

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Keep the lambs off the pastures where old sheep run, if you would have them free from the disease known under the various names of cough, husk, paper-skin, bloodlessness, etc.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The Garden—do not pass it by to the advantage of some field crops. Vegetables, besides furnishing the most healthful invigoration, are the cheapest fuel for the human furnace.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Cheese Cake: Take one pound of loaf sugar, six eggs well beaten, the juice of three lemons, the grated rind of two, and one quarter of a pound of fresh butter. Put these ingredients into a saucepan, and stir the mixture over a slow fire until it is thick as honey.—*The Household.*

—To clean marble, take two parts of common washing soda, one part of finely powdered chalk, one part pumice-stone; mix all together and sift through muslin, afterward mix the powder with water. Rub the marble thoroughly with this and the stains will disappear.—*National Republican.*

—There is frequently much damage done to pastures and meadows by putting stock upon them too early. All the meadows should be rolled as soon as the frost is out of the ground to press down all the raised tufts, stones, etc., and secure a smooth surface for the mowing machine.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Be careful not to over-feed any of your farm animals. Founder is difficult to relieve, and an animal suffers from the effects of over-feeding for a long time after the temporary pain has been removed. It is much safer to let your stock fast occasionally than to cram them at any time.—*Troy Times.*

—Have you any cabbage stumps? Set them out in the garden as soon as the frost leaves the ground, where they will not interfere with other crops. Cover them half of their length. Green, tender leaves will soon appear, which will give the earliest of greens. The blossom shoots will appear later.—*Eschange.*

—Pyramid of Mashed Potatoes: Well wash and peel two pounds of potatoes, put them in a stew-pan with sufficient cold water to cover them, add a little salt, and let them boil until tender, then strain off the water, add one ounce of butter, a little milk, one egg; well whisk them together, then pile in a pyramid on a dish, place in a very hot oven to brown the surface.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Ammonia is very useful in the kitchen. A few drops mixed in the water will take off any grease from plates, dishes, etc., better than soda, and does not injure the skin of the washer as the constant use of soda does. Ladies will find this a useful hint when, as is often the case in these days of sudden "strikes," they find themselves in the "capacity of incontinent maids-of-all-work."—*Prairie Farmer.*

Save the House Slops.

Because no absorbing material is at hand to be employed as an absorbent of house slops they need not go to waste. A good sound economy requires that all that possesses manurial value should either be husbanded for future use or else applied where it at once becomes available as plant food. It is questionable whether it is advisable to plow into the soil manure that is not to be made available by the immediate planting of the crop. If the generation of decayed ammonia by the decomposition of decayed turf-land causes its loss if no crop is growing, would not the same thing occur in the decomposition of manure? Or, again, descending water carries with it the fertilizing salts that are dissolved and so are going deeper and deeper into the soil when plowed under, for which reason it is better to spread manure on cultivated land at rest upon or, at least, very near the surface.

An application of slops that become at once available is valuable either to the growing crops in summer, or upon the surface of the garden or mowing land in winter. It is surprising what an invigorating effect results from throwing the slops of the wash-tub upon plants in the summer season. An ordinary flower-garden may be kept in the most thrifty condition by this means alone; and so, too, may the products of the vegetable garden be made to flourish by a weekly watering from the wash-tub.

A farmer, who grows a quantity of onions every year, has a patch of ground near his house which he devotes to onion raising, and it is almost entirely fertilized by the throwing upon it during the winter season the slops and urine from the chambers. Instances of this kind serve an important purpose in showing the value of products of the house that are pretty generally thrown away as of no value and so useless. But let farmers try an experiment and they will be satisfied of the value hidden there.—*Connecticut Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

Fits.

