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HUMAN NATURE.

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WHICH IS DOMESTIC?



Cut No. 1



Cut No. 2

It does not require deep knowledge of phrenology to decide which of the ladies represented herewith is the more affectionate. Any child would instinctively turn to No. 1 for sympathy, and not err in judgment, while the most bashful and unsophisticated swain would not hesitate to choose her for his wife in preference to No. 2.

There is something in the expression of the features and contour of head which attracts us to No. 1. The glance of the eye seems magnetic, the lips are full and in health are red, the back part of the head rounds to a sphere, while warmth of feeling is apparent in every curve of head and cheek. This lady must be fond of children and pets. She is the typical mother and model wife; her life is devoted to her husband and children. Love is her whole existence.

The posterior lobe of the brain is devoted to the love nature, of which the illustration shows this lady possesses an abundance.

At the crown her head retreats, causing her to be modest and retiring. She is not intellectually great, but she is good, which compensates for lack of wisdom.

In the region of brain where phrenology locates Veneration and Benevolence she is full, rendering her devout, kind-hearted and generous—"a mother in Israel." She makes many friends and reigns queen in the home.

Cut No. 2 represents a very different character. Children and birds are instinctively repelled from a woman of this description, while the most ardent man would be chilled to ice in her presence. She is a stranger to love and sentiment—a woman of dry facts, devoted to selfish gain. She possesses scarce any backbrain and her neck being long, it is very far from brain to heart. Her features are sharp, indicating keenness of selfish instinct. If she should succeed in inveigling some poor wight into marriage, his life would be beset with thorns and his ears regaled with nightly "curtain lectures." Her prototype is Zantype, her ambition an ample bank account and her sphere single blessedness. The only person she cares to make happy is lady No. 1. May her shadow disappear.

Nature the Healer.

The surgeon sets a broken bone and his work is done. Nature alone heals the wound.

The doctor may prescribe in Latin phrases certain drugs for illness. Drugs that will alter the chemical conditions of the body, but they are powerless to heal. It is surprising by what simple means nature may be assisted. notwithstanding the fact that medical priests have surrounded their calling with a deep air of mystery.

One hundred years ago there lived in London a most successful physician, Dr. Abernethy. One day he was called to a patient who lay in a closely confined room, where the window was darkened and every joint stuffed so that not a breath of air could reach the patient. The man's wife begged the doctor to save her husband, whereupon he thrust his umbrella through the top pane of glass, drew the patient's bed under the window, then demanded his fee of one guinea, stating that his patient would soon recover, and he did.

Dr. Abernethy was opposed to the terrible drug delusion. He always explained to his patients that in case of illness there are three things to do—

- 1 Keep the head cool.
- 2 Keep the feet warm.
- 3 Induce movement of the bowels. These are golden rules.

Since Dr. Abernethy's day great advance has been made in the science of healing. It has been discovered that there are great nerve centres which can be struck as the keys of a piano that will arouse the circulation which brings about the whole of the three conditions named above by equalizing the circulation.

This is done by the Dilator as advertised in another column. Its beneficial results are most surprising. Invalids who have been under the treatment of drug doctors for years, by using the Dilator recover. We have a very interesting pamphlet giving particulars, testimonials and endorsements by ministers, doctors and well-known public men who have found relief and cure by this treatment. No further outlay is required, no drugs used, no belts or other appliance or expense is required; circulate the blood by the Dilator and you have new life.

A Tribute to Purity.

The following, clipped from the *Christian Union* is an inspiration, but it is evident that the writer builded better than he knew.

To speak of the different faculties of man is to endorse Phrenology, which teaches that each person is endowed with at least forty two different faculties or organs and that they are instruments of the soul each different instrument being distinctive.

Phrenology also inculcates the principle of purity, or in other words, the normal use of each faculty.

The next time the *Christian Union* catches a phrenological principle dodging around loose in its sanctum and corrals it, let credit be given phrenology.

"Joy is of many grades. Man is like an orchestra, and as the music of each different instrument is distinctive, so is the joy of each different faculty.

