

## BLUE PILLS FOR LIVER COMPLAINT.

T. L. of Benton, Pa., writes—"I am laboring under Liver Disease and Dyspepsia. My physician prescribes *blue pills*. He says they are an effectual remedy. What say you?"

We say they are *not*. They are an abomination. They have made more confirmed cases of these difficulties than they have ever cured. Almost invariably prescribed, and yet these diseases have increased in direct ratio with their prescription. Our streets and highways are crowded with poor and wretched victims of dyspepsia and its concomitant derangements, possessing scarce life enough to drag their benumbed limbs along, while gloomy melancholy sits upon their brow, and holds in subjection both mind and body, rendering the one fearfully alive to coming evil, and the other irrevocably dead to present good. Blue pills, coupled with the Briarean arms and the herculean strength of Allopathy, have been brought to bear, but have not only been found to be inadequate to the destruction of the terrible hydra that both struck so discordant a string, and bid it send forth such inharmonious numbers, but by its harsh and irritating appliances has so destroyed the sensibility of the tissue of nerves supplying the organs involved as to render the present discord an *ultimate wreck*. Temporary relief they afforded, it is true; but when the ultimate results are considered, he that submits to the "remedy," finds that he is compounding at a fearful rate—that he is bartering the blessings and enjoyments of future health for the present temporary relief. Hence we contend that the sacrifice is too great, the benefit too small, for any one to make the one for the other. Such being the results of allopathic *practice*, well might a blush tinge its sallow cheek, painted though it be with the faded colors of medical science. Instead of furnishing the needed antidote, weeping humanity points her withered finger to its spectral genius brooding over her blighted hope.—*M. S. Reformer*.

## MORTALITY AMONG BACHELORS.

The forlorn condition of bachelors has always been a favorite theme for ladies, editors, and other wits to expatiate upon. The untidy room, the buttonless shirts, the stockings full of holes, and the thousand other inconveniences of the unmarried state, are familiar in this way to the most obtuse of us all.

The poor bachelors have, in fact, a hard time of it. They have been ridiculed by the sex, and sometimes taxed by legislators; and now statisticians deal them "the unkindest cut of all," by proving that they die earlier than married men. The celebrated Dr. Caspar, of Berlin, estimates the mortality among bachelors, between the ages of thirty to forty-five, at twenty-seven per cent.; while the mortality among married men, between the same ages, is only eighteen per cent. As life advances, the difference becomes even more striking. Where