

A glutton will find it easier to reduce the number of his meals than the number of his dishes.

Highland children are the healthiest, and, even starving, the happiest. "There is no joy the town can give like those it takes away."

Paracelsus informs us that the composition of his "triple panacea" can be described only in the language of alchemistic adepts. Nature's triple panacea is less indescribable—fasting, fresh air, and exercise.

A banquet without fruit is a garden without flowers.

The best stuff for summer-wear—one stratum of the lightest mosquito-proof linen.

"Do animals ever go to the gymnasium?" asks an opponent of the movement cure. Never: they have no time—they are too busy practising gymnastics out-doors.

Descent from a long-lived race is not always a guarantee of longevity. A far more important point is the sanitary condition of the parents at the birth of the child. Pluck, however, is hereditary, and has certainly a prophylactic, a "health-compelling" influence.

The first gray hairs are generally a sign of dear-bought wisdom.

The "breaking-up" of a pulmonary disease could often be accomplished by breaking the bedroom-windows.

Death, formerly the end of health, is now a-days the end of a disease.

Dying a natural death is one of the lost arts.

There seems to be a strange *fatum* in the association of astronomy with humbug: formerly in horoscopes, and now in patent-medicine almanacs.

A patent-medicine man is generally the patentee of a device for selling whiskey under a new name.

A "chronic disease," properly speaking, is nothing but Nature's protest against a chronic provocation. To say that chronic complaints end only with death, means, in fact, that there is generally no other cure for our vices.

Every night labors to undo the physiological mischief of the preceding day—at what expense, gluttons may compute if they compare the golden dreams of their childhood with the leaden torpor-slumbers of their pork and lager-beer years.

If it were not for calorific food and superfluous garments, midsummer would be the most pleasant time of the year.

Early impressions are very enduring, and can make useful habits as well as evil ones a sort of second nature. In order to forestall the chief danger of in-door life, make your children love-sick after fresh air: make them associate the idea of fusty rooms with prison-life, punishment, and sickness. Open a window whenever they complain of headache or nausea; promise them a woodland excursion as a reward of exceptionally good behaviour. Save your best sweetmeats for out-door festivals. By the witchery of associated ideas a boy can come to regard the lonely shade-tree as a primary requisite to the enjoyment of a good story-book. "*Or, mes pensées ne roudent jamais aller qu'avec mes jambes*," says Rousseau ("Only the movement of my feet seems to set my brains a-going"), and it is just as easy to think, debate, rehearse, etc., walking as sitting; the peripatetic philosophers derived their name from their pedestrian proclivities, and the Stoic sect from their master's predilection for an open porch. Children who have been brought up in hygienic homes not rarely "feel as if they were going to be choked" in unventilated rooms, and I would take good care not to cure them of such salutary idiosyncracies.

Every observant teacher must have noticed the innate hardness young boys, their unaffected indifference to wind and weather. They seem to take a delight in braving the extremes of temperature,

and, by simply indulging this *penchant* of theirs, children can be made weather-proof to an almost unlimited degree; and in nothing else can they be more safely trusted to the guidance of their protective instincts. Don't be afraid that an active boy will hurt himself by voluntary exposure, unless his chances for out-door play are so rare as to tempt him to abuse the first opportunity. Weather-proof people are almost sickness-proof; a merry hunting-excursion to the snow-clad highlands will rarely fail to counteract the consequences of repeated surfeits; even girls who have learned to brave the winter storms of our North-western prairies will afterwards laugh at "draughts" and "raw March winds."

A hard crust is the best possible dentifrice. I never could get myself to believe in the natural necessity of a tooth-brush. The African nations, the Hindoos, the natives of Southern Europe, the South-Sea Islanders, the Arabs, the South American vegetarians, in short, three-fourths of our fellow-men, besides our next relatives, the frugivorous animals, have splendid teeth without sozodont. I really believe that ours decay from sheer disuse; the boarding-house *homo* lives chiefly on pap—wants all his meats soft-boiled, and growls at cold biscuit or an underdone potato; in other words, he delegates to the cook the proper functions of his teeth. We hear occasionally of old men getting a second, or rather third, set of teeth. I met one of them in northern Guatemala, and ascertained that he had become toothless during a twelve years' sojourn in a seaport town, and that he got his new set upon his return to his native village, where circumstances obliged him to resume the hard torn-cake diet of his boyhood years. His teeth had reappeared as soon as their services were called for, and would probably never have absented themselves if a pap-diet had not made them superfluous. An artificial dentifrice will certainly keep the teeth white, but that does not prevent their premature decay; disuse gradually softens their substance, till one fine day the hash-eater snaps his best incisor upon an unexpected bone. Every old dentist knows hundreds of city customers whom the daily use of a tooth-brush did not save from the necessity of applying, before the end of the fortieth year, for a complete "celluloid set." I do not say that a soft tooth-brush and such dentifrices as oatmeal or burned arrow-root can do any harm, but, for sanitary purposes, such precautions must be supplemented by *dental exercise*. Let a child invigorate its teeth by chewing a hard crust, or, better yet, a handful of "St. John's bread" or carob-beans, the edible pod of the *Mimosa siliqua*. Children and whole tribes of the northern races seem to feel an instinctive desire to exercise their teeth upon some solid substance, as pet squirrels will gnaw the furniture if you give them nut-kernels instead of nuts. Thus Kohl tells us that the natives of southern Russia are addicted to the practice of chewing a vegetable product which he at first supposed to be pumpkin or melon seeds, but found to be the much harder seed of the Turkish sunflower (*Helianthus perennis*). Their national diet consists of milk, *kukuruz* (hominy, with butter, &c.), and boiled mutton, and they seem to feel that their Turkoman jaws need something more substantial. The school-boy habit of gnawing pen-holders, finger-nails, etc., may have a similar significance. The *Mimosa siliqua* would yield abundantly in our Southern States, and its sweet pods would make an excellent substitute for chewing-gum. Our practice of sipping ice-cold and steaming-hot drinks, turn about, has also a very injurious effect upon the brittle substance that forms the enamel of our teeth; no porcelain-glaze would stand such abuse for any length of time, and experience has taught hunters and dog-fanciers that it destroys even the bone-crushing fangs of the animal from which our canine teeth derive their name.—DR. FELIX L. OSWALD, in *Popular Science Monthly* for November.