inspection by a young girl employed upon it. I said to Miss Williams, "Does it take a long time to become a proficient in this art?"

"It depends much upon the taste of the pupil, upon her time for study, and her future destiny in life. The art itself is purely mechanical, and may be learned without any other faculty than being a faithful cutter, aided by a *persistent* industry. But if she have skill and genius to design her subject, as well as engrave it, then she holds the power of success in her own hands."

"And what chance of pecuniary reward is there?"

A pecular smile flitted over the face of the lady as she answered; "Wood engravers are very chary of giving their work into women's hands. Not because of their unskillfulness," she added quickly; "but I suppose they do not choose that work which has hitherto been exclusively their own shall pass out of their control. It was the case in this country some years since, but not now. For more than twenty-five years this jealousy has passed away, and I am informed that young girls are steadily pursuing an industrious career in wood engraving, though at first all effort was made to hinder their progress. But the interests of the publishers and the great demand for illustrated works paved the way for their final success."

"But how did they procure work if engravers would not give it them?"

"I am told that those girls who had been taught wood engraving at a public institute, first of all went two and two and fruitlessly solicited publishers for work. Finding that they had come to the wrong quarter, one went by herself to a manufacturer of gas fittings.

She showed specimens of her skill as a draughtswoman and engraver, and got so large an order for the engraving of articles as not only to keep herself in full work, but to employ her companions also. But then I must remark that she was skillful in designing as well as wood engraving, and this gave her two trades in one hand."

"I believe it is correct that a designer can draw in one day as much as a wood engraver could cut in a week," I remarked.

"Yes; that is quite true. Wood engraving is, as I said before, a mechanical art, and some have asserted that no knowledge of drawing is necessary; but I think there should be an artist's eye to guide the hand; otherwise the cut will be stiff and 'wooden,' notwithstanding it has been placed on the block by the most skillful draughtsman. Here is a cut reduced from a large window. It is not more then a few inches in size, yet every characteristic is preserved of the original from whence it is copied. You will observe that the armoral bearings are distinct, the difference between the white and red roses is seen, and Henry VIII stands out as the bluff King Hal, whom there is no mistaking. It is a specimen which is to be sent in for a prize studentship.

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I looked at the candidate; she was not in the bloom of youth, and there was a nervous anxiety and restlessness about her which showed me how much depended on her success. The work she was then about was painting in water colors a bunch of azaleas from natural flowers, and perfect indeed was her copying.

We took leave of Miss Williams, with a promise of soon seeing her again, and found waiting at our hotel Mr. Hindon, the eminent copper-plate engraver, who had first suggested to us Mary's capabilities for the art about which we had been endeavoring to learn something,

"Mr. Norton wrote me word that you were here, and I have called to see if I can be of any service," he said, after the first greetings.

"Indeed you can," I replied, "of the greatest, and I wonder I never thought of you before." So, after relating our morning's exploration, I asked him how long it would be before a girl could earn a living if she were proved capable of the work, and if it were remunerative.

"My own experience—for I was at one time a wood engraver—is that it brings a sure return for all the time and trouble spent in acquiring the art. If a twelvem nth is consumed in learning it, the second year should be devoted to practice, but yet receiving some reward for work, which could scarcely be expected to be very remunerative, but perhaps as much so as it would deserve; and in the third year the learner might reasonably calculate upon maintaining herself, if that is what is desired. I can assure you that in America many hundreds of young women do support themselves entirely by the art, and make even superior marriages to what they would if left to vegetate in idleness. Do you design to apprentice Miss Mary to a wood engraver, or to take the chance of her instructions at the school?"

"I scarcely know," I replied. "I am acquainted only with so much that I have heard this morning. In what way could she be apprenticed?"

"Some wood engravers require a premium, and the pupils are bound for two, three, or four years, receiving during that time a small return of the money paid in salary. Others accept no premiums, but then the term is for a longer period, and there is no pay beyond the board received."

"Mamma, I should prefer to go to the School of Art," said Mary, twitching my sleeve."

"But where could you live, child?" I asked—a thought which till that moment had not occurred to me.

Mr. Hindon came to her rescue.

"Is Miss Janet also going to study?"

I was on the point of answering, but Janet said:

"I should so like to take some lessons in modeling, mamma."

"But to what purpose, Janet?"

The reply did not come before Mr. Hindon spoke:

"I wonder there are not more lady modelers. I believe there are but few, and certainly their services might be called for in modeling groups for jewelers, for porcelain and bisquet manufacturers, and for decorations generally; at least this is the useful employment of the art; and although if I were now to commence to learn some new accomplishment I could not say how I could get employment, yet the want of such information would not keep me from acquiring it. How to use it profitably would come afterward; so by all means become a modeler, if mamma and papa permit it."

"But where could they live?" I asked, almost bewildered.

"You have only to advertise in the Times," said our friend; "all your wants will be readily supplied." And he took out his pencil and, after thinking for a moment, rapidly wrote on a scrap of paper lying on the table:

'Board wanted in a private family, or with a widow lady not taking other boarders, for two young ladies pursuing their studies through the day. Terms to be moderate, but remunerative. References exchanged. Address, T. H., 149, Euston Square.'

"I have appended my own address," said he, "which will save you a little trouble. And now I am come to ask you to take up your abode at my house while you remain in town. I am an

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old bachelor, as you know, but my sister returns from Scotland this evening, and she, I am sure, will be delighted to welcome you."

It was a cordial invitation this, that I scarcely liked to decline, but not exactly knowing how long we might be detained in town, I said, as gently as I could, for I felt I was on tender ground, that we scarcely knew our own movements, and for the present would prefer some apartments close to his neighborhood. This matter he said he would look into before he saw us again.

Upon his leaving, letters were written home, in which Janet's desire was expressed to her father. Then, having dined, the evening came, and with it Richard, who had promised to accompany us to the Polytechnic. Of course he was eager to learn the result of our day's work, and having heard it, very patronizingly patted Janet on the back, saying: "After all, Janet, it is a modeler of clay, instead of dresses, caps and bonnets. I thought you would never come down to that."

"There is no 'coming down' at all," she indignantly replied. "I am not going to be modeling all day and every day; and I really do wish to learn millinery, mamma."

"But how would working in clay suit for handling delicate gauze and fringe and lace?" I asked.

"The gentleman who showed us over the school at Kensington said that the clay, far from making the hands rough, made them very soft; so I don't suppose they would be injured for needlework."

"This may be," I replied; "but my maxim is, "One thing at a time, and that thing well done,' is the great secret of dispatch."

The next day Miss Hindon called, and before evening we were settled in inexpensive but comfortable lodgings for a week. With the morning came letters to us all. Arthur had given me permission to act as I liked about Mary and Janet.

"You always get the best of me, Polly," he wrote, "and I can safely trust to your judgment; only what you have to do let it be quickly done, for Alice seems unwell, at least she mopes a great deal; but that is because you are all absent, I imagine."

The letter gave me great concern. I therefore decided to conclude all my arrangements as speedily as possible and return home. We had to wait for replies to the advertisement Mr. Hindon had inserted. These came in due time, and from a lady whose very young daughter was a student in the elementary class at Queen square. The lady, Mrs. Down, was not entirely unknown to our friends, her husband having been an engraver, who had left her some small means of subsistence, which she was devoting to the education of her only child, she herself earning occasionally considerable sums as a designer for paper stainers, and also for calico printers.

I was somewhat astonished at this opening for women's employment, and very much more so when she told me she thought of giving up this somewhat uncertain source of emolument for one which paid better, that of finishing photographs in the style of miniature painting. She had been taught the art in early life, and had constantly practiced it as an amusement, so that the ability to excel in it had never from disuse slipped through her fingers.

I was much pleased to find one who with all her acquirements seemed so retiring. She was, as the Irish say, "sure of herself," and knew that the power in her fingers' ends was equal to that of Aladdin's lamp, always provided, as she remarked, that she "kept her health." So after all arrangements had been made for their attending as pupils at the School of Art, I left my darlings in her care, with fervent prayer that God would keep them in His hands.

WHEN fuel is burned in an open fireplace at least seven-eighths of the actual or potential heat passes up the chimney unused; about one-half being carried off with the smoke, and one-fourth with the current which flows in between the mantel-piece and the fire, while the remaining loss is represented by the unburned carbonaceous matter in the smoke.

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COMMON SENSE IN THE SICK-ROOM.*

BY A. B. CROSBY, M. D.

TEMPERATURE should ordinarily range from 65° to 70° F., and this should not be a mere matter of guesswork, but should be ascertained by the thermometer. If the temperature is permitted to average much higher than this, all febrile disturbances will very likely be aggravated; and if the average be much lower, the patient in ordinary cases runs some risk of getting a chill, although very many times he may remain with safety in a room having a lower temperature, providing he is furnished with a plentiful supply of blankets.

SELECTION OF THE ROOM, ETC.

The room which is selected for a sick-room should be as far removed as possible from those ordinarily occupied by the family, in order that the patient may have the benefit of perfect quiet. It should be large, airy, well lighted, and, if possible, should have a sunny exposure.

The *wall* of the sick-room is a pretty important matter to the patient. If it is covered with one of those dreadfully variegated papers, which, alas! are regarded as ornamental, it will be found, especially if the patient is suffering from any disease in which there is abnormal exaltation of the brain, that it is a source of great annoyance, and may even be positively injurious. For, as his eyes run over these pictures, he will fancy that he sees images of various kinds, such as angels and demons alternating; indeed these figures will assume every conceivable form, and he becomes thoroughly worried in the attempt to disentangle the confusion.

The paper covering the wall should have a uniform, neutral tint, such as a light green, a delicate buff or a very delicate slate color; a light green, perhaps, is as agreeable to the eyes as any color that can be selected, and it rests the eyes with a refreshing monotony. Such a uniform tint tends to "healthy stupidity," and this leads to repose. The *floor* of the apartment should engage your attention. The model sick-room should never be carpeted, but ordinarily should have a hard-wood floor, and this should be oiled and varnished. Upon such a floor may be spread as many pieces of carpeting, rugs and mats as are desirable. These may be placed in front of the bed, over the parts which the nurse traverses while performing his or her duties, at the doors, etc. Each morning these can be quietly slid along the floor, taken out, and be thoroughly shaken and aired. After they are removed, the floor can be wiped off with a damp cloth or soft brush, and when dry the rugs, etc., may be replaced.

If the floor is managed in this manner, what was known among the old writers as the *materies morbi*, certainly is not likely to accumulate, and that is an essential item of consideration in the management of the sick-room. The *windows* should also engage your attention. These should be so arranged as to admit abundance of light. Light is a normal stimulus to the human body, and we have no good health without it; you cannot grow healthy cabbages in a dark cellar, nor can you any more easily cure invalids without the influence of sunlight. There are some acute diseases during the progress of which it may be necessary to temper the light, but it should never be entirely shut out, for if you do you remove from the body one of its important natural stimuli.

The windows never should be surrounded by tapestry, or decorations of any kind that are made of woolen stuff. A plain white shade is all that is requisite to temper the light and cut off outside objects from the patient's view, and the window-frame should be free from lambrequins, hangings, etc., which may become impregnated with the germs of disease.

CLEANLINESS.

It may seem absurd to you that I mention cleanliness as an essential element in a sick-room, and insist that it is one of the things which you should

* A lecture delivered at the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, N. Y.

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bring under your personal inspection, but I suspect that it is far less frequently seen in the sick-room than even godliness itself, although we have eminent authority for placing it *next* to godliness.

The average housekeeper is very apt to make a good show, hence covers the bed with a clean counterpane, which may be like a "whited sepulcher," within are dead men's bones;" and it is true in very many instances, that absolute cleanliness will not be maintained unless the physician himself makes an inspection of the details. Your patient may live in a fine house, belong to an "old family," one regarded as irreproachable in respect to cleanliness, and yet a sanitary inspector may find many hygienic errors to be corrected. Now if the floor is not covered with a carpet one can very easily determine whether it is clean or not; but if carpeted, it is altogether probable that a considerable amount of dirt could be found if the carpet were removed. Next you will observe what condition the bed itself is in. I am well aware that it is an easy matter to place a neat, clean sham over the pillow, and a clean spread over the ordinary covering, so that the bed may have the distinguished appearance of cleanliness; but it is not a difficult matter to turn these aside sufficient to enable you to determine whether the real covering of the bed and pillows is clean or not. In a majority of cases changing the bed-linen once or twice a week is not sufficient. When a person is confined to the bed, especially with any febrile disorder, at least one clean sheet should be placed upon the bed each day.

This may be the upper one, and it may be used as an under sheet the following day, if it has not become soiled. The pillow-cases should be changed equally as often. If the patient is suffering from any of the severe forms of acute febrile disease, such as scarlatina, typhoid fever, etc., or from a disease in which there is any tendency to septic influences, an immence benefit will be derived from changing the bed throughout every day.

IMPROVISED STRETCHER.

Now the means for moving patients from one place to another can be found about any house, especially in the country. What I wish to do is to improvise a *stretcher*, and for that purpose all that is necessary is a strong sheet or blanket as long as the patient, two rods of the same length of the sheet and an inch or more in diameter. If you are in the country you certainly can find rake-handles, and they answer the purpose as well as anything that can be used. In order to move a person easily, four assistants are necessary, who are to stand two on each side of the sheet and *exactly* opposite each other.

Let us suppose now, that the sheet upon which this gentleman is lying is the one to be made into a stretcher: you will place one of the poles close to the edge of it, and then roll the sheet over it very tightly up to perhaps within six or eight inches of the body. It does not require strong rods at all for this purpose, but the special point is to draw the sheet out smoothly from the patient while you are rolling the stick up inside of it. The opposite rod is adjusted in the same manner. When everything is ready the assistants should grasp the rod firmly with their hands placed about two feet apart, and as near as possible directly opposite each other, so that as they lift, and at the same time draw against each other, the sheet will be supported at exactly opposite points. Now direct the assistants to first drag strongly against each other and then lift, and keep constantly pulling against each other as they move along. Such a stretcher can be easily improvised, and affords a means by which a patient can be moved without annoyance. If the patient whom you are moving happens to have a fracture, unless the precaution is exercised of directing one assistant to grasp the rod with his hands exactly opposite those of the assistant upon the opposite side, you may disturb the broken bones in the act of moving.

If you wish to move a man who has accidently received an injury, any dis-

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tance, a stretcher can be improvised in a similar manner by using a blanket and a couple of poles, such as a couple of strong saplings would make, fastening them in the blanket with stitches of twine or strong thread, and then placing a forked stick between the handles close up to the blanket, of such length as will put it upon the stretch. If the number of bearers is limited to two, and they desire to assist their arms, it can be done by fastening a strap to the handles long enough to pass up over the shoulders.

There is one precaution that the bearers should always exercise, and that is to break steps while walking. If the bearer in front steps off with the right foot, the bearer behind should advance the left foot first.

All this may appear to you like an insignificant matter, but it not unfrequently happens that the comfort of the patient, the rapidity of his recovery, and, it may be, the recovery itself will materially depend upon your ability to devise a plan for moving him from one bed to another without annoyance, and while in the horizontal posture. In ordinary cases of sickness one bed can be brought to the side of another and the patient slid from one to the other, or he may be lifted across in the sheet; but where persons are very much debilitated or suffering from a severe injury, they may not be able to endure the fatigue which even such light movements will subject them to. In such cases the means just described may be resorted to with the greatest adantage.

MANAGEMENT OF THE DEJECTIONS.

There is no single point which should so thoroughly engage the attention of the physician as the care of the dejections of the patient. In many instances it is necessary for the physician to inspect the passages from the bowels, and unless you give proper directions regarding the manner in which they should be kept, you will find, much to the annoyance of every one, that they have been quietly slipped into some closet or room immediately adjoining the sick-room, or some other equally unsuitable place. Such safekeeping, however, hardly comports with a proper degree of cleanliness. and you should, therefore, give special directions.

In addition, observe some preliminary precautions in cases of dysentery, typhoid fever, or where a septic condition is present; in short, all those cases in which you wish to destroy the odor immediately, as well as any organic putrefactive matter which may be present in the dejections, by employing some disinfectant.

For this purpose I know of no substance that acts more promptly and efficiently than permanganate of potash.

A solution of the strength of one grain to the ounce of water, is sufficiently strong, and a few ounces of this liquid poured into the vessel that is to receive the discharges will correct the most offensive odor in a very short time.

You will recollect that permanganate of potash is exceedingly rich in oxygen, and when it comes in contact with organic material, especially in a state of putrefaction, it becomes decomposed, and the oxygen is set free. That is, the oxygen is now in what is called its nascent state, and in that state it has a tendency to unite with whatever organic matter it may chance to come in contact.

In this way the organic matter is burned up, as it were, on the spot, and all odor and septic poison is destroyed by the action of the permanganate of potash. This solution may be used with the utmost freedom about the vessels that are to receive the dejections, and in the water-closets in all cases where there is any offensive odor.

VENTILATION.

This is another point which should always engage your attention, for the same person, when sick, demands a much larger supply of fresh air than when well. For instance, if a healthy person requires two thousand cubic feet of breathing space, the sick person under the same circumstances should have at least three or four thousand cubic feet. Then, again, the sick man should have the air changed twice as frequently as the man in health.

Ventilation requires the introducti :n

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and diffusion of an abundance of pure air at short intervals, and a corresponding removal of the air vitiated by respiration. The movement of air in the sick-room should be imperceptible. At a temperature of 55° to 60° air moving at the rate of three feet per second is perceptible. Any more rapid movement than this gives rise to a draught of air, and will endanger the patient.

It is essential that the air should be thoroughly diffused, and then be removed after being breathed once.

It is claimed by some that the "law of the diffusion of gases" will insure perfect ventilation. But this law acts s owly, whereas the vitiation of the air by respiration goes on rapidly.

Others think that the wind can be made to ventilate thoroughly. The objection to this is that the wind is not constant, and incessantly varies in velocity and force.

The most reliable method is that which depends on the variation in the weight of the air by heat.

In every attempt at ventilation we are to first settle the question whether the impure air is to be removed from the apartment at the base or at the ceiling. The latter method is far inferior to the former.

If there is a hot-air register in the floor on one side of the room, and a ceiling ventilator on the opposite side, the hot air will rise immediately to the ceiling, along which it will glide and escape through the ventilator. Meanwhile, the bulk of the air in the room will hardly have been disturbed at all, and in sleeping-rooms, especially, there will be very little diffusion. We are not to lose sight of the fact that carbonic acid gas is much heavier than atmospheric air, and that the bad air will naturally gravitate to the lower part of the room. A heated flue, with an opening at the base, will remove the bad air rapidly and insure the best diffusion. The old-fashioned fireplace answered the same purpose, and is by far the simplest and best method of ventilating any sick-room.

If the chimney has a throat one and a half feet square, with a good fire, the air will move through the chimney at the rate of four feet per second, and air will be discharged at the rate of six cubic feet per second, which would be at the rate of twenty-one thousand six hundred cubic feet per hour.

Supposing a room of the capacity of two thousand cubic feet, with a fireplace as above, and with three persons in the apartment. The doors and windows all being shut, the air would still become bad through lack of proper diffusion. The whistling of the air about the windows of such a room—fairly shrieking to get in—can always be heard.

If we now open a window farthest away from the fire-place *at the top*, diffusion and ventilation will be good enough.

If the sick-room is ventilated by a fireplace, we should always open a window at the top. If the room, on the contrary, is heated by a register, a window should always be raised at the bottom, since the hot air rises to the top of the room, creates a plenum, and so forces the air out at the bottom. There are three points to be observed in regard to the sick-room. Note first, whether there is any perceptible odor on entering the apartment from the open air; if so ventilation is imperfect. Make sure, in the second place, that there is a free inlet and outlet for the air. And thirdly, place an open-mouthed bottle by the side of the bed at night. In the morning, before there is any opening of doors or windows, or any movements about the room, pour a little clear lime water into the bottle, and shake it. If the air in the bottle is pure, the lime water will remain clear; but if otherwise, it will become milky in appearance, showing carbonic acid in the air, which has united with the lime, forming a white precipitate of the carbonate of lime.

DIETETICS.

It was a doctrine taught by our grandfathers and fathers, that when a man was sick he should first be starved, second bled, and next receive ten and ten, which meant ten grains of calomel and ten grains of jalap combined. If these measures did not cure the patient

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the first day, they were repeated on the second, and so on.

But I do not believe that, simply because a man is sick, or because he has some fever, he should be knocked down with the lancet or some powerful sedative agent. An old New England doctor achieved a remarkable degree of success in the treatment of typhoid fever. When asked what he attributed his success to, he replied, "When I enter the sick-room, I look my patient over carefully, and if he is cold I warm him; if he is hot, I cool him; and if he is about right, I let him alone; that is, I study to equalize matters as much as possible.

A man, simply because he is sick, is not to be starved, nor, on the other hand, can a man who is sick, as a rule, take such articles of food as a well man would be likely to take.

It may be doubtful whether a man when first taken sick should take a large quantity of food, but one of the articles which he may have is *Indian gruel*, if not made too strong.

In making Indian gruel there should be no more than a dessert or tablespoonful of the meal to a quart of water, and this should be boiled for a long time, keeping the quantity of water good throughout the entire boiling process.

Prepared in this manner it may be administered to the patient during the first few days of his sickness. There is one article of diet which all persons may take under all conditions, and that is *milk*.

There are those who say they cannot take milk, that it makes them bilious, etc.; but that is not true. A person who is sick may take milk with the greatest possible advantage, because it contains, in a form easy of assimilation, all the elements essential for maintaining nutrition. It is the natural aliment of the young animal, and certainly answers a good purpose for the old animal, provided it is used properly. New milk, I do not hesitate to say, may be taken, as far as disease is concerned, in any and every condition. It may be necessary to give it in small quantities and repeat it often; but ice-cold milk can be put into a very irritable stomach, if given in small quantities and at short intervals, with the happiest effects. We have now come to believe, contrary to the teaching of our fathers, that *cold water*, even ice-cold water, is a most beneficial drink, and therefore permit our patients to have it as often as they may wish, provided too much is not taken at any one time.

Now *tea* may be given, if it is sufficiently diluted with milk. When made very weak—just strong enough to give a flavor—well supplied with milk, and perhaps a little sugar, it gives the patient a trifle of nourishment in a very palatable form.

There is another article which has long been known in the sick-room, and that is *beef tea*. This is not only agreeable to the taste when properly made, but it is one of the very best methods of administering nourishment. There are many who say that there is little or no nourishment in beef tea, but it does nourish men, otherwise they could not live as long as they do upon it. I admit that bad beef tea is not very nutritious; and it is perhaps the exception that patients get good beef tea. It is this fact, perhaps, which, as much as anything, has led to its disuse. If, however, you will make beef tea according to the directions I now give you, it will be found to be a most serviceable article among the dietetics of the sick-room.

Take a pound of the very best beef that can he obtained in the market—the butcher will tell you that any kind of a piece answers to make beef tea of, but that is not true—cut it into small pieces the size of the end of the thumb, place it in a pint basin, cover with *cold* water, and then place the dish upon the back part of the range or stove, where the water will gradually get warmer and warmer, but will not reach the boiling point. Let it stand and simmer in this manner two hours. Then bring it forward, and boil over a quick fire twenty minutes, and immediately after pour the fluid from the beef, at the same time allowing the little particles which become detached to

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flow off with it. Now if there is any fat in the tea it is well that it should be removed, for the reason that the bile and pancreatic secretion may be unable to emulcify it, and it may do more harm than good. If you wish to be very precise upon this point, the tea can be set aside, and when perfectly cold all the fat can be removed from the surface in a flake; or the fat may be taken up by dropping a piece of flannel upon it as it floats upon the surface of the warm tea.

It is not a good plan to strain the liquor, because this process will remove more or less of the little particles of beef, which are very essential to the value of the tea. It may now be salted, and given hot or cold, as the patient may wish; and it may be given as soon as the pulse indicates any diminution in the force of the heart's action. What becomes of this article of diet when taken into the stomach? The advocates of the worthlessness and non-essential in beef tea would answer that it makes but little difference. I believe, however, that it is mostly taken up by the gastric veins, and, at all events, that it is exceedingly palatable and nutritious, and does do something more than simply warm the stomach and make the patient happy for a short time.

In case the patient's stomach is very irritable, so that large quantities of any substance cannot be borne, you may resort to *beef extract* for nourishment.

The proper method of making this article is to take a pound of the best beef, cut it into small pieces, and place it in a good-sized open-mouthed bottle —a pickle-jar is perhaps as convenient as any. Cork the bottle loosely, and then set it into a kettle of water, which is to be kept boiling for two hours. If the bottle is now removed it will be found that it contains a considerable quantity of fluid, which may be turned off, and the beef subjected to slight pressure to remove still more.

In this fluid we have a concentrated article of nourishment, and it may be given, after it has been seasoned, either pure or diluted, according to the condition of the stomach. Beef extract is not nearly so palatable an article of food as rich beef tea, made in the manner described. Ordinarily, however, the tea is badly made, and contains but little beef and considerable water.

DEPARTMENT OF THE LADIES' OWN.

CONDUCTED BY M. CORA BLAND.

THE FURROW OF LIFE.

To M. Cora Bland.

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

OH, the furrow of life is rough and rude,
And the soul must grope full low,
Through the shades of its earth-born solitude
Up, up, for the sun's bright glow.
That the plant may rise, with its fruit so rare,
And scatter its seeds around,
To be borne afar on the waiting air
And be planted in richer ground.

But many a stone must be up-turned
To meet the falling rain,
And many a lesson must be learned

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By the struggling, aching brain ;
And many a dark and loathsome thing
Will meet us on our way :
Yet on we must go to the coming spring
And the glorious light of day.

Oh we know that the fountain of bitter tears,
Has flown from our hearts like rain ;
And we know that for weary months and years
We have hoped and hoped in vain.
Yet duty unfolds her daily scroll,
And we think at each dark, dark line,
That the icy stone away must roll—
That the sun at last will shine.

And so in this hope we live and toil,
In our furrow, low and dark ;
And it cheers us to meet with lighter soil,
Or to catch one glimmering spark.
For God is good, though the way is long,
And sad and lone and drear ;
And all that we want is a spirit strong,
And a heart that will not fear.

Yet we cannot, cannot understand
Why fear must banish hope ;
Why the aching head and the weary hand
Through long, long years must cope
With Mother Earth for a little breath,
Like a mole beneath the ground ;
Or at best for a withered and faded wreath,
A tinkling cymbal's sound.

O life ! thou art full of mystery,
And the ways of God seem strange ;
Through a darkened glass His face we see,
And with blinded eyes we range
Through this bright and beautiful world of ours ;
For "we know not anything ;"
For we cannot say why bloom the flowers,
Or why the wild birds sing.

Yet His hand hath traced for us a path,
And we must its mazes thread,
Though life's wild storms in thundering wrath
Break wildly overhead.
Though adversity crush with iron heel
Our souls to the very dust,
We must labor and pray with hearts of steel—
We *must* live, and love, and trust !

For did we not hope that the din and roar
And the strife would soon be past,
And did we not think that a brighter shore
Would beam on our eyes at last,
And did we not feel that God was kind,
And would give us good for ill,
What a sparless wreck were the human mind,
All aimless, dark and still.

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Then let us work! though the night may last
Through half the darkened year;
Though each smile on the waves of life we cast
May bring us back a tear;
Though hope burn low, like a taper's light,
And fainter grows the soul—
For morning ever has followed night,
And the waves *will* backward roll!

MARGARET FRAZER'S CHOICE.

BY HANNAH McL. SHEPARD.

"SURELY, sister, you are not in earnest?"

"Indeed I am, dear Agnes; my mind is fixed. It was one thing to be dependent on father, and to feel that however hard we worked it was not counted worth anything more than simple board and clothing; but it is another thing to be left dependent on Jack's bounty."

"Oh, Maggie, it is not quite as bad as that."

"Indeed it is. What does the *Will* say? We may have a home here as long as we remain single, and five hundred dollars each when we marry, if in so doing we please John. If we do not marry we have the interest of that sum, payable quarterly. It is bad enough — so bad that I will not live here under the injustice of it. I shall stay on your account until Jack brings home the new wife, then I shall go away and strike out for myself."

"But Maggie what can you do?"

"Do! Why I can work; I can work as I have here—earn an honest living and have the credit of it, and put by something or use it just as I choose."

"But what work will you do?"

"I shall do housework at first, and see what else opens to me."

"Do housework! Why Margaret Frazer, do you mean that you will go as servant into some one's kitchen?"

"Now, Agnes, do be sensible. Have I not been, lo, these many years, a servant without wages in this house? Have not you? Was not our dear mother before us? The only difference between what I have been and what I contemplate being is, that *here* I am a servant without privileges, *there* I shall be one with privileges that, to me, are priceless."