Mothers are often unnecessarily frightened during the fits of various kinds to which some children are subject, especially such as are fed without much regard to their health, over-fed and crammed with pastry, meats, nuts, candy, raisins and the like, at a time when only milk is best for them, or during the nursing period. These fits are of no great importance, generally, only so far as they indicate something wrong—wrong treatment to be avoided. The most that can be done, or the best, is to put the little one—if convulsed, if rigid—into warm water, if convenient, or a blanket wet in warm water, covering well, remaining till the rigidity disappears, rubbing the surface thoroughly with the hand while in the tub, or after being taken from the blanket. As soon as possible give a full injection of warm water to move the bowels, and as soon as the child will drink, some warm water may be given, a little soda or mustard may be added, to empty the stomach of its offending substances. Almost any warm drink, filling the stomach, will aid in vomiting. A thorough brushing and rubbing of the whole surface will be of service in restoring consciousness. But better than all, so far as the future is concerned, is to avoid the causes, feeding properly, keeping the bowels open, the head cool and the feet warm.—*Golden Rule.*

Merino Wrinkles.

There are too many attempts in our country to get up certain fashions in breeding all sorts of domestic animals. Some resort to this for no other reason than because they happen to possess animals distinctively marked, and from the produce of these they trust by creating a fashion for them to be able to sell more rapidly and at considerably higher price. This has been more particularly the case for a few years past with pure red Shorthorn cattle, and solid-colored Jerseys with black points. How absurd to prefer such, merely for a single color alone, when others of varied colors may be far superior for thrift and economy of rearing, and especially for beef and the dairy. Every sensible breeder should scout such folly and set himself decidedly against it. This would soon compel a wiser course. So of the mania for wrinkles or folds on Merino sheep. It is admitted by those who favor them that in what they call the old-fashioned, less improved merinos, wrinkles are injurious to the fleece, and that with them the staple or fiber of the wool is shorter, coarser, and abounding more or less in hair. This renders the fleece quite uneven, and materially lessens its value.

But they contend that with the latest improved sheep all these objections are obviated, and that nothing of other desirable qualities is sacrificed by the increase of wrinkles. This, however, so far as I know, is merely a matter of opinion with these so-called improvers, and not based on careful, extended experiments. The only way to test the question would be to take a distinct flock of well-bred smooth-skinned, and another of wrinkled sheep, and keep them near each other precisely alike for a number of years. During this time make a careful record of the cost of their food, their increase, and the value of the wool and mutton sold. I am of opinion that the smooth-skinned would show a greater profit than the wrinkled, although the breeders of the latter claim a considerable advantage in the percentage of the yield of weight in wool over that of the carcass. Yet suppose it to be the case that two wrinkled sheep shear as much wool as three smooth ones, I think the cost of it from the former would be quite as much as from the latter, and I doubt whether it can ever be grown so even a length of staple. In addition to this, the smooth-skinned sheep can be sheared in one-third or one-fourth the time of the grossly wrinkled, and their skins are never painfully and badly cut, as is unavoidable with huge folds.

Although the contenders for these monstrous folds or wrinkles assert that the sheep bearing them are as hardy, prolific, thrifty and make as good mutton as others, it is not in the nature of things that they should. They will endure cold perhaps as well, but when it comes to hot weather how can it be the case with such numerous thick folds of skin and wool covering their bodies? The extra growth of these must consume the most food, and necessarily draw from the juiciness of the flesh and leave it comparatively dry and unsavory. I can not conceive how the carcass of such sheep can properly fatten, and abound with tender, lean, nicely marbled savory mutton, as it is said the well-formed smooth-skinned make. Many of the Merino flock-masters are strenuously opposed to these huge folds or wrinkles, and only cultivate those of moderate form. They say that the motive of the breeders of the monstrosities is to enable them to boast the superior weight of their fleeces, and thus give this sort of sheep the fashion and a preference at a much higher price in the sale of sheep.

This same game was played in France by some breeders of Merinos, half a century ago or more; but I understood it had only a short run, and those who indulged in it were soon disgusted with the plan, and glad to get back to the old fashion of less wrinkled. The prize sheep I saw in the French Exposition at Paris in 1867, were magnificent animals with few small wrinkles, and fine, thick, even fleeces, which could be rapidly sheared. These had no hair in them, and the staple or fiber being of equal length, they commanded a higher price from the manufacturer of woolen goods than they otherwise would; for in no system of sorting, picking and carding, can these hairs be easily got rid of, and the finer and more valuable sorts of cloth be fabricated from such wool. These monstrous folds can not be found in the Silesian sheep, which produce a kind of wool so superior as to make it preferred to all others by the German manufacturers of the highest quality of broadcloth.