Complete joy is the harmonious joy of all

Man is an animal. There is a joy of his animal nature. It may be perfectly innocent, harmless, healthful. It is seen in the mere animal spirits of a healthy boy. Blessed is the man who so keeps his animal nature pure and strong that he keeps pure and strong the joy of his childhood. There is a joy in the social faculties, in the interchange of life with life, in commingling the joy of the animal life with that of others, in certain phases intellectual activity.

Vaccination.

The present theory of vaccination, as admitted by experts before the Royal Commission on Vaccination, is, "No matter how well vaccination is performed, it is necessary to repeat it frequently to ensure the maximum of prophylaxis in every case." But, when Jenner introduced vaccination his statement was—"That the human frame, when *once* it has felt the influence of the genuine cowpox, is never afterwards, at a y period of its existence, as-ailable by small-pox." Jenner's argument ran thus—as no one can have small pox twice, and as the mildest small pox is as preventive of a sec-

ond attack as the severest, so vaccination, which induces a mild variety of small-pox, in like manner averts small-pox for life. But as experience proved that vaccination did not confer the asserted immunity from small-pox, then re-vaccination was suggested, which suggestion the directors of the National Vaccination Establishment, in their report for 1851, thus disposed of: It may be expedient to remind the public of the established fact that the restriction of the protective power of vaccination to any age, or any term of years, is an hypothesis contradicted by experience, and wholly unsupported by an analogy. If it be argued that this testimony, along with Jenner's is out of date I reply that Sir John Simon lives and is not out of date. In his classical "Papers on Vaccination" published in 1857, he extols the virtue of small-pox obtained by innoculating cows with small-pox. This virus, says this authority, confers life-long security from small-pox. These are his words:—"Neither renewed vaccination, nor innoculation with small-pox, nor the the closest contact and cohabitation with small-pox patients will occasion the person thus vaccinated to betray any remnant of susceptibility to infection." But I observe it is animal vaccination mixed with glycerine that is now recommended. What is meant by animal vaccination? It is innoculation with cow-pox—cow-pox *per se*—and to refer again to Jenner, he taught, and *proved* that such cow-pox was of no efficacy against small-pox. The cow-pox that Jenner recommended was a variety communicated to cows by the hands of men-milkers, who had been dressing the heels of horses afflicted with "the grease." Jenner's prescription in his famous *Inquiry* was not cow-pox but horse-grease cow-pox, and for a time it was under discussion whether equination should not be substituted for vaccination as the more correct designation. In later life, Jenner dispensed with the cow altogether. He innoculated with virus directly from the horse, describing the filthy ichor obtained from the horses heel as "the true life-preserving fluid."

JAS. R. WILLIAMSON.
In *The Harbinger*.

Health Department.

Fatty Degeneration of the Heart.

BY DR. T. R. ALLINSON.

This is a condition of the heart in which some of its muscular fibres are changed into fat. It is more common among the poor than the richer classes, attacks twice as many men as women, and occurs oftenest after middle life. Those cases which are due to anæmia are found chiefly in the young, and in women. The heart itself is wasted when the fatty degeneration results from wasting disease or tubercular disease, but when due to other causes, the heart is usually enlarged. After death the heart is found to be of a yellowish pink color, in stead of a pale pink; its muscles are very soft and can be torn like soft wet cardboard. The left ventricle, or lower left heart, is the most affected.

TREATMENT.—By careful dietetic and hygienic treatment these patients do well, live many years, and gradually pass away, rather than end suddenly or unexpectedly. Gentle and regular exercise may be taken daily, care being had to avoid steep hills, much or sudden exertion, great excitement and close rooms. These cases which arise from phosphorus and arsenic poisoning, soon cure if the cause is discontinued. Drug doctors give digitalis, arsenic, phosphorus, iron, strychnine and stimulants, and thus often kill a patient who would otherwise have lived many years.

Warmth, Good and Bad.