"Well, I cannot say that I like the position we occupy; but I have too much pride to demean myself to the place of servant."

"And I," said Margaret "have too much self-respect to remain here under the conditions imposed upon us by father's will. I did not expect, Aggie, that you would see this matter as I do, and we will not dispute about it. I shall remain until Jack brings his wife home, then I shall leave. As for you, you are more easy-tempered than I, and will get along better under the new *regime;* but I could never endure to go into the wing and take the place of the maiden sisters that aunts Isabella and Janet occupied so long; still less do I feel like accepting Jack's offer, and remaining as part of his family subordinate to his wife."

Margaret and Agnes Frazer were the daughters of a Scotch farmer in western New York. He had died three or four years before our story opens, and had left the unjust will so almost universally made by men a generation or two ago. He did as his father did before him; left the homestead, farm, stock and bulk of savings in the bank to his son. He left his wife a home with the son so long as she should live. To his daughters he bequeathed five hundred dollars each, and a home with Jack until he married; when he married, if the girls had not previously left home, they were to have the three

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rooms in the wing for their home, vegetables out of the garden, a pig, and the privilege of raising fowls for their own use.

Mr. Frazer had no idea that he was committing any injustice in making this will, in disposing not only of his own property, but of that which had been purchased with the dower his wife had brought him, and that which had accumulated through her thrift and ceaseless industry. The good old woman felt it, however, as she had, through the forty years of their wedded life, the wrong of never having a dollar that she could call her own. The prosperity of the family was due as much to her industry and economy as to Donald Frazer's. Indeed she had worked harder than he, and she had had a large family beside, only the three younger of which had grown up. But she bore the last wrong as she had the rest, without complaint. It was the will of the man she had promised submission to, and she had no thought of resistance, or of criticism. She simply *felt*. The "woman who dared" had not come upon the stage; Mrs. Stanton had not begun her good work with the laws of New York for the benefit of woman. Mrs. Frazer in her widow's cap worked as ceaselessly for her son as she had before she donned it for her husband, and by her silent but great love and sympathy kept Margaret from rebelling against the injustice they could not revoke. And Margaret on her part, schooled and studied by her mother's patient example, became as a right hand to the aged woman, ever ready to anticipate her wishes, to bring her youthful strength to smooth the way before her. She never but once expressed her indignation in reference to their position, and that was just after the reading of the will. She saw then that a sense of injustice lay heavy upon her mother's heart, and that this very appreciation of it made it all the more painful for her to hear it discussed; but while she was silent, as the years rolled on her views were broadening, and her sense of the wrongs inflicted upon women was deepening, and she very soon came to make the days of her mother's life the boundary of her stay at the homestead.

That limit was passed, and six months had been spent in arranging matters so that Agnes would suffer as little as possible from her absence; and in getting the house affairs ready for the advent of the new mistress. Agnes was, as may be judged, of a different type from Margaret, and beside the gloom of her present was brightened by the prospect of becoming the wife of the young minister of an adjoining parish within the year.

John Frazer brought his wife home; a pretty, delicate village girl, who knew nothing of farm work and had little disposition to learn. Margaret took her over the house, showed her the great stores of linen and bedding the mother, whose quiet hands were folded under the clods of the valley, and she and Agnes had spun and wove and made; she took her into the storerooms and showed her the butter and cheeses ready for the market.

"Who does all this work?" asked Mrs. John.

"Mother and we girls used to do it; lately Aggie and I have done it; now it is your province, I suppose."

"Oh, I can never in the world! I shan't undertake it. I will keep house and I'll oversee, and I'll work—but I don't know how to spin and weave, and I've never done kitchen work. John will have to hire help."

And John did have to hire help. Agnes married before the summer was over. Mrs. John said there was linen enough in the house to last a lifetime, and she was not going to spin or weave for market; so the loom was torn down and the spinning wheels were taken to the garret, where the next generation of Frazer's used them for playthings. A servant, and by-and-by two of them, appeared in the Frazer household, and the beautiful golden butter and creamy cheese for which the Frazer farm had been celebrated disappeared from market. Margaret went to Albany a day or two after her new sister's advent, and made her way to the house of a friend, who had been like herself a farmer's daughter and had married a

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city merchant. Mrs. Osborne Kent had a very warm affection for Margaret Frazer, and had very gladly welcomed her as an expected visitor; but she was somewhat surprised when Margaret a few hours after her arrival said to her:

"Kitty, I have come to Albany to live and earn my living. There is nothing I can do so well as housework. Now do you want me, or must I go out and find a place among strangers?"

"Well, Meg! you are a strange girl. Of course I want you, I am harried to death with a ceaseless round of Norah's and Bridget's; but I don't see how we can arrange it. *You* be my *servant! you* whom I know are my equal not only, but in so many things my superior. Why, it was only this morning that I told Edward that I respected Margaret Frazer's judgment more than that of any woman I ever knew."

"You are complimentary; but if you do so regard me, am I not the very person you want?"

"Yes, yes, I tell you I do want you; but then Edward has such notions about servants and the proprieties and all that, I don't believe he will consent to it. However, give me your idea, and I'll see."

"Well, Kitty, you keep three servants now, do you not?"

"Yes!"

"Well, suppose you get rid of them and take me as housekeeper and general manager, and hire one good girl to assist me, giving me the oversight of her. I will take care that Mr. Kent's prejudices are respected, and that in no way shall he be incommoded by the change—and I think he will soon be satisfied with it."

That night Mrs. Kent talked it over with her husband, and Mr. Edward Osborne Kent was very positive that the thing could not be satisfactorily managed.

"It won't work," said he; "that regal woman in my kitchen as a servant!" he exclaimed, "why I should not know how to treat her!"

But he was finally persuaded to allow a trial. A few days were spent in getting the wheels of the machinery in order. The old servants were discharged, and a bright active young woman engaged for general work. The next morning Margaret appeared in the breakfast-room in dainty cap and white apron and took her place behind Mrs. Kent's chair.

"Are you not coming to the table, Margaret?" asked Mr. Kent, in rather a surprised tone.

"No sir; it is more convenient for me not to, and will be better, as at times when there is company it would make waiting at table awkward."

After breakfast he said, "Kitty, this thing will never work, I tell you. But I haven't sat down to a breakfast like that since the first year we were married, when you were well and took charge of matters yourself."

Margaret Frazer's new life suited her; she was born a housekeeper; she was well paid, and she was appreciated. Systematic and orderly herself, she soon brought the household machinery into systematic and orderly working, and so had abundant time for reading and self-culture. Mrs. Kent's friends soon came to understand her position, and the fact of her waiting at table and having previously cooked the dinner, in no wise interfered with her spending the evening in the drawing-room afterward. It was not many months before Mr. Kent regarded himself as one of the most fortunate householders in the city, and owned to his wife that her little scheme worked like a charm.

My readers perhaps would like to hear that Margaret retained her place only a few months and then married her Prince. But the truth compels me to say that though she had more than one offer, from men, too, whom even fastidious Mr. Kent pronounced unexceptionable, she has never married. Her prince has never come. It is nearly twenty-five years since she became one of the Kent household. Children have grown up and married, and some have gone up the shining stair; Mr. and Mrs. Kent and Margaret have many silver hairs thrided among the brown; but Margaret remains the trusted friend and *hired help*, and the children call her "Aunt Margaret."

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HOW TO TAKE A YEAR'S REST.

BY LUCY LEE HOLBROOK.

"WELL, what is the result, John?" asked his brother Edward, cheerily, as the physician left the house and Mr. Anderson wearily walked into the little family room and threw himself on the sofa. The wife looked anxiously at the thin nervous face, the intense eyes, the swollen veins upon the broad full forehead, and at the slight form that had to supply force for all this nerve and brain power. His steadily failing health had alarmed her, and this morning she had prevailed upon him to yield to her wishes and send for the physician. The interview had been a protracted one, and Mr. Anderson's face boded no satisfactory decision. "The doctor says medicines will do me no good, and prescribes rest, change of air, and travel if possible; forbids absolutely any more office work for at least one year," he answered wearily.

"Well that isn't a bad prescription to take," said Ned, who was just out of college; I'd like to try it myself; I'd cross the ocean in no time; do London, see the hills and lakes of Scotland, visit Paris, climb the Alps in my travels, and then off to Italy for my rest. I'd hunt up the very skiff that Buchanan Read his immortalized, and I would just lie back in the boat and try to realize the spirit of his 'Driftings.' That is my idea of travel and rest."

"Don't you always get a better idea of rest then you do of work, Ned?" queried Miss Jessie Clayton, a pretty cousin of Mrs. Anderson's, who was spending the winter with the family, and with a girl's quick perceptions had found out that the young man would stand a larger amount of snubbing and teasing from her than from any other person.

Ned colored, for his easy way of taking life had been hinted at by the fair maiden before; but Mr. Anderson said kindly:

"Now is your chance, Edward, to show of what stuff you are made; for if I am to be laid upon the shelf you will have to make good my place in the business."

"I will do it, John, never fear. I would do anything for you, but what's the use of a fellows growing old before his time, just for his own benefit."

"Well, you need not envy me; how shall I endure a long year of idleness, when I leave so many plans unaccomplished?"

"Why, for that matter," said Jessie, "it would take about two hundred years to accomplish *all* your plans; so one year lost is not so much matter; just let them lie quiet for a little time."

"The year will not be lost either," said Mrs. Anderson, speaking for the first time.

She had drawn a long breath of relief on hearing the physician's decision, and sat thinking intently while the rest were discussing the matter. She knew well her husband's active nervous temperament, and she had given more thought to this question of rest than he had.

She laid down her work and now came to his side, and tenderly took the tired head between her two hands and began to talk hopefully, as was her way when he was perplexed or disheartened.

"You have worked for us this last ten years, dear; now let us plan for you, and see if this one year may not be richer in blessings then you anticipate.

"For my part" said Edward, "I can't see how it becomes necessary to persuade a man that it is a good thing to take his ease; most fellows would jump at the chance. If a man does an average day's work I can't conceive anything nicer than to sit on a verandah, smoke a cigar and read the paper, or take a pretty girl to the theater or opera, or go to the club, or drive a horse, or do any of these things that we fellows do with so much comfort; and if our good Æsculapius comes along and pats us on the head, and says 'my good fellows you are working too hard, you must lay off a spell, say a year or two,' I think t'would be no hardship to just drop those few working hours right out and put in fishing, or traveling, or a few novels,

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or a little love-making, if one get's a chance (this last with a sly glance at Jessie, who would not look up). Think, Miss Jessie, how nice it would be to have a physician's prescription to softly fold down those sleepy eyelids of yours for another nap in the morning; for an excuse to keep those delicate hands from doing anything more than the merest flirting of the duster; to ease your conscience while reading the latest and most exciting French novel; or if he really denies you that pleasure to vary the day with a little fancy work, finishing off with dress and music in the evening."

"Never, Ned," said Jessie, shaking her head energetically; "if you think that is an enticing picture to me you are *very much* mistaken. The empty, aimless life that many young ladies live kills them instead of cures, and if it does not kill their bodies it does their souls. I could not *endure* such a life;" and the energetic, healthy girl walked across the room and back, putting unconsciously the earnestness of her thought into her action, and at the same time the blood into her cheek and sparkle to her eyes in such a manner that Ned sat lost in admiration, trying to think what he could say next to continue so fine an effect.

"Your ideal wouldn't suit *me* either, Ned;" said Mr. Anderson. "I suppose it is a fault of my nature; but I never could take things easy, as you do; I never could get above 140 pounds in weight, and I believe it takes 160 to make a good lazy luxurious nature. Neither have I your love of travel. Imagine what a forlorn being I would become, half sick, away from home and wife and children, with nothing to do and no object ahead but to try and enjoy myself."

"Take Mary with you," suggested Miss Clayton. "You can imagine yourselves upon a second wedding journey, with Mr. Howell's delightful experiences for a guide."

Mr. Anderson looked tenderly into his wife's sweet eyes and noted the changes time had made with her face. A good many gray hairs upon the temples; a few crow's feet about the eyes; the cheeks had lost their roundness, and the lips their ripe redness; but the gentle sweetness of her loving heart, the cheeriness of a hopeful nature, the abiding faith and trust of a religious life, had all crept into the face, and taken their abode there so peacefully that as he looked his heart was quieted within him, and he thought that one of the sweetest experiences of the year would be to have leisure to devote himself more completely to her. He did not need to express himself in words; she read his thought and answered it with a soft pressure of her hand, and they both felt that already one blessing of the year had come to them.

"That is a good suggestion, Jessie; we will take the journey, but shall we make it fill up the year?"

"No," said his wife, we have not the means, and we cannot leave the children so long. When we go to Europe we must all go together, and take more than one year; but we can give three months to traveling if you wish."

"Well," said Mr. Anderson, "that is better. Dr. Guy suggested California or Florida, or if I chose to cross the water, Italy or the south of France. Let us choose California. The money that must be spread with close economy over a year in Europe, will give us a comfortable time and greater freedom nearer home. But that is only for three months—what then?"

"I have been thinking," said she, "that we might let our house in the city for the year; and, you remember the little old farm-house up near Chappaqua that you was obliged to take upon mortgage two years ago. Would it not be nice to take the opportunity of fitting that up as a summer home? You know we are needing one for the children, and I feel every year that the hotel life at a fashionable summer resort results in more harm than benefit; especially when we take into account the moral effect upon the children."

"Yes, but the money, my dear," said Mr. Anderson, doubtfully; "you know I am not earning money."

"It will not take so very much money with our simple tastes and ways; and

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there is what we get from the rent of the house, and what we save from the hotel bills of the summer."

"But the children! what shall we do with them if we rent the house?"

"I will manage that" said Jessie. "The house will not rent before April or May, and when it does I will take the children out to the old farm-house, and we will see what small hands can do until you return, which will be about the 1st of June."

"Wouldn't you like to hire a healthy boy to do the chores and keep off the burglars?" asked Ned. "If you would I'm at your service."

"You will be needed in the city, sir," said Jessie. "Remember that all the weight of Mr. Anderson's business rests upon your shoulders; and though they are broad they have not been toughened much yet; but" she added, "if you are good you may spend your Sundays with us."

"May I bring my flute?" asked Ned, who was passionately fond of music.

"Yes," said Mrs. Anderson, "and that reminds me of another thing I had in mind; why cannot the year be put largely to social and physical culture? You are forbidden intellectual and business pursuits; but do you remember our pleasant duets with the piano and violin when we were first married? Your violin is up stairs now, dear, carefully packed away."

"Yes, I remember," said Mr. Anderson; "a real Cremona it is, too. I believe I will get it out to-day and see how much I have forgotten. Have you kept up your practice, Mary?"

"A little; but Jessie and Ned have monopolized the piano of late, and I have practiced on that little parlor organ of ours. We will take both with us into the country and form a musical club; we will have at least four performers and an appreciative audience.

"Hang the business," said Ned; "how can I manage to be there?"

"You must come out upon certain evenings, and then your Sundays, you know."

"We will have a croquet ground," said Jessie.

"And a horse," said Mr. Anderson.

"And a gun," said Ned.

"And a boat" suggested little Tommie Anderson, who had come in and caught the drift of the last part of the conversation.

"I do not know whether there is any water, but a boat surely if there is" said his mother.

"One thing more I have been thinking of," said Mr. Anderson. "Do you remember my taste for botanizing? I think I might resume that study with safety, and while we are in California I will try to add to my collection of stuffed birds. I declare I believe I shall be a boy again before the year is over," he cried, with actual enthusiasm.

OUR CENTENARIANS.

BY EDWIN F. BACON.

OF all those who unite to commemorate the approaching centennial of American Independence the happiest, the most to be congratulated, will certainly be the favored few whose lives have spanned the entire century the beginning of which we celebrate. Born during the reign of George III, in the American colonies, before the 4th day of July, 1776, and still living upon the 4th of July, 1876! A century of American citizenship! The nation will undoubtedly seek to know and to honor these venerable fathers and mothers of the republic. Who are they and what has been the useful lessons of their lives? In the endeavor to answer these questions I have found no single source of information. Our centenarians are unknown to fame. They must be diligently sought out; and when found they are averse to mere notoriety. In every instance thus far I have found them to be sober, in-

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dustrious, and religious persons, who have lived much in the open air, and who without being reduced to extreme poverty were yet during the greater portion of their lives supported by their own honest labor. I am aware that a somewhat different opinion has prevailed regarding the mode of life of those who have attained to a great age. Persons claiming to be centenarians are often found who have led a vagrant life, and who have even been habitual drunkards, and the temperance cause has suffered reproach because of the alleged great longevity of such persons. I fully expected to find such cases myself in the course of my inquiries, having heard so many allusions to them; but I have yet to find a single instance of a person of intemperate habits reaching the age of one hundred years, and but a single case over ninety years. It is true that in the olden time nearly all respectable people drank moderately of pure liquors, but our centenarians are now, as far as I have been able to learn, strictly temperate and regular in all their habits. They joined the great temperance army many years ago, and exist now as living monuments of its beneficent influence.

The vagrant and intemperate class in society have contributed largely to the number of reputed centenarians, and if the unsupported assertions of such people are to be taken as proof, then intemperance may be said to contribute to long life, but since Mr. Thoms's vigorous treatment of this subject it is getting to be the fashion to ask for some *evidence* before recognizing any person whatever as a centenarian, and vagrants who can give no such evidence are not without protest to be ranked in that honored class. When a person asserts that he is over a hundred years old he asserts a thing so inherently improbable that the most explicit proof may of right be demanded, and this proof can scarcely be given except in the form of an authentic record of birth or baptism, with undoubted evidence of personal identity. From the earliest settlement of our New England states such records were made, and are in most cases still preserved. To these we may go with confidence, and may from thence trace the history of an individual through life, provided he has had a settled home and habitation. Such has been the history of most of our native born centenarians, and my experience in this matter has shown that it is only among this class of people, those possessing some degree of character and intelligence, that we may look for those proofs of exact age which the circumstances require. I had hoped by this time to be able to authenticate some case of greater longevity than that of Mrs. Goss (aged 105) of whom a sketch appeared in the last number of this journal. I have not been able to do this, but have several interesting cases of ages somewhat less which I will here give, begging leave to tell my stories of the dear old folks in a very familiar style.

JAMES HEADLEY, AGED 101; born near Morristown, New Jersey, December 23d, 1773; died in Philadelphia, February 21st, 1875. His birth was recorded in the family Bible, which is still preserved. I found this most charming old gentleman at the Old Man's Home, in West Philadelphia, a year ago. As I entered his room where he sat in a comfortable arm chair, he extended both hands with childish delight, and quickly won my heart by his singularly pleasing manners and his simple yet really very intelligent conversation. He was the happiest old man I ever saw, actually overflowing with good humor, full of Christian love toward every being in existence, grateful to all around him, and withal quite a philosopher. He had been for fifty years a member of the Methodist church, and though not ordained as a minister had been a local preacher or exhorter of that denomination. He had thought a good bit about health he said for many years, though in his younger days he was a "wild one," into all manner of country sports, and accustomed to drink, as others did in those days, but he long since discontinued the use of strong drink as a beverage. He spoke of that habit as "an awful thing," and yet stated that for many years he had taken regularly ev-

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ery morning one teaspoonful of the best brandy or Jamaica rum, but with no disposition to increase the quantity and no desire for it at any other time. He had led an active outdoor life, being much on horseback and inured to exposure in all weather.

From the age of seven years he had been subject to what he called "falling fits," suddenly falling down insensible, once falling into the fire and being severely burnt. He had been at the Home for some years, and his affection for those who so kindly cared for him was really touching. "This good mother does everything for me," he said, referring to the matron. "I call her mother and she calls me grandfather, and so we get along. This is one of the most delightful homes that any one could expect this side of heaven. I was poor when I came here, but I am rich now. I wouldn't give my right here for the best farm in Bucks county. It is not all to my credit that I have lived so long; it is all the good Master's doing." These were some of the expressions that I noted down as he spoke.

At parting he jocosely invited me to bring my scythe the next time I came to help him mow the grass upon the lawn. This had been his favorite summer employment, but he was now growing quite feeble. Talking fatigued him, for he spoke with so much earnestness that he would lose his breath and fall back for a moment exhausted; but the same joyous expression constantly lighted up his face, while his voice and manner were peculiarly winning. I was told that he was always equally happy and grateful, happy doubtless because he was grateful. He had been a tall muscular man, and in his younger days must have been a leader among the pioneers of the mountainous region in which he lived. A note from the kind-hearted matron of the institution in which he died tells the brief story of his end. She says: "All through his last illness he was cheerful and happy, with a full and fixed hope of a better 'Home' to which he has been called." Truly old age may be as delightful as childhood, when it is the result of a useful and well conducted life, and when the proper care of all the faculties has preserved them in their normal condition to the last.

Mr. Headley was the only centenarian I could find in Philadelphia, although there were several others claiming to be such. There was one Thomas Taylor, whose death at 103 has since been announced. He was a man of that class which furnishes nine-tenths of the reputed centenarians, a man who kept no records, who did not know how old he was when he married, did not know the age of his children, and had not a scrap of evidence as to his alleged long service in the British army, in the Peninsular campaigns, at Waterloo, St. Helena, and elsewhere. There was nothing in his appearance to indicate great age. He was erect and sprightly. Had he lived twenty years longer, as seemed quite possible, he might have become quite a historical character. Among the Quakers of Philadelphia there are no centenarians now living. As a people they are unusually long lived, but their records are reliable, and probably every Quaker knows his real age. Where this is the case few centenarians are to be found. There have been, however, several centenarians among the Quakers, of whom I hope to give some account hereafter.

REV. HENRY BOEHM, AGED 100.

Father Boehm, as he is usually called, is probably the best known centenarian in America, his life and character having been of unusual interest. He was born in Lancaster Co. Penn., June 8th, 1775, and is now living with his son-in-law, S. C. Emly, Esq., in Jersey City. He was one of the pioneers of American Methodism, a minister and presiding elder. He commenced preaching in the year 1800. In 1808 he became the traveling companion of Bishop Asbury, and with him made extensive journeys and became intimate with all the early bishops and leaders of the church.

The one hundredth anniversary of his birth was celebrated in a formal manner at Trinity Methodist Church, in Jersey City, June 8th, 1875. Delegations were present from several conferences. Father Boehm was present and

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addressed the audience briefly, pronouncing also the benediction at the close of the exercises in a clear and impressive manner. His mental faculties are still sound, though he is only able to move about slowly and with a feeble step. He is of German origin, and naturally a man of a large and powerful frame and of commanding appearance. His manner is by no means so jovial and vivacious as was that of Mr. Headley, yet he is uniformly patient and cheerful, responding to all inquiries with promptness and well preserved intelligence. Sight and hearing are failing somewhat, but they still fairly answer an old man's purpose. He seems likely to survive until the centennial under the constant watch-care of his daughter, who is wholly devoted to him, every condition necessary to his health and comfort being abundantly provided. He says he finds enjoyment still in life, and patiently awaits the summons to depart.



MRS. BETSY STRAW, AGED 101.

Our centenarians are quiet people, and I have but recently heard of Mrs. Straw, and have not had the pleasure of seeing her. The portrait here given, although well engraved can scarcely do justice in the printed page to the noble and benevolent expression seen in the photograph from which it was taken. Mrs. Straw has no children living, but has found a home among very kind friends and old acquaintances, from whom I have received an interesting sketch of her history and manner of life, which, with permission, I here give as received.

WARNER, N. H., Sept. 8th, 1875.

MR. E. F. BACON.—*Dear Sir:* In reply to your letter to Mrs. Straw, which she received on the 6th inst., we send you the following facts:

Mrs. Betsy Straw was born in Weare, N. H., October 10th, 1774. She informs us that her father caused her birth to be entered on the records of the town. A family record now before me, made by Mrs Straw's direction when she was forty years of age, states the date of her birth as given above. She was the second child of George Hoyt, and is the last surviving member of a family of eleven, her youngest brother, Dr. Enos Hoyt, of Framingham, Mass., having died in March last, in the eightieth year of his age. Mrs. Straw has been twice married. Her first husband was Mr. James Joslyn, of Henniker, by whom she had four children, three of whom died in infancy. After Mr. Joslyn's death, which occurred in 1802, she remained a widow about twelve years, was then married to Mr. Jonathan Straw, of Warner, whom she has survived more than thirty years. Mrs. Straw has only one living descendant—a great-grandson, but she is surrounded by a multitude of appreciative friends who hold her in high esteem. Since May, 1872, her home has been in the family of my mother, Mrs. Ruth W. Sargent.

Mrs. Straw has naturally a vigorous constitution and a remarkably cheerful disposition. She is simple in her tastes, has never cared for the vanities of fashion, though attaching great importance to neatness and order. She has always accustomed herself to plain substantial food, and observes great regularity in regard to the time of taking her meals.

I read to her the question you proposed: "How shall the young live in order to preserve health and attain to a happy old age?" She replied, "If they would live as I did." I asked in what respect, and she replied, "food." She also said, "lacing themselves up so

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tight as they do shortens their days I think."

Until February, 1872, she was able to do her own work, with the exception of washing. At that time she was laid by with a broken bone occasioned by a fall. In a few months she recovered to the extent of being able to walk with a cane. Since that time her principal occupation has been the knitting of cotton hose. This she does very nicely. Many people wish to buy them on account of the great age of the knitter.

Mrs. Straw celebrated her one hundredth anniversary the 10th of last October. Many friends gathered to see her. The occasion was one of great interest to all. A short time after this she was attacked with lung fever, but after some weeks recovered to *nearly* her usual degree of health. She retains her mental faculties to a remarkable degree, is interested in all the affairs of the present time, is a close observer of people and things, and is capable of replying to a joke better than some much younger. She finds great pleasure in reading her Testament daily, and is very strict in her observance of the Sabbath. She is greatly interested in hearing of other old people, and would be much pleased to see the account of aged people you propose giving in a magazine. Yours respectfully,

SARAH A. SARGENT.

There are other native born centenarians now living among us, and if there is an interest in knowing who they are and what has been the simple story of their lives, if anything useful is to be derived from such knowledge, these sketches will be continued from time to time, as the materials may be gathered. The object in view will be accomplished if through an examination of the facts in authentic cases we may add to our knowledge of the conditions under which life is best prolonged, and the faculties preserved to a ripe old age. To this end I should be grateful for information or suggestions from any who may feel interested in this line of inquiry.

THE LIVER, ITS USE, AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF IT.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is exceedingly important in discussing the derangements of the liver that we find out, if possible, the causes which produce them, otherwise no progress can be made in their treatment. All successful treatment must be based first on the removal of these causes. Let us therefore at once set ourselves about the task fearlessly and earnestly. In general, then, they may be divided into two classes.

1. Those existing in nature.
2. Those pertaining to the individual.

Of the first we will only briefly mention

1. Miasma.—Which when breathed depresses the vital powers and with them lowers the vigor of the organs. Among these are the poison which causes fever and ague, which has a specially injurious effect on the liver.

2. Water.—Not only may poisons be taken into the blood through the lungs, but by means of water and food through the stomach, and from it passed into the blood. It is true that the gastric juice of the stomach when abundant and strong helps to destroy the poisons taken in drink, especially if they are in small quantities; but this is only to a limited extent, as the gastric juice is not always present in the stomach to meet the water which may be taken.

3. Climate.—The climates of the world vary. Some are healthful, others not—some pinch us with their cold, and if we live in them we must spend all our energies in means to protect ourselves from the rigors of snow and ice. Others are temperate and others are hot. Now a cold and temperate

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climate favors the healthful action of the liver, but a hot climate on the contrary weakens the liver, degenerating its substance and lowering its action, and especially is this so when air and water act in conjunction with climate. These are the principal natural causes that produce liver disorders.

We now come to consider those causes which relate to individual peculiarities and habits, and these are more numerous than might be supposed. Among them are,

1. An insufficient supply of air from unventilated rooms, and especially from the sedentary and indoor life of those who devote themselves to literature, or any occupation within inclosed walls.

2. Cramped positions of the body, compressing the liver and impeding the flow of blood through it.

3. The want of sufficient exercise to stir the blood and keep it in motion in every part of the body.

4. Tight clothing about the waist, and especially the use of the corset, which impedes the circulation of the blood more than even a stooping posture does in the liver.

5. Nervous excitement, and especially those excesses which use up nervous energy more rapidly than it is generated, leaving the organs without stimuli to perform their functions. Especially to be enumerated are anxiety, mental emotion, worry, fretting, sleeplessness, fear, and overworking of the nervous system—quarreling, as between friends, business partners, husband and wife, etc., etc.

6. Constitutional peculiarities, as a tendency to disease of the liver inherited from parents by children.

7. Poisons, and especially poisonous medicines given during long continued fevers, reducing the system and its vitality.

8. Any disease that may occur that breaks down the health.

9. Then again the food we eat. Only a few of the human race eat as they should. We are of opinion that our unwise eating habits have perhaps more to do with the wrong working of the liver than any other cause. People pour into their stomachs whatever they like, and wonder that they are not nourished by it. Too much grease, fat, oil, ham and eggs, hot bread, superfine flour, saleratus, raised cakes, and so on to the end of a long chapter.

