

## Health Department.

## Baldness.

The cause of the falling out of the hair is not fully understood. In most cases it is doubtless due to some failure in the nutrition of the hair follicles. In the aged it connects with the feebleness that characterizes the functions of the skin generally. Heredity has much to do with it, as it has with all the bodily functions and organs. Individuals in some families become bald early in life from generation to generation. Coarse hair seems to have more vigor than fine.

It is well known that violent emotions sometimes suddenly blanch the hair, the cerebral nerve (the tropic centre, so called), which controls the nourishment of the hair, being affected by the shock. Fright has caused a rapid and almost immediate falling off of the hair.

Cases are on record of persons apparently in vigorous health whose heads, faces, and bodies have become abjectly bare. There was no appreciable cause. The fault was doubtless at the nutritive centre in the brain, but what it was, no one can certainly say.

When the head is scurfy, there is often a connection between this condition and baldness. It is found that the scurf mixed with vasoline and applied to the hair of an animal causes a baldness on the part. In such cases the cause is probably a microscopic vegetable parasite. Two persons should never use the same hair-brush. There is little doubt that barbers have thus communicated baldness from one patron to another.

There is a form of baldness in which the hair suddenly begins to fall out in a small round spot, which gradually increases in area, the hair near the edge of the circle being brittle, and more or less broken. This has been proved to be due to vegetable organisms, which the microscope has detected within the hair-tubes.

It is probable that coverings which heat the head may result in loss of hair. But the effect is doubtless due to subsequent chilling of the surface, just as a severe cold or inflammatory rheumatism may result from sudden cooling of the heated body. The main remedy against premature baldness is the application of mild stimulating washes and tonics.

## Tea Tremens.

At a recent meeting of the Suffolk District (Mass.) Medical Society, a valuable paper was read by Dr. Ballard, calling attention to the increasing prevalence of cases of disease due to the use of tea and coffee. An interesting discussion followed, in which Dr. Blodgett made the following significant remarks concerning what he very appropriately termed, "tea tremens":—

"One of the most frequently noticed conditions is a highly exalted state of the nervous system with increased reflex excitability, and a tremulous condition of the voluntary muscles, which justifies the name of 'tea tremens,' from the similarity of this symptom to the tremor belonging to cases of alcoholic poisoning. This is most frequently noticed in servant girls, who partake frequently and exclusively of tea as a drink, and do not obtain sufficient exercise in the air, and live principally on fine white bread, to the exclusion of other more wholesome and necessary articles of natural diet. The result is that the system obtains only an inefficient nutrition, and the organs and functions of the body suffer a loss of organic or functional activity, or both.

"A very important phenomenon in relation to the detrimental action of tea is its effect upon the teeth and other hard structures of the body. This result is most noticeable in our Irish servant population, and particularly in the children born of parents who themselves emigrated to this country from Ireland. The teeth of the parents are almost universally firm and durable in structure, and beautifully clear and white. The teeth of the children, and especially those of the daughters, however, are found to be poorly formed, to be of brittle structure, and fall an easy prey to caries, and are lost at an early period. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that many of these children are at service as house servants, and when following this occupation, are addicted to the tea drinking and the fine bread above described. The result is, that instead of the full and perfect denture of the parents, who lived on plain and coarse food, without any of the abominations of our modern kitchens,

these poor creatures obtain only a partial nutrition, and, the hard structures of the body being deprived of the necessary calcareous supply which resides in the husk of the grain, and is removed in the process of making fine flour, the teeth are insufficiently formed or inadequately maintained, and consequently are early lost."

## The Skating-Rink Mania.

All sensible men and women are glad to note that the skating-rink craze is evidently on the wane. For a few years back this form of dissipation has been so popular and so universal that it has become an important factor among the destructive influences affecting the present and future health of thousands. Sprained ankles, dislocated joints, broken bones, and disfigured features, the frequent result of accidents in crowded rinks, were the minor evils growing out of this unwholesome amusement. There is no chance to doubt that consumption, in both sexes, and diseases peculiar to the sex among girls and young women, have been notable results of the roller-rink epidemic which has prevailed so extensively throughout the country until of late. It is also recognized by all good people that the moral influence of the rink has been in the highest degree pernicious. It is a hopeful sign that the excess to which the evil has been carried has run it out to a large extent; and we might have great expectations for the future, if we were not pretty certain that those who love pleasure and pursue it as a chief occupation in life, will soon devise some no less harmful means of dissipation.