The foods that we eat keep us warm. During the summer the temperature of the air is not much lower than that of the body, so that the process is easy. From October to April the weather is usually cool, and the temperature of the air much below that of our bodies; in consequence we lose much bodily heat and feel cold. During the cold weather we use artificial means to keep ourselves comfortably warm, such as adding

more clothes to those we already wear, and increasing the temperature of the places in which we are. Besides these means we eat more food, and have it richer in heat-conforming matters. By these means we contrive to be fairly warm, no matter how cold it is. We will now examine the various modes of keeping warm, and see which are good and which are bad. If our occupation is an easy or quiet one, or one that uses the brain rather than the body, and if we are exposed to the weather, we find that the addition of more clothes to those we already have on keep us warm. They do this in two ways, first by keeping in the heat formed by our bodies, and secondly, by preventing cold winds from penetrating to the skin and chilling us. If the clothing is too heavy, it is bad, as it prevents us from taking free exercise, and we suffer from coldness and other things in consequence. If the body wraps are too closely spun or woven, they keep in foul perspiration, laden air, and also the skin is kept too hot. The foul air may be partly absorbed and do injury, whilst the skin gets into a state of weakness from the constant warmth, and if it does get chilled, an illness may result from inflammation of some internal organ. During cold weather the clothing may be slightly increased by the addition of under garments or outer wraps. For over garments a very light overcoat is best, as it does not tire us if we walk far. Heavy flannels and thick overcoats do harm, by weakening the skin or preventing exercise. The next best way of obtaining warmth is by means of the food we eat. More may be taken during cold weather than in summer and more fatty or oily foods may be eaten. For this reason oatmeal, cornmeal, and nuts are good winter foods. Nuts are especially valuable, an ounce or two of the kernels may be eaten daily of any of the following: Almonds, Peanuts, Walnuts, Brazil nuts, Barcelona or cob nuts, or of Cocanut. When a meal is made from them and bread, they will not be found to be at all indigestible, especially if care is taken to chew them thoroughly. Oat meal or corn meal may be made into porridge and eaten with milk or a crust of bread and will be found to supply plenty of heat on a cold day

Del Monte's Specialties.

SEMOLA

Semola is a combination of cereals, combined on scientific principles, with a view of producing food which will be more pleasant and appetizing than any now on the market, and at the same time afford a maximum of nutrition. It is more easily digested than almost any other food on the market, and consists very largely of wheat. The management of the Company know they have got a better formula for breakfast food than any other now existing, and refuse to divulge its ingredients or the method in which it is prepared. A trial will convince anyone that it is the best article that has hitherto been placed upon the market.

Semola is put up only in 2 lb. and 4 lb. Packages, and not in sacks or barrels.

MORNING MEAL

Is made from the choicest selected Sonora Wheat. It is carefully cleaned and scoured and all the woody fibre of the berry is removed. This wheat is then steam cooked and rolled in thin flakes, then carefully dried and packed in 2-lb. packages. The process in some respects is our own, and different from that employed by other manufacturers of Rolled Wheat, and results in a flavor that excels all other Rolled Wheat on the market. It is particularly good for children and elderly people, and is a very appetizing breakfast dish for anyone. The mush or porridge is more nutritive than that of any other Rolled Wheat in the market. It can be used in many ways, such as in puddings or with fruit.

It is sold only in 2-lb. packages.

CREAM FLAKE OATS.

Cream Flake Oats is what the name would indicate, the cream of oats, flaked. No oats are used in the preparation of this article unless they are the very best that grow. No pains or expense are spared in obtaining only the choicest of the crop from any portion of the coast, where the best oats grow. They are first cleaned of all foreign matter and are then cooked in a dry heat for about four hours, after which they are steam cooked, then rolled on steam rollers, and are again dried before being packed.

The Literary Grotto.

REVIEWS
By C. P. Holt.

The Hesperian for January—March, 1899, is a gem. Its editor, Alexander N. De Menil, has the instinct which enables him to serve up very appetizing mental food, of which one never wearies. Here is a Christmas Medley (illustrated) which is as pretty as can be. An article, On Antipathies, sets us to thinking. Current Literary History is stinging in criticism and honest in praise. Where Does Man Come From, by James M. Loring, casts grave doubt upon Darwinism and Evolution. Perhaps our grandmothers were not monkeys after all. Mr. Loring brings some strong arguments to prove man's origin to be diverse and entirely distinct from any other animal.