10. Intemperance. Dr. Sewell says: "Alcohol in every form and proportion produces a strong and speedy effect upon this organ when used internally. Its first effect usually is to increase the action of the liver, and sometimes to such a degree as to result in inflammation. Its secretion often becomes changed from a bright yellow to a green or black, and from a thin fluid to a substance resembling tar in its consistence; and this change not unfrequently leads to the formation of biliary calculi, or gall stones. There often follows an enlargement of the organ, and a change in its structure. Aware of this fact, the poultry dealers of England are in the habit of mixing a quantity of spirit with the food of their fowls, in order to increase the size of the liver that they may be enabled to supply the epicure with a greater abundance of that part of the animal which he regards as the most delicious. I have met with cases in which the liver has become so far enlarged from intemperance as to weigh from eight to twelve pounds, instead of four or five, its usual weight. The inflammation of the organ not unfrequently terminates in suppuration and the formation of extensive abcesses. The liver sometimes, however, even when it manifests upon dissection great organic change in its structure, is found rather diminished in volume. This was the case in the person of the celebrated tragedian, George Frederick Cook, who died several years since in the city of New York. This extraordinary man was long distinguished for the profligacy of his life, as well as the native vigor of his mind and body. At the time of his death his body was opened by Dr. Hossack, who found that the liver, while it was rather diminished in size, was in a state of induration and surprisingly hard, so as to make considerable resistance to the knife; and it was of a lighter color than natural. The whole sub-

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stance of the organ was studded with tubercles, and the bloodvessels, which are numerous and large in the healthy state, were nearly obliterated; showing that the circulation had nearly ceased long before death. I have met with several cases in the course of my dissections in which the liver had become shriveled and indurated, its bloodvessels diminished, and the organ greatly changed in its structure; the evident consequence of long continued habits of intemperance."

We have now given a brief list of some of the causes of disease of the liver. In our next we shall have something to say about the best methods of cure; and especially those methods that each individual can apply for himself, and those that are eminently health-giving.

SHALL WOMEN STUDY LAW?

FROM THE WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

HAVING received numerous applications for advice from young ladies desirous of studying law, it has occurred to me that a few words to such, through the columns of the Woman's Journal, might be of sufficient general interest to compensate for the room it would occupy. If so, these brief suggestions are at their disposal.

First, I am asked: "Had I better study? Will it pay?"

To this I reply, to all having a taste for such study and time to devote to it, by all means study. Should you never practice, or even never complete a full course of reading, your time could not have been improved to better advantage then by reading law. The information thus obtained will be invaluable to you, and the mental discipline is worth solid gold. Sooner or latter women will be voters, and when the bridegroom of freedom calls, may he find wise virgins with their lamps of knowledge trimmed and burning! If every woman in the country could give even six months to a course of legal reading, the objection that women need to be educated for the ballot would be brushed aside like a last year's cobweb. Dress more simply, let the novels and the trash go, and read law, if you fancy that you have even a faint glimmering of a taste for it. You will never regret the time thus spent.

Second, "What previous education is necessary?"

The more the better. A collegiate course is desirable if you are young and can spare the time for it. But it is not indispensable. Latin is a great help; but neither is Latin indispensably necessary. A thorough mathematical course and a good knowledge of history are necessary. You should be well read in general literature, and should have taken a metaphysical course and have studied some good logic. It is well to have studied languages. Of course the greater your educational acquirements the more capital you have to start with.

Third. "Shall I commence with Blackstone; and is it better to go to a law school, study in an office, or read at home?"

I know little or nothing of law schools, and will not pronounce upon them; but will simply say that a good legal education may be obtained outside of them, however pleasant or profitable study in a class with others, and guided by a proficient teacher, might prove to be. Having laid a foundation in a good English education, the student should commence with Blackstone, and, unless very familar with English history, should read some good history of England, or of English law, in connection with it. Blackstone should be very thoroughly and carefully studied and reviewed; and the student should have by her side Burrill's or Bouvier's Law Dictionary, and should search out and learn the definition of every word and phrase she does not understand. It is better to pursue a course of reading at home, quietly and uninterruptedly,

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than to sit in an office where study is constantly broken in upon by other duties. The student's course should be directed by some good lawyer, to whom she can resort for advice and explanation when necessary; and, after a thorough course of reading is completed, she should serve an apprenticeship in a busy office, where she can learn all the details of practice, and should also sit through the trial of as many cases in the court as practicable.

Warren, in his treatise on the study of law, lays down as a rule that six hours a day is about the right proportion to devote to legal study. Closer application wearies too much for profit, and with a less amount of study the interest sometimes flags. This, experience has convinced me, was good advice.

The student should have Blackstone so well in hand that it will be before her mind's eye like a map, with every division and subdivison, and their contents, clearly outlined and correctly located. Kent comes next. That also should be thoroughly read, and before or in connection with it a good United States History and the Federal Constitution should be carefully studied. For a further reading different attorneys would advise differently, and the study of pleading and practice would vary in the different states. The student could obtain lists from law schools, which would aid in selecting a judicious course of reading,. I would suggest after Kent, "Reeve's Domestic Relations," "Aryel and Ames on Corporations," "Parsons on Contracts." "Parsons on Partnerships" "Washburn's Real Property" "Bishop's Criminal Law and Procedure," and "Greenleaf on Evidence," as elementary works. Greenleaf cannot be too thoroughly studied, especially the first volume, which the student should make a part of herself.

As has been already remarked, the pleading and practice vary in the different states, and the student would need to resort to a legal friend for advice as to text books. The Constitution and Statutes of her own state or the one in which she proposes to practice, would come last on the list of preparatory reading. The statutes will bear superfical reading in places, while other portions should be very carefully read.

More might be added to the course I have suggested, but little could be spared from it. After pursuing it, the student could make such further selections as her judgment dictated. After admission, the careful attorney will read such other works or portions of them as have a bearing on the legal points which come before her in the course of her practice.

Fourth. "Can a woman practice? Is it practicable?"

To this I reply very decidedly, it is practicable. I mean, of course in those states in which a woman is not precluded from entering the profession. In Illinois a law had to be passed to allow women to practice law, the courts not admitting her under the old statute. In Missouri and the District of Columbia ladies have been admitted through the law schools. In Wisconsin, where the statute specifying the qualifications of attorneys does not mention sex, I was admitted a year ago, with no precedent, so far as I could ascertain, in my favor. For other states with a similar statute this would be itself a precedent.

Once admitted, there is nothing but prejudice in the way of successful practice for a suitably qualified woman. But prejudice is rapidly melting away, and by the time those now contemplating a course of study are ready for practice, I have faith to believe that there will be comparatively little to contend with. A woman can certainly sit in an office and draft wills, deeds and mortgages, can prepare briefs and give advice. She can also go into court, examine and cross-examine witnesses, address juries, and win her cases against experienced attorneys, as experiment has demonstrated in more than one instance. The greatest obstacle is the hesitancy many feel about employing a woman. But practice will come. Women who have been defrauded by men whom they thought they could trust, or who have been brought to grief by unprincipled and incompe-

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tent lawyers, will seek refuge with an honest woman upon whose judgment and integrity they know they can rely. And, the ice once broken by a few carefully worked and successful cases, there is no trouble in obtaining business.

Fifth, "Is the Court-room an improper place for women?"

Legal gentlemen sometimes assure young women desiring to study, that it is so, and that "no woman could practice law and maintain the respect of members of the bar." This is wickedly and absurdly untrue. I have sat in court all day long, day after day and week after week, and have never seen or heard anything calculated to shock a woman of refinement, excepting the marvelous expectorations of tobacco juice, which I confess were somewhat of a surprise to me; I had no idea before of the wonderful capacity of the human system for generating saliva. But my professional brethren are improving in this respect, and I am sanguine enough to believe that I shall live to see the day when spittoons will no longer ornament the court-room. My attendance at court had no effect to lessen the respect of members of the bar for me, and I know that to-day I have the sincere respect of every one of them, and the hearty goodwill and fellowship of the ablest and best among them, some of whom have co-operated with me as associate counsel, and others as opposing counsel have shown themselves sensible and manly. Mrs. Foster, of Iowa, can give similar testimony from her experience, and I doubt not many others. So, girls, do not be afraid of this ghost which the enemy have gotten up to frighten you. There is nothing more dangerous than a broomstick behind a white sheet!

Sixth, "Is practice remunerative?"

This is the hardest question of all to answer. My experience has only been for a year, and is too limited to give reliable information; I can only say that it is not immediately remunerative, unless in very exceptional cases, either for men or women. It generally takes years to build up a good paying practice, and if the first few years pay expenses the practitioner does well. For one needing immediate pecuniary aid, then, it is not best to enter the legal profession; but for one who can afford to sink a few years in hard, patient, plodding work, I believe a successful future is in store.

Such are a few among the many suggestions that occur to me. I trust the frequent references to my own experience will not be deemed egotistical, as personal experience is my principal source of information on these points. My experience at the bar has been so brief that I give advice with diffidence, feeling how imperfect it is, and how much better an older practitioner could do it than I; but if what I have ascertained will be a help to others contemplating similar labors, I am very happy to serve them. LAVINIA GOODELL

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MUSIC A MEANS OF RAISING LIFE TO A HIGHER LEVEL.

BY JOHANN MICHAEL NOA.

HE who devotes himself to art must be ready to labor incessantly and earnestly. Like science, *art* has the office and object of giving happiness and greater moral excellency to mankind and individual life. But true art is never found in the trivial taste of the multitude. The artist must not yield to the clamorous verdict of the day; he must add to labor, meditation and perseverance and endurance; in solitude he must nourish his mind on the great masters, who have written not for the mere purpose of tickling the ear, but whose works are the expression of ideas; for, whether in words or in colors, or in marble or in melody, the work of the true artist is always the expression of ideas, of thought.

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Music, as far as learning to play the piano, has become a very fashionable accomplishment. If music is studied seriously, it will be more than that, it will become a friend, a consolation, and a help to lift up life—as Professor Tyndall pointed out the object at which we must aim—"to lift up life to the essential point of religion." If exercised rightly, music tends more than anything to this end. Which, then, is the right way? and who should learn it? Goethe has expressed it beautifully in a few words:

"Wer mit einem Talent zu einem Talent geboren wird, der findet darin sein schönsest Dasein. Nichts ist auf dieser Erde ohne Beschwerden; nur die Lust und Liebe lassen us Hindernisse überwinden und Wege bahnen und erheben uns über den engen Kreis, in welchem sich Viele kümmerlich abquälen." (He who is born with a talent for a talent, finds in it his most beautiful existence. Nothing on earth is without trouble; it is only love and delight in the cause which help us to vanquish difficulties and to make level a way, and raise us above the narrow sphere in which a great many fret away their lives.)

Here is decidedly meant that a certain talent is necessary, then an earnest desire to learn, and lastly, love for the cause and a delight to work for it. These last two qualities enable us to vanquish difficulties, and the result and reward is the lifting up of life.

For the development of talent in any case, the exercise of music is a leverage to be employed for raising up life to a higher level, as Professor Tyndall says: "Various modes of life may be employed to raise up life to a higher level."

Is music always employed in such a way as to accomplish this? No; certainly not! The exercise of music is often nothing but a superficial pastime. Taste and style, which ought to be cared for and developed, are neglected from the beginning, and the commonest music is loved and practiced, whilst elevating music is disliked. Superficial music requires no severe training, therefore it is preferred. The people here in Scotland think that they are all, or most of them, able to distinguish between what they call sacred and secular music. To play the latter kind on a Sunday they consider as a desecration of the Sabbath, no matter how excellent or elevating it may be. There is not any music by Beethoven, for instance, which may not be played on Sunday; none of his music will drag a man down from religious heights; it is high and religious too, an ennobling and elevating influence. The music which some people in this country would call sacred would be better used in a set of quadrilles, or as a polka. Sacred they call music if the words of the text have some religious bearing, however vulgar and profane the music may be; and secular they call it if it is not connected with the Bible or the dogma, however sublime, pious and elevating the music may be. I quite admit that a certain style of music may be particularly fit to be used in the worship of God, but then it must be of such a kind as to stimulate veneration and spirituality.

In olden times it was thought that the strict counterpoint style was the only one proper to be used for sacred music, and the old Italian masters never used any other style; nay, used the counterpoint style (or strict style) exclusively for church music, and a lighter style, which they called the profane style, for secular music, in which they thought it proper to indulge in various kinds of license and freedom.

The true-hearted and large-minded and pious Johann Sebastian Bach introduced the counterpointal, and even fugal style in the dances which he wrote for the harpsichord. Hadyn and Beethoven followed him. The former introduced fir t the German minuet in his symphonies, and wrote them quite in a counterpointal style: the latter went a step farther, changed the more slow minuet into the lively scherzo and employed in it the fugal style. The scherzo in his Ninth Symphony (choral symphony) is a fugue.

The fact is, that the great masters have always introduced the fugal style in their instrumental works when the leading idea was of so high and

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aspiring a character that they thought it necessary to use the highest and most artistic style. Thus it will be seen that it is erroneous to draw—as we do in our days—a strict line between sacred and secular music; but, I repeat, that if music is to deserve the name *sacred* music, the profane style must be shunned.

When Handel entered on his immortal struggle and work to glorify the Messiah, with his dashing chorusses and his sweet melodies and airs, he was well armed for it, because he had prepared himself as long as half the life of man. In his youth he had undergone a severe training in counterpoint and fugue, under his master Zachan, and had composed about thirty operas. He was, therefore, master of every style. His subject was so sublime, high and elevated in character that no other than the fugal style seemed to him fit for his chorusses; and in the solos the sweet airs of his operas floated before him now sanctified and dignified by the counterpointal accompaniment of the instrumental parts.

This is sacred music in the true sense of the word. The subject is sacred, and the music of a sublime, elevating, soul-stirring character; but the music which some lay preachers of the Gospel have introduced for holy purposes does not deserve the name sacred music. Strip the music of the words, the sentiments of which it is intended to convey, and the tune will be nothing but quadrille, polka, or waltz tunes, according to the time being triple or common time. It is not quite so easy, even in common life, to distinguish sacred from unsacred things, much less is it easy in music. To make the proper distinction requires intelligent training of the mind, and the constant hearing of the best music.

I have no hesitation to call the symphony by Beethoven sacred music, because the leading idea is sacred. For the same reason is Mendelssohn's choral symphony, his Hymn of Praise (Lobgesang,) sacred among his instrumental works, and among his songs without words, for piano-forte, No. 3 is the second book.

The praise of God, though not uttered in words, is expressed by the help of elevating intellectual action, moral aspiration, and high-aiming art. Our brave old master-musicians have been at work in anxiety and earnest endeavor, and, I trust, not in vain; they are lights to enlighten the world; they worked not merely that we might enjoy some happy hours in which we forget all life's miseries; not only to mitigate our sorrows, but also for the purpose of raising us and our life to a higher level.

To attain this we must renounce the works of profanity, and bathe the soul in the dew of the spiritual efflux of genius.

If, therefore, the life of a musician is devoted to lead the community in the direction I have pointed out, his calling is sanctified.

EDITOR'S STUDIES IN HYGIENE.

CARBONIC OXIDE.

What is carbonic oxide? and is it poisonous when breathed?

ANS.—Carbonic oxide is a colorless and almost inodorous gas, containing one part of oxygen less than carbonic acid. It may be seen burning with a beautiful blue flame on the top of a newly fed coal fire. It is much more poisonous than carbonic acid, and must be guarded against with care. It forms abundantly in our coal stoves, and presses through their cracks and joints into our rooms. It escapes from the gas flame when the pressure is so great that more gas flows than can be burned; it forms and escapes from charcoal burning in the open air or in fireplaces, and may escape into sleeping-rooms through open stove-pipes or broken flues in chimneys, or half burning wood behind the ceiling, and in this

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way greatly injure those sleeping therein. Even the ordinary smoke that escapes from smoky stoves and fireplaces may contain it, and persons thus breathing it be injured thereby. One of the effects of carbonic oxide on the blood is that its power to take in oxygen is greatly lessened, and the separation of carbonic acid from the blood retarded.

CANDLE-WICK GAS.

Is the smoke from a candle-wick after the flame is extinguished, poisonous?

ANS.—It is, and breathing it in quantity would cause death. Valentine mentions a case of a company of carousers who tricked a boy sleeping in the corner of a room, by one of their number holding to the boy's nose the smoke of a blown-out candle. After half an hour the boy fell into short breathing, trembling, and cramps, and died in three days. The composition of this smoke is carburetted hydrogen, carbonic oxide, burnt olein, etc. When putting out a candle light before going to bed, always do it so that there shall be no burning wick left to poison the air of the room.

SWIMMING FEATS.

Who is the best swimmer in the world?

ANS.—There have been many trials of strength in swimming of late, and some of them are wonderful, showing that the endurance of the human frame is not deteriorating. Higginson, in a paper on swimming, mentions the case of Samuel Bruck, who went in a boat to assist a ship in distress, was capsized, and remained in the water an hour and a quarter, when he started with the aid of a horse-collar to swim ashore with a part of his clothes on. This he did to great disadvantage, but finally succeeded, swimming fifteen miles in seven and a half hours. But the greatest feat on record is that of Captain Webb, who recently swam across the English Channel, a distance of 21 miles, without any aid from artificial supports. Capt. Webb is a young man, forty-five inches round the chest, and vigorous in a very high degree.

HIGH ROOMS.

Which would be the healthiest of two rooms containing the same space, but one of them high and narrow, and the other low and broad?

ANS. — The latter. In general the height of a room should be in proportion to its breadth. Height does not make up for lateral space; a man in a well might suffocate and yet his room reach upward to the sky. So, too, persons have often been suffocated in a crowd in the open air, with the open heavens above and around.

BAKED AIR.

When the air is passed through a hot furnace and heated to a high degree, and then passed into a room, is it wholesome to breathe it?

ANS.—Such air should be called baked air, and it is about as bad a form of lung food as can be taken. Nothing but headache, faintness, drowsiness and dullness can come from its use.

HOW HOUSE AIR IS SPOILED.

What are the chief causes of bad air in houses?

The following facts will show how the air in houses becomes contaminated.

1. An adult person consumes 34 grammes of oxygen per hour, a gramme being equal to 18 grains.

2. A stearine candle consumes about one-half as much.

3. An adult gives off 40 grammes per hour of carbonic acid. A child of 50 pounds weight gives off as much as an adult of 100 pounds weight.

4. A school-room filled with children will, if not well ventilated at the beginning of the hour, contain 25 parts in 1,000 of carbonic acid, at the end of the first hour 41, and end of second hour 81.

5. The air is also spoiled by the perspiration of the body, and by the volatile oils given out through the skin. An adult gives off through the skin in 24 hours from 500 to 800 grammes of water mixed with various excrements poisonous if breathed.

6. A stearine candle gives off per hour 0.4 cubic feet of carbonic acid and 0.03 pound of water.

7. Carbonic oxide is a much more dangerous gas than carbonic acid, and

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this obtains entrance to our rooms in many ways, through the cracks in stoves, and defective stove-pipes, or when the carbonic acid of the air comes in contact with a very hot stove and is converted into carbonic oxide. The dust of the air may on a hot stove be burned to produce it; or it may flow out from our gas-pipes when the gas is not perfectly consumed.

8. Another form of air injury is the dust of a fungus growth which fills the air in damp and warm places. We call it miasm from a want of a true knowledge of its character.

9 Accidental vapors are the crowning source of air poisoning. These are tobacco smoke, kitchen vapors, wash-room vapors, and the like.

10. When we heat our houses and close them from outside air the heat turns the mixture into a vile mess unfit for breathing. The only remedy is ventilation. Now that it is cold weather and our rooms are closed from free currents of outside air, let us look after the matter thoroughly and do our best to prevent injury to ourselves from polluted air.

PHYSIQUE OF MOHAMMED.

What sort of physical development had Mohammed.?

ANS.—From the best account we have Mohammed was of middle height, rather thin, but broad of shoulders, wide of chest, strong of bone and muscle. His head was massive, strongly developed. Dark hair, slightly curled, flowed in a dense mass down almost to his shoulders. Even in his advanced age it was sprinkled by only about twenty gray hairs, produced by the agonies of the "Revelations." His face was oval-shaped, slightly tawny of color. Fine, long, arched eyebrows were divided by a vein which throbbed visibly in moments of passion. Great, black, restless eyes shone out from under long, heavy eyelashes. His nose was large, slightly aquiline. His teeth, upon which he bestowed great care, were well set, dazzling white. A full beard framed his manly face. His skin was clear and soft, his complexion "red and white." His hands were as "silk and satin"—even as those of a woman. His step was quick and elastic, yet, firm, and as that of one "who steps from a high to a low place." In turning his face he would also turn his full body. His whole gait and presence were dignified and imposing. His countenance was mild and pensive. His laugh was rarely more then a smile. "Oh! my little son," reads one tradition, "hadst thou seen him, thou wouldst have said thou hadst seen a sun rising." In his habits he was extremely simple, though he bestowed great care on his person. His eating and drinking, his dress and his furniture retained, even when he had reached the fullness of power, their almost primitive nature.

CURE FOR LOVE OF LIQUOR.

Is there any simple method of overcoming the appetite for strong drink.

ANS.—Yes. At a festival at a reformatory institution, recently, a gentleman said of the cure of the use of intoxicating drinks: "I overcame the appetite by a recipe given to me by old Dr. Hatfield, one of those good old physicians who do not have a percentage with a neighboring druggist. When I called on him he said, 'Now that you have the moral courage, I'll tell you the tonic which I have used with effect among my friends for over twenty years.' I expected, of course, some nasty medicine stuff; but no; he prescribed an orange every morning a half hour before breakfast. 'Take that, and you will neither want liquor nor medicine.' I have done so regularly, and find that liquor has become repulsive. The taste of the orange is in the saliva of my tongue, and it would be as well to mix water and oil as rum with my taste."

SMALL SLEEPING-ROOMS.

How small may a sleeping-room be and still contain sufficient air for health?

ANS.—A large sleeping-room is but little better than a small one, unless there is a supply of fresh air for it, and egress for spoiled air; and, on the other hand, a small room where there is a constant change of air, is nearly as good as a large one.

The supply of air without draught is more important then the size of the room, still a large sleeping-room well

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ventilated is most desirable, and children should never be tucked away in small unventilated rooms.

WHAT IS A DRAUGHT OF AIR.

How slow may the air move and yet there be a draught?

ANS.—When the air moves at the rate of two feet in a second most people will be sensible of a draught, and if the air is cold it will be felt at a less rapid rate. Now a draught is where a current is felt, and in ventilating our rooms in cold weather the air should move through the rooms so as not to be much more rapid then this. In hot weather it may move more rapidly. Those who practice cold bathing and keep the skin healthy will not suffer with draughts of air, as those who never expose themselves to this tonic practice.

SIZE OF SCHOOL-ROOM.

How large should a school-room be for 20 pupils?

ANS.—30 feet square and 12 feet high is about the right size. The entire air of such a room should be warmed and changed five times an hour to keep the carbonic acid down to the proper amount; nothing short of this will keep the air sufficiently sweet. At the end of every hour the room should be flushed from every direction to still further purify it.

ROUGE FOR THE FACE.

Is the rouge which people cover their faces with good for the skin?

ANS.—No. The cheap rouges are poor substitutes for light and air and health, nature's great beautifiers, and they are in addition injurious to the texture of the skin. In Paris even the artists who use rouge on the face to make it beautiful, throw out as dangerous all kinds except those that cost $18 a bottle, and they would do well to discard these too. The negative quality of harmlessness is claimed for the most of these pigments, yet deaths from too free a use of them are not uncommon. M. Obin, of the Grand Opera, was killed by the white paint wherewith he whitened his head when he played in "William Tell," and Mlle. Mass, the celebrated actress, fell a victim to the poisonous effects of the hair dye wherewith she restored the raven hue of her tresses.

COUNTERFEIT GRAHAM FLOUR.

The Graham flour purchased in New York city is very different from that I have made at the mills. In what consists the difference?

ANS.—Nearly all the Graham flour sold in New York, and perhaps in other large cities, is bogus. It is made by mixing the coarsest of the bran with either spoiled flour or with white flour which may not be spoiled. Most of the flour dealers of large cities are rogues and cheat on principle. This flour is made into bread by bakers and sold to dyspeptics who think it wholesome, but it is a poor substitute for the genuine article. Any person examining a loaf of this bread can see it is only a mixture and not a real flour. Those who want a genuine article must either make it with a home mill, or have it made to order by an honest miller.

LATE INCREASE OF HEIGHT.

Is it an normal condition of nature for an individual to grow in stature after he has arrived at the age of 28. If so what course has been, or is pursued, to accomplish said aim. Is there any book on the subject Can healthy persons increase their height at a late day apparently?

ANS.—It is a very unusual thing for the height to increase any after 23 or 24, and rarely so late as that, but there are cases on record. The most interesting that has come to our notice is of a gentleman measuring five feet eight inches at the age of 30, now at the age of 32 measuring five feet nine and three-fourths inches. The only apparent cause is that he has had physical culture through lifting cure. We have many cases of patients in advanced life under exclusive lifting cure treatment increase from half an inch to an inch in height, mainly by making their bodies straight and improving their health, for ill health bows and shortens the body a little. But these are not perhaps cases of real growth, as the first case mentioned.

HYGIENIC TREATMENT OF SORE THROAT.

What is the hygienic way of treating sore throat?

ANS.—In cases of ordinary sore throat

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the simplest and best treatment is the wet pack, using a linen cloth wrung from cold water, and over this a knit or crotcheted yard band, four feet long and four inches wide. Apply this two or three nights in succession, unless it is a very serious case, when the pack should be kept on during the day. If taken off in the morning, wash the throat in very cold water, rub dry with a coarse towel and with the hand. This will prevent taking more cold. The more friction used the better; let it be a sort of squeezing of the parts so as to affect the deep seated tissues. Sore throats may be prevented by these means from becoming chronic.

OFFICE OF REFORMERS.

Are not reformers the most usful men in the world?

ANS.—No, but those who know how correctly to form; one former is worth a thousand reformers. A reformed man is never as good as one that was formed right at first. Give us an army of conscientious parents and teachers to mold the characters of the children of the present, and there will be little work for reformers among the men of the future.

BEEKEEPING FOR WOMEN.

Would beekeeping be a healthy occupation for women?

ANS.—We should think it would. Better ask Mrs. Ellen S. Tupper, of Des Moines, Iowa, who is the author of a standard work on bee culture and a practical cultivator of this art. We think that love of business runs in the family for her eldest sister is a good preacher, her daughter Catharine is studying medicine, having taken a full course at an agricultural college, where she supported herself by her own work; and another daughter, who is not sixteen years old, is a famous poultry raiser, is an officer of the State Poultry Association, and has made money enough in her occupation to defray her expenses through a full collegiate course.

SCHOOL-ROOM DEFORMITIES.

What makes the bodies of children who go too much to school somewhat deformed?

ANS.—The bodies of growing children are soft and tender, easily made to grow in either a normal or abnormal shape. Now to grow normally requires constant change of position and freedom of limb. It also requires exercise to make the blood flow and load it with fresh air. Now confinement in a school-room, unless strict attention is given to air and exercise, prevents their free development and causes the deformity spoken of. The only remedy is to make physical culture as prominent as mental, a thing not yet done by any means in even the best schools.

GRAPE JELLY.

How is grape jelly made?

ANS.—Put the grapes in a jelly pan with a very little water, simmer on the fire till quite soft; then strain through a colander or flannel bag; when the juice is all run out, measure, and allow one pound of loaf sugar to every pint of juice; boil till it jellies; when it has boiled twenty minutes try a little in a saucer. It should be watched for fear of boiling over. Now that grapes are abundent and ripe, prepare for making a good supply. It makes an excellent drink for the spring months.

BEER FOR PIGS.

How does beer affect pigs?

ANS.—It would seem that a pig being a sort of omnivorous creature could drink beer as well as swill, and thrive; but it appears from the following that he cannot: "A publican was sending back some empty casks to his brewer, when the men who put them on the dray noticed that one of them contained a little beer. A suggestion that it should be drunk was negatived in favor of an amendment that the stuff should be given to the pigs. This was done, and four well-bred porkers partook of the colonial. The result was the reverse of reassuring to the admirers of the local product. Two pigs died almost immediately; the others were so ill that they were only got around with great difficulty, and after very careful nursing on the part of the landlady, who was a great pig-doctor."

Now if a pig can't take beer without injury certainly a man cannot be expected to.

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OUR DESSERT TABLE.

APPROPRIATE CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SOLICITED.