## Notes.

Dr. Hand reports an epidemic of goitre among the inmates of the Minnesota State Reform School. Forty-four out of one hundred and forty were suffering at the time of the doctor's observation. It was thought that the origin of the trouble lay in the flour from which the bread was made. The usual treatment with a change in the flour was speedily followed by a cure of most of the cases.

**CHEST APPLICATION.**—In bronchitis and pneumonia affections the breathing is much relieved, and the congestion of the mucous membrane lessened, by bathing the chest with goose oil, slightly warmed, and then applying some old shirting or other material, saturated with the oil, to the whole thoracic surface. Often the addition of turpentine in the proportion of 1 to the goose oil will greatly enhance the value of the application.

A small piece of resin dipped in water, which is placed in a vessel on a stove, will add a peculiar property to the atmosphere of the room, which will give great relief to persons with a cough. The heat of the water is sufficient to throw off the aroma of the resin, and gives the same relief that is afforded by a combustion of rosin. It is preferable to combustion, because the evaporation is more durable. The same resin may be used for weeks.

Dr. R. H. Fox states that in a severe case of rheumatism in which salicylate of sodium, potassium, quinine, colchicum and liniments had all failed to relieve the fever and pain, the relief was immediate after sponging with cold water and quickly drying the skin afterward. Although this is no new treatment, it is one which requires some courage to practice, and yet may be well adapted to certain severe cases in which the salicylic remedies are ineffectual.

Again we call your attention to the incalculable value of teaching children and other young people to fill their lungs full as they can by determined and persistent efforts, and to exercise the chest and back muscles by manœuvres of the arms, such as thrusting them outward, upward, overhead, downward, etc. The method of treatment is a positive cure for consumption in its incipient stages. It is a cure for nervous diseases, dyspepsia, wakefulness, etc.

In carrying children in the arms care should be taken not to carry them habitually on the same side, as this tends to make them one-sided, a condition that may be frequently observed in all the children of a mother who can nurse only from one breast. Not only the bodies but the heads and faces of a whole family can sometimes be drawn over to one side. The only remedy is to change the position frequently, a very difficult thing for such mothers to do, but something that good-will and attention can accomplish.

## The Poet's Corner.

—For Truth.

## Why Shouldn't I?

BY MAGGIE MUNRO.

My canary sings the whole day long,  
Bobbing his gilded bars,  
Shut in from all that birds enjoy  
Under the sun and stars:  
The freedom, grace, and action fine  
Of wild birds he forgoes,  
But spite of that, with happiness  
His little heart overflows.  
"The world is wide,  
And birds outside  
In happy cheer always abide—  
Why shouldn't I?"

I, too must dwell behind the bars  
Of toll and sad life:  
From weary heart and weary brain  
My prayers or song arise:  
But all around, sad hearts abound  
And troubles worse than mine,  
If caught of comfort I can bring  
To them, shall I repine?  
God's world is wide;  
If I can hide  
The crowding tears and sigh beside—  
Why shouldn't I?

## Lines,

On being requested to tell the future from the hand,  
with kind regards to my friend H. M. Hunt.

BY ANDRA V HAMRAY.

Dear friend, I cannot take thy hand  
And tell thee what shall be:  
The future is so dimly planned  
That few the way foresee:  
But I more graves than thou have past,  
More epitaphs discerned,  
And from the horoscopes they cast  
Some precepts haply learned.

We grasp at phantoms insecure,  
And grieve when they are gone:  
The disappointments we endure  
Are oft from tears bestrown  
All reckless on the rocky waste  
Where sin's strokes burn,  
Then rave that their unholy haste  
No happiness returns.

How oft we nurture in our hearts  
The fault referred to Fate,  
Then seize the dream to soothe those darts  
That conscience can create;  
But then we join the gambler's game,  
Or drink delirium's bowl,  
There is an awful sense of sham—  
Within a sensual soul.

No potion powerful of wine,  
Or deep oblivion's drink,  
Can ever quench the thirst divine,  
Th' immortal gift to think.  
According to the depth we go  
Down crime's degrading course,  
Will thought reacting bring us woe,  
Or wither with remorse.

But there are words which hurt to heal,  
A balm for all their hale,  
Who truly in contrition feel  
All worldly aims will fall:  
That balm a life beyond supplies,  
A balm when fortunes frown,  
That dies not when the daylight dies,  
Nor with the sun goes down.

O, fair must be those Eden-fields,  
Lit by the living sun,  
Where every sacred bud reveals  
What may from woe be won;  
So from the shadows of distress  
We too may rise ere long,  
For wisdom is the warrior's dress  
Which makes the wearer strong.