Speaking of the twenty well marked races of men upon the earth to-day, he says:

They are all human beings, and differentiated as a whole from the lower animals by an impassable gulf as wide asunder as the two poles."

Regarding the earth's poles, he remarks that:

"Astronomy shows that the pole of the earth projected against the sky, travels backward four seconds each year, causing the plane of the ecliptic to cut the plane of the earth's orbit around the sun at a point constantly in advance and changing, making a complete revolution once in twenty-five thousand years causing gradual but comparatively permanent changes in the gulf stream, the Kuro Simo, the air currents, and finally radically changing the climate at any given point of latitude and longitude. This is why remains of elephants, tigers, lions, and other tropical animals are now found near the frozen Arctic circle in Siberia, and under the frozen plains of Dakota, Montana and Manitoba."

The writer thinks the chances are that folk and animals get a terrible shaking up when the twenty-five thousand years get round and the poles shift. He is inclined to think that after a while during some of these shiftings the present twenty races of men will get completely wiped out. In confirmation of this supposition he quotes the Bible where it is written, "I will destroy man whom I have created."

Mr. Loring says:

"That is possible. I can well imagine a new and superior race of men, with light skeletons composed of hollow bones with perfect organs, internal and exter-

nal, all the five senses clear, the whole new man so eminently adapted to the new climate, the new heavens, the new earth and the new environments, that he can dive in the sea, run upon the earth, climb the trees, skip with membranous wings like a squirrel from peak to peak, live such a harmonious life in such sound health and happiness that each individual will ultimately die of old age. This race will not be descended from apes, not even from the present human race, but will be a new, separate and distinct creation. No Darwinism.

It is possible that the new race of man will weigh individually less than one-third the weight of the present one, will have an elastic membranous envelope, which they can inflate at will through a valve in the lungs, a gland secreting the necessary gas, so that the body as inflated will have a specific gravity less than the surrounding air, the muscles will control the air sac as a fish, which can be contracted or expanded at pleasure so that they can rise or sink as they will, to the end that they may soar as a lark to the sky, or like the eagle poised on even wing, look the sun in the eye."

Where will "we uns" be then Mr. Loring?

MIND

December brought a good number of this excellent magazine to my table. One gets lifted out of the lower strata of earth by reading *Mind*.

Such articles as "The Spiritual Vision," "First Morals," "Art and Nature," "Mental Science in Primary Education," and many more such in this number serve to keep the reader's attention unflagging.

THE HUMANITARIAN.

This magazine for December came clear across the broad Atlantic ocean from London, on the river Thames, and found the latch string of Human Nature office hanging outside the door ready to be pulled. I would not have missed that article on Madame Recamier and Her Worshipers, nor Some Mysteries of the American Continent.

But the article entitled Vegetarianism, by Dr. Paul Carus, pleased me greatly, because I don't view the subject at all as does Dr. Carus, who says:

"If the life of animals had to be regarded as sacred as human life, there can be no doubt about it that whole industries would be destroyed and human civilization would at once drop down to a very primitive condition."

I think if half the ingenuity and energy which is expended on high explosives and new-fangled guns, and big battle ships to destroy cities and men, should be devoted to

inventing material to supercede animal products, we would soon have something to discount leather, horns, hoofs and pork-chop and the world would be better for it.

Is it not so, Dr. Carus?

The Phrenological Journal for December contains a character sketch of Col. Theodore Roosevelt by J. A. Fowler. There is also a picture group of the class of 1898 A. I. of P. There is also a good article on Child Culture, a sketch of the late S. S. Packard by H. Drayton, M. D., and an article entitled The Federation of Women Clubs.

Speaking of clubs reminds me that the *Phrenological Journal* has clubs with Human Nature. Such clubs are trumps to those who hold a good hand and play a straight game with us the coming year with knowledge for stakes. There is no sin in playing this kind of "progressive euchre."