MEN are generally what their mothers made them; you may as well ask a loom which weaves huckaback why it does not make cashmere.

THERE is a Jersey farmer who ought to get rich. Whenever he sees a neighbor's boy squirming down the road with his hands clasped across his stomach, he always goes out into his water-melon patch and counts his melons.

PARENTS are continually offering their children inducements to lie. For instance, they make them promise "never to do so again," when there is every reason to believe that they will. This is one of the reasons why grown men lie so easily."

THE London Lancet says it is not healthy to sit for more than half an hour at a time. S'posin' a fellow is sitting on the sofa with his girl, is he going to be particular to a minute?

ANOTHER labor-saving apparatus, which brings a benefit to women, is the Hydraulic Motor, adapted to the running of sewing machines. Steam power is not always available, but cold water is easily obtained, and at moderate cost. It is a small machine, with rubber pipes to convey the water from the faucet to which it may be attached, and can be screwed upon any sewing machine. The constant use of the sewing machine is found to be very injurious; but it is too useful to be abandoned, and if it can be so easily worked, surely the invention is valuable.

A CANDIDATE for a vacant vicarage in England announces an invention of his own which may prove to be useful. It is a peculiar arrangement of the pulpit, with a clock to give warning. When at the end of half an hour the clock sounds an alarm, if the preacher does not conclude within three minutes down comes the pulpit, with the parson and the rest of the appendages.

WISE measures may do much good, and may enable many towns to say, as Winthrop, Mass., recently said to the State Board of Health: "We have no poor."

A GARDENING cotemporary gives a plan for protecting all kinds of fruits from birds. It is simply to cross a thread from twig to twig in various directions, so that birds will strike against them when seeking the fruit. It is stated that it never fails to scare them away.

AN unsophisticated commercial traveler, on reading the sign "General Merchandise" on a store, walked in and asked if he could see the General.

"How do your 'taters turn out?" asked a tramp of a farmer who was working near the roadside. "They don't turn out at all. I have to dig every one of them." And that tramp shuffled on his way, meditating upon the eccentricities of the English language.

MAKE friends with the bear, but keep hold of your hatchet.

A LADY entered a drug store and asked for a bottle of "Jane's Experience." The clerk informed her that Jane hadn't bottled her experience yet, but he could furnish "Jayne's Expectorant."

QUARRELS would not last long if the fault was only on one side.

MANY men live a life of postponement. They are about to attain success next year or next month. Notwithstanding this, they grow old and die, for the time does not wait for dreams, but demands action.

A YOUNGSTER being required to write a composition upon some portion of the human body selected that which unites the head to the body, and expounded as follows: "A throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n and then ties it up. This is pretty much all I can think of about necks."

A NEWBURYPORT man was the victim of a singular incident the other night. While passing along the street a boy exploded a common cracker just behind him, while at the same instant a rotten banana, thrown from a neighboring fruit store, struck him on the back of the head. "I'm shot! I'm shot!" he cried, and taking a handful of the decayed fruit from his head he exhibited it to a horror-stricken bystander as a specimen of his brains.

MRS. JENKINS.—"Why, Eliza Mary, I ain't seen yer for I don't know 'ow long!" Eliza Mary.—"No, Mrs. Jonkins, you 'ain't. I've been that ill I don't seem able to get well at all!" Mrs. J.—"But 'aven't you taken any remedy?" E. M.—"No, indeed, Mrs. Jenkins, but I've taken a power of physic."

THE new cattle distemper in England is called "the foot and mouth disease." The same thing has prevailed in this country among statesmen for years past. Its principal feature, and that which gives it its name, is that the victim can't open his mouth without putting his foot into it.

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware. A lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1875.

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 that 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.*

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

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

LIFE UNDER PRESSURE.—When any great weight is put on a growing plant, or any considerable pressure on a living creature, the results are soon seen in deformity, or in a deviation from the natural growth of the subject of the experiment. One of the most marked instances of the effect of pressure on vegetable growth, and of the great resisting power of this growth, is given in the address of Pres. Clark, of the Agricultural College of Massachusetts, concerning a mammoth Chili squash. A rich bed of compost was prepared, four feet wide, fifty feet long, and six inches deep, in the plant-house at Amherst. The seed was planted in July, and of course the growth was very great, the main roots being in their combined length about 2,000 feet, and the little roots or branchlets extended nearly 50,000 feet. About the 15th of August a squash was developed to twenty-seven inches in circumference, when it was determined to confine it in such a way as to test its expansive power. Accordingly a cage of strap iron, the straps crossing each other at right angles, was made and the squash put into it, and securely locked or riveted in so that every ounce of pressure was registered on a simple contrivance for the purpose. On the 21st of August the squash began to push against its prison walls and registered a pressure of sixty pounds, and on the following day the growth of the squash showed an increased pressure of sixty-nine pounds, and from this day on the resistance increased till October 31st, when it had reached the enormous sum of 5,000 pounds. This weight was carried ten days without increase, owing to the giving out of the iron harness which bent under this great load. How much more the pressure would have accumulated is not known. The squash accommodated itself to its place like a mass of rubber, and did not seem to suffer in health. Its greatest lifting power was at midnight, when the leaves were not active. The source of this pressure was no doubt the growing cells, which had multiplied to millions, and perhaps billions.

The most wonderful effect of this confinement was to be seen in the deformity of the squash. Although it kept on increasing in power to resist its cage, yet its form was like that of the basket in which it lay, only push-

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ing through the meshes where the straps of iron allowed it. The weight of the squash was only forty-seven pounds, and the rind three inches thick and very hard and compact. It is not often that a squash has a chance to become so distinguished as this one, and the efforts of Professor Clark to determine something definite about the growth of squashes and the circulation of the sap have helped to settle some important questions and refute some absurd theories.

There is another question suggested by this experiment, and that is, that squashes always do their best, and never put themselves into chains or violate the laws of their own nature. How different are human beings. They chain themselves down to earth when they might fly. They put shackles on, and then wonder they cannot walk. It is about time that some man of science should study the effect of the pressure of life in a man, and see how much force he spends in lifting his chains. Who will do it? who will submit to the experiment? Experiments on squashes are good, and do good; but an experiment showing how much a man wastes in force by dissipation, and how abnormal he becomes, is more needed in our day.

FEATS OF SWIMMING.—Is there any reasonable limit to the power of endurence in a human being? We should think not. The performances of Capt. Webb have been chronicled in every paper and talked of in every hamlet. Think of it, swimming 39½ miles, or across the turbulent English Channel. Think of swimming in the cold salt water 21¾ hours and making 26,000 strokes, and at the end to have a body temperature reduced only half of one degree from the normal standard, and to be all right after a few hours' sleep. Captain Webb has a physique worth having, he weighs 203 pounds, measures 43 inches around the chest, is only 27 years old, and his physical power is prodigious. If his moral and intellectual development is equal to his physical, what a *man* he must be.

While Capt. Webb is swimming the Channel we have the feat of two young girls swimming from London bridge to Blackwell, one, a Miss Alice Beckwith, is the daughter of a swimming master and a teacher herself of the art. She swam her five-mile swim like a true nymph in one hour seven minutes and forty-five seconds, and was fresh and happy after being taken out by her father, who wrapped her in a large rug while the people cheered from the shore.

Miss Parker, another girl, swam seven miles in an hour and thirty-seven and a half minutes in the Thames. Miss Parker is only 15 years old and Miss Beckwith only 14. We should like to encourage American girls to cultivate in a healthful manner the art of swimming, and will give a prize of $100 to the first girl under 20 who will swim five miles during the summer of 1876, within two hours time, and in addition publish her portrait and a sketch of her life in THE HERALD OF HEALTH.

A COMPLETE EDUCATION.—The new school year has opened and the children and youth of our land have resumed their studies. The more thoughtful of them are inquiring how they may best direct their energies in the acquisition of knowledge. Is it best to become a specialist in some one department, or to aim at a broad and general culture? This is an important question, and one often discussed. We think it was well answered by Dr. Holland in his recent

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lecture before the New York Teachers' Association, at Steinway Hall.

He thought we should seek both general and special culture. The age demands specialists in every department. One should therefore choose his occupation and concentrate his energies upon it during the hours which he devotes to it; yet outside of this he should lead, as it were, another life. A certain portion of time should be reserved and consecrated to general culture. The classics should be continued; art and poetry should be cherished, the affections should be expanded and disciplined; in a word a complete manhood should be maintained, while one is at the same time making his mark as a specialist. The chemist, for example, may be altogether a chemist for eight hours a day, but may yet find another eight hours in which to cultivate all the graces and accomplishments of life. He will be all the better and more successful in his laboratory for the broad and liberal training which he seeks outside of it. We think this the true view, and commend it especially to our thoughtful young readers, who are laying their plans for life. Let them both concentrate and expand their energies, preserving thus the perfect equilibrium and healthy growth of all their faculties.

A NOVEL TREATMENT FOR WOUNDS.—Having noticed an account of the somewhat novel treatment recently applied in the case of a wound, we addressed a note of inquiry to the gentleman named, Mr. A. K. Smoot, a commission merchant of Baltimore, and received a reply, a portion of which, with permission, we copy. Mr. Smoot says, under date of September 22d: "On the 7th of the present month I accidently jumped from an elevation of three or four feet onto a large nail or spike, driving it about two and a half inches through my foot. This happened in the morning, and toward evening the foot commenced swelling and the pain increasing, so much so that it was with difficulty my physicans, Drs. Atkinson and Warner, could relieve me by the use of the strongest narcotics. I slept but little during the night. The next day the same treatment was continued, with the application of a hot poultice to the wound. On that day I received a card signed 'Sympathizer' stating that the smoke from burning wool or woolen rags would immediately relieve the pain and stop the inflammation. The directions were to smoke the wound twenty minutes at a time, repeating the operation two or three times. I accordingly took a piece of woolen blanket, and after making a fire in an iron pot I smothered it with pieces of the cloth and held my foot in the smoke. This soon relieved the pain, the swelling went down, and up to the present time there has been scarcely any inflammation; A little bloody water has escaped from the sore, but that is all. My physicians approved of the treatment, and I well know that it relieved me of pain and has proved of great advantage in the healing of the wound. I am now able to walk and the wound is doing well. I applied the smoke once every day, and also by the advice of my physicians continued the hop poultice. The treatment with the smoke is said to be applicable to all wounds arising from bruises, cuts, nails and the like, and I hope it may prove beneficial to others."

WHAT THE TURKISH BATH DID FOR A CONSUMPTIVE.—We are permitted to publish the following extract from a letter written by one of our former patients to a friend recommended to our care, as it gives a candid statement of her case and the effect of our treatment upon her:

"* * You ask: 'What did the Turkish baths do for you?" and tell me you are becoming a confirmed invalid, a per-

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plexity to your physicians, a great anxiety to your husband, a cause of gloom to your little girls, as well as a terror to yourself, for fear your usefulness is nearly ended and the days of your stay here numbered. My dear friend, from what you tell me I think you certainly are in no worse plight then I was two years ago, and I bid you *hope*. Pack your trunk; leave your cares behind you as fully as possible, and come to Laight Street and give hygienic treatment a fair trial. Now I will answer your question: What did the Turkish baths do for me? Why, they patched me up; repaired me; made a new woman of me. I was in a sad condition. I had been over-wrought many years. First, with heavy household cares; next, with long years watching by a sick bed and care of an invalid, then bowed down with the grief of bereavement. I had no time for rest or recuperation after the blow fell that left me desolate. I had immediately to take up the burden of life and carry it, though I was ill and tired out. All the perplexities that befall stranded women beset me. It took years of experiment and privation and what seemed to be wasted work to enable me to find out what I could do best; and for the last five years I had been fighting life's battle for existence with the little instrument that is said to be "mightier then the sword." I worked very dilligently and gave my whole vitality to my effort. During a three, years engagement on one paper I never lost a single day or failed to hand in my quota of copy. I worked too hard for my strength and became what the Germans call *überspannt;* my brain 'struck' and would'nt work for any wages. I grew weak and despondent, and could scarcely sit up an hour at a time. I had a terrible cough, my lungs were sadly out of order, troubling me with frequent hemorrhages. I went to one of the best physicians in New York, he inquired closely into my case and examined my lungs. His opinion—and this was in November—was that I could not live longer than spring. A friend begged me to see Dr. Wood, and I went to him. He said my case was critical and would brook no delay, but that he thought I would be benefited by hygienic treatment. I put myself immediately under his care, and took the prescribed treatment—hygienic diet, movement cure, and Turkish baths. In less then a month my symptoms were much improved. At the expiration of the month, notwithstanding I was taking three and sometimes four Turkish baths per week, I began to gain in flesh, and in the five following weeks acquired 15 lbs. I remained at the Hygienic Hotel about four months, and left it in a condition able to resume work, and with a foundation laid for good health, a fair measure of which I have enjoyed in the eighteen months which have passed since I left the institution.

"I should say here that I have continued the hygienic diet as far as has been in my power; and whenever I am overdone with my work, or have symptoms of cough, or any other ailment, I leave whatever I am at and take a Turkish bath. To you who are in many respects suffering as I was, I must strongly recommend them. You will find your lassitude and nervousness dispelled under the benign and invigorating influence of the treatment, and will be far more capable of fulfilling not only your literary work, but the duties devolving on you in the care of your little daughters. "Mamma's sadness" will very soon cease to trouble them, for it will vanish with returning health.

It is a marvel to me that these baths are not ten times as well patronized as they are. Aside from their healthful influence they are such a luxury; and at Laight Street, where every attention is paid to cleanliness, and the greatest care is taken to have agreeable, healthful and capable attendants, it is no wonder that those who go once do not forget the way. I know if you make the trial you will not regret it. * * *

"HANNAH MCL. SHEPARD."

New York City.

COLD AIR ATTRITION FLOUR.—We have recently tested the cold air attrition flour made at the Atlantic Mills, 300 South Clark street, Chicago, This flour is made from the whole

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wheat, of the finest quality, grown on the best soil, and ground so as to avoid friction and heating, cold air being passed through it as it is ground. By the method used the bran is made as fine as the other part of the flour. The bread made from it is of a rich light brown color, and unusually sweet and fine. We advise our friends to write to Mr. W. Warren, 300 South Clark street, for a circular giving full information. We may add in addition, that in these days where there is so much poor flour palmed off on people, any house that does anything to improve this article of food is to be heartily commended as a public benefactor.

HEALTH AND CAPITAL.—The Liberal Christian says: "Any healthy man may easily in this country make himself thoroughly independent of capital, and hold himself indifferent to the fate of labor. For he need ask no man for employment to keep the wolf from his door. The time wasted in standing on street corners, waiting for work, or in traveling from store-house to factory, and town to city begging employment, applied to the production of the necessaries of life would support most men and their families beyond the fear of freezing or starving.

POISONING BY PICKLES. — Dr. H. Hastings gives an account in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal of a case of poisoning by pickles, and says: "Upon examination they showed the presence of iron, arsenic, and oxalic acid. Upon tracing them back to the grocer who sold them, it was found he had substituted for the vinegar a dilution of sulphuric acid made from an impure article, and had thus jeopardized the lives of the public. Large quantities of this poisonous vinegar are sold all over the country.

CLERGYMAN'S SORE THROAT.—I have often been asked if I ever had a sore throat caused by public speaking. I answered, "Yes, when I was younger and knew no better, I made my throat sore." How did you cure it?" was also asked; to which I replied:

"1. I ate only plainly cooked and nutritious food.

"2. I spent eight hours at night in bed, and slept as much of the time as I could.

"3. Whenever I was tired I found a bed and undressed and lay down until I was rested.

"4. When I spoke to an audience I observed the following rules: Stand up straight. Lift up the shoulders. Speak slow and distinct. Form the voice in the mouth and *not* in the throat. Keep the lungs inflated by very frequent inhalations. When the throat is tired, stop."

I was surprised to find that my throat improved most rapidly when I spoke frequently. On reflection I found that I had made my own sickness by

1. Speaking from high pulpits and platforms, causing a depression of the chin when speaking to those near me.

2. By speaking too rapidly to admit of keeping my lungs full of air.

3. Sleeping in ill-ventilated rooms, eating late suppers, and drinking water at the time or too near the time of speaking. D. C. W.

THE RELATIONS OF THE SEXES.—We have now running through the press a new book, with the above title, which will be ready by the time this reaches our readers. It will be found advertised on another page. We desire

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agents for this book, and offer it to any of our readers postpaid, who send in immediately the sum of $3 for it and THE HERALD OF HEALTH, without premium, for 1876.

DR. FRANKLIN published, in his Poor Richard's Almanac, "God cures —the physician collects the fees."

SEE ADVERTISEMENT on another page of the Wakefield Earth Closets. These are believed to be the best now made. Send for their circular.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

—:o:—

BEATEN PATHS; OR A WOMAN'S VACATION. By Ella W. Thompson. Boston, and New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham.

This little book has lain upon our table for some time, so unpretentious in its character that it very nearly met the fate of the scores of books of travel that are looked at and unread. By chance we took it up, and was at once attracted by the fresh original humor that pervades every page. The writer starts forth bravely with six other women, and scornfully disregarding the Bible seven who laid hold upon one man to take away their reproach, they make the tour of Europe without the man, and without thereproach. They evidently have a very nice time, but the book contains as little of a personal nature as is possible in writing an account of travel, savors not at all of the style of strong-mindedness that men abhor, but is a witty original commentary upon places, manners and sights; while the writer betrays a large amount of reading, and treasuring of choice thought, and the ability to apply them in a particularly happy fashion.

SWINTON'S COMPLETE COURSE IN GEOGRAPHY. New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.

This large geography for schools and families is one of the most complete we have ever seen, and it ought to be, for the publishers have spent the enormous sum of $60,000 in its preparation. The text is clear and clean—the illustrations unusually fine, and the subject matter well arranged. Price $2.

OUTLINES OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY; ANCIENT MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN; with special relation to the history of civilization and progress of mankind. By William Swinton. New York and Chicago: Ivison, Blakeman Taylor & Co.

The world's history has grown so great that the bare outline makes a book as large as one likes to manage for a text book in schools; and considering all that a pupil has to learn between ten and twenty, he or she has reason to be grateful to Mr. Swinton for putting so much knowledge within so small a space, and at the same time doing it so agreeably. It is like standing in the Colosseum and viewing Paris by moonlight; we get a bird's eye view of everything worth seeing; and better still, the book is so full of suggestions of the rich things to be found in history, that the earnest scholar is stimulated to delve deeper into these mines of knowledge as he has opportunity.

The work is arranged for use in schools, with marginal notes suggesting recitations by topics. The print, illustrations, and maps are, as in the geography, of superior quality.

PROGRESSIVE ART STUDIES; An elementary course. By G. G. White. New York and Chicago: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.

A thorough examination of the first four books of this series increases the favorable impression made by the nice way in which they are presented to the public. Each number of the series consists of twenty-four cards in a neat strong envelope, eight by ten inches in size, on a fine quality of tinted drawing paper; on twelve of these are the models for copying, and twelve blanks for use. The cards are separate, so that the model can be placed in *front* of the pupil instead of at the side, as ordinary drawing-books are awkwardly arranged. With each of these series is given a book of suggestions and instructions; also a clear, condensed analysis of each card is printed at its head, so that teacher or scholar will be greatly aided in giving or obtaining a correct knowledge of the elements of art.

The first book consists of straight, curved and oblique lines and their combinations. The second treats of the cube and its applications; the third, the most interesting of the series, treats of light and shade; and the fourth is a continuation of the third and gives practical studies in shadow forms, expression of space, perspective, breadth of effect, etc. There are other books of the series in course of preparation.

In simple practical use in schools and families these books will be just what is needed, and will we trust become as familiar with young pupils as their copy-books in penmanship.

They will do much to convince parents and school-committees that drawing is a necessary and easy part of a child's education.

A PRACTICAL COURSE WITH THE SPANISH LANGUAGE. By H. H. Monsanto, A. M., and Louis A. Languellier, L. L. D. New York and Chicago: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.

This book is intended to give a thorough course of instruction in Spanish, both for schools and for private study. It is arranged upon the plan of "Woodbury's Practical Course" with the German—giving the subjects of the lessons, the examples, the vocabularies, and the exercises both Spanish and English. The rules are very complete, and at the end of the book is given the conjugation of all the irregular verbs, a sketch of the formation of the Spanish

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language, and an English-Spanish and Spanish-English vocabulary.

PROHIBITION DOES PROHIBIT. By J. N. Stearns. New York: National Temperance Society.

Mr. Stearns, widely known as a temperance advocate, has in this little-ten cent pamphlet facts and arguments to prove that prohibition has not been a failure, but a success. Let it be widely circulated.

ACCIDENTS, EMERGENCIES, POISONS. THE CARE OF THE SICK.

The New York Mutual Life Insurance Company have published two little books with the above names, and presented one of each to every person who holds a policy in their company. They are the neatest specimens of typography we have lately seen, and the idea of a life insurance company trying to teach its members how to maintain their health and prolong their lives is a very novel one. There is much valuable information in these books.

THE KINDERGARTEN MESSENGER. Monthly, twenty-four pages, $1 a year.

This is Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody's contribution to the world's progress in the education of children, and it is full of earnestness and hearty words for the Kindergarten method now growing into popularity. Miss P. needs help in sustaining her cause, and any one sending her a subscription will confer a favor and get back in return more than they give. Address Cambridge, Mass.

ACCIDENTS AND EMERGENCIES. By Alfred Smee, with appendix by R. T. Trall, M. D.

This is a useful little book, worth about a quarter of a dollar, and will help to educate many to a knowledge of a few simple remedies for cuts, sprains, bruises, etc., etc. New York: S. R. Wells & Co.

THE HUMAN VOICE AND ITS TRAINING. By R. T. Trall. New York: S. R. Wells & Co.

This is also a good little half-dollar book on an important subject. We need to pay more attention to the voice, to educate it so it shall be pure, sweet and strong, instead of feeble and cracked; and any work that helps do this does good. It is designed for those who would educate themselves.

DANGER SIGNALS. An address on the uses and abuses of Spiritualism. By Mary H. Davis. New York: A. J. Davis &. Co.

This little fifteen-cent book has for its motto, 'Prove all things and hold fast that which is good." It accepts unreservedly the fact that spirits always have been able to hold converse in some degree with mortals; but tells us also that modern spiritualism is receding into an Egyptian darkness by its magic and tomfoolery. It is an earnest protest against this abuse.

OUR WASTED RESOURCES; OR THE MISSING LINK IN THE TEMPERANCE REFORM. By William Hargreaves, M. D. New York: National Temperance Society.

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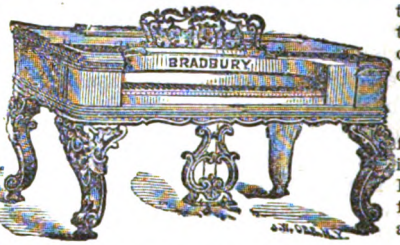
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THE

HERALD OF HEALTH.

DECEMBER, 1875.

HOW I MANAGED MY CHILDREN. (No. 10.)

BY MRS. WARREN.

SOME few years have now passed, taking with them many joys and leaving many sorrows. I am myself a widow, and in circumstances where every shilling has to be carefully expended; for, with a family whose education for the work of life was an expensive one, we had nothing to save. The insurance of my husband's life, added to the liberality of the bankers whose manager my husband had been for so many years, enables me to retain comforts, and for many luxuries I am indebted to my children.

Walter was altogether a different nature from either of his brothers. He was a more studious, intellectual and religious character, and wished very much to enter the Church. For a long time it was denied him, on account of the expense, until one day when we were lamenting this to George Marshall, he said:

"There are scholarships at Cambridge open to him if he does not mind being snubbed for his poverty. It is only for a time. These scholarships did not exist in my days, or most certainly I should have gone in for one."

"But you know he has never been to the University."

"That does not matter now. There are six scholarships open to all candidates. The highest is of the value of £60 annually, with rooms rent free; one at £50, two at £40, and two at £25 a year. I do not know all the particulars of these scholarships—that is, the conduct of the examinations, or the accommodation for the candidates; but I can get every information from the tutor of the college, St Catherine's at Cambridge, and then Walter can come to me and I will 'post' or 'cram' him in all that is necessary for him to know."

And this was how Walter became a clergyman, as hardly worked as his brothers, but with a greater amount of practical religion in him, as the ordeal which he suffered at Cambridge from being poor rendered him all his life a self-enduring man. His brothers became rich by comparison with him, who lived and died at thirty, having only the things "which were convenient for him." He could not marry on his income of £80 a year, and wisely resolved to drag no woman into the misery of keeping up a respectable appearance upon starvation pittance.

Frank became an engineer, literally working his way from the lowest position upward, and taking with him at every step the confidence of his employers.

In nine cases out of ten the only way for parents to insure their sons becoming practical men is to either apprentice them—which is expensive in regard to fees—or put them to work as soon as possible, even if they receive no pay. Those boys who are worth anything will then become adepts in

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their craft, and knowing all the difficulties they encountered, and the peculiar temptations which beset their youth, will be enabled to feel for and guide those whom they may hereafter employ.

Where there is neither money, connection, nor influence, and children have nothing to rely upon but their hands and brains for the future, work, active and varied, or absorbing employments, must be given to both girls and boys; or idleness, with its attendant train of vicious proclivities, will mar the fairest work of God. There can be no progress unless the mind has been *trained* to labor from youth upward.

Janet, the lively, the witty, and the youngest of my daughters, married a hard-working surgeon of great promise in his profession, and of some considerable practice in a country town a few miles from where we lived. For ten years a happier couple, blessed with a numerous family of seven little ones, never existed. Then came death and removed the bread-winner of the flock.

The consternation this bereavement caused among us all may be imagined. Each went or wrote to the widowed sister, offering all possible help. Happily Allen Wynter had insured his life; and I blessed the day when my own beloved husband had made it a provision of the marriage that the lover should insure his life for two thousand pounds, and make a will settling this sum on his wife in case of death. The very day of the marriage the premium on the insurance was paid and the will signed.

The house they lived in had just become their own through a building society, so that these two prudential acts saved eight souls from a world of misery. In addition to their income the practice was sold, which brought in something more; but yet it was narrow enough means to provide for a family, of whom the eldest was but nine years. Simple diet, country air, exercise and employment made them healthy. Janet's education now came into use. All that she could save went as a fund for her children's future; but she taught them all she possibly could herself. She discharged her servants, but had each day the services of a clever elderly woman, a widow in the neighborhood, to do all that she and her children could not perform of household matters; and as each grew older, and required more of her time in their education, an organized plan of teaching at stated hours, exactly like a school, was entered upon, and Dame Hester, as she was always called, taken into the house entirely, This was after I came to live with her.

As may be supposed, the sewing machine was in great request, and modeling in clay threatened to usurp all other pastimes—for nothing was ever put before the children as a task. On bread-making days each child had a lump of currant dough given to it to make into any form it pleased, pigs being the favorite animal represented. Then the interest with which the little ones watched the ornamenting a pie soon led the way to the more enduring modeling in clay, in which the two eldest girls became such adepts that they would bring in a piece of bramble or rough stick, or anything that struck their fancy, and soon make an admirable copy of it. They were never permitted to be idle.

Industrious habits are given and tastes directed before one knows that anything has been done; and the same thing occurs with regard to idle ways; the mischief is irremediable before what is usually called "the time for education" arrives.

The extremely orderly ways of the little household, the good management there was in Janet—without effort, without trouble, or fuss—surprised me. Her early habits were inexplicable to me. Two hours before the household were astir I could hear her about, and after some time all was still, and so continued till Dame Hester went down stairs, and then the silence was over.

One day when my curiosity could endure no longer, I asked her what magic spell she was weaving.

"Well, if you must know, dear mamma, I am turning author. You remember that Pope says, 'Trifles make the sum of human life,' and indeed

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they make the sum and comfort of a home, and although I thought I knew everything when I was married, experience showed me how little I knew of the importance of *trifles*. Great doors turn on small hinges, and great comforts hinge on little matters. And so, mamma, being willing and desirous, and so forth, to help others by removing certain sharp pebbles which sometimes unawares pull one up, I have written down my experience in a book, and I mean to call it 'The Book of Home Comforts for Small Incomes,' which you must not see till it is printed."

"But how will you get it published?"

"Ay, there's the rub, mamma. But I have faith, though if that be all I can bring it is of no use. I must add to my faith, works, and send it to-morrow to Mary in London, who will make the necessary arrangements for me, and very soon you shall see it."

My task is ended. I have managed my children to set them out in life, and they in their turn are doing their best to train theirs in every good and useful work, having no unseemly ignorant pride, but a very high notion of the dignity of labor.

There are two characters in my relations which I would rather not mention; still it must be done. Lilian Foster was in due time placed out as governess, a position for which all her moral principles unfitted her, though her accomplishments and acquirements were her recommendation. Her end was a disgraceful elopement with the husband of the lady with whom she resided.