Dr. Randall—first-rate general authority, a long and extensive breeder of Merinos on his farm in Cortland County—in his very able work on American sheep husbandry, stigmatizes numerous large wrinkles as "a monstrosity," and confesses that he "agrees to a considerable extent with Mr. Joshua Kirby Trimmer (a British writer on the improvement of fine wools), that this idea is as wild as that which some of our theorists have entertained, that by laying lands in high ridges and low furrows the surface of the earth and its produce is increased." Nothing could be more apposite than this simile, but to perceive its full force one should have traveled in Great Britain and seen how much of its very soft clay soil has for ages and ages been raised into high ridges with low furrows between by continued plowing. I have seen many a field where the difference between the two was three feet or more in height, and the lands thus laid up separating these were not over twenty to thirty feet wide. Raising the ridges in this manner was for the purpose of draining the soil, for without them the land was so wet as to be almost impossible of cultivation in hoed crops. Since the introduction of tile-draining these fields are no longer ridged, but plowed down into the furrows, and the lands left level.—*A. B. Allen, in N. Y. Tribune.*

—A company of gentlemen who for some time past have been engaged in digging at various points along the Hudson River, New York, for the gold alleged to have been buried by the famous Captain Kidd, have offered the United States Government one-fourth of what they might find if given permission to carry on their operations upon the West Point military reservation.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Training a Saddle Horse.

Seth Craig, a Philadelphia riding master, lately talked with a reporter about his business.

"How do you start with a horse sent to you to be trained for use under the saddle?" the reporter asked.

"In training the difficult matter is to discover the resisting muscles and to overcome their resistance. These are the jaw, the neck and the hind legs, and of these the trainer must possess complete control. The heavy bearing of a horse upon his bit originates from one or all of these three points, and can be obviated with proper and careful training. If the horse bears uncomfortably, that is, pulls uneasily on the bit, it is caused by the jaw; if more than slightly, but not as uneasily, the result is from the neck and jaw and sometimes from the hind quarters. The latter is the chief foundation of resistance, causing the horse to pull with unsetting power, which, if not overcome, becomes uncontrollable. To this can be attributed the many runaways, and it is essential that the muscles I have named should be under the control of the rider."

"Do you think that training adds to the physical improvement of the horse and lengthens his life?"

"Most assuredly. A horse in balance will wear twice as long as one that throws most of his weight forward on his fore legs. When well balanced by training the machinery of the animal works easily and uniformly. Suppose you start your horse to travel six miles an hour. He ought to expend just enough physical power to make that speed; but if, as generally happens with a spirited mule, he has to be restrained, he wears himself as much as if his speed was actually ten miles an hour. Formerly we had no means of holding him in, and when we put on a severe curb-bit his center of gravity was in front and the curb was of little use. Thus we aim to make the horse carry his burden so that it will fall principally upon the hind quarters, and this is a matter of intelligent training."

"What are the popular gait?"

"A good, well-formed and uniform horse is like a good piece of machinery. He may be worn a good deal, but he will still work as well as ever in spite of years. But when any one part gives out the whole machine is gone. Thus it is our aim to equalize the work of the horse, so that none of his organs may do an undue share. The saddle horse of the present day walks, trots and canters. The walk and trot are generally used, few who are considered good riders allowing their horses to canter."

"How do you teach a horse to walk?"

"He must first be brought into balance, and be taught to give up the resistance of the neck and jaws. When this is done, and he has mounted, the gentle pressure of the rider's leg's will excite him to go forward, while he is restrained by the reins. When you restrain him thus you expect him to either stop or go on more slowly. If you urge him on with your legs or touch him with the spur or whip, you expect him to go faster. Now, if you urge him on, you restrain him slightly, at the same time you will cause him to gather himself up, step more quickly and more actively and bring his hind legs under his body. When his hind legs are well under he has better command of himself, and his front legs are relieved from the superabundant stumblers. His back is stronger, because he carries his rider's weight on his hind legs rather than on his back. The English use a long saddle, put well back, to accomplish what we do by training. To have a horse well-trained he should first be taught with a bit before being mounted.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Domestic Dried Fruits.