## Content.

BY JAMES W. RILEY.

All day I've been a workin' hard  
Down in the blue-glass medder,  
A plowin' up the moaly loam,  
An' musin' sorter, whether  
I'd better put in o'ats this year,  
Or plant the field with barley;  
An' cogitation like, betwixt  
I'm havin' quite a parley.

The May day sun is mighty warm,  
An' down behind the holler  
I see a crocus pushin' up  
I see creamy buds of yaller;  
The froe, I hope, has left the ground  
An' spring seems rally here,  
Old Nature's smile in her lap  
The smile o' baby year.

The stoer silence broken by  
The shap bells on the hill,  
An' all the world seems lazy like,  
An' kinder soft an' still,  
I heard a robin singin' shrill,  
An' see a jay sail by—  
It seems like Nature's wondrous kind  
To such poor trash as I.

For I'm bones' best as happy  
As a cat-bird on a tree,  
An' I can't help a singin'  
For the very life of me;  
An' the furrin' fannin' breezes  
From the southland seems to play,  
An' make me feel like laughin'  
In a most amazin' way.

As the sun to-night was settin',  
In a purplish bank of gold,  
An' the cattle was a lowin',  
An' the sheep was in the fold;  
As I looked across the lowlands,  
Where the silver river lies,  
An' I thought of all our bounties,  
Till a mist came o'er my eyes.

For the Lord is free with mercies,  
An' with blessings generous, too;  
An' in His kind benevolence  
He brought me safely through;  
A happy home, a humble roof,  
An' plenty's been my lot  
O'utside of Eden never was  
A more contented spot.

## Getting Tired.

Your servant, good Lawd, is er gittin mighty tired  
O' dis ole worl' o' sin,  
Mighty weary o' de lan' what de debil hab hired,  
O' de sinner's snicker an' grin,  
I knows Mars Abraham's or waitin fur me  
In de home o' truth an' love,  
An' I now wants ter fly 'cross de dang'us sea,  
Wid de wings o' er turkie dove.

Oh, I want'er go home,  
Oh, I want'er go home,  
An' swim like a fish in de ribber o' life,  
Oh, I mus' go home,  
Oh, I mus' go home,  
But I ain't'er gwine ter take my scoldin' wife.

I've done my duty, oh, de berry bes' I can,  
In dis ole worl' o' tears,  
Used no bad words like udder men—  
'Cept when I cussed de seers.  
But stoer, good Lawd, would make er saint cuss,  
When da runs in er thicket wid him,  
For any sorter pusion hab got ter make er fuss,  
When his eye's scratch'd out by er lin'.

Oh, I want'er go home,  
Oh, I want'er go home,  
And swim like er fish in de ribber o' life,  
Oh, I mus' go home,  
Oh, I mus' go home,  
But I ain't'er gwine ter take my scoldin' wife.

## Labor and Wait.

BY MARY L. GODDRICH.

After the acorn be'imes has been planted  
Long, croit rises an oak strong and tall;  
Songs that the bard to the lyre's chord has  
Chanted.

Tender but potent to hold in soft thrall,  
Springing from sorrow and happiness slaying,  
Loving immortal when he is no more,  
Long in his soul were form'n'g, essaying  
Outlet to find through sweet melody's door.

Cycles on cycles are star-worlds in making:  
Centuries went to each age of earth's sphere:  
Lifeless and bloomless creation dawn'd oak-  
ing.

Low in the scale the first forms did appear,  
Long had the Hebrews Measi expected  
Ere the uprising of Bethlehem's star:  
Slowly in each reformation effected  
Yet roll the wheels of Progression's grand  
car.

Canst thou not bide then the issue of sowing?  
Hoping in faith the glad day to perceive  
When thou shalt have all thy barns overflow-  
ing.

Crowded with sheaves from foundation to  
cave,  
Long though and weary the time be till reap-  
ing.

Faith not; continue thy fields aye to till,  
Labor and wait, the while augurs are sleep-  
ing.  
Wait the fruition of prescient will.

## Rest.

My feet are wearied and my hands are tired,  
My soul oppressed—  
And I desire what I have long desired—  
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain,  
In barren ways;  
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain,  
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,  
But God knows best;  
And I have prayed, but vain has been my  
prayer—  
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap  
The autumn yield;  
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to weep  
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,  
So heart oppressed;  
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh,  
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert  
And across infern,  
My path, and through the flowing of  
I pine for rest.

And I am rest, as still: 'twill soon be  
For do  
Life's sun—