Lucy Damer married a poor man of good family, whom she helped to make poorer by her slatternly unhelpful ways, and she died at an early age.

These girls could not be blamed. They were orphans, left without care or culture, excepting in so far as tended to make them accomplished girls—which is like building a fair superstructure on a foundation of sand—and so they fell into ruin and misery. May every parent shun this meretricious training; nothing but evil can come of it.

SANTA BARBARA.

BY MRS. C. M. SEVERANCE.

BESIDE the healthfulness and beauty of its location, Santa Barbara has a society that is strikingly of the New England type. Not large, but liberal and thoughtful. Perhaps I should say the nucleus of such a society. Thus far many of those who have come to live, or tarry, have been either invalids or persons weary and worn with the burdens of our oppressive civilization and climate at the East. These do not willingly go into fetters again; and they look with dismay to the time when the attractions of the beautiful beach for bathing, and the superior accommodations of the fine hotel just finished, and of a "mammoth one" already threatened shall bring upon them the curse of notoriety with the mere pleasure seekers, who are always sighing for new scenes and sensations. This dreaded era will be delayed for them, however, until there shall be unbroken railway communication with the outer world through San Francisco, and that is coming very slowly to them. The few large capitalists of the city and country are public-spirited, progressive men; but, being few, have been heavily taxed in carrying on the improvements most imperatively needed, and have made progress astonishing to those who remember the little hamlet of three years ago.

The modern houses, which are now getting to be the style, are also an annoyance to this class of weary seekers after rest and ease, who cling to the simple abodes and cottages of the earlier regime, and have painful memories of three or four "flights," and the burdensome "conveniences." But cottages belong to the era of cheap land, and that is already past in Santa Barbara

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The narrowness of the valley, all the way from Point Conception to its termination at Rincon, forbids that Santa Barbara should ever become the active business center of a large outlying population; and the limited area for its growth as a city carries up the price of lots even beyond those of this larger and more stirring city. Its property-holders are, however, content and sanguine to the last degree, nothing doubting that they who seek beauty and quiet, and an unequaled climate, are predestined to find them there!

Not having tested the winter months, we can only speak of the summer months we passed there, which gave us, as Nordhoff had told us they would, an ideal spring climate. For only a few noondays did we realize that we were in the genuine summer month of July, and the evenings were so cool that for many of them we could only enjoy the irresistible piazza-life, which gave us the moonlight on the mountains and the music of the surf upon the beach, by the help of "wraps." For invalids there is always the comfort of a fire upon the hearth at nightfall.

Speaking of invalids let me hasten to say, that the frightful, skeleton-sort do not confront you here on every corner and at every step. Either such do not swarm there, or the climate works its miracles upon them at once; or some Pie Piper had exorcised them all before our arrival! One of these haunting sights we had upon our steamer, a poor bloodless creature whom no amount of blankets would warm into color. And one other, corpse-like and crippled, at the hotels. Now and then a half ghost on horseback. But, in the main, we heard marvelous tales of flesh and health regained by a single season, or a year's trial.

To tell "the whole truth" it must be said also, that some who gain astonishingly at first, after a season or two fall back into the cough or disease, a surprize and puzzle to themselves and their M. D.'s. If a "lay" woman might venture a common sense suggestion, it would be, that neither in Santa Barbara, nor yet in Nice, nor in any other land on which the sun shines, is it possible for one "to live by bread alone," or by air alone. That if the "bread" be all manner of innutritious, or indigestible "stuff," the fare hot lard pastry, black fruit cake, plum pudding, mince pie, and the fried iniquities which abound with all semi-civilized cooks; and if the air be not only a twice-breathed and therefore poisonous indoor-air, but one loaded also with the poisons of tobacco fumes, then the reasons of the relapse may not be far to find. Indeed the marvel seems that one can gain at all, or for so long, under such violent outrages to enfeebled stomachs and starving lungs.

Ah, no! Eternal vigilance is the price of health, no less then of liberty and a cheap price to pay for the royal thing it is! If Eastern physicians do not teach their patients even the alphabet of hygiene, small good is it to the poor creatures to send them off from home and friends to rally a moment and then drop into the grave among strangers in a strange land. And if the invalid, whose will is weakened by the diseased physical condition, does not resolve upon self-control and right living, however an unatural craving may clamor for self-indulgence, he might as well commit his suicide amid the comforts of the dear old roof-tree, calling his action by its honest name, and not fly frantically to the ends of the earth, only to brood over his "hard fate," berate the beautiful climate, or, what is vastly worse, to doubt the goodness whose sure and unchanging methods he will not learn and accept.

But the poor lay-woman is learning, to her great sorrow, that she and other undiplomaed people are simply Mrs. Partington's mop against the Atlantic, so long as the authorities, the physician and scientist, do not insist that the young shall be taught, at least as early and thoroughly as they are taught the classics and the higher mathemetics, how fearfully and wonderfully they are made, and how to preserve the health whose price is beyond rubies. He who sins against this wondrous human body and its laws of life and growth, sins against its Creator, against the race and the best social progress, as truly as

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he who commits all the crimes of the decalogue.

All this is *apropos* of the dear young people one sees here, and of the older ones who long and struggle vainly to lengthen a wasting life, while they are unconsciously "taking it," inch by inch, by their own hands and teeth. Who was the wise old physician, who gave the result of his long study and observations to be, that half the race dig their own graves with their teeth? *Apropos* also of the many questions asked by friends who wish an opinion of the effect of the climate upon the invalids whom we have seen.

What can one say in reply, but that if the climate is to have a test, it must be upon the patient directly and constantly, and not alone upon the house he lives in. And that even the fogs and chill in which he shudders to sit are at least better than the indoor poison. The experience of persons in the worst stages of lung and other diseases, who have thrown them off completely by an out-of-door life, by camping, etc., proves how little there is to dread in night air and dampness, even under Eastern winters where this has been done.

This subject of health and hygiene is a hobby of the lay-woman, as some of you know, dear friend, and she is tempted to ride a tilt upon it this moment to the length of protesting with all the emphasis of which she is mistress, against the cruelty of putting upon the shoulders of "the weaker sex" the enormous burden of the responsibility of the well-being of the race, which can only be saved by her abstinence from study, from extravagance in dress and living, etc., etc., while the young man is turned loose to prey like a wild beast upon society and upon himself, and no word said of the ruin that must follow to himself and to the race, let the wife and mother be as pure and as full of vigor as she may! Perhaps some time in the dim future of some distant century, in the slow process of its august evolution, Harvard may begin to conceive it possible that her young men are to be wisely and plainly told of their share and responsibility in these vital matters; that they may be taught how they are to have sound minds in sound bodies, and the delight of these, which so few of them know. When that day dawns, it will not see President and Professors winking these matters out of sight, or coddling the young men in their harmful habits by fine drawn distinctions between stimulants and narcotics. Nor will it see M. D's neglecting their duty of prevention until at last the ignorant young people come upon their hands as "cases," perhaps past help.

But let us return to the delights of Santa Barbara, of which we had so full a share. Among these was the drive of twelve miles up the valley and over most "bumptious" road with which the squirrels and gophers have had their way, but which is to be replaced by an avenue of a hundred feet to the famous ranche of Col. Hollister. The Colonel is a man past middle age, simple in style and strong in his convictions, a man of the people, but a reader and a thinker. He is also a most hospitable man, and expects and prepares daily for a half dozen or more guests. Not in an ostentatious way, but by a full set table and a hearty welcome to it. And when his own rapid meal is eaten, he may excuse himself to entertain the group which has gathered in the parlor meantime, and will take its turn at the second table, with him at its head again.

He "receives" at present in a plain but comfortable house, midway of the estate from the entrance to the Glen House, which is the real home of wife and children; but he is building a fine large house of modern style, to entertain his numerous guests more fittingly.

On the day of our visit he came in quietly, as usual, from his morning oversight of the ranche, in time to meet whoever might chance to come at dinner, for which the drive has well prepared them. He met us most genially, and with a sly intimation that we were not unknown to him, which his interest in the question of woman's position in politics, as a part of the great political and labor question of the day, ex-

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plains. After dining he drove with us to the home, and showed us his various experiments in oranges, tea, coffee. guava, etc., all in the sheltered canon that is several degrees milder than the outer portion of the estate, which was the full sweep of the sea-breeze.

I do not remember the number of acres in wheat and various grains, nor the size of the great ranche itself; but an olive orchard of 25,000 trees, standing between the present house and the public road, gives an idea of the scale on which the planting is done, and the extent of the grounds about the grand house that is to be. The Colonel is the most active and irrepressible of men—here, there, and everywhere in the same week. He is an authority in all business matters on the coast, his advice is sought by all strangers, who generally bring letters to him, and he is a generous helper in all local affairs; and as he has a *penchant* for debate, and the courage of his convictions, he is always busy with tongue and pen when not otherwise employed, and is a frequent figure, and a commanding one, in the groups of the city streets.

Just beyond his ranche live the excellent and admirable Coopers—Elwood Cooper, of the historic Philadelphia family, and wife and children. A most secluded and picturesque locality, entered by a drive that seems going round Robin Hood's barn, until of a sudden it opens before you a vista of the wonderful arches of live oaks and moss, which recall the Barnwell plantation on Beaufort Island, South Carolina. This is also a large ranche, and has a simple, plain, but spacious house, in a setting of lovely flowers and vines.

But from the restful quiet and delights of this home-place, the good Coopers have torn themselves, with beautiful enthusiasm and earnestness, to superintend the College for the coming session, and save its exhausted exchequer. That will, no doubt, become in time the well endowed and progressive institution of their wish and dreams. And meantime it is helping to lift the life of the town into higher aims and tone, and to become, what it is in every way adapted for becoming. the university town of South California. The future will owe a large debt to these people of ideas and culture for their timely and noble work.

There are other residents of the same large type, intellectual, cultivated and progressive; a fine circle of such ladies, whom it was a pleasure to know and a grief to leave, and they were kind as our own beloved New Englanders to us. What lovely drives into all the byways and over the beaches we had with two of them, until we came to know the pretty valley like a native! What fruit and flowers from others! sometimes from those we had not seen. Peaches whose luxuriousness you must imagine, and whose girth I do not now dare assert, lest I recall it wrongly. And here I must close, dear friend, with the half not told nor hinted of beautiful Santa Barbara.—*Woman's Journal.*

THE LIVER, ITS USE, AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF IT.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE now come to the concluding chapter of our series on the liver, and shall treat of the best hygienic means of curing derangements of this organ; and we may remark that a great deal more can be done by a careful regulation of the habits than by anything else, and the first thing to be attended to is the food. It will accomplish more than all the drugs in the world. The things to be avoided are,

1. Very highly seasoned dishes.

2. Hot and doughey bread and hot biscuit.

3. Such vegetables as are not easily digested — potatoes, cabbages and the like.

4. Alcoholic beverages, and the use

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of tea and coffee to any but a very moderate extent.

5. The excessive use of sugar and oily foods.

Now the varieties of food that can be used to advantage are,

1. Good home-made stale bread. The brown or Graham, or unleavened in the form of gems is preferable, because it furnishes more nutrition, and also because it keeps the bowels regular. Bakers' bread will not answer.

2. A moderate allowance of fresh lean meat, especially mutton and beef, is admissible.

3. Eggs may be used occasionally, as the appetite craves them, but they should be cooked for fifteen minutes in water at a temperature of 170°, or put into boiling water and then let the them be covered and set away from the fire. The object of this is to cook the yolk and leave the white of the egg tender and flocculent, instead of hard. An egg dropped on gem toast or nice brown bread toast is good.

4. Fruit used properly is an almost certain panacea for diseases of the liver.

A sweet orange taken before breakfast is sure to be relished, and should not be omitted where they can be obtained. A mild tart apple a little before or after breakfast is an excellent pill for the liver in case an orange is not to be had.

The grape in its perfection is one of the most delicious of fruits, and in its season should form a prominent part of at least one meal each day, but it should never be eaten in an unripe condition, as we generally find it in market. The best way to use it is to eat it alive, fresh from the vines. Go right to the vineyard and select and eat it there, and liver complaint will flee away. A very nice meal may be made of ripe grapes and brown bread and butter. The grape should never be eaten on the top of a hearty dinner of soup, vegetables and meat, nor with pastry. It may be eaten freely in the morning and in the middle of the forenoon. It is more of a drink than a food, and may be used as such. The juice of the grape flowing through the liver cleanses it of any clogged material there contained. Increasing the action of the kidneys it carries off through them such poisons as have been generated in the liver, thus acting as a true cleanser of the blood; giving tone and health to the bowels it relieves the system through them of offending matter that causes much trouble.

Another fruit for early spring use for the liver is the ripe strawberry. It is true as it comes to the city this fruit is not particularly wholesome unless cooked; but in the country where they can be picked fresh and sweet from the vines they should in their season constitute a considerable portion of the morning meal eaten with bread, toast, eggs, etc.

The tomato is another pill for the liver, better than any ever made from calomel. Many a poor sufferer from a torpid liver has been relieved by the tomato in its season. Its acid is very similar to that of the other fruits named, and it produces about the same effect. This fruit may be eaten in almost any form except green. The hard tomato fresh from the vine is probably the best. It may be taken before breakfast, or between breakfast and dinner, with or without bread. It should not be mixed with other vegetables if the best results are desired. With these fruits one may be quite sure to cure most cases, if not too far advanced, of disease of the liver. It sometimes happens that the stomach will not tolerate fruit. Where this is the case a little management will suffice to quell the disturbance of this unruly organ. Rarely will good fruit be found to disagree. When fruit produces flatulence it may be unripe, or too sour. Only perfectly ripe fruit will answer; any other is poisonous. The tomato sometimes proves too acid. In this case a less quantity should be used. Sometimes fruits set to cold on the stomach. In this case some agreeable mild spices will help to correct the evil. Cinnamon is perhaps the best for the apple, and a little pepper for the tomato.

DRINKS.

I do not need to say that there are a great variety of mild acid drinks which

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act very favorably on the liver, indeed this is why mild acid fruits are so valuable that they contain these fluids. Now instead of eating the fruit nearly the same benefit can be derived by making delicious and wholesome drinks from them and using them quite freely. When the stomach is weak and delicate, and does not tolerate fruit, then drinks may be so made as to be very agreeable and refreshing. Lemonade, and orangeade and currantade may each in its place and season be used. Other fruit drinks may be made to suit taste, season and climate. See "Eating for Strength," for recipes for nearly 100 varieties.

FRESH AIR.

Another excellent remedy for liver complaint is fresh air. This is so essential that little progress can be made without it. And by fresh air I mean pure clean air, free from miasma, free from the filth of poisonous emanations, and free from dust and all kinds of damp heavy vapor. The air should be as highly ozonized as possible by contact with green trees and water. In order to get plenty of fresh air it is necessary to pay especial attention to ventilation of both our day and night apartments, and it is also desirable to live more or less out of doors. Out of door life, however, must be accompanied with some form of occupation which will prove pleasant, and not very taxing on the strength. For this reason fresh air and exercise should be combined. The following form of outdoor exercise will be found suitable.

1. Horseback riding. This is adapted to both sexes and almost all ages. It gives the liver just enough motion to stir it and promote blood circulation through it. A gentle, easy-going horse should be chosen for a delicate person, and one that can gallop for a person who can enjoy galloping. A hard trotting horse should be avoided.

2. Rowing is a form of exercise which if taken in quiet waters and with a light boat is well adapted to make the liver healthy as well as also the lungs and stomach. Where that is available I would by all means recommend it to be followed persistently.

3. Then there is also carriage riding, which while not so good as the other, is exceedingly valuable, especially when one drives his own horse, with a pleasant healthful country to view as he passes along.

4. There are other outdoor forms of exercise not to be forgotten. Among these climbing mountains, making long excursions on foot, botanizing, hunting, fishing, gathering specimens of minerals, etc., etc.; light forms of agriculture and horticulture, trimming grapevines, planting trees, gathering fruit, etc., etc.

5. While out-of-door exercises are best there are several forms of indoor exercise very beneficial to those whose habits are sedentary. Among these are the lifting cure exercise, exercise on the family gymnasium—especially those exercises that work on the liver—also the wand and dumbbell exercises of Dr. Lewis's light gymnastics. We cannot enumerate the varieties here. We may especially commend the thrusting of the wand held at each end by the hands from side to side as far as the hands will carry it.

In regard to sleep I would advise at least eight hours every night. Let the room be cool, but not cold, and light and cheering in the day time; ventilate it thoroughly; sleep with the head to the north; sleep alone and go to bed early, rising also early, taking a little light exercise before the morning meal but no very severe head work late at night, either at reading or writing. It is desirable that persons with liver complaint should cultivate cheerfulness. Their disease tends to lower hope and produce a sort of misanthropy. They should strive against this, and keep company with cheerful people—read funny books and keep the mind occupied on elevating subjects.

As regards bathing it is to be practiced daily in a warm room, using much friction on the skin with the hand. At the same time the feet should be rubbed thoroughly and well dried. A sitz bath for the liver is useful, especially a warm one at bed time. Let the abdomen and sides be well kneaded after the bath is over.

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The Turkish bath may be taken once a week to advantage if it can be had. Let a strong douche bath be directed over the liver after the bath, and let the shampooer rub and knead the bowels and side with gentleness, but very thorough, as a part of the process. After the bath remain quiet till the next day.

There is another method of treating chronic invalids much in vogue in some places, which is very valuable. It consists in manipulating the entire body gently but thoroughly for an hour or so once or twice a week, or for a half hour more frequently. It is a modification of the movement cure—when well done is very invigorating. The attendant who does the work should be healthy and strong, and understand the business. This method is allied to the magnetic method, and a part of it. It is by far too little understood.

Mineral waters are much used for liver complaint, and often very useful. When taken fresh from the spring and of a mild character they are to be commended for many persons, but too great reliance must not be placed on them. The system will not bear them so long as it will the more strictly hygienic means. In some cases they, combined with the rest, recreation and scenery of a summer resort, work wonders. In others they seem to do no good.

I have now given more remedies for this disease than are to be found in any book on diseases of the liver which I have seen, and the limits of my space are exhausted, so I close the series here. I may revise the articles and put them in a book when time will permit.

A VIGOROUS OLD AGE.

BY EDWIN F. BACON.

EXISTENCE may be a blessing or a curse, according to circumstances. It is a blessing while the power and the opportunity for usefulness and enjoyment remain; but when these fail life becomes a burden which one may well desire to lay aside. Sad indeed to the young and vigorous is the prospect of reaching at last that state described as

"Second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans—everything."

The infirmities of age result from the exhaustion of vital force. As the sun is continually throwing off its heat and dying out, and as all the forces of nature seem to tire of their material associations and to seek new ones, leaving their old habitations to decay, so is the vitality of the human body gradually eliminated, passing on to inherit other material forms in the endless cycle of existence. Every act, every vital process exhausts as well generates force, and the balance is against us. The expense exceeds the income, and physiological bankruptcy is inevitable. But though we may not avoid our doom we may do much toward determining its conditions. Vital exhaustion should be regarded as a process affecting not the organism as a whole but its seperate parts. Each organ is born with a certain capacity of existence, a certain inherent longevity, and each, under favorable conditions, survives until the expiration of its appointed period. The eye, the ear, the heart, the digestive and the reproductive organs each has its separate life time. Those which are vital to the whole system carry all with them when they perish, but any or all the faculties with which we communicate with the external world may die and consciousness still remain. The involuntary processes of digestion, circulation and respiration are alone necessary to existence; hence life may be prolonged after every means of enjoyment has ceased, though a keen sensibility to pain may still exist. There is no sadder spectacle then is presented by this survival of the vital forces after all that gives them value has perished. Such however is not the invarible fate of the aged. There are frequent instan-

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ces of the preservation of the faculties in their normal condition to a ripe old age, ending at once in a painless death, and this is especially true of centenarians. There is what may be called a centenarian constitution, a perfect soundness and equal longevity, so to speak, of all the faculties, and each born to an inheritance of a hundred years. Of all the centenarians now living, or of whom I have learned in my inquiries, I have not found one who was, so far as I have been informed, either deaf, blind or imbecile.

Another and most interesting class, who attain to a great age, are those who, although born with constitutional tendencies to disease or with unequal vitality of the different organs, have so economized their resources as to secure many years of comparatively vigorous health. One of the most remarkable instances of this kind was that of the celebrated Italian, Louis Cornaro, who although an invalid given up to die at forty, was completely restored by a rigid system of diet and culture, and lived in the enjoyment of almost perfect health to the age of ninety-eight.

In his ninety-sixth year this wonderful man wrote: "All my faculties are as good as ever, my understanding clear, my judgment sound, my memory tenacious, my spirits good, and my voice grown so strong and sonorous that I cannot help chanting out aloud my prayers morning and night, instead of whispering and muttering them to myself, as was formerly my custom." Let those who think that diet and habits of life have little to do with health and longevity read the essays of this most exact and systematic of hygienists.

President Day of Yale College was in feeble health a great part of his life. It has been stated that he had the act ve consumption for thirteen years. As a student in Yale College he was obliged on account of his health to abandon his studies, re-entering several years later. Again, when chosen to a professorship he was, from the same cause, unable for two years to enter upon its duties, and yet in the severe and damp climate of the New England coast he lived in the enjoyment of every faculty to the age of *ninety-four*. His presidency of the college was the longest that has ever occurred, being twenty-nine years, and embracing a period of great activity and devlopment in every department. I called upon President Day a year before his death, and his mind was then clear and strong and he was able to walk about the city unattended. His comparatively sound health in old age was the result of great uniformity and temperance in all things. His life had been strictly that of a student and instructor In addition to his college duties he had found time to write an elaborate series of mathematical text-books, besides several philosophical treatises. This he had accomplished not only without exhaustion but while actually building up his system and avoiding the consumption by which he was so long threatened. He must have inherited great tenacity of life, but to this he added that calm and equable temperament which is so conducive to longevity; and his rules of life were strictly hygienic, the most essential of these being to retire uniformly at nine o'clock, thus securing the best and most abundant sleep.

It may be doubted whether President Day actually had consumption, considering the great age to which he attained, yet there seem to be authentic cases of the successful resistance or at least postponement of this disease while the patient pursues a highly successful career in life. The case of the celebrated physiologist, Dr. Andrew Combe, is very instructive in this respect, although he only reached the age of fifty; his life for twenty-five years was a battle with this fell destroyer, and he gained such a victory as to enable him to pursue a career of the highest usefulness. There can be no more interesting study than that of his struggle for existence, nor a more complete vindication of the principles of hygienic right-living than is found in his essays and letters upon the subject, as illustrated by his own experience. Dying by inches he kept death at bay while he rendered inestimable services to humanity.

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The life of Prof. William Russell, the author and elocutionist, presents a similar case. He came to America from Scotland when a young man, but owing to the delicate condition of his health, being also inclined to lung complaints, he could not endure the New England climate and repeatedly sought a milder latitude while employing other hygienic agencies, finally conquering the threatened disease and teaching with eminent success near Boston until past the age of seventy.

The above sketches illustrate the possible achievements of scientific culture, combined with a strong will and natural tenacity of life, in the case of those born with serious defects of constitution. Still more fortunate are those who to a naturally sound organization have united a wise and prudent method of life.

Of these John Wesley was an eminent example. Few who admire his great career are aware of the real cause of his immense influence upon the religious development of his age. He was indeed a great man, a great preacher, and, above all, a great organizer. Ten years of his mature life would have made its impress upon any cause to which he might have devoted his energies. But John Wesley's public life extended over a period of *sixty-five years*, during which, with an iron constitution and an iron will, he pursued a single object with a zeal and steadiness of purpose that has scarce a parallel in history.

For half a century after the definite organization of the new society he is believed to have met every appointment without one failure on account of sickness or storm. He would ride forty miles on horseback and preach twice each day. It has been estimated that he travelled during his ministry 270,000 miles, and preached 40,000 sermons, be side exhortations and addresses. When he married a widow with four children he stipulated in advance that he should not travel one mile less nor preach one less sermon on account of his new responsibilities; and he did not, though his wife in consequence deserted him, for he not only gave his time but nearly all his income to the cause to which he was so wholly consecrated. His pathway was strewn with his charities, and he died poor, as he early resolved to do, after giving away in all about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. From the age of twenty-five to eighty-five his life was a scene of incessant and heroic activity, and even after that he but partially yielded to the demands of age. Dying at eighty-eight he preached to within a week of his end.

Teaching as an occupation is seldom favorable to health or longevity; or rather the physical circumstances attending it are seldom favorable, except in the case of college professors, who as a class are remarkably long-lived. College presidents especially retain their health and their positions to an advanced age. President Knott of Union College was chosen to his office at the age of thirty-two, and continued in that position for sixty-one years, that is until his death in 1866 at the age of ninety-three. Possessing by nature an almost perfect physical constitution, he retained his faculties in great perfection to the last, and found strength not only for the discharge of his official duties but for the accumulation of a princely fortune, mainly through his various stove patents which yielded him a constant revenue. At the age of eighty-one he gave to the institution over which he presided the sum of six hundred thousand dollars. The secret of his physical strength and endurance, aside from his original inheritance of vitality, is to be found in the circumstances of his early life and in his peculiarly happy and uniform temperament. He was a farmer's son, early left an orphan and inured to outdoor labor. When about fourteen years old his thirst for knowledge caused him one day to leave his work in the field to follow the village doctor to his office in order to beg to be received as a medical student, and although not successful in this errand he found the means, with the assistance of an elder brother, of mastering the full course of studies of Brown University and securing its diploma without ever going there as a student. Every thing in the preparatory and complete course was accom-

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plished at home during the intervals of labor. Let the ambitious lad who reads this remember that the young hero who thus resolved upon a noble career in life, in the face of the greatest obstacles, became not indeed one of the most famous, but one of the most useful and honored of American citizens, and that he gained all without the sacrifice of either his physical or moral nature.

Dr. Valentine Mott, the most eminent of American surgeons, preserved his faculties and continued to perform the most difficult operations to the age of eighty years. At that time he was under numerous professional engagements, and might have continued his work for years but for that terrible announcement that smote the heart of every true American upon the morning of the 15th of April, 1865: "President Lincoln has been assassinated!" Dr. Mott heard this in his own house and it was more than he could bear. Staggering into his wife's apartment, as if himself smitten by the blow of the assassin, he exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, I have received such a shock! President Lincoln has been murdered." All the infirmities of age seemed at once to fall upon him. He sank down helpless and survived but ten days. As an example of a vigorous old age his latter years had been almost without a parallel in the annals of surgery.

A year ago I stepped into the business office of Timothy Dodd, fur dealer, 130 Milk street, Boston. I found this gentleman actively engaged, and apparently as capable of directing affairs as any man of three score and ten. But Mr. Dodd was somewhat older than this, and I begged him to give me a specimen of his handwriting as a keepsake. He stepped to his desk and wrote clearly, and with a perfectly steady hand upon the back of his card, "Timothy Dodd, born in Hartford, Conn., August 29th, 1780. Written Oct. 3d, 1874." Mr. Dodd was therefore past ninety-four years of age at that time. He commenced business on his own account in 1802. This is the most remarkable instance of the preservation of mental and bodily strength which I have yet found, and I should gladly know if a parallel case has ever existed in this country. I am pained to add that in January last Mr. Dodd was injured by a fall upon the ice, since when he has been confined to his house the greater part of the time.

Instances of the preservation of the physical and mental powers past the age of eighty may be found in almost every community. Here in New York we have the poet and editor William C. Bryant, Peter Cooper the philanthropist, and Commodore Vanderbilt the railway monarch, all in the enjoyment of their mental powers. Mr. Bryant at the age of eighty-one walks briskly to his office and spends some hours daily in business and editoral affairs. He is a thorough hygienist, and his "Health Habits," published as a tract by Wood & Holbrook, is full of good counsel. The Commodore at the same age dispatches business with all the vigor of youth for a few hours each morning and takes the ribbons behind a lively pair of horses in the afternoon. Since he commenced public life as a ferryman in New York harbor he has maintained his vigorous out-door habits, and to this he undoubtedly owes his wonderful elasticity of brain and muscle.

Peter Cooper is three years older, and has retired from active business, but is still frequently seen in public, his interest in all that relates to the welfare of the city and of mankind being unabated. He stands erect as an Indian, presides occasionally at public meetings, and can still acquit himself effectively before an audience. His strength and mental soundness are due in an eminent degree to those qualities of prudence, industry and temperance for which he has ever been distinguished. The "Cooper Institute," upon the erection and endowment of which he has bestowed nearly a million of dollars, is the result of a resolution which he formed when a poor apprentice boy in New York, to devote his fortune, should he acquire one, to the establishment of an institution in which just such young persons as he then was might acquire an education by evening study—a noble resolution nobly realized.