GOOD HEALTH

For December is rich in thought and illustration.

Dr. Kellogg in an able article entitled Matador or Abattoir graphically compares American butchery of cattle with Spain bull fighting, much to the disgrace of the former.

Everybody who wishes to keep abreast of the age should read Good Health. Published at Battle Creek, Michigan.

WHY I AM A VEGETARIAN

By J. Howard Moore,

Is a pretty booklet of forty-four pages written in choicest English and sound in argument.

The author would apply the principles of the Declaration of American Independence to cows, sheep, hogs, and all animals, to the extent that they "are endowed with certain inalienable rights among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." He says we have no right to kill them nor eat them,

He farther remarks;

I am a vegetarian because it is logical and natural to be so. The vegetable world contains all the elements necessary to human sustenance, and in a much more prime condition than they are found in the diseased tissues of our meat-eating servants."

Let those who like good sense told in a pleasing way send 25 cts. for the booklet to Frances L. Due-senberry, McVicker's Theatre Bldg. Chicago.

THE WONDER IN HEAVEN

A CHRISTMAS POEM

By Josephine C. Woodbury, illustrated by Eric-Pope.

There are only seven stanzas of this poem, but they ring melodiously, and are provocative of elevated thought. Here is the closing stanza:

"Transfigured Christ!
Hail happy age, which yokes this twain
In bond divine—
Science and truth, a wondrous reign,
This Christmas morn,
Earth's waiting watchers clearly see,
Sweet heralds bring
Earliest of Christ that is to be."

The artist has caught the inspired thought of the poet, and embellished with his pencil this lovely poem.

All the bookstores keep it for an attractive Christmas present, or at 488 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

NATURE versus DRUGS

Illustrated
AUG. F. REINHOLD

This is a pretty book, it is a good book, it is a scientific book, it is unique.

Dr. Dose-em-and-cut-em will not like this book; I know he will not, because it teaches people how to keep out of the doctor's office, the drug store, the hospital and the grave.

Its pages unrelentingly war upon drugs, and all the delusions that attend their use, such as vaccination, lancet and knife cutting, vivisection, flesh eating and abortion.

Not only does Dr. Reinhold tear down old fossilized ideas, but he builds newer and better on their ruins. He is a worthy disciple of Kuhne, and with that great scientist resolves all disease into dirt. The remedy is apparent; *get clean and keep so*. In this he gives explicit instructions regarding diet, bathing, and the treatment in health and disease.

Dr. Reinhold is not infallible, however, and some of his statements should be taken with a grain of common sense, particularly the assertion that "if we eat a little at

a time we can eat a dozen times a day with a relish," and that "the stomach needs no rest," because birds and cows keep nibbling away all day. Birds also fly and cows ruminate, which is not true of man. The analogy is not perfect, because man and birds and cows are built upon different models. The human stomach does indeed need rest: that is the trouble with the sick man; he eats too much and too often, gluttony is a great cause of dirt in the human body, it clogs the whole machinery. The author advocates eating all food uncooked, because cooking hardens the albumen in vegetables as in eggs. Pshaw, Dr. Reinhold, don't you know that starch is made digestible by cooking? Eat a raw potato or a quart of raw wheat will you? I decline the task. Regarding his talk on sexual matters, Dr. Alice Stockham in Karezza can give him points.

However, as I started out to say, "Nature versus Drugs" is a good book and should be in every household. It is for sale at Human Nature office, sent postpaid to any address for \$2.50.

A pamphlet entitled RESULT OF RESEARCH IN MENTAL SCIENCE,

BY JOHN WILLIAM TAYLOR,

Comes to my table accompanied by a very genial and friendly letter penned by the author. The letter bears internal evidence that Mr. Taylor is a good and kind-hearted man. Then why should he grieve and bewilder an already perplexed world regarding phrenology by tipping the science bottom side up, twisting the temperaments into a cork-screw, breaking our jaws with an unpronounceable new-fangled nomenclature, and mystifying everything pertaining to human nature.