A quarter of a century ago there were very few domestic dried fruits, and the present methods of canning were then unknown. Unpared peaches and peeled apples, often scorched in the process of drying, of every different quality, formed the bulk of, if not the entire, stock. Since that date much progress has been made, both in improved methods of drying and in the variety of fruit thus prepared. We now have apples, peaches, cherries, pears, raspberries, grapes, plums, in fact, all kinds of fruits and many vegetables are either dried or canned. These, too, branch off into numerous varieties, there being cherries, both pitted and unpitted, and peaches, pared and unpared, as well as being cut into quarters, eighths and halves. Various styles of driers have been patented and invented, which enable the fruit grower to utilize vast quantities of surplus stock which would otherwise decay and be totally or partially lost. The beauty of thus being able to secure the fruit crop is that it permits the grower to make his entire crop, no matter how large, turn to account, and it enables him to put it into a shape where it may be handled and shipped to remote parts of the globe, and to quarters where climatic conditions forbid the growing of fruits, and it also bridges over the seasons so that there is no interin when any kind of fruit is not obtainable, if not in a fresh state, in a condition almost equally as good as it was when first packed. Of the value of such dried and canned fruits to miners among the mountains, to sailors going to sea, or to children in families, both in city and country, as well as to older persons, it is unnecessary to speak. The great increase of demand for them every year demonstrates this fact to all. And the ease with which our fruit can now be saved, and the knowledge of the growing and drier-increasing demand for our cured, dried and canned fruits should be a sufficient stimulus to our horticulturists and a sufficient guaranty as to the success of all fruit-growing enterprises.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Art of Riding.

A few evenings ago a reporter was passing by a well-known riding academy when he was arrested by the sound of music coming from within the inclosure. Entering, he saw a large company of ladies and gentlemen riding through the figures of a quadrille to the music of a string band. The sight was novel and striking, and while he lingered he engaged in conversation with the manager. "The ring is occupied nearly every night by private classes such as you now see," said he.

"They are former pupils of the academy. They grow tired of the opera, theater, dinners, etc., but their equestrianism is never neglected."

"What style or how many styles of riding prevail here?"

"The style we like best is the park, though of course many desire to acquire the English cross-country style. The park seat is the prettiest and easiest for smooth roads. With the park seat the horseman rides with a long stirrup and from the ball of the foot. The cross-country seat, on the other hand, makes the rider send the foot home in the stirrup, which must therefore be a short stirrup. He throws the legs forward and the body backward. It is much affected by the more competent horsemen. Fancy riding is also greatly indulged in. Leaping and jumping have come into favor, too, and I think we shall soon have as many artists in the saddle in this country as in England."

"Do ladies learn to ride more easily than gentlemen?"

"They learn more readily and become more proficient. This is in consequence, I think, of the side-saddle used. A lady has a firm hold of her saddle not only with her leg, but she has the pommels for her hands if necessary. A gentleman has not. It is quite amusing, sometimes, to watch a beginner turn out his toes, drop his bridle and try to hang on with his heels. If you want to prove that man is the most awkward and ungraceful of all animals, put him on a moderately fiery horse."

"Is it not very difficult to teach a person to ride?"

"The art of riding must be acquired. The seat and style are all that have to be taught. We have English, French and German teachers. The novice is first given a quiet horse to ride. As he learns to sit his animal the degree of the temper of the animal is increased until he finally finds himself astride a regular tearer. Of course the rider gets many a fall, and oftentimes he is thrown, but the fall is as nothing. You see the tan is soft, and he is up and at it again almost before he is down."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Freighted with Tons of Gold.