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It has been well said that history is philosophy teaching by example, and this applies with especial force to our hygienic studies. The philosophy of right living is only to be deduced from the facts of human experience. Such lives, therefore, as we have here briefly sketched, are so many lessons in culture; and however individual cases may have varied as to details, the lesson has been throughout all history substantially the same. Modern science has in this field added little to the ancient Greek philosophy. Virtue and temperance are not modern inventions. Zeno the Stoic taught and exemplified in his own life, to the age of ninety-eight, a system upon which science has made scarce an improvement even in theory, while in practice our instructors are, for the most part, far inferior to him. A vigorous old age is the reward of simplicity, as distinguished from the worrying complexity of our modern life. It is the reward of those old-fashioned virtues which science indeed teaches, but which the simplest child or the unlettered peasant may acquire and exemplify in a manner to excel the titled philosopher, who so learnedly expounds that which he so often forgets to practice; for who cannot labor diligently and usefully, and sleep soundly, and eat of plain unstimulating food, and breathe pure air, and court the life-giving sunshine, and cherish withal a loving, forgiving spirit? The way of physical as well as spiritual salvation is plain, and we only miss it when we unwisely prefer that which is complex to that which is simple.

Health is but the normal condition of the human system. To preserve it we have but to be law-loving and law-abiding citizens of nature's beneficent kingdom. This is all that our honored centenarians have been, and it is what we all may be, if we but abstain from direct violations of the law written upon the very texture of our physical organization.

THE CHILDREN'S HEALTH.

BY PROF. KNOWLTON.

I HAVE spent thirty-five years with children and youth. Sixteen years among them, in their desks and benches, and nineteen in front of them, upon the teacher's platform. In the far northeast, the central north, the Mississippi valley, and now for ten years past upon this fair Pacific slope, they have been my playmates and my pupils, summer and winter, through spring and fall, in rainy season and dry, I have watched and studied them with care. From tenth grade, primary, to senior class, high school, in normal school, academy, seminary and college, they have been my constant companions and pupils, often my teachers, and always my friends. In their homes I have played with them, on holiday excursions I have romped with them, through thousands of tough lessons I have guided and helped them, on many a graduation day I have shared their well-earned pride, rejoiced with them at their weddings, mourned with them in their bereavments, watched with them in sickness, closed their eyes in death, and wept with parents over untimely graves into which they themselves had unwittingly hastened their own best beloved. It has has been my business and my happiness to know and love them well, and to understand them as only they can do who truly love them.

And because I love them thus I try to write of some things concerning their very life, which all good parents theoretically *know*, but which few, even among the best, appear to practically heed.

Having constantly had charge of large numbers of boys and girls, and sometimes of the same pupils for nine successive years, I have had opportunity to see, and repeatedly have seen, weak

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constitutions built up into strong ones, and strong ones torn down into weak ones, and those weak ones killed by the simple observance or non-observance of the thousand little daily and hourly influences ceaselessly working in the home and in the school.

The food, the drink, the clothes, the study, the play, the baths, the sleep, the air, the light, and especially the blessed *sunshine*, which the child gets or does *not* get, may build up within him a surplus of vital power which will bear him safely through all sharp and sudden shocks of accident or sickness, or may keep him constantly run down to the lowest ebb of vital power, when the slightest mishap or most trifling sickness may result in speedy death.

A short vacation now and then cannot take the place of the little five or ten hour vacations twice or thrice a week, or the ten or fifteen minute vacations in every day, nay, in almost every hour, which the large-brained quick-nerved, full-blooded, active, playful growing child habitually and urgently needs. And the larger the brain, the quicker the nerve, the fuller the blood, the more imperatively necessary, the more vitally indispensable, does this frequent vacation become.

Looking back through my own pupil-days, and reviewing the history of many of the brightest lads and misses I have known through teaching years, I cannot help seeing that in nearly every case their own tendency or that of their parents—in many cases it was an actual race between them—was to slight the body and exalt the mind, to draw upon the brain-centers and keep straining at the nerve-fibers as if neither could ever faint or fail.

I *have* had and often *do* have to actually *drive*, the older ones especially, into the open air and the sunshine, and positively *compel* them to exercise the body and the limbs. They think it sounds "so nice" to be called "the young student," "a regular book-worm," "remarkably fond of study," "promising to make such a wonderful scholar," "astonishingly precocious," and to hear the scores of repetitions and variations played on these and kindred themes by fond but foolish parents, who make themselves unwitting accessories to the early murder of their own offspring.

Does this sound too strong? Read this, and remember that it is but one leaf from a single teacher's diary:

But a few months since I stood by the dead body of one of my own pupils, while her weeping parents ascribed her death to overwork at school. Beside the dead girl lay her Bible. Glancing at the fly-leaf I read that she had lately received that Bible from her Sunday school for memorizing and reciting *two thousand verses in succession!* And I learned beside that she had been taking two piano lessons a week, practicing an hour every day, and trying to stand above ninety per cent. in her class at school during the same time. And beyond all this, as if to seal her fate with double certainty, she had slept in a small and crowded room, absolutely without ventilation, had taken no physical exercise, had no sufficient bathing and but little suitable food. And the unfortunate creature had been compelled to undergo all this at the very period of life when nature most urgently demanded freedom, rest and help.

Poor child! poor innocent! poor *victim!* I thought; no wonder your feeble young life prematurely went out under such a throng of labors, any one of which would have been quite weight enough for such a nervous, sensitive, delicate organization to attempt to carry, especially in those most vitally critical years.

And the simple-hearted parents, good Christian people, too, sincerely thought and honestly said that her regular day-school duties in a class averaging two years younger than herself had greatly hastened, if they had not wholly caused, her untimely death. Of course I could not then speak the unwelcome truth they so much needed to hear, but if this does not meet their eyes they will presently hear from me in earnest pleading for the life of a younger sister yet remaining.

Parents seldom thank God for a loud-voiced, noisy, broad-backed, sturdy

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limbed youngster, whose deep chest, keen stomach, big lungs and rounded muscles fairly throb with such an overplus of physical life that all the common diseases of childhood and youth glance off him like pistol balls from ironclads. Very rarely indeed does a mother congratulate another on the healthiness and robustness of her sons, or pride herself upon the life, fun, dash, romp and drive of her own daughters. And yet these simple qualities are by far the most important endowments and possessions, especially in childhood and early youth.

And here comes in the blame, that by beginning soon enough and taking pains enough any father or mother of average intelligence and in ordinary circumstances may train any son or daughter, of even exceptional feebleness, into limbs, lungs, back and stomach—into life, health, dash and drive such as those already sketched, and which may be, indeed *will* be, the surest and amplest life endowment, the safest, richest life insurance they can possibly have; an insurance whose premium must be paid, not in gold or greenbacks, but in simple, hourly attention to the scores of little healthful things that *may* be done, as well as the dozens of hurtful things that must *not* be done.

The plain fact is that "health is a *duty*," and that in nine cases out of ten "sickness is sin;" and the conclusion of the matter is this: *children can* have and *must* have physical health first of all. If they fail to inherit it, or, to put it more truthfully, if their parents fail to give it to them before birth, then have such parents a double obligation to secure a paid-up endowment-policy of health for their children after birth. Those parents cannot remain guiltless who neglect those priceless years in which the plastic nature of the fast growing child may easily be neglected into weakness, deformity, disease and death, or molded into strength and beauty, and trained for health and length of days, crowned with mental power and culminating in spiritual glory.

MENTAL HYGIENE.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

IT is fast coming to be a recognized and well understood fact, in these latter days, that the body needs a certain amount of care taken of it to keep it up to a proper standard of health; and most of us are well satisfied that a physical law violated bears with it its own punishment. There are numerous publications devoted solely to the purpose of instructing the people in the laws of their physical being; while every year numerous books issue from the presses of the country written for the same object. But that there is a science of preserving the health of the mind, is something undreamed of by the large mass of the community. To be sure our medical faculties recognize an extreme and acute mental disease under the name of insanity, really signifying unhealthfulness; but if a strict inquiry were made, we should probably all be found a little insane—speaking with an exact regard for truth—since so few, so very few of us, have minds perfectly balanced and free from morbid and unhealthful conditions.

Since it is inconvenient to incarcerate us all in insane asylums, and if that was done who would be our keepers; we are suffered to run at large, and to give expression in various ways to our insanity, sometimes in words, sometimes in acts; sometimes this expression is called genius, and sometimes religious fervor. Probably half the poetry which was ever written has been the outpouring of minds more or less in an insane, that is, unhealthy condition; and people have arisen in religious meetings and detailed experiences, either of peculiar grace or pe-

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culiar temptation and trial, which were due alone to minds affected by physical ill-health, or by mental overwork, or, possibly, indolence.

Some people are fond of repeating to others their bodily ailments. There are others who are quite as fond of narrating their peculiar mental experiences. We find a curious instance of this in the autobiography of one of the greatest of modern philosophers, John Stuart Mill, where he devotes pages to detailing the phases of a mental ailment, evidently with the idea that it was a remarkable and novel experience, with a peculiar significance; while, in truth, it was of no more real importance to the general reader than the measles he might have had when a boy. Its interest was a merely pathological one.

There is so close a connection between the operations of the mind and the body that it is often difficult to draw a line between physical and mental phenomena. One thing, however, may be taken for granted, and that is, that there is little opportunity for healthful action of the mind when the body is diseased. The mind may be in this case—and no doubt frequently is—in a perfectly normal and healthy state; but it cannot find its proper mode of expression. On the other hand, the body is sure to suffer if the mind is overstrained, or in any way thrown off its proper balance. Every one knows how during periods of excessive joy, anxiety, or grief, the body is sure to sympathize with the mental state. *Mens sana in corpore sano*, alone expresses perfection in humanity. A man afflicted with dyspepsia is almost certain to display mental moods corresponding with the physical. He will be irritable, uncertain in temper, and cynical in his general feelings. A person over-worked physically, will find it difficult to think as clearly as one who has more leisure; while despondency, doubt, and suspicion are almost always the sure accompaniments of an over-wearied frame.

The evidences of mental health shine out bright as the day, when they are not obscured by unfavorable physical conditions. The mind is active and vigorous; it can think clearly and consecutively; it is ready for work, and is impatient of idleness. The temper of the individual is even and placid, and his state cheerful and hopeful. A man whose mind is in perfect health sees all that is good and beautiful in the universe, and has no doubt but that all things work together for good.

Perfect physical health retained until the close of life is something extremely rare; but still more rare is it to see a man with mental powers unimpaired beyond the half century of life. There are many who present no abnormal mental conditions; whose mental machinery runs, in its own way, smoothly, evenly, and without a jar; but if the stature of their mind be measured, it will be found but of the altitude of a dwarf. Their intellectual faculties ceased growing when their bodies came to maturity; and, while they lack the freshness and ingeniousness of children, they are still no more than children in intellectual capacity. There is no time when the mind should cease to grow. There is not even a meridian in its capacities, though enfeebled physical health sometimes obstructs its action in old age. There are other people whose minds are warped and twisted, so that their mental vision is oblique, and their modes of reasoning distorted. This is deformity, rather than ill-health.

The science of mental health is still in its infancy: we have everything yet to learn. Still what little knowledge we have we should be ready to avail ourselves of. First of all, we should neglect no physical means which may give our minds the clearest and fullest means of expression and growth. A strong mind will overpower and kill a weak body, or else be itself overpowered and weakened in its struggle with the obstacles which physical ill-health interposes in its way. Next, we should watch the mind itself, feed it when it is hungry, rest it when it is weary, stimulate it to growth, check morbid and unwholesome tendencies, discover its bent, and, in brief, treat it as the most precious possession we have.

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A healthy, active mind needs daily rest, but never idleness. Recreation is the better word, and this is given by change of employment. When the mental powers become wearied by prolonged labor in one direction, they will regain strength and vigor by being turned in an entirely different direction. Idleness is, no doubt, sometimes necessary to most minds; but it is only when they have violated some law of mental hygiene, and so fallen into a state of temporary disease. Even then an idleness which secures occupation without provoking thought, is far to be preferred. It is to serve just this purpose that, no doubt, a wise providence has permitted the world to be filled with so many of a certain class of novels.

Again, to preserve the mind in healthful conditions, a due proportion of society and of solitude is required. A man who secludes himself from his fellows is sure to lose his healthful mental tone. And, on the other hand, one who is denied the privilege of occasional solitude, can never measure his own powers to the utmost, and ponder on his shortcomings, and take stock of himself, so to speak.

Books are great aids to mental growth, if we use them as staffs merely, and not as crutches. That is, if we read them to awake thought in ourselves, and to provoke personal investigation of any subject in which we may happen to be interested; and not merely absorb and adopt, without reflection, or digestion, whatever their authors may say. The early Egyptians seem to have realized the beneficial effect of books upon the mind, since the first library formed by the Egyptian king Osymandyas, bore the inscription, "*Psyches Iatreion*" — the medicine-house for the mind.

Our habits of thought have much to do with our mental health and growth. Most of us have a slovenly way of thinking, pursuing the subject under contemplation only half-way to its conclusion; not attempting in our own private mental exercises to think clearly and deeply, and to the purpose. Thus this careless, slip-shod style grows upon us, until the clear camera of the mind gradually but surely loses its power of bringing itself to a focus upon any object. The faculty of concentration is largely a gift, but it is one which it is possible to cultivate, and still more easy to lose.

Death comes to the body and dissolves the material elements of which we are formed. But to the mind it should mean release and freedom—release from trammels which have here bound it, and freedom for still fuller development and larger growth.

PERMEABILITY OF HOUSE WALLS TO AIR.*

BY DR. MAX VON PETTENKOFER.

THE task of science is to lay hold of everything perceptible, and to penetrate it, the small as well as the great. The insect and its life is just as interesting to science as the elephant, and therefore I believe that I may occupy myself with that air which flows through our walls, although its motion is not recognized by our sensations. We may conclude from many facts that walls are permeable to air. No one maintains that houses have watertight walls, and everybody knows that masonry is easily penetrated by water. Wherever a wall is in perpetual contact with water it becomes so soaked that at last water comes out in drops on the other side. Certainly where water can pass air must pass much more easily, because air is 770 times more light and moveable then water. It is very easy to construct watertight apparatuses and vessels, but very difficult to make them airtight. Still people are surprised when they hear of a change of

* Delivered before the Albert Ladies' Association, at Dresden, by request of the Crown Princess Carola of Saxony.

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the air through a wall; they see and feel the water in the wall, but of the air in it their senses have no direct perception.

Most kinds, also, of sandstone are so porous, that water and air easily pass through them. Solid or quarried limestones are scarcely permeable to air; but as they are mostly of irregular shapes, they require more mortar, and that is the reason why such walls are, after all, not so much more airtight than walls made of regular bricks and thin layers of mortar. Observations have been taken of the average quantity of mortar used with different building stones. We may suppose that, taking the wall as a whole, it is one-third with quarried lime, one-fourth with tufaceous lime, one-fifth to one-sixth with bricks, one-sixteenth to one-eighth with cubes of sandstone. In practice, then, the quantity of the mortar rises with the decrease of porosity in the building stones, and assists in keeping the walls pervious to air to a certain degree.

It is self-evident that the quantity of air which passes through building materials of a certain thickness must increase in proportion to the surface; two square feet must give passage to twice as much air as one square foot. I shall speak of ventilation in connection with this later on.

The effect of wetting porous materials is quite surprising. In proportion as the pores fill with water, they become impervious to air. The adhesion of water to stone and mortar is greater than that of air, by as much as water is heavier than air. It is not difficult to blow great volumes of air through dry mortar and dry bricks, but it requires a great exertion to drive a few drops of water through the same materials.

This simple experiment lays bare the great hygienic disadvantage of wet walls: they are airtight, not to speak of other injurious effects.

We all know that new houses are dreaded on account of their humidity. In some countries there are regulations by law, and new houses must be approved with respect to their dryness before they may be let. But the notions about the causes of their humidity, and the means of removing it, are very different and discordant. Allow me, therefore, to explain how water gets into the new house, and how it is to be got out of it.

Suppose that 100,000 bricks were used for a building, each weighing 10 pounds. A good brick can suck up more than 10 per cent. of its weight in water, but we will put down at 5 per cent. what gets into it by the manipulations of the bricklayer. We will assume that the same amount of water is contained in the mortar, a quantity certainly much understated, and that the mortar forms about one-fifth of the walls; we have thus 100,000 pounds of water, equal to 10,000 gallons, which must leave the walls of the house before it becomes habitable.

The two principal ways in which wet or damp walls are injurious are: 1. By impeding ventilation and diffusion of gases, through their pores being closed up or narrowed by water. 2. By disturbing the heat-economy of our bodies. Damp walls act as bodies abstracting heat in one direction; they absorb heat by their evaporation, and act like rooms which have not been warmed thoroughly; they are better conductors of heat than dry walls, just like wet garments, and considerably raise our heat-losses by a one-sided and increased radiation. Diseases which are known to be often caused by cold, are particularly frequent in damp dwellings, rheumatism, catarrh, chronic Bright's disease.

What can we do to get rid of that immense quantity, of these 10,000 gallons of water, before we remove into the new house? All this water—we cannot make it run off, we cannot squeeze it out, we cannot boil it away—it must take its leave in one way, a very safe but rather long one, that of spontaneous evaporation into and by the air. The capacity of the air for receiving water depends on the different tensions of the vapour at different temperatures, on the quantity of water already contained in the air flowing over a moist body, and finally on the velocity of that air. For the first two moments let us

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assume the average temperature of the year to be about 50° F., and average hygrometric condition of the air to be 75 per cent. of its full saturation. Under these conditions one cubic foot of air can take up four grains of water, in the shape of vapor; but as it contains already 75 per cent. of these four grains, which amounts to three grains, it can only take up one additional grain. As often, then, as one grain is contained in the 10,000 gallons of water mentioned above, as many cubic feet of air must come in contact with the new walls, and become saturated with the water contained in them; or about 700 millions cubic feet of air are required to dry the building in question.

If we have moved into a new building too soon, we may be deceived by its appearance. It is quite possible that the walls have become sufficiently free from water and full of air for the colors of the papers and walls to appear mixed with air, and free from all interstitial water—still we are not entitled to suppose that all water has left the walls. A good deal may remain unnoticed, provided some air is lodged in the pores of the surface sufficient to produce the optical effect of real dryness.

The inhabitants of a house give rise to a great amount of watery vapor, not only by the functions of their lungs and skin, but also by the numerous manipulations of the household, such as cooking, washing, cleaning, etc. If the air in the house is already saturated with water in proportion to its temperature, a small degree of cold in the wall is sufficient to produce a dew, a precipitation of water from the vapor, just as one sees it on window-panes. But the porous wall can imbibe a good deal, and in old buildings we may see the windows sweating profusely, while the walls seem to remain dry. It may last a long time before a well-constructed wall or partition gives any sign. They go on condensing water till their pores are filled and all the air expelled, when, not slowly and gradually, but all at once, numerous damp spots make their appearance.

It is, therefore, clear why those youngsters of houses are so much more subject to damp spots then their brethern of more mature age. Their walls have lost just enough of the building-water to allow the air to occupy part of the pores; optically they seem dry, but still very little water is required to choke up the pores here and there anew, and wherever this takes place the spots break out. The effect of a fire is very instructive; nothing produces damp spots so easily in a fresh building as the first fire, when doors and windows are well closed. The heat from the fire begins by heating the places nearest to it, and a good deal of water evaporates, so that the air in the room must come nearer its point of saturation. But at a distance from the fire the walls being colder than the air, dew falls, and if the pores still contain great quantities of the building water, they soon begin to overflow.

I have dwelt somewhat longer on this subject, because it is indispensable for a correct view of the functions of the wall; the removal into the open air of a great part of that watery vapor which develops itself in every human household. Our walls have to swallow a good deal of that vapor as water, and to pass it on through their bodies, that it may evaporate on their outer surfaces. That is the reason why localities looking to the north, or shaded from the sun, are so much damper. This appears most clearly in unheated places, chiefly at the transition from winter to spring, when it is warmer outside then inside. We are glad to have once more the windows open, to let the tepid spring-air gladden the cold interior; but a good deal of water will soon be seen deposited on the walls and the objects within the rooms, which has to evaporate just as from a new building.

You are well aware of the usefulness of porous building materials; they alone can make dry dwellings. I cannot help thinking badly of all the substitutes for wood, brick and mortar, which have been proposed, as zinc, iron, putty, etc. Perhaps the natural functions of the mortar wall may one day be efficiently exercised by something else; for the present it has not

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been done, and will not be done as easily as many so-called practical men suppose.

Let me just relate to you a case which shows that without a correct view of the functions of walls an apparently excellent plan may just produce the reverse of what was intended. In the neighborhood of iron-smelting works the slag is often used for building purposes. This material associated with other stones does very well. As it exists only in very irregular shapes, it requires large masses of mortar, and in our case this was believed to be undesirable. So it was decided to take only large regular pieces for the erection of a large workmen's dwelling, by which means the application of mortar could be reduced very much. It was a pleasure to see how quickly the building proceeded, and how much more quickly it got dry and habitable than other buildings, where irregular pieces and much mortar had been used. As soon as the workmen and their families began to live in the new building the traces of damp began to show, and at last the house became the dampest in the whole establishment, and remained so. The thin layers or bands of mortar could not dispose well of the water which was deposited from the air in the house; and this was the worse, as the slag is not like brick and mortar, which suck the water up, but is a vitrified substance on which water precipitates as on a window-pane.

But how are we to judge in a given case, whether a house is sufficiently dry? No doubt in every locality a practical experience establishes itself, founded on the knowledge of the usual material, the manner of building, and the climate. But if, as in some countries, some authority has to declare a house dry and habitable before it is to be let, there will be no end to disputes between this authority and the proprietor; because, after all, apart from the age of the building, the verdict of the experts will be given on their subjective view, not on definite and palpable signs. You know already, that the absence of damp spots means very little. Feeling by the hand the temperature of the walls, knocking at them with a little hammer, are all of not much good. Not a bad plan is to get from different places in the house small pieces of mortar and to have them examined as to their contents of evaporable water, which ought not to be more than 5 per cent. of the weight. But we may have fallen on dry places only, and get considerably deceived. Direct and comparative hygrometric observations would be best, but the necessary preliminary researches for this kind of examination are still to be made.

But what is to be done if a new building is to be brought quickly and surely into a condition of dryness? I have been obliged to shake your belief in the one means which appeared to exist, the development of carbonic acid by burning charcoal in basins or open stoves. But I shall try to give you something in exchange for what I have taken from you. This something is nothing but an appeal to what we have learned above. There are no means of removing the water from a fresh building but by letting it evaporate into the air. This evaporation depends on the temperature, the humidity of the air, and its velocity.

Imagine to yourselves a moderately-sized room of 3,530 cubic feet, and the temperature and humidity of the air at the above given mean averages. As one cubic foot of air is capable of taking up one additional grain of water, the air of the whole room will take up 3,530 grains, or about half a pound of water. Should there be no change of the air, matters would remain so. But by every fresh 3,530 feet of air coming into the room another half pound of water would be taken up, and so on. Suppose the change amounts to 353 cubic foot per hour, all the moisture we get rid off would only be 353 grains per hour. But if we heat the room to 68° Fahrenheit, for instance, we increase the tension of the vapor, *i. e.* the capacity of the air for taking up water, from four to seven grains per cubic foot, so that each cubic foot of fresh air entering the room is capable of taking up seven instead of four, that means four grains in addition to its original

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humidity. In consequence of this increased capacity, the 353 cubic feet of air take up 1,412 instead of 353 grains of water. But by the increased difference of temperature between the room and the open air, ventilation rises from 353 to 2,100 cubic feet per hour, and thus we get rid of more than 20 times as much water than if the room is left unheated.

All kinds of stoves and charcoal dishes act only as sources of heat, and not as sources of carbonic acid. The only rational and efficient way is the heating of all the chimneys and stoves, and the continual ventilation of all the rooms. All other ways are deceptive and useless.

DEPARTMENT OF THE LADIES' OWN.

CONDUCTED BY M. CORA BLAND.

RICH AND POOR.

BY ERMINIE C. STRAY.

UNDER the gaslight's fitful glare.
Watching the crowd as it passes by,
Just for a glimpse of her chestnut hair,
Or for a glance from her proud dark eye.

Knowing how weak and how vain for me,
To stand here shivering alone in the cold,
When in the crowd she will only see
Those who are covered with honor and gold.

And she is an heiress to untold wealth,
While fame has laureled her woman's brow;
While I am a workman with nothing but hea th,
And a heart full of love to offer now.

Ah, well! I know she would scorn my suit
If I dared to lay my heart at her feet;
And so I watch her, growing mute,
When under the lamps we chance to meet.

Every night for a week or more,
I have watched her under the jets of gas,
To see her enter the opera door,
And lift her eyes when she chanced to pass.

I read her face as we read a book,
And every wave of her dark brown hair;
Her eyes have to me a haunted look,
As though sorrow was first an inmate there.

She looked at me once, and the look she gave,
Sent a thrill of pain to my aching heart,
I shall carry that look to my lonely grave,
When from my idol I'm forced to part.

I sometimes wonder if heaven will be,
A place of distinction 'tween wealth and worth;
And will they ask o'er the crystal sea,
How many thousands we owned on earth!

Ah! no, 'tis the soul that is measured by soul,
When weakness and sin are forever past,

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When over the river we reach the goal,
And stand up immortal and free at last.

Then I shall stand at another door,
And watch for my unknown darling to come;
She will see me then as never before,
And scorn me not in our heavenly home.

It will not be a sin when the dust and the sod,
Have covered these bodies, forever and aye,
And together we stand in the presence of God,
In the last immortal and beautiful day.

It will not be a sin for the rich and the poor,
To go hand in hand through each grassy street,
And her love at last I shall secure,
When equal in heaven we one day meet.

WHAT WOMEN CAN DO—A PLEA FOR WORK.

BY LUCY LEE HOLBROOK.

I PROPOSE discussing in this series of papers some of the many ways in which women may work, either as amateurs or as business women, resolute with their own brains and hands to win some of the laurels of life, or at least to earn enough to support themselves and those dependent upon them, in comfort.

There are many women in this country who having enough money of their own, or being comfortably supported by their friends and relatives, are yet dissatisfied with an aimless life, and are eager and anxious to do something for themselves, if they only could or dared.

I do not wish to stir up women to leave their hearthstones and strike out upon a mission. There is nothing higher or holier on earth than a perfect home, and building a home I place first in the list of accomplishments for women. Those women are indeed fortunate who can create a home-life and social atmosphere rich with the love of husband, children and friends. But there are thousands without homes, only rooms in a hotel or boarding-house; thousands more who are superseded in this work by sisters and mothers, and are waiting until they may have a home of their own; and there are those who have homes with servants to do their work, and no children, with husbands away all day, and often in the evening—what shall all these do with their time? The average portion while away the hours in the endless rounds of calls, visits, parties, dress and novels, trying to satisfy themselves with believing that this is all there is of life. Those who stop to think are dissatisfied with a life that expends so much with so small returns, and sigh for something better—what better being an unsolved problem to them.

The greatest obstacle in the way of a woman's working is society. Gentlemen as well as ladies are strongly prejudiced against it; and let there be but a suspicion of strong-mindedness and they look askance at her and whisper, "what a pity." Ladies may combine together and work to pay for the cushions of the church, or its gas bills, or a new gown for its minister; but let a lady attempt to earn money alone, even for charitable purposes, and, alas! she stands outside the pale. So woman must calculate for this: whether she is true enough and strong enough to take the first step independently, and alone if need be; with this assurance that she will find ere long that those that are for her are greater than those against her. Some of the noblest of our young ladies are already working and achieving suc-

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cesses that win the admiration of society in spite of its prejudices. But the admiration of the world is the least motive to urge. *That* should be of little consequence, except as it gives us the consciousness of success. Work for work's sake. There is nothing else that gives such zest to life, that clears away ill-feelings, despondent doubts and fears, that so rests aching hearts, that so gives healthy, contented natures. Work for the Lord's sake, taking whatever chances He sends with thankful hearts as good gifts from Him:

"Work for some good, be it ever so slowly,
Cherish some flower be it ever so lowly,
Labor, *all* labor is noble and holy,
Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God."

But now the question comes, what can we do? and I ask in return what are you best fitted for? A gentleman said in my hearing yesterday: "My life is sadly crippled because I did not find out soon enough what I could do best." It is not necessary to go down into the kitchen to do rough work, men's work, or work that inferiorly educated women can do better than you; but consider your talents and your culture. What art could you excel in if you devoted yourself to it? Have you a strong love for music? You have doubtless attained some proficiency in it as an accomplishment; take it as a study. Go beyond the flashy, brilliant compositions suited to the popular taste, and strike deep into the works of the old masters, until your own soul vibrates with theirs.