It requires large "Discriminateness" to appreciate Mr. Taylor's effort. I give it up.

FULFILMENT.

Sometimes I think the things we see
Are shadows of the things to be;
That what we plan we build;
That every hope that hath been crossed
And every dream we thought was lost
In heaven shall be fulfilled.

That even the children of the brain
Have not been born and died in vain,
Though here unclothed and dumb,
But on some brighter, better shore
They live embodied evermore
And wait for us to come.

Phoebe Cary.

Dr. Burke's School of Mechano-Therapy

for ladies and gentlemen will open on the second Monday of February, 1899, at Altruria, Sonoma County, California. Those who wish to enter must bring evidence of good moral character; and a certificate from Professor Allen Haddock 1020 Market street, San Francisco, that they are adapted by nature for physicians, and must pay \$500 for the full course, which consists of four terms of five months each, to be completed in two years. Board and lodging at reasonable rates.

Those wishing to enter as students should apply to the Secretary, Wm. H. O'Bryan, Altruria, Sonoma County, California. The course consists of:

Mechano-Therapy, which means every intelligent movement that the human hand is capable of toward the removal of disease.

Hygio-Therapy, which means every hygienic measure regarding health.

Hydro-Therapy, includes the use of water in every form.

Electro-Therapy, means Vital Magnetism, Vibration, Chemistry and Therapeutics of Light, Color, Heat and Cold. Steam and all phases and forms of electricity to cure disease.

The *Finer Forces*, which are comprehended in the above, are the interior quickening principles of things and the basis of all power for building nervous, vascular, and other systems of the human body. The above methods of cure are simply means to furnish the conditions, and *Nature* operates the laws of cure.

In order to apply the above means of cure, the perfect understanding of Anatomy, Physiology, mental and physical, Pathology, Toxicology, Chemistry, including the chemistry of the body, Histology, Diagnosis, Surgery, Gynecology, and Obstetrics becomes necessary.

W. P. BURKE, M. D., President
WM. H. O'BRYAN, Secretary

COME!

We invite all, of both sexes, who are adapted by Nature for physicians, to enter our *Mechano-Therapy School* and learn Nature's way to Health.

W. P. BURKE, M. D.

Puget Sound Department.

A Busy Man Phrenologically Delineated.

BY PROF. D. C. SLYMOUR.



Professor William Douglas whose portrait heads this article is a marvel of activity and fineness of organization, being small in stature, wearing a 6½ hat, he might be passed by as one of small caliber, but his activity is amazing. He is slight of frame, weighing not more than 125 lbs., with black hair and blue eyes, with finely modeled and delicate features, his temperament is strongly of the mental type, with good organic quality. He is nearly the greatest living "talking machine," I have ever met. If Edison had met Mr. Douglas before he invented his phonograph, he likely would have employed him to "tell it all," and turned his attention to inventing some means of applying

a brake to his facile tongue.

He has been called the "lightning phrenologist," but it is the kind of lightning that never strikes twice in the same place.

I notice his subjects got up from their chairs, lost and amused—struck dumb by his mental lightning, and rapid delineation. He is more of a physiognomist than a phrenologist, but hits "em off" until some of them "wish they had never been born."

Mr. Douglas was born in Minnesota, on a farm, forty years ago, and is a second cousin of what was known as "the little giant," Stephen A. Douglas, Senator from Illinois, who ran for President of the U. S., against Abraham Lincoln, in 1860.

Our Mr. Douglas of the present sketch was raised almost without any school education, and for many years failed to show his mettle, or what he had in him. He joined the M. E. Church. How he escaped becoming a minister is hard to tell, unless the church thought he would do all the talking, leaving the other members of the cloth nothing to do, but draw their salary.