Trucks loaded with well-dressed men rolled up West street at intervals on Saturday morning, and disappeared on the covered pier of the Cunard Steamship Company at the foot of Clarkson street. Besides the men the trucks carried small kegs and iron-bound boxes, which were unloaded on the pier alongside of the steamship *Servia*, which sailed in the afternoon. The men carefully carried the kegs and boxes to the after part of the vessel, where they were locked in an iron chamber. The kegs and boxes held \$2,500,000 worth of gold, which was going to Europe. On the steamship *Baltic* \$2,350,000 in gold was shipped.

The gold was in the form of bars and double eagles, and was the largest amount shipped on a single day for several years. The gold bars were obtained in exchange for gold certificates at the Assay Office, and the double eagles came from the vaults of the Sub-Treasury, where gold certificates were deposited in their stead. The double eagles were delivered in canvas-bags, each holding \$5,000. The bars, which are worth anywhere between \$4,000 and \$5,000 each, were packed in sawdust in wooden boxes. They were carried on trucks to the offices of the firms that had bought them, and were then boxed and barreled and carted off to the steamship piers under heavy guard.

The little kegs and iron-bound boxes stored in the "treasure-room" on the *Servia* were forty all told, and were counted by the purser and all the officers before the large iron door was closed and locked. The purser has the money in his special care. The storing of so much wealth in the *Servia* created no particular stir.

"It is not unusual for us to receive on board large amounts of gold," said a clerk at the wharf. "We carry more or less on every trip."

"What precautions are taken against robbery?"

"In the first place, the treasure room is of iron, and is as strong as any bank safe. It has complicated locks, and no cracksmen, no matter how clever they were, could get into it inside of a week."

"Is it especially guarded during the trip?"

"Yes, it is thoroughly looked after. The purser and officers thoroughly inspect it three times a day, and three times at night."

"Was the *Servia's* treasure chamber ever broken into?"

"Never, and no one ever tried to break into it. Anyway, if thieves did get in, they could not very well carry away the gold, for it is too heavy. The gold in these forty kegs and boxes weighs close to 25,000 pounds."

A weather-beater, man with a drooping eyelid, who had been listening, tapped the reporter on the shoulder as he was leaving the wharf.

"Young man," he said, "ever heard of Cap'n Kidd? Well, his plunder warn't a rope yarn to a six-inch hawser alongside this here wealth in the *Servia*. Ef Kidd was around these days them millions wouldn't never get across the pond. Wot a pity for him he's dead."

The superintendent of an importing house which is constantly sending out large amounts of gold said yesterday that the house insures it. The firm get the money from the Sub-Treasury or Assay Office, prepare it for shipping, and then lodge it in the vessel. There their trouble ends.

"Do you send any one along to watch it on the way?"

"No; it would do no good. The money is perfectly safe in the vessel, and in the extremely improbable event of a piratical attack our man might get killed."

"Why do you send out gold?"

"Because it is impossible to buy commercial bills. There are not any in the market."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Temperance Reading.

TOUCH IT NEVER.

Children, do you see the wine in the crystal goblet-shine? Be not tempted by its charm; it will surely lead to harm. Children, hate it! Touch it never! Fight it ever!

Do you know what causeth woe bitter as the heart can know? 'Tis that self-same ruby wine Which would tempt that soul of thine. Children, hate it! Touch it never! Fight it ever!

Never let it pass your lips: Never even let the tips Of your fingers touch the bowl; Hate it from your inmost soul. Truly hate it! Touch it never! Fight it ever!

Fight it! With God's help stand fast: Live as life or breath shall last. Heart most hearty, and hand join hand—Hurl the demon from your land. O, then hate it! Touch it never! Fight it ever!

WHAT IT COST.

The two beds were side by side in the long ward, and on them lay two men, each with a gun-shot wound through the right arm below the elbow. They were about the same age, each had a wife and children at home, and both hoped to save these useful right arms, for on their strength and skill the support of their families depended.

Clarke was a farmer, a pleasant, happy tempered fellow, bound to look on the bright side of things, and to get well as soon as possible, though his wound was the worst of the two. Morse had been a blacksmith and was proud of his strength, but said little and seemed to have something on his mind, being moody as well as taciturn.