Have you a gift for the pencil or the easel? Do not hesitate because, with your reverence and admiration for the beautiful conceptions that adorn the walls of our parlors and galleries, it seems like presumption to think of entering the lists with such artists. It is better to be with them even at their feet, climbing, than to be sitting idle outside. No matter if you do not accomplish all you wish in this life, you will have learned the rudiments for better work in the Hereafter, for we shall not be idle there; besides you have the mental growth and development obtained by such work.

Can you write? Try it! Writing comes by practice as well as by inspiration, as I am inclined to think all of these gifts do. It is the *love of the work*, full as much as the talent for it, that brings success. If you teach yourself to think, and experience and analyze, there will be enough to say, and practice will teach you to say it.

The field for physicians is a wide one, and now open to women; and this profession combined with that of nurse, or of talks on health subjects to women, offers many opportunities of usefulness, and certainly a great deal of hard work. There are women who have tried the law, and gentle womenly women who fill the pulpit with perfect satisfaction to their hearers. There is a class for ladies as well as gentlemen about forming in New York, in modeling, and many mothers are perfecting themselves in this pleasing employment, for their children's sake.

There is one idea that men and women both have, that it is of little use commencing these things after middle life, as if youth alone was the time for learning; women are apt to lay aside their accomplishments when marriage and children come. That it is a mistaken idea we have plenty of proof from experience and observation.

One lady, now a successful physician in New York city, reared and educated a family of five children; and then, not wishing to be dependent upon them for support, studied medicine and graduated at fifty-three years of age. Another grey-haired lady commenced last winter in an artist's studio to see what she could do, and is making rapid progress. Another lady at the age of seventy has so gathered up her past knowledge of music that she plays beautiful accompaniments for her friends who sing, or carries her part on the piano with accomplished musicians upon other instruments. These are only a few cases out of many. When ever there is *time* and *opportunity* given us—whether in youth or old age—to add to our stock of knowledge, we have a right, more than that, a *duty*, to use it for self-advancement and self-culture.

But there is another class of women

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who must work from necessity, and to whom money and steady employment are of far greater importance than esthetic culture. Poverty presses from behind, and wants spring up upon every side, and it is the daily question how they are to be met. Four things they *must* have; food, clothing, shelter and fuel, and, alas for these hard times! they are often difficult to obtain. One often feels that Bridget in the kitchen is to be envied, for she has strength, health, a happy heart usually, and plenty of chances for employment, even without the best of recommendation for faithful work, temper, or morality. Her wages are not high, but she is sure of the four essentials above mentioned; and if she has her lover, her evenings out, and her church, she does not pine for the esthetics. How much better off is the school-teacher who carries a worn-out nervous system, tired and anxious countenance, at a salary of four or five hundred a year and boards herself. Doubtless the teacher would argue with me that Bridget has the best of it; yet she would not exchange places, for position is everything, and society again stands in the way.

Public opinion has changed so much within the past few years, that there are few occupations in which a woman may not engage if she is determined, and able to do the work well. There are four things she will have to contend against, her pride, her want of physical strength, her lack of business education, and a prejudice that still exists against woman's ability to labor.

Her pride—all false pride I mean—must be sacrificed, and she must teach herself to feel that all labor well done is honorable, and that she has it in her power to ennoble her station whatever it may be. Her physical strength she has less under control, and yet she may do a great deal for herself there. If women could realize how much vital force is expended in wearing the present style of dress, or that vitality means money to them, they would enter into the reform dress question more earnestly. They need not follow the extremes of the reform, but I do earnestly advise loose waists; the supporting of *every* article of dress from the shoulder; the wearing of as few skirts as possible, and those short enough for walking, and let them be light and warm; let her study diet as a means of strength as well as health; study habits of sleeping and exercising; study *how to economize in the expenditure of every vital force.* She should consider, too, the healthfulness of the employment upon which she enters, and as far as possible control her surroundings. A little thought sometimes goes a great ways in such matters.

A lack of business education is a great hindrance to her success, and is the prime cause of the prejudice against her working. Men hire those who will for the money bring in the best returns. Women lack those qualities that make good business managers. They are not persistent; they do not like to work steadily day after day, keeping themselves prompt to hours or engagements; it is not their nature and they have not been trained to it. They are not educated to look upon an employment as a life matter, but only as a bridge that spans the space between themselves and matrimony. Many are thrown out upon their own exertions suddenly by reverses of fortune, and it makes the heart sad to realize how much of snubbing, of wasted, because unguided, effort, of discouragement and heartache a woman must go through before she acquires the business tact that a man is educated to.

If she could be trained to some congenial employment early in life, or while fortune smiles upon her and she has a home, how much, how very much of the best of her womanhood would be saved, her pathway smoothed and her success insured.

The prejudice against a woman's ability to work is wearing away—how fast will depend upon herself. When the work is as well done, as quickly and as skillfully executed as a man's, she will we shall hope have the same chance and the same pay; and if she should do *better*, then, O, man, look out for your laurels!

Men will still have a great advan-

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tage, however, in "cheek" and "push";" but if they have so high an estimate of woman's modesty and purity as they should have, let them for their own sakes, as well as hers, make room for the modest applicant for work with the same deference or chivalry that they of old showed, who fought under their ladies' favor.

Why need woman's innocence and delicate womanliness be brushed away because, forsooth, she is poor, or ambitious, or independent, and so ventures beyond the hearthstone. These are virtues of the heart, and if she keeps her heart truly, she will not only preserve her womanliness, but she will add self-reliance and thoughtfulness to correct estimate of the value of money and time, and a habit of economy in both that will add a thousand fold to her value as wife and mother. It is not *work* that leads her into temptation, it is the idle hands that Satan finds mischief for; it is not work that makes her vain and flippant, but the ambition of a shallow nature turned in upon self. It is not money-earning that makes her sordid and grasping, but early training and selfish propensities, that show just as plainly in a shopping expedition, in household management, in any place where there is a chance to exhibit those little meannesses that are so contemptible, as they do in business transactions.

Let women have pure hearts and a determination to learn all that there is to be learned in their particular profession or employment, and a conscientious spirit to do their best for themselves and employers, and a patient and continued working, and success cannot but crown their labors in the end.

THE SINS OF STRONG PEOPLE.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"I HAVEN'T any patience with nervous, namby-pamby women," said James Maynard to his brother. "If I had that wife of yours, I believe I should make it convenient to be away from home the most of the time?"

"Oh, you don't know what you are talking about," replied the gentleman addressed; "how should you? a man who never knew a day's sickness in his life. It would do you good to lose your strength for awhile; you would have some sympathy then for weak people."

"I hope I shall never lose my common sense," said James, curling his lip up disdainfully.

Mr. John Maynard had married a sickly wife, to the disgust of his family, who were all singularly robust people—the sort of folks who "haven't a nerve in their bodies." She had ailments without end, sick headaches at the most inopportune times, fainting fits, nervous spasms, backache, and "everything you could name," her mother-in-law said. How John got along with her none of his family could guess. It remained a conundrum for many years after the "feeble" Amy Howard became Mrs. Maynard.

At last a series of events came to pass by which the healthy Maynards got a deeper glimpse into the mystery of their daughter-in-law. The war broke out after John had been married twelve years. John and James both enlisted, and were off in the first regiments. They fought bravely side by side through many battles, and at last the husband fell, and James, sorely wounded, went home without him. Poor James! He could face the enemy far better then he could tell Amy of her loss. In imagination he saw her go through the whole series of "weaknesses," with hysterics added. "But man proposes," etc. James was too sick by the time he reached home to make observations upon Amy; fever and delirium seized him, and the stalwart man, boastful of his strength, was changed to a miserable invalid, dependent upon the care of others. A wound upon his

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thigh that had partly healed, became again troublesome, and after great suffering the leg was amputated at the hip. "Poor James Maynard is dreadfully broke down," the neighbors said. "I never would a thought a man cou'd change so; they say he's as nervous and complainin' as a woman, and John's widow is the only one, Iv'e heard tell, that has a drop of patience with him. Them Maynard's is a hard set." It was true. James had fallen into the querulous sensitive state that succeeds great suffering, and Amy's care of him was constant and tender. She timed her life to his needs, adapting herself to him as kindly and carefully as if he had been a baby, and she the mother. And so he was a baby; for what is babyhood but a state of weakness?

One day a lady came to call on Amy, and found her in the sick-room. James was appaarently asleep, and the conversation turned upon his long illness, and his present discouraging condition.

"I don't see how you can bear it, Mrs. Maynard," said the visitor; "everybody wonders, especially after this family have ridiculed and neglected you as they have. I would let him suffer before I'd wear myself out waiting upon him; and that is what all the neighbors say." "No you would not," replied Amy, "if you knew as much about suffering, by experience, as I do. I know too well the value of tenderness and gentle care, not to be willing, even anxious, to bestow it upon all who need. If you had once come near starving, you would not let your worst enemy go without bread while there was a crust on your table."

James heard every word, and groaned in spirit at his lack of charity in the past. After the lady was gone, he called Amy to him and made a humble confession.

"I shall never be hard upon weakly folks again," he said, "even if I shall get the strength of a giant; I was a fool, and, as poor John used to say, I didn't know what I was talking about."

The world of suffering and the world of health are wide apart," said Amy. "A man who is strong and well can never know the needs of the weak and sick, except by experience. But such a man, if he is truly human and generous, will seek to adapt himself to the wounded, wether the wound be of the flesh, the nerves, or the heart."

"I was a brute," replied James. "I was not capable of believing in a state of body and mind so far remote from my own."

"I am afraid that people generally suppose that all are wrong who differ from themselves," said Amy.

Time went on, and the neighbors began to say:

"Do you suppose Amy Maynard is really going to marry that one-legged brother-in-law of hers?"

Others rallied James upon his devotion to a sickly woman, and hoped he wasn't going to "tie himself up."

"That's what I am going to do," he said "tie myself to an angel, in hopes she'll drag me up a bit." "You've changed your mind," was the sarcastic reply. "High time I did—changed my heart, too; and it's all owing to her. I'm going to marry her, if she'll have me, and then I'm going to look out for all the weak, crippled, ailing ones, for the rest of my life. Don't you be afraid for me; I'd rather have this new sympathy that's got into me by my own pull down, and by Amy's example and goodness, than to be a Samson. When I think of the Savior now, I know a little bit in a far-off way how he felt. He could help men because he had suffered with them. I was just a great blind animal, trampling down everything that came in my way. I'm beginning to be a man; and I believe that manhood is true and strong just in proportion to its sympathy and tenderness.

A WRITER in the Sun, who has worn paper collars for ten years, warns against a dangerous gloss or finish that certain manufacturers produce by the use of poisonous ingredients, and which has caused a distressing eruption on his neck. The editor suggests that he either have his collars analyzed by a chemist or save enough to buy the linen article.

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EDITOR'S STUDIES IN HYGIENE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

DOUBLE WINDOWS.

What is the object of double windows in cold weather? to keep out the cold air; or is there another object?

ANSWER.—A little thoughtfulness will teach any one that a single pane of glass will keep out the cold air as well as two panes. The object of two panes is to inclose a layer of air between them, which shall keep the cold air of the outside from contact with the inner pane, which contact cools the air of the room by absorbing its heat. In other words, the cold air outside cools the warm air of a room by cooling the window-pane, and double windows prevent it. To some extent the double window is just as important in summer to keep the inner and cooler air from contact with the outer hot air, though it is not recognized by those who put in double windows when cold weather comes on. The great objection to double windows is the difficulty of cleaning them, and the slight obstruction they interpose to full transmission of light. The small amount of cold air that finds its way through the cracks about our windows is, or ought to be, very welcome as a means of spontaneous ventilation.

RADIATED HEAT.

What is radiated heat? and is it healthful to put ourselves in its way?

ANS.—The heat that comes in rays is radiated heat, consequently the heat of the sun, a candle, the open air, a gas burner, etc., is radiated. It, so to speak, bombards the skin and eyes with warm atoms, and a certain amount of radiated heat is essential to health; but a continual exposure to it is not desirable, and especially direct on the eyes, as we all know. In a cold day, when the hands and feet have been cooled much below the normal temperature, radiated heat is very grateful in restoring warmth. For most of the time, however, we must depend largely on conducted heat for warmth, or upon that heat that comes from contact; or, what is better, we should arrange our stoves and fires so as to be able to get both kinds, as may be desired. This must always be considered, that radiated heat cannot act at long distances in any high degree, for the effect lessens as the square of the distance. In other words, it is sixteen times less at four feet than at one foot.

SITTING NEAR THE STOVE.

In a school-room where there are many pupils, and it is necessary to economize space, is it safe to put any of the pupils near the stove or fire-place?

ANS.—No. No pupil should sit constantly near a stove or fire. This part of the room should be reserved for those who desire to sit near the stove for a short time to get warm.

WHAT IS A DAY'S WORK?

Can you tell us what may be considered a good day's work?

ANS.—From the elaborate calculations of Dr. Du Chaumont, 300 foot-tons a day is a fair day's work for a man of average height. This would be equivalent to walking fifteen miles in a little over five hours. A hard day's work would be equivalent to walking twenty-four miles in eight hours. Dr. Parkes mentions an extreme case in which a man in a copper mill did as much as 723 foot-tons in a day, his average work being 443 foot-tons. A foot-ton is a ton lifted one foot high. The ordinary work of a military prisoner is 310 foot-tons. The velocity at which work is done, and the consequent resistance, greatly affect the quantity of potential energy required for its accomplishment. For the production of any amount of what may be termed productive work, a much larger amount of potential energy has to be expended. Professor Haughton, of Dublin, has calculated that of the total potential energy produced in the body, 260 foot-tons are required for the action of the heart. Then the animal heat absorbs from 2,000 to 2,500 foot-tons, or more. According to Helmholtz, about five times as much energy is used in the internal

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work of the body as is expended in ordinary productive work. In the case of severe work, the proportion of internal work to productive work is still greater. Supposing the work performed by a man to consist of walking, the most economical rate, both as regards the amount of food required to sustain it and the amount of energy expended on the body itself, is about three miles an hour. Both above and below that speed there is a decrease in the amount of active work as compared with the non-productive energy. A man walking fifteen or sixteen miles a day, or doing an equivalent amount of work in another form, would require 23 oz. of food, composed of albuminates 4·6 oz., fat 3 oz., starch 14·3 oz., and salts 1·1. This would yield a potential energy of 4,430 foot-tons, and allow 309 foot-tons for productive work. A more subsistence diet for a man at rest would be 15 oz., but with this amount a man would lose weight. About 7,000 foot-tons a day of potential energy is about the greatest amount which is possible as a permanency. This would yield 600 foot-tons of productive work. These calculations apply only to men in health.

CLOSING THE STOVE-DRAFT.

What is the effect on the air of the room of closing the draft of the stove?

ANS.—It nearly stops combustion in the stove, and creates a sort of dry distillation of the products of burning, causing especially the formation of carbonic oxide, a deadly poison, which at once begins to escape into the room through the cracks of the stove, rendering the air bad and causing headache and lassitude. The draft of a stove should never be closed entirely. A room heated by a stove should be so thoroughly ventilated that there can be no accumulation of foul gases. An open draft allows a current of air to sweep them up the chimney as soon as they are developed. A closed draft stops the upward flow.

LIFE'S WORST ENEMIES.

What are life's worst enemies?

ANS.—At the British Association, Dr. Symonds remarked that "crowding and poverty are the two great enemies of life. Wealth seeks the best localities, and provides itself with the best artificial climate. It generally affects the death rate, especially in childhood, and again in advanced life, particularly in women; though riches are not favorable to extreme longevity." We should think that intemperance is the cause of most of the poverty and the cause of most of the crimes, so intemperance is the greatest evil of life.

WATER ON THE STOVE.

Is the common custom of putting a basin of water on the stove to evaporate founded on any hygienic law, or only a whim?

ANS.—As we raise the temperature of the air in our rooms its demand for moisture and ability to hold it increases, and it is no doubt on this ground that the custom has become so general—but as we improve our system of ventilation we do away with the need of the basin of water, as the air flowing in supplies the needed moisture. Only in poorly ventilated rooms is it found necessary.

A WHOLESOME DRINK.

Is there any wholesome, nutritious beverage which can be used as a substitute for tea and coffee?

ANS.—A. S. says: "Put a teaspoonful of *fine* Scotch oatmeal in a large breakfast cup, and mix up with the same amount of the *best* raw sugar. Then pour in about half a gill of good milk, stirring to the thickness of cream. Then pour on boiling water from the kettle, stirring all the while till your cup is full. Lastly, grate over the fluid a stroke or two of nutmeg. It should be drunk, *not* hot, but when somewhat cooled, or to the temperature of fresh milk from the cow. To my taste it is absolutely delicious, and, of course, very nutritious. I take about two pints at breakfast, together with a dish of course oatmeal 'porridge, chief o' Scotia's food,' as Burns has it."

CITY VS. COUNTRY APPETITES.

Can a man who lives in the city eat as much food as a dweller in the country?

ANS.—No; only about half as much: especially if his habits are sedentary. Every person ought to spend a por

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tion of time in the country. The organic nervous system, that largely controls and gives strength to the vital organs, asserts itself in the country. In the town the voluntary nervous system, the brain, takes the lead in activity. Both ought equally to have their share of health. Hence those who live in the country should occasionally spend a winter in the city. City invalids are benefited by going to the country, and country invalids often by going to the city.

OZONE.

What is ozone, that we hear so much about in papers now, and what is its character and use?

ANS.—The books *say* that ozone is a peculiar form of oxygen. Which means that they do not know exactly what it is. One theory is that ozone is negative oxygen, and that in this state it is very active, oxydizing substances having an affinity for oxygen with great rapidity. Recent discoveries indicate that there is also a positive form of oxygen, and that common oxygen consists in the union of those two forms. Ozone is generated by electricity and sunlight, and during a thunder storm it is believed to be abundant; so, too, it is abundant in the woods in spring and early summer, when the leaves are very active. Probably this ozone is the fresh oxygen given off from the leaves which have just separated it from the carbon of carbonic acid. Newly released from its imprisonment it may, and probably does, possess more vigor then after floating about the air in constant contact with moisture spores subject to heat and cold. Ozone is quite abundant on the seashore in summer, when the sun shines on the waves as they dash against the land; but it is scarce in large cities, being all used up in oxydizing the various substances in the city air and streets.

The uses of ozone are apparent. Being more vigorous and powerful then quiet, lazy oxygen, it tackles the enemies of life that abound in the form of organic dust, spores, and whatever it may be that causes cholera and other malignant diseases that trouble our race. Ozone seems to be one of Nature's disinfectors, and man will soon use it for disinfecting purposes more than at present, indeed already it is used in some places.

The peculiar properties of ozone are destroyed by a temperature of 230 °F. The word ozone is from the Greek, and signifies stench. When generated in the laboratory by electricity it has both a strong smell and taste. The tests of ozone are paper moistened with a preparation of water, starch and iodide of potassium. The ozone displaces the iodine, unites with the starch and gives a well-known blue color.

DUST IN HOUSES.

How does so much dust get into our houses and under our carpets?

ANS.—We bring it in on our shoes, our clothing, our hair even, and then it dries and is tread upon and ground through our carpets. Sometimes the wind brings it in from the dirty streets. One chief protection against it is in more thoroughly cleaning our shoes and clothes out of doors, or in some out-room. We might get rid of some of it by driving out the dust catchers, whatever they are, and substituting other material. It may not be known that some of the worst forms of dust are the invisible forms which are made visible by a ray of the sunlight in a room. The first falls to the floor and is out of the way of our breathing organs, unless swept up with the broom or trailing skirts, but the latter is continually whirling up and down and cannot be kept out of the air. We can only protect ourselves against it by allowing a breeze to sweep through our rooms now and then to carry off as much of it as possible. It is present in all air, and Tyndall named it sundust. It is organic, and consists of the lightest of organic matter, and comes from various vegetable and animal substances.

TREATMENT OF SOILED CLOTHING.

How should soiled clothing be treated before washing.

ANS.—Do not moisten it or heep it up in piles to sweat, and become a nest for the propagation of spores which may infect the air and breed disease, but keep it thoroughly dry

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and well aired till washing day comes. If the clothing has been taken from any sick person's bed, it should be disinfected as soon as removed, so as to kill the spores which may otherwise do harm.

VIVISECTION.

Can one opposed to vivisection study medicine and learn what is expected of him in anatomy and physiology?

ANS.—The case of Mrs. Kingsford, of the University of Paris, is in point. She has passed her second examination (anatomy and physiology) with a "*Bien satisfait.*" She has steadily resisted the counsel to vivisect given her by the professors and others, who declared that she could know nothing of physiology unless she did so. In this refusal she has experienced great difficulties, being thrown on her own resources, and without the usual instructions. After all she has not only passed, but passed with the highest marks usually given.

BRONCHITIS AND WARM ROOMS.

Should a person with bronchitis keep his sitting-room warm or cool in winter?

ANS.—The temperature should be rather above that required for a healthy person, but this should not be done at the expense of purity of the air.

SALT IN THE AIR.

Is there any salt in the air? and if so, how does it get there?

ANS.—Near the sea the wind lifts it in the form of vapor, when it dries and floats about for some time. Spectrum analysis reveals the yellow line of soda in nearly all air. It, however, does no harm. Nature purifies the air of impurities in all habitable places, except where art interposes some obstacle, or makes too great a demand on Nature's purifying powers.

STIMULANTS VS. NUTRITION.

What is the difference between a stimulant and nutrition?

ANS.—There is a great difference between a stimulant and nutriment. A stimulant posseses the power of exciting an organ or part of the animal economy to action. The word signifies to goad, or urge on. Nutrition, on the other hand, is nourishment, aliment, food. The London Lancet remarks that at the present day our treatment has assumed a character too decidedly stimulant and not quite sufficiently nutritive. Stimulants ought to be regarded as auxiliaries to nutrition more than they are at present. Nutritive material, as milk, meat juice, eggs, and various forms of starch, ought to form a greater matter in the dietary of the sick than stimulants, whether nitrogenized or alcoholic; such materials, when assimilated, give supplies of force. Stimulants may asssist in their assimilation, and do so; but in themselves stimulants only furnish limited supplies of force-bearing material. They are, however, a means by which the system may reach some of its physiological reserve fund. Such use may be advantageous or pernicious, according to circumstances; and an ill-regulated or excessive process of stimulation may give results as disastrous as a wise and intelligent resort to stimulants may be beneficial and preservative in its consequences.

THE GRAPE CURE.

Is the grape cure practiced anywhere in this country?

ANS.—No, not systematically as in Europe, but many practice it in a modified way. In Switzerland and other European countries the patient is sent into the vineyard to eat grapes, and must pick them himself. He is instructed to use just so many bunches, and no more. It is to be supposed that the grape bunches are of equal size, otherwise the prescription would be more indefinite than a "teaspoonful," which may be little or much according to the size of the spoon. Invalids experience great benefit from the "grape cure." Our own grapes are not so good as the European grapes, but they are good enough to cure some diseases if properly applied.

DIGESTION AND INDIGESTION.

What is digestion and indigestion?

ANS.—They are not things we can handle, but digestion is an act. An exchange puts it as follows, and it is not far from correct. It says: "Saturate a piece of bread or meat with gastric juice, and it will dissolve; this is digestion. Add to such a mixture a little

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alcohol, and it will not dissolve; this is indigestion. Beware then of tinctures, or tonics, or bitters, or decoctions containing spirituous liquors. Shun all rum "tonics," and rely solely on the gastric juice, the finest digestive substance known, and free from the fiery curse of alcohol or other poison."

RESPIRATOR.

Could not a respirator be made to protect the mouth and lungs from cold air, damp vapors and dust, and worn over the mouth?

ANS.—While it might be done it is impracticable. It is unnatural to breath through the mouth as would be required. The mouth, to use it, would require to be puckered up as for whistling, for example, which would be painful, and soon the instrument would become very foul. Of course in going into a room full of smoke, temporarily one might be useful. Travelers over sandy deserts use a band of cloth over the mouth and nose, and temporarily we all apply a handkerchief to the nose to protect from a cloud of dust and smoke, when subject to it. The nose truly is Nature's respirator, and reduces to a minimum the quantiy of dust inhaled by catching it on the moist mucus surface or hairs of the nasal cavity. Every day the nose should be cleansed by inhaling warm water gently, to remove the dust which collects there. Those who work in metals and stone, or where dust is very abundant, may be compelled to use a respirator; but it should apply to the nose and not the mouth. Then keep the mouth shut and there is little danger. For the use of firemen who are obliged to go into rooms full of smoke, Tyndall has given a respirator which will permit one to remain for some time in a room the air of which without it could not be breathed a single time.

A GOOD CHEAP BED.

Is there any good cheap hygienic bed that a person can make for himself, and renew when old at little expense?

ANS.—One of our medical exchanges says: "A most soft, comfortable, and wholesome filling for beds or for mattresses can be procured in most country places by getting a farmer when threshing to allow oat chaff to be saved. It is soft, light, and elastic, and when fresh and clean is very sweet. The cost is very little, only the cost paid to the farmer for the men saving and sifting it. As oat chaff is rarely used for cattle food it is easily obtainable. It is so extremely light that a slighter kind of bed-fick than is necessary for other kinds of filling is quite sufficient for oat chaff. Another advantage is that it can be changed every year at so little cost that it is within the reach of many, if not of all. For children's beds it is perfectly satisfactory. It is only necessary to keep a sack or two stuffed full of oat chaff in a dry place, and then new and fresh filling is at hand to make a sweet bed, whatever accident may have befallen the cot mattress. Next to the chaff is clean oat straw for bedding. Indeed, we should make this the first choice, after the more cleanly mat, for all adults. It should be changed frequently, and always be kept sweet and clean. To which we would add, that oat straw is even better, if threshed in a threshing machine and used fresh and clean than chaff. It needs to be thoroughly mixed and not put into the bed in layers, or it will become hard. Change it every month or two. Old beds are not so wholesome as new ones.

AID TO SWIMMERS.

What is the best method of aiding persons who are learning to swim, and especially ladies who may be timid and fearful?

ANS.—Several plans are used. One is to tie a band about the body, and with a line from this band attached to a stick, like a fish-hook and pole, support the body until confidence is gained, and then withdraw the support. Another is to use a rubber bag inflated with air, tied about the neck, and still another is to use a glove that can be inflated and drawn onto the hand and wrist. Again, a wire is stretched across a swimming bath, from which depends a rubber cord with a band at the end. The band is placed round the chest and the cord placed on a running wheel, that travels along as the swimmer progresses.

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OUR DESSERT TABLE.

SENSE.

WE must labor and climb the hill, if we would arrive at virtue, whose seat is on the top of it.

AS malarious air may endanger a good constitution, bad companions endanger a good character.

THE best conversation is with those who teach us matter, not words, and who preach things we ought to know and keep us to the practice of them; for the very face of a wise man suggests profitable contemplations.

ALWAYS provide a friend to dine or sup with you; for friendly discourse at table promotes health, and without it the table is too apt to become a manger.

IN the distribution of our time how much passes in doing only evil, how much more in doing nothing at all, and how little in doing well.

HE who acquires wealth without enjoying it, and he who acquires wisdom without practicing it, takes trouble in vain. How much soever you may study science if you do not act wisely you are ignorant. The beast that is loaded with books is not learned or wise; what knoweth his empty skull whether he carries books or wood?

GALEN on seeing a blockhead lay hold of the collar of a wise man and disgrace him, said: "If this man had been really wise, matters would not have come to this pass, for strife and contention will not happen between two wise men, and a wise man will not quarrel with a fool. If an ignorant fellow in his brutality speaks rudely, the wise man will answer him with mildness. Two wise men will not break a hair, but two ignorant ones will break a chain."

A PREACHER who had a very detestable voice, but thought he had a very sweet one, bawled out to no purpose. The people on account of the respectabillity of his office submitted to the calamity, and did not think it best to molest him. But a neighboring preacher secretly ill-disposed towards him, came and said: "I saw a dream, may it prove good." "What did you see?" he asked. He replied, "I thought you had a sweet voice and that the people were delighted with your discourse." The preacher after a little thought, said, "What a happy dream which has discovered to me my defect, in that I have an unpleasant voice and that the people are displeased at my preaching. In future I will read only in a low tone. My friends were disadvantageous to me because they looked on my defects as excellencies. Thanks to the enemy who with piercing eye has pointed out my faults. Ignorance is a sorry jade which causes every one who mounts it to stumble, and each one who leads it to be laughed at."

NONSENSE.

OLD LADY (*sharply, to stranger.*) "Well, Miss, what are you staring at? What do do you see in my face?" (Young Lady.) "Nothing."

DR. WHEWELL, walking in Hamilton's garden at Chobham, expressed his surprise at the prodigious growth of the trees. "My dear sir," returned Mr. Hamilton, "remember they have nothing else to do."