[Mr. Douglas tried farming, saw-mill work, and many other occupations with varying success, until at last he found *his affinity* in taking up the subscription book business, by entering the employ of Mr. J. H. Morse & Co., of Chicago, Ill., noted and extensive publishers of Bibles and religious books; in fact, nearly all the publications of the day. At present Mr. Douglas is located in Seattle, Wash. and is helping to spread the gospel (good news), to every hamlet of the North-west. He employs hundreds of agents to canvass for his books, and in his office on First Ave., one can but listen and wonder if he is not in a telegraph or type-writing office, so continuous is the click of his musical organs of speech.

Mr. Douglas is one of the most affable, cheerful and generous of men, and gives every one a hearty welcome that makes them feel at once, at home. Many envy him his success, but he will live in the memory of thousands, while his traducers will long be forgotten. He has in the office with him, two beautiful daughters, and a quiet, good-natured pleasant little wife, who seemed more than pleased that her smaller half *can do all the talking*.

His exceptionally full eye, fine mental temperament, and great activity, with fine organic quality, is the cause of his great volubility, tact, and success in life. He was a student of phrenology for years, and attended a course in that line with much profit.

On the Trail.

Bidding good-bye to the many friends made at Wooley I boarded a train on the Seattle and International R. R.; arriving the next day at Snohomish, one of the oldest and prettiest places on the western slope of the Cascade range I found excellent accommodations at the Penobscot Hotel,

while the bugle call of printer's ink and paper scattered through out the city, woke the people up to the fact that HUMAN NATURE's representative had invaded their historic hamlet and would lecture in their Alcazar Theatre to-morrow evening at "early candle light," but "Providence" intervened and it literally poured down from the opened windows in the arched heavens above all the four nights of my four lectures, consequently the audiences were small.

Going on by rail to Seattle, I stopped long enough to give one lecture in Forester's Hall on the subject that "Human brains were the birth-place of all the gods." This subject, advertised in the Sunday morning papers brought out a full house to see me the same evening. This ended "The Trail," so I've retired from the lecture field to wait until after election. I find Phrenology is growing more popular every year, and I seldom meet with those who say they don't believe in fortune-telling by feeling of folks' bumps. Well, neither do I, for there are no bumps to feel of any more, nor are fortunes told that way except by fakirs and fools, of which commodity there is ever a good supply in the land.

D. C. S.

An Incident.

BY WM. B. CURTIS

Experience is a wonderful teacher; her methods are sometimes harsh and severe, but her work is well done. Facts can be produced without number proving Phrenology to be a science, a demonstrated truth.

"I want you to examine my 'bumps.' I do not believe in Phrenology, but I have called out of mere curiosity. I want to see what you have to say about my head. You will not find much in it that is 'good.'"

This was spoken by a Frenchman who called upon me for an examination. He used very good English, with a French accent. He at once impressed me as being an interesting character, not because of superior mental development, but on account of uneven

traits exhibited in his organization. I examined him phrenologically and found his morals below the average, fairly developed in Veneration and larger in Hope, but small in Spirituality and Conscientiousness, with Benevolence well-developed. He had a large sidehead, especially at Secretiveness, Acquisitiveness and Cautiousness, the latter organ developed more particularly anteriorly. He had great mechanical ability, coupled with Imitation and Ideality. His organization denoted a well-developed cunning, daring worker in anything requiring skill, willing to run chances for the mere pleasure of doing so. I warned him against gambling or indulging in anything where risk, daring or cunning came into play. He immediately protested, claiming that he knew nothing about gambling. But I insisted that his fondness for gambling and his love for money was so strong that if it were not for the stringent laws against counterfeiting, he would be making silver dollars for the pure love of staking his all on his success as a secret worker for financial ends. I warned him again to beware of gambling or taking risks in chance games or permitting his base brain to obtain the ascendancy over his higher faculties.

He finally acknowledged that he had been a gambler nearly all his life, and this was the reason he left Paris for the sunny clime of California. He would spend night and day at the roulette table or until compelled to leave it for want of coin or rest.

Within three months after this examination he was sentenced to two years in San Quentin for counterfeiting and circulating silver dollars. His work was so cunningly done that it was difficult for our Police department to produce sufficient evidence to convict him, so that instead of getting ten years which he deserved, they succeeded in "sending him up" for two years only.