The two were soon friendly, for neighbors in a hospital can hardly help being so, but Clarke did most of the talking and Morse seemed content to listen to his lively gossip without making any reply. Therefore I knew very little about him, and when the surgeon one day asked me if Morse had been a drinking man, I could not answer.

"Why do you want to know, doctor?"

"He is not doing as well as Clarke, though his wound is a safer sort, and ought to be nearly well by this time. It is in a bad way and I'm afraid he will have to lose that arm of his," answered the surgeon, shaking his head over a particularly bad smelling dose he was preparing for some unhappy patient.

"I hope not; I thought he was doing well, and that Clarke, who suffers much more, was the one who might have to lose an arm," I said, rolling bandages for both as I talked.

"Not let his blood is as healthy as a child's; he will be all right in a month; you may tell him so."

"I'm very glad, for he is always talking about the happy time when he can go home to his wife and babies. Morse says nothing, but is as anxious to get well, I think, though when you speak of his family it does not seem to cheer him up."

"I wish you'd find out if he has not been a drinker. I can't make him talk and it is important to know, for if it is so the sooner the arm is off the better," and the doctor corked his bottle with a decisive rap.

When I saw the men again my feeling toward them was quite changed, for now anxiety about Clarke was all gone, and I pitied Morse so much I could not bear to ask that hard question. I soon learned the fact, however, without asking, and in this way:

As I went through my ward with a glass of wine-whey for another patient, I stopped to wet Morse's arm, for I saw a look of pain on his face and knew the comfort of cold water. He did not speak and I went to refill the basin leaving the glass on the table near his bed. When I came back it was empty.

"Why, Morse, that wasn't for you! Stimulants of all kinds are bad for you just now," I said, thinking how impatient poor Martin would be at having to wait for a second supply.

"I know it—I couldn't help taking it—the smell was too much for me," muttered Morse, looking red and ashamed, though the fierce, hungry expression of his eye betrayed that he longed for more.

"I'm afraid you like that sort of thing too much for your own good," I ventured to say.

"It has been the ruin of me; but I fight against it, and ed I do," he said so earnestly that I believed it, and longed to prepare him for what was to come, feeling that I could tell him more gently than the surgeon, who had a somewhat startling way of saying to a patient: "Now, then, my man, I shall want this leg of yours in about an hour."

"Perhaps the pain you have suffered here may help you in your fight. Times like these do much to strengthen good resolutions if one is sincere," I said, pleased at having won him to talk of himself.

"I know it, and I've made many since I've been lying here. But you see I couldn't resist even a small temptation like that. I wish I'd had a bullet through both arms before I did it!" he answered, under his breath, with a remorseful look at the empty glass.

"Perhaps the loss of one arm will help you to resist," I began, finding it hard to soften the hard truth after all.

"You don't mean that?" and he looked up at me with a seared face, for the loss of a right arm was more dreaded than the loss of any other limb.

"I am afraid I do. Dr. Otton thinks it may be necessary, for it is not doing well."

"But it is not so bad as Clarke's. They've saved his arm, why can't they mine?" he whispered, glancing at the great, brawny hand below the bandages, the hand that would never swing a sledge-hammer again.

"Ah, that's the pity of it, Morse. They saved his, though worse wounded than yours, because he is a temperate man. You must lose yours because you have poisoned your blood with bad liquor and must suffer for it."

"Haven't I suffered enough yet? I'd rather die at once, than go home to be a cripple," cried the poor fellow in despair, for he had a strong man's horror of weakness and dependence.

I did what I could to comfort him, and he needed comfort sorely, both then

and for weeks afterward, as he suffered much, barely escaping with his life. I shall always think that he owed more to Clarke than to the rest of us, for the poor fellow made haste to get well that he might serve his mate, seeming to feel as if he had no right to both arms since Morse had lost one.

It was beautiful to see his thoughtfulness and patience, for he was a general favorite and had many gifts which he shared with the morose man who made few friends; and no matter how unreasonable, restless or melancholy, Morse might be, Clarke never lost his temper, but read and talked to him as uncomplainingly and cheerfully as a woman. Sometimes in the night, as I went my rounds, I would find Joe awake and up to wet all that was left of Morse's arm, or hear him softly repeating some good old hymn to soothe the long hours of pain his friend must suffer.

