

While not for a moment questioning the fact that benefit may be derived from mineral waters and Elysian climates in general, the writer has so frequently observed results quite as satisfactory obtained under altogether different circumstances that he has no hesitation in pressing the point that the chemical qualities of the mineral waters in question, and the particular temperature and specific gravity of the air of a certain climate, are to some extent purely incidental; and that it is not the copious potations indulged in by the conscientious patient at the springs which serve to recuperate his fallen energies, so much as the abrupt and sometimes total disadjustment of a series of habits (frequently luxurious) which, with rest and change, facilitates the processes of constitutional repair.

The life of all men, in whatever rank, from the lowest to the highest, tends to become a routine. Nature, when forced into a diagram, loses its strength; and as artificial conditions become more marked, the first signs of degeneration are developed. Thus the leisure classes, when they go to Tunbridge Wells or to Nice, are drawn away for a time from the routine of sated luxury which would eventually lead to their utter degeneration, and in the complete change find in reality the benefit, *ceteris paribus*, which they attribute, with puerile reasoning, to a certain mineral water or a special climate.

This is, of course, all very well for the opulent members of the privileged classes; but if a brief emancipation from the dismal routine of modern life is after all the secret, in great part, of their physical restoration; why should not the classes who find themselves in narrowed circumstances take advantage of the same principle, and, in a similar manner, though with perhaps less splendor and ostentation of respectability, create a "fault" in the diagrammatic strata of their irksome lives; and, regardless of climate or springs, receive similar benefit from the *disadjustment of habit* which is open to them quite as much, thank Fate, as to the complacent millionaire?

All practitioners are familiar with that poor drudge who denies herself the necessities and even the decencies of life, that a tuberculous husband may, as a *dernier resort*, go to Colorado Springs, or winter in Bermuda—aye, and with the half-starved, haggard girls also, who, at the imperious mandate of the enlightened physician, have sent the luminous elder brother (who was probably studying at the theological college, also at their expense—studied too hard, they generally say) to St. Augustine, and are facing the difficult task of keeping that highly gifted individual there—and subsisting themselves at home.

As a matter of fact, one of the most thriving industries in a number of these remote and expensive places is the manufacture and sale of tombstones. In the case of a large number it is both ridiculous and criminal of the physician to dispatch the patient thither. As for those more favored, they might possibly have been