

In eating green corn he carefully chews out all the pulpy part and excludes hulls and the skins. Nor does he tax his digestion with tough steak. If meat which is given him be tough he swallows only the juice of the meat after chewing it, and never allows himself to swallow the tough fibre. Even in eating whortleberries he excludes both the skin and the seeds. How far it may be better that we should protect ourselves by the exclusion of the seeds and skins of fruits is an open question. There are conditions of the stomach and bowels in which the swallowing of the seeds of grapes is supposed to quicken peristaltic action and favor a movement of the bowels. No one thinks of eating figs and excluding the seeds. Probably their laxative effect is mainly due to them. But it has often occurred to our minds that quite possibly the offending substance of green corn is the hull, and that if this were to be excluded by the careful mastication and extraction of the pulpy portion of the kernel and the removal of the hull, many who now think they cannot use green corn might be able to do so.

Is Life worth Living?

ONE of the newspaper phunnygraphs says it depends upon the liver. While we agree to that, we would say it depends more upon the source of the life. As far as we are concerned we would rather remain unborn forever than take our chances in such a family as is described in a letter which we have received from a lady, the mere statement of whose manifold sufferings would occupy a page or two of the HEALTH MONTHLY if put in print. In describing herself she writes: "I have been worried for twenty-seven years; have had seven living children and twice miscarried at five months, the doctors saying it was because I had not vitality enough to bring them to maturity. These losses have been since the birth of my last living child which is thirteen years old this fall. My children are diseased. I have two crippled with rheumatism; the rest are unwell the most of the time. I do not know whose fault it is that they are not healthy. All of my husband's family have something wrong about them. His brother and two sisters had crippled children. One had a child that had fits and went blind. The rest had many die in infancy. My husband is one of thirteen children. I am one of seven. My husband has a sister now over sixty years old, and she has had a fever, as she calls it, on her shin ever since she was three years old. Or, of his brothers had a white swelling; one could never have any children; one died of consumption, two in childhood, and two died of fevers. All of their children are as unhealthy as mine, and some more so. One sister has a son insane, twenty years old now." It will be observed that this lady does not know whose fault it is that her children are not healthy. Now, to us, it would seem a miracle that a healthy child could be born in her family. It would doubtless sound harsh to say that the father and mother are rotten all through, and, as a matter of fact, it would not be true. But sometimes it would seem that no other word fitly expresses the condition of some persons whose family records traced back on both sides, is as bad as that above quoted.

The Opium Habit.

No one can without personal experience fully appreciate the terrible sufferings of those who attempt to rid themselves of the long-acquired habit of using opiates,

but could the unyielding grip of this drug-dragon be understood, many would be saved from a living death who are now carelessly permitting themselves to be gradually lost in its clutches. The experience of one unfortunate ought to serve as a sufficient warning for many who are on the downward course, and, thinking it may be of service in this way, we reproduce a portion of a letter which we have received from a lady who has passed safely through the shadow of death; and let us here remark that such successful escapes are exceedingly rare. The letter graphically describes the tortures through which she passed and gives some idea of the amount of will power which is required to wrest oneself from the grasp of a habit that, on first acquaintance, appears only as a grateful balm for human sufferings:

DEAR DR. FOOTE: It is a long time, or it seems a long time to me, since I wrote you. I received your kind and encouraging reply, for which please accept many thanks. I thought then that my sufferings were nearly over. It seemed to me I could not endure any more; but they were not a circumstance to what I have gone through since. I took the scullap and calasaya for one week, and it made me ten times worse. If all my veins had been filled with boiling water I could not have felt worse or suffered more. I stopped taking it then, and for six weeks longer I was very ill. I could not eat or sleep. I could not rest in any position half an hour at a time day or night. Perspiration at all times was very profuse; then the least cold air chilled me to the bone—*numb me*, and I took severe colds that caused pains all over me, and cutting pains in my bowels, from my hips to my feet. I suffered most at night. It seemed to me as if there were elastic cords strung all the way down and that they were sore, and as if some rude hand grasped them up, twisting and wringing them, then suddenly letting them relax, to be gathered up again—can you not understand? Hour after hour and week after week I suffered that horrible anguish. Often during this desperate fight have I thought of the story of the "parrot and monkey." You've heard it of course. I certainly have had a—well—a very dreadful time. I came out of it a fright to behold; but I am *alive*, thank God—and, victorious. It is a week—a *whole week*, since I took the last ten drops of laudanum, and the craving is all gone. By that time I could make one ounce of the drug last fourteen days and nights, instead of taking that much in as many *hours* (on an average), as I always did, for *seven or eight years*, you can judge what it cost to do it, and I am not naturally strong *physically* or *mentally*. Of course, I have still to avoid all excitement, talking or laughing. Noise or confusion, of any kind, even yet makes me suffer by causing fever, headache and weakness. Only think for one third of the time during this struggle I could not speak a loud word or *walk one step*. I can sleep now pretty well, and my appetite is better, my food does not hurt as it did, though that is only in the last few days. I have had palpitation of the heart fearfully, and have it pretty bad still in the morning after breakfast.

I have thought so much of you during my illness, and wondered if you ever *cured* any one before by merely writing an *honest* letter. I know you have done many wonderful things; but did you ever accomplish this before? For surely God knows it was your truthful reply to my first letter, and truth that was unpleasant too to hear at that, that determined me to *try*. I had been deceived so many times, and you could have deceived me too as well as the rest, but you did not—you told me "you did not think I *could* have a child" under the circumstances, and it was to be *hoped* I *could not*, if I did not break away from that fearful habit; and that you could not promise a cure, as so much rested with myself. Surely that was "plain truth," and it has done a lot of good. I feel as if a cloud had been lifted from my brain. I can think and write so much better than for years—or more easily.

Overeating for a Wager.

A circumstance occurred at Port Jervis, N. Y., in the latter part of August, which ought to prove a useful lesson not only to young people who are disposed to abuse their stomachs by laying wagers as to the quantities they can eat, but also to those who go out on picnics or other excursions, and delight in showing their comrades how much they can stow away of some delectable edible. William R. Crawford, aged twenty, while attending the clambake of the Erie railroad conductors, laid a wager that he could eat 150 baked clams! He won his wager