In a hundred ways he stood by his weaker comrade, and though he was discharged first, waited till Morse could leave also, promising to see him safely home, before he went to his own Melissa, and five of the most remarkable children you ever laid your eyes on, man."

I wondered if Morse was really grateful for his neighbor's devotion, as he said very little about it. But when the two men came to bid me good-bye my doubts were set at rest, for the gaunt giant laid his one arm round Joe's shoulders, saying with a glance at his empty sleeve and a choke in his voice: "I guess I've got a lesson this time that I shall not forget. I'd be ashamed to disappoint him after all he has done for me."

I don't believe he ever did, and though the name of Joseph Clarke was never sent to headquarters for promotion, I am sure that he received a better reward than stars and bars for helping to save a brother man from a worse enemy than any they could meet on Southern battle-fields.—*Louisa M. Alcott, in The Press.*

Early Stages of Inebriety.

There are found in all parts of the country men and women who use alcohol regularly and in limited quantities. To the casual observer they go on for years in this state and are apparently no worse, and finally die at last of some common disease, leaving the reputation of having lived what the moderate would call an "ideal life" of moderate drinking. Why they drink is not clear. If they have any reasons, it is always sustained by their unbounded faith in the capacity to abstain at any time at will. These cases are inebriates in every respect, except in the prominence and intensity of the symptoms. There is no difference between the chronic case of the lowest type and the highly respectable, moderate drinker, except one of degree.

Both are suffering from a positive physical disease. In one case the disorder is developed, in the other it is in the incipient stage. In the latter, from some obscure reason, the case never goes on to full development, but is always on the "border land," awaiting the action of some exciting cause, which may or may not be applied. A repelling power exists, which builds up and neutralizes the injuries received from alcohol to a certain extent. It is not will power which makes the difference between the inebriate and moderate drinker. It is physiological and pathological conditions of the brain and nervous system, which the possessor ascribes to will power. Alcohol can not be used in moderation without grave injuries to the nerve centers.

The moderate drinker is always diseased, although to the non expert there are no clear symptoms or coarse lessons that can be seen. A careful study will reveal physically an irritable condition of the heart, with stomach and digestive troubles, also changing and disordered functional activity of all the organs, at times. Psychically the disposition, habits, temper and mental state slowly and gradually degenerate and become more unstable. The higher mental forces drop down or give place to lower motives and ambitions. No matter what his position of life may be, or his objects or plans, the moderate use of alcohol will alter and break down both physical energy and precipitate destruction. Moderate users of alcohol always die from diseases provoked and stimulated by this drug. They always transmit a legacy of defective cell energy and exhaustion, which most readily finds relief in any alcohol or narcotic.

But only a small percent of moderate drinkers remain so until death. The disease goes on to full development in inebriety in a vast majority of cases. The boasted will power to stop at all times is powerless before its peculiar exciting cause. Those who never go beyond this modern use have simply never been exposed to this peculiar exciting cause. The moderate use of spirits for a life-time is a mere accident in the order of nature, and the ability to stop resting in the will power is a popular fallacy. A certain number of cases have signs of incipient psychosis, which may never burst out into the full disease.

A small number of cases exposed to small-pox, or any infectious disease, never take it; but these are the rare exceptions, whose causes are unknown, from which no deductions can be drawn. Moderate drinking that does not go on to inebriety is also the exception. The chain of exciting causes that bring on these extreme stages may or may not be understood, but they always break out sooner or later in the history of the case. Practically the study of this early stage of inebriety is of the utmost value in the treatment. Here remedial measures can be made of the greatest avail in checking and preventing any further progress of the disease. When inebriety is fully recognized as a diseased condition, requiring study and medical care, this prodromic period of moderate drinking will receive the attention it deserves.

In the meantime, as scientific men, we must continue to call attention to this early beginning of inebriety, so full of indications and hints of the march of disease, whose progress and termination can often be predicted with positive certainty.—*Journal of Inebriety.*

Alcohol is the living of those who sell it, but the death of those who drink it.