TEACHER (*to Bible class*). "First boy, repeat the parable of the leaven." (*First boy does so, glibly enough.*) "Very good. Now, what is leaven?" (*No answer.*) "Next boy?"

Next Boy. "Leven, sir? Two strokes on your slate, sir."

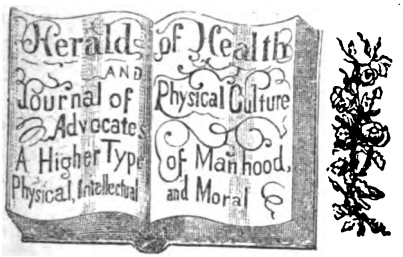
AN Orange county farmer has been stabling his cow in an ice house to make her give ice cream.

A LITERARY gentleman, who has graduated in dyspepsia, writes the following treatise on the subject: "I hav laid down more than two thousand times, and rolled over once a minute all nite long, and got up in the morning like a korpse, and thare didn't nothing seem to ail me enny where in partiklar. I hav red whole librarys on the stumuck and liver, and when I got thru, I knew a great deal less what was the matter uv me than when I begun. I hav drunk whiskee with roots in it enuff to carry of enny bridge or saw-mill in the country. I hav worked on a farm for mi vittles and board, and dieted on fried pork and ri bread until I was az thin az the sermon of a seven day baptist preacher. I hav dun all theze things and ten thousand other things just as ridiculus; and I hav got the old dispepshee yet, just az natral and az thik as the pimples on a 4-year old goose, If you git a good hold ov the dispepshee once, you kant never looze it entirely; it will cum around once in a while like a ghost, and if it don't scare yu az it did once, and make yu think yu are going to die to-morrow, it will make you feel just as sorry."

A CHICAGO chemist alludes to his new combination for restoring hair in the following manner: A little applied to the inkstand has given it a coat of bristles, making it a splendid penwiper at little cost. We applied the lather to a tenpenny nail, and the nail is now the handsomest lather-brush you ever saw, with beautiful soft hair growing from the end of it, some five or six feet in length. Applied to door-stones, it does away with the use of the mat; applied to the floor, it will cause to grow therefrom hair sufficient for a Brussels carpet. A little weak lather sprinkled over a barn makes it impervious to the wind, rain, or cold. It is good to put inside of children's cradles, sprinkle on the roadside, or anywhere where luxurious grass is wanted for use or ornament. It produces the effect in ten minutes.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1875.

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 that 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.*

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

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

THE END OF THE YEAR.—There is one sad thought when December touches us with its cold but bracing air, and that is, that the year which has brought to us so much of joy and pleasure, so much sunshine and delight, is about to take its departure, and we shall soon know it no more, except in the wonderful treasure-house of our memory. Look back to it we may, think of what it brought us we will, treasure it up we must, but to experience its blessings again is one of those things not permitted to mortal man. All we can do, then, is to catch the few remaining days of the slowly departing year, snatch from them their jewels, and then, as it begins to limp, and go halt and weary, and show signs of infirmity, joyously let it go, knowing that another new year will at once step into its place and bring new and fresh hopes and joys. In looking backward for a twelve-month how short it seems, and yet how full of meaning. It may be true that 1875 has brought material prosperity to few, it may be that it has stripped multitudes of what little they had, and made all feel the pinching need of economy; yet this should be turned to a blessing; and we may be very thankful if necessity has compelled any to live without those things which only harm.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH for 1875 has gone on the even tenor of its way, trying to dispense benefits here and there, to make the path of life more easy, more hopeful, more bright and sweet and cheery, trying to drive ill-health from the abode of human beings, to show how soundness and robustness is a blessing, and the inheritance of those who live rightly; battling vice, intemperance, gluttony, tobacco, and all that host of evils that swarm on every hand, and if we are not watchful swallow up our friends, our children, even ourselves. It ends its work for 1875 with little to regret, unless it is that notwithstanding its large hosts of friends, their number has not been quadrupled. But it has had a fair share of prosperity, and will go on its way rejoycing.

As regards the future, we can only promise devotion to the interests we advocate. For the year 1876—the centennial year of our national existence—we will do our best. Mrs Warren will

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continue her labors in a new field, that is, the management of the household, showing how much can be done with even moderate means to make home delightful. A new series of papers on the nervous system, its troubles and their best management, will be commenced by the Editor, who will also furnish a new series for the children, on the attainment of healthy and upright habits of life. Mrs. Holbrook, whose pen has now and then graced our pages, will be a regular contributor for 1876. Studies in hygiene will be made to embrace education and physiology, as well as hygiene. Our other contributors will aid us, as heretofore, with their best thoughts, and new ones will be added as may be required.

And now, as we say our last word, let us part with the old year and with each other as friends. A few will perhaps not greet us with a new-year's call, but we believe that most will; we hope so, at least, and thousands more who have never *before* traveled with us; and as we sail along on life's journey doing what good we can, extracting what sweet we may from thorn and thistle, as well as more excellent fruit, may we remember the great and good Father, who holds all things in his hands and doeth all things well.

NEW YORK ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—Travelers who visited the city of New York one hundred years ago, describe it as made pleasant and beautiful by its shade trees. Broadway then was lined with great scions of the forest from the Battery to the City Hall Park, then known as the "Commons." The houses of all the wealthier citizens were embowered in foilage, and the gardens on Broadway and Pearl streets, which at that time stretched down to the water on either side, were filled with trees and shrubbery. Elms, maples, scyamores, oaks, beeches and tulip trees were indigenous, and the English and Dutch settlers had imported from their homes thrifty representatives of trees which they had admired most on the other side of the Atlantic. Forty years ago the passion for having a fair proportion of shade still lingered in the city; sycamore, horse-chestnut and elm trees stood in long lines of green on many of the streets in the older wards, though they had generally disappeared from the neighborhood of the haunts of business. People had an affection for the saplings their fathers had planted, and they cherished them with grateful care, giving them successors where they failed to reach maturity. But the fasion died out as men grew more busy and more eager in their race for wealth. It may be, also, that the introduction of pipes for the Croton water, and gas, and the changing of the line of sewers, had something to do with the decay of the old fondness for shade on the sidewalks and in the gardens. Be that as it may, the fashion has passed out of respect, and the fashionable brown stone house on the upper avenues would almost be startled out of its propriety by seeing a rugged denizen of the woods rearing its rough boughs in its face.

ECONOMIZING.—When the times are hard every body economizes, and this makes things harder; for when no money is spent none is made, and when only little is spent, little is made. Now, to economize is a good thing, and to live within one's means a moral obligation, which we should all live up to if possible; but there are multitudes who

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don't know how to economize, and they begin on the wrong end. How many people in this whole country have stopped the use of tobacco, or tea, or coffee, or even reduced the amount used because they could not afford it—very few indeed. We venture the assertion that where one has stopped spending money for useless and harmful things, ten thousand have stopped a paper, or a magazine, and have ceased to buy books. We know that a majority of the readers of THE HERALD OF HEALTH are not of this class, and so we fear anything we may have to say on this topic will fall on ground where it is not needed.

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM AND ITS HEALTH.—We shall commence in the January number a new series of articles on the nervous system. In doing so we do not forget the very great mystery surrounding this subject; still enough is known to be of great utility in education and in the hygienic management of the nerves. The series will be popular, plain and lucid, and of special service, we hope, to those who have no nerves that trouble them, showing them how they may keep this blessed condition, and to those whose nerves have become shattered, showing how they may be restored. Those of our readers who have any friends who may like to have this series will, we hope, get them to subscribe.

WHAT WOMEN MAY DO.—Mrs. Holbrook, whose few contributions to this journal have met with much favor, has consented to become a regular contributor for 1876. She will open up a new field of thought for women, under the general heading "What Women May Do." The young women will find in them much of value to themselves.

FOOD FOR CHILDREN.—A physician in a large western city writes us that he made a happy hit in treating a child, which was feeble and scrawny and fast fading out, by copying our receipt for oatmeal milk in the book "Eating for Strength," and sending it as a prescription to be taken regularly, morning, noon and night. The child at once began to grow, as pigs and calves do when well fed, and soon became lusty and strong. Sensible physician! We predict for him a great success, no matter what school he belongs to.

CITY OF HEALTH.—Dr. Richardson, an eminent English writer, delivered an address before the Social Science Congress, at Brighton, lately, of the greatest significance, entitled "The City of Health." This address has particular value for Americans, who are constantly building new cities; and it has also value for those who only build one house, for the same law prevails.

Dr. Richardson gives the plans for a city in which the mortality shall be reduced to its minimum. The paper reads like a romance, and yet is pregnant with truths and hints of the greatest importance, not only to those who dwell in cities, but to every human being. We shall print the address in the January HERALD OF HEALTH.

WORRYING THE LIFE OUT.—Did it ever occur to any of our readers that there are few worse things for one to do than to worry. It takes all the life out of a human being to be worrying all the time about how he is going to get along. One reason why clergymen live longer than other people is because they worry less. They worry enough, but not half so much as people in other occupations do. In starting

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the new year, make one rule more than usual, and let that be, I WILL NOT WORRY.

RENEWING.—We send slips with this number on which to renew for 1876, and will take it as a favor if our subscribers can send in their renewals early, in order that we need not be obliged to take their names out of our printed list. We hope, also, that all who can will, in addition to their own names, send in as many as possible of their friends and neighbors.

MRS. WARREN.—Mrs. Warren seems to have delighted most of our readers, if we may judge from the letters we get inquiring about her. We shall have an entirely new series from her graceful pen entitled "How I Managed my Household," which will prove very satisfactory, we hope, to our readers.

NEW CATALOGUE AND PROSPECTUS.—We have just published a new illustrated catalogue, premium list, and prospectus of THE HERALD OF HEALTH, containing 16 pages, which gives full information about our books, premiums, etc., and we will send it free on receipt of a two cent stamp to any who may desire it.

INDEX.—We present this month our annual index of the volume for 1875. Those who look over the contents will be surprised at the number and variety of articles, and get some idea how much they have received for their money.

MRS DUFFEY'S BOOK.—Mrs. Duffey's new book, "The Relations of the Sexes" is now ready, and orders are coming in for it briskly. Its typographical appearance and binding are all that could be desired. Send in your orders when renewing for the THE HERALD. Agents wanted.

A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS.—We had abundant evidence during the years of its individual life—and this has been strengthened since its union with the HERALD OF HEALTH—that *The Ladies' Own Magazine* possessed many warm friends, whose sympathies were strongly and earnestly extended toward us in our efforts to give the women of America a representative magazine worthy of them. Words are inadequate to the full expression of our gratitude to those good friends. We appreciate also the kindness meant to be conveyed in the numerous letters of regret at the absorption of *The Ladies' Own* by THE HERALD OF HEALTH. But in view of all the circumstances connected with it, and the exigencies of the times, we are disposed to congratulate ourselves and our readers upon a union at once so compatible and auspicious. There are too many papers in this country, and if a general system of consolidation could be adopted, both the publishers and the people would be benefited, the publishers by an increase of profits—now all too small, and often wanting entirely—and the people by the concentration of literary effort on the part of editors and contributors. A large number of literary weddings have occurred during the past year; among the most noted of these is that of "Old and New," edited with signal ability for many years by the brillant and well known author, Edward Everett Hale, and "Scribner's Monthly," conducted by Dr. Holland. By this arrangement the former readers of both magazines get the advantage of the contributions of both these able editors

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THE HERALD OF HEALTH is an old, well established, and popular magazine, whose mission it has been—and *is* chiefly—to teach the people the laws of life, and how to obey them; the value of health, and how to maintain it. This was also one of the objects of *The Ladies' Own*, hence the two magazines have ever been in sympathy, and their consolidation was not inappropriate, but most fitting. The modifying influence of each upon the other has, we think, been advantageous. Although we are relieved of the financial responsibility of publishing a magazine, we have lost none of our interest in the good work; but shall still continue to devote our efforts to the cause that first enlisted our sympathies, and ultimately gave birth to our magazine. We therefore earnestly and confidently ask our friends to give THE HERALD OF HEALTH all the friendly sympathy and active support they so freely bestowed upon *The Ladies' Own*.

M. CORA BLAND.

PREVENTION OF FEVER.—The following rules should be adopted in any place where a fever breaks out:

1. That all slop and foul water be dropped into the drain provided for that purpose, and nowhere else, and, after due notice, if any person is found throwing the same into the ashpit or yard, the penalty incurred by so doing will be strictly enforced in every case.

2. That the occupier of every house where fever may appear, shall immediately communicate the fact to the medical officer of health, or the inspector of nuisances, so that disinfectants may be supplied, and any insanitary conditions speedily altered.

2. That every precaution should be adopted to prevent contact with the sick, except by the attendants, and that visits from friends and neighbors be strictly prohibited.

4. That thorough cleanliness in the way of lime-washing compartments be carefully carried out, and that all accumulations of rubbish, filth, or manure, in close proximity to human habitations, be quickly removed, and all cesspools, or any stagnant pool of water near to dwelling-houses, be abolished forthwith.

5. That all sink pipes be effectually trapped, to prevent any ingress of offensive odor or smell into houses.

6. That no water from wells liable to pollution be used for cooking or drinking purposes, without its being first boiled and then filtered, if possible, through a charcoal filter.

OLDEN TIME REMEDIES.—Mrs. Delany, who sweetened her blood by taking a modicum of chalk in everything she drank, had a fondness for amateur doctoring, and was not very nice in prescribing for her friends. In one of her letters she writes: "Does Mary cough in the night? Two or three snails boiled in her barley-water, or tea-water, or whatever she drinks, might be of great service to her; taken in time, they have done wonderful cures. She must know nothing of it. They give no manner of taste. I should imagine that six or eight boiled in a quart of water, and strained off and put into a bottle, would be a good way, adding a spoonful or two of that to every liquid she takes."

Are not many of our modern prescriptions quite as ridiculous?

LET OTHERS GO AND DO LIKEWISE.—The great physician, Galen, was an invalid at twenty-eight, with many severe

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illnesses. By carefully observing strict and excellent rules, he not only regained his health, but continued in the uninterrupted enjoyment of more than ordinary vigor to a good old age. But not to 140, as the Health Reformer says. He died at near the age of 75. He was intrusted with the care of the health of the son of Marcus Aurelius. Let others do as well as he did. Living to a great age is not very important unless one makes it useful, as Galen and Wesley did.

COMPOSITION OF TOBACCO SMOKE.—Some experiments on the composition of tobacco smoke, with special reference to the relative proportions of carbonic acid and carbonic oxide, have been made by Dr. Otto Krause, of Annaberg, and published in Dingler's *Polytechnisches Journal*. His results show that the smoke invaribly contains a considerable proportion of the very poisoncus gas, carbonic oxide; every 100 volumes of smoke containing on an average 9·3 volumes of carbonic oxide and 12·2 of carbonic acid. As a smoker never expels all his smoke, but must absorb more or less of it by means of his lungs, it is clear that the evil effects of so deleterious a gas as carbonic oxide are not to be overlooked; and, indeed, it seems likely that some of the evils usually attributed to nicotine may, with more fairness, be credited to this highly poisonous gas.

CURE FOR BALDHEADEDNESS.—An exchange says: A man in Boston has discovered a new remedy for bald heads. It is to go bareheaded. He has tried the remedy for two years, and, whereas he was bald, his head is now covered with hair.

This remedy we first published in THE HERALD OF HEALTH some eight years ago. A man many years bald went west to work in the mines; he worked bareheaded for many months in the sunshine, when the hair began to grow, and in two years he had a good head of hair. Many others have tried this method and have obtained good results.

HUMBUG OF MAGNETIC SPRINGS.—The Health Reformer says: "The so-called magnetic springs, about which so much has been said and written, ought to have been fully exploded long ere this; for every respectable chemist has not the slightest hesitation in declaring that such a thing is the greatest absurdity imaginable."

There is a particular charm about this word "magnetic." It humbugs many a one into believing very absurd things.

D75.—Now and then a subscriber asks us what is the meaning of D75 on their labels. Well, we supposed every body understood that D75 means your subscription expires with the December number, 1875. It is a way we have of keeping our accounts with subscribers, saving all trouble with book accounts, and constantly reminding our readers when their subscription expires. It will be observed that if the subscription is marked any other month or year, that then the subscription does not expire with December, 1875, but some other time. Most of our subscriptions end with the December number.

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.—THE HERALD OF HEALTH for 1876 will be prized as a new-year's gift from parent to child. If any of your children are married

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and have children to rear, send them the HERALD as a new-year's present in preference to any showy, but not useful gift.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

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GOLDEN HYGIENIC RULES FOR THE CURE OF NERVOUS DEBILITY. By Dr. T. F. Hicks. Philadelphia: Health Publishing Co., 1875. Price 25 cents.

The aim of this little book, like all that its author does, is high, and what he has to say is wise and judicious. We hope it may meet the expectation of the author in saving many from error, and restoring them to bodily and mental purity.

MY TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR JUBILEE, OR CURE BY FAITH, AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS LAMENESS. By Rev. S. H. Platt, A. M. Brooklyn: S. Harrison & Co. Price 25 cents.

Here is a book of sixty or so pages, detailing an account of the cure by prayer of Rev. S. H. Platt, after he had been using crutches for a quarter of a century. The story is exceedingly interesting from beginning to end. He begins with an account of his knee being kicked by a a horse in 1850, of how much he suffered with it for five years, how skillful surgeons put on artificial joints, silk and rubber knee stockings, without producing any good effect, how douche baths partly restored him, and then again how he became worse than ever, how in 1872 the other knee was injured in the same way, and how after using a crutch, and often two of them, for a quarter of a century he was at last cured by the prayer of Miss Mary Mossman, at Ocean Grove, in 1875. The whole story brings us back to old Bible times, when Christ, the apostles and prophets healed the sick by touch. Miss Mossman, whom we have known for years as one of the simplest and sweetest of mortals, believes that the church should to-day possess the gift as it did in apostolic times. And she has in numerous instances been the means of restoring the sick, as in this case. Her methods are prayer and the laying on of hands. She believes the healing comes from God. There is great difference of opinion on the subject, and all dogmatic statement seems out of place. Some believe it is mere imagination, some believe that the gift of healing belongs to the race, and that some have it in a high degree. This last no doubt is the true theory; but it does not follow that all diseases can be cured in this way, though many may be. In a few years we shall know more about the matter. Meanwhile Mr. Platt's little book will do good.

THE TAXIDERMIST'S MANUAL, or the art of Collecting, Preparing and Preserving objects of Natural History. By Captain Thomas Brown, F. L. S. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price $1.

It is with pleasure that we notice this book, which seems to have met with a great sale in England, wenty-six editions having been called for. The subject is one that our young readers may well acquaint themselves with. The art of preserving birds, beasts and insects is worth possessing, for these objects are beautiful of themselves, next to the living animals which they represent. So too, the pursuit of objects of natural history, while a pleasing recreation for the young, may be made beneficial as a means of health by those who need some object to call them to the woods and fields.

JOSH BILLINGS FARMERS' ALMANAX, for 1876. New York: G. W. Carlton & Co.

This publication will please all, and help especially the hypochondriacal invalid to get out of himself and laugh heartily. If Josh's sayings were not written in his queer spelling they would even then contain wisdom, for he is quite a philosopher. Here are a few of his sly cuts at the absurdities often found in life:

1. "I notiss one thing, when a man stubs his toe he cusses all kreashun fust, then his toe, but never himself.

2. "I don't kno which iz the bigest phool, the man who kan spend two hours bragging about himself, or the one who can sit pashuntally and listen to him.

3. "It aint much digrace for a man to fall, but to lay thare and grunt is.

4. "Go slow, young man; if you tap both ends ov yure cider barrell to once and draw out ov the bung hoal besides, yure cider aint going to hold out long.

5. "He who ames at perfeckshun will mis the mark, but he who ames at nothing is shure to hit it every time.

6. "If yu want to find out the utter weakness of money just try to hire a dubble tooth to stop akeing."

We close with Mr. Billings's essay on the litening rod man:

"Ever since Adam was ordered to root or perish, thare haz been an endless lot ov labor saving masheens, invented, az plenty, and menny ov them az useless, az tudstools in an old meadow. Theze invenshuns are generally pattented, and to be a good pattent rite vender, and sell a man an injun rubber litening rod, who haz allreddy got two, requires more genius than to be consul to the Azore Islands. I have seen theze litening rod fellows sell a man a rod who wouldnt hav one at any price, and after they had got hiz house all covered over with one, and got the munny for it, git one onto hiz barn, and pig pen, and git hiz note for them, with hiz nabors endorsement, for 9 months, with 7 per cent interest from date. I should be a mizerable hand to sell a pattent rite miself, but just the rite kind ov a man to buy one. It iz a grate wonder that I dont own a dozen now, that would be az useless to enny body az a pair ov pattent crutches would be to a lame grasshopper. I hav got a great deal ov pattent rite kuriosity in my compound, and am allways hanging around things that hav got a little mistery in them, but I suppoze I have got a great deal ov caushun too. But now I think ov it, kuriosity, and caushun, well mixt, are a hard thing to sell a patent rite to."

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THE DIETETIC REFORMER for October reaches us from Manchester, England, fresh and richly laden with good things.

The aim of this monthly is to help to spread a knowledge of the vegetarian doctrine and practice, and it has done royal service in England, where many believe the use of meat is in excess of any other part of the world. The time is coming when the English people will be compelled to consider the question from an economic standpoint. In America we may well even now consider it from a hygienic standpoint. The Dietetic Reformer is ably edited, and interesting, even to those who are not vegetarians. $1 per year.

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC ON HEALTH AND LIFE. By Doctor H. Chromet. Translated from the French by Mrs. Susan A. Flint. Published by Putnam, New York.

The writer, Dr. Chromet, shows a sincere and most enthusiastic appreciation of music, and if we are not converted to his theories by reading his little book, we are at least touched by his enthusiasm, and very willing to try some of his experiments. It is certainly a most agreeable medicine he prescribes for diseases of the body and mind, that of playing certain kinds of music in the hearing of the patient. He would have the music adapted to the malady. If mental, as in moroseness and despondency, the music, commencing in harmony with the feelings, should gradually lead to joyful strains; those of a dull and sluggish nature should be gradually aroused by means of powerful and impressive music; those of a nervous disposition must be soothed by sweet and tender melodies; persons of bilious temperament have songs that are light and tinged with gayety, etc.

He goes farther still, and prescribes for bodily diseases. He says "Magnetism and Electricity are often efficacious in treating pain, or any physical ills; why then should not the sonorous fluid, which is so analogous to those, have a similar power," and goes on to cite instances in which diseased lungs, stomach, liver, and even the feet and knees have been benefited by skillfully combined sounds. We despair of physicians of the regular school throwing away their drugs and nauseous doses and giving us delightful concerts instead. But the time may come when we shall have music cures as well as water cures, lifting cures, magnetic cures and prayer cures, with music doctors at their heads, and perhaps—it is too good to think of—orchestras like Thomas's for the panacea.

The writer touches further upon the effect of music upon the morals and intellect, its effect upon animals, its history and character; the influence of the tone of the voice, etc., etc.

THE BIG BROTHER; A story of Indian War. By George Cary Eggleston. S. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, N. Y.

The story is founded on incidents of the war of 1813 with the Indians in Alabama and Mississippi. During a sudden attack upon one of the forts, three children of the ages of seventeen, eleven and seven, two boys and a little girl, unable to gain the shelter of the fort hid in the bushes, and their friends supposing them killed left them to their fate.

The life of these children, and the wise management of the elder—the "big brother"—in taking care of them for several weeks, constitutes the story. The book is full of interest and adventure to older readers as well as to children. The style of the binding and print is excellent, and the illustrations of the best.

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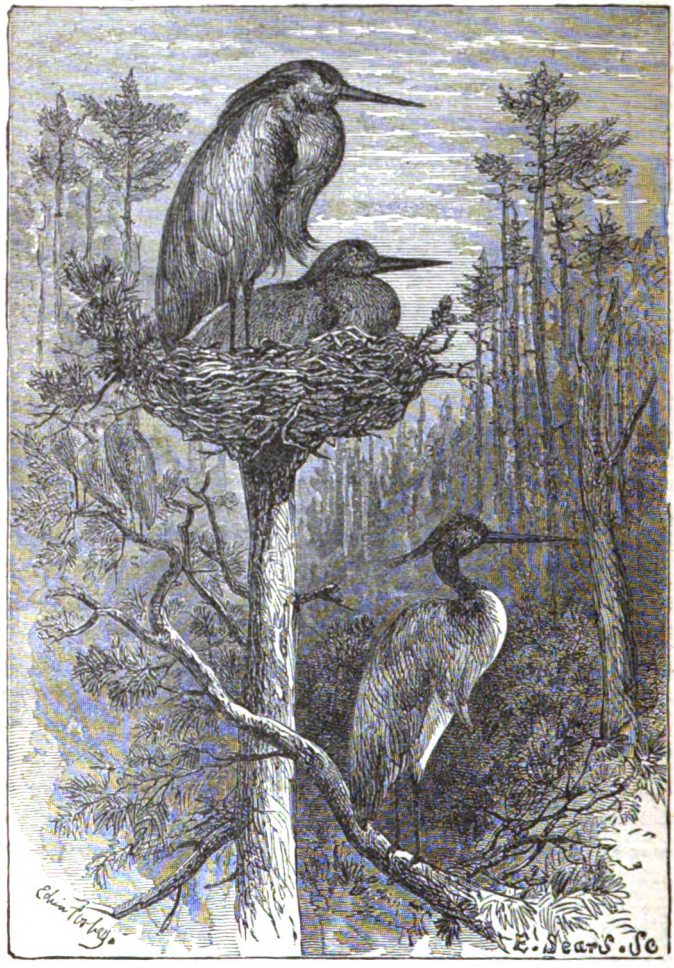
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BY

M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D.

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Aids to Digestion.
Almond Custard.
Appetite and Work.
Exciting Appetite.
Apples as Food.
Asparagus Toast.
Barberry Jam.
Barberry Jelly.
Barley Soup.
Barley Molded.
Barley Water, plain.
Be Agreeable at Meals.
Bean Soup.
Beans without Pork.
Beef & Tomato Soup.
Corn and Rye Biscuits.
Delicious Biscuits.
Wheatmeal Biscuits.
Minerals in Blood.
Boardingschool Tables.
Daily wants of Body.
Food for Brain.
Apple Bread.
Brown Bread.
Boston Brown Bread.
Brown & Sweet Bread.
Buttermilk Bread.
Graham Yeast Bread.
Heald's Favorite Bread.
Sea-water Bread.
Oatmeal Bread.
Wholesome Rye Bread.
Bread with Potatoes.
Yankee Brown Bread.
Hygienic Breakfast.
Barley Broth.
Sweet Potato Buns.
Butter.
Buttermilk.
Cabbage and Milk.
Buckwheat Cakes.
Cocoanut Custard.
Corn Cakes.
Cornmeal B'fast Cakes.
Corn Cakes with Fruit.
Cup Cakes.
Graham Cup Cakes.
Delicate Cakes.
Remarks on Cakes.
Gold Cakes.
Ground Rice Cakes.
Hygienic B'fast Cakes.
Ice Cream Cakes.
Oatmeal Cakes.
Orange Cakes.
Strawberry Shortcakes.
Yankee St'wberrycake.
Cauliflower.
Cheese & Bread Toast.
Chestnuts.
Chocolate and Cocoa.
To Prepare Chocolate.
Codfish.
Hygienic Coffee.
Food for Consumptives
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Oatmeal Cracknels.
Custards of All Kinds.
Strawberry Dessert.
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Daily variation of Diet.
Diet of Farm Laborers.
Diet of Students.
School Dietaries.
Dietetic Habits.
Digestion.
Fashionable Dinners.
American Temperance Beverage.
Apple Barley Water.
Barley Water.
Blackberry Water.
Egg Tea.
English Tea.
Fig Water.
Spring Drinks.
Gooseberry Water.
Grape Drink.
English Lemonade.
Hot Lemonade.
Milk Lemonade.
Orange Lemonade.
Pineapple Lemonade.
Tea Lemonade.
Whey Lemonade.
Preserved Lemon Juice.
Lemon Sherbet.
Lemon Water.
Plum Water.
Raspberry Water.
Rhubarb Tea.
Strawberry Sherbet.
Sugar Water.
Summer Beverages.
Tamarind Water.
Toast Water.
Simplicity in Eating.
Eating Grape Seeds.
Eating when Tired.
Egg Plant.
Egg Sandwiches.
Baked Eggs.
Boiled Eggs.
Dropped Eggs.
Scrambled Eggs.
Hard Boiled Eggs.
Soft Boiled Eggs.
Egg Tea.
Eggs without Boiling.
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Food and Strength.
Animal Food and Bravery.
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Food for the Brain.
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Effects of Food.
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Fruit Juices.
Fruit Jellies.
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