My warning came to him just when he was ready to circulate his spurious coin—he desisted for a short time, but the temptation was too strong, the moral faculties were too weak.

Correction!

On page 8 in paragraph about "Health," read the price of both magazines \$1.25 instead of \$1.75.

A lady of our acquaintance recently mentioned the case of a lady who is so abnormal in certain faculties, that she cries when she has to pay a bill; and when the bill amounts to much, she will cry for several days before she pays it, and then will only discharge the account under great pressure.

Thanks to many of our old subscribers who have renewed for 1899. We shall be glad to hear from more friends this month.

Please notice our great offers.

We receive subscriptions for all magazines published.

The Conservative.

The garden beds I wandered by
One bright and cheerful morn,
When I found a new-fledged butterfly
A-sitting on a thorn;
A black and crimson butterfly,
All doleful and forlorn.

I thought that life could have no sting
For infant butterflies.
So I gazed on this unhappy thing
With wonder and surprise,
While sadly with his waving wing
He wiped his weeping eyes.

Said I, "What can the matter be?
Why weepest thou so sore?"
With garden fair and sunlight free
And flowers in goodly store?
But he only turned away from me
And burst into a roar.

Cried he, "My legs are thin and few
Where once I had a swarm!
Soft, fuzzy fur—a joy to view—
Once kept my body warm,
Before these flapping wing-things grew,
To hamper and deform."

At that outrageous bug I shot
The fury of mine eyes;
Said I, in scorn all burning hot,
In rage and anger high;
"You ignominious idiot!
Those wings were made to fly!"

"I do not want to fly," said he,
"I only want to squirm!"
And he dropped his wings dejectedly,
But still his voice was firm.
"I do not want to fly!" he said,
"I want to be a worm!"

O, yesterday of unknown lack!
To-day of unknown bliss!
I left my fool in red and black,
The last I saw was this—
The creature madly climbing back
Into his chrysalis.

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

San Francisco, Cal., January, 1899

Human Nature

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO
Phrenology, Physiognomy, Health,
Medical and Social Reform

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C. P. BOLT, Associate Editor

D. C. SEYMOUR, Editor Puget Sound Dept

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CONTENTS

The Young Man and His Patrimony, the Young Man and His Friends, The Needed Friends and how to get and Keep Them, the Young Man and His Business, Business and Something More, the Young Man and His Politics, Money, Time, Habits, Pleasures, Ambitions, Reading, Hopes, Home, and his Religion.

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For the ninth time HUMAN NATURE wishes its readers a "Happy New Year."

A New Year's Slave Hunt.

By C. P. HOLT.

It was "befo the wah." I was for a brief time a truant from school, and a sailor boy. Our brig was the *Glen Roy* from Gardner Maine, laden with hay and brick for Wilmington, North Carolina, there to take on lumber for some other port.

Wilmington is situated on the Cape Fear river, thirty miles from its mouth, and in Ante-bellum days was a bustling burg, stretching its length of warehouses, lumber docks, and negro cabins, up and down the lazy river, while in its rear the suburban residences of merchant princes made white dots on the landscape.

Three hours after the town was sighted, the *Glen Roy* lay at her moorings, tied stem and stern, with not a suspicion of having only eight days before, weathered a terrible gale in the gulf stream, when

"Every mad wave drowned the moon,
And whistled aloft its tempest tune."

Now her hatches were unbatened, and soon to the merry song of "yo heave yo" by the sailors, her anchor was catted, and the work of discharging cargo begun. The sailors performed all work on board the brig, but that upon the docks was done by negro slaves.

Here was opened a new field for the Yankee boy, who had been reared an abolitionist and taught to hate slavery. Here then, was an opportunity to investigate its enormity, and perhaps do a little underground railroading on my own account.

It was the custom in those days in the south to trade in slaves, much the same as men now trade in horses. Slave traders who had money with which to speculate, bought negroes, and rented them out by the week or month, just as the keeper of a livery stable rents horses.

Nearly all the slave hands working upon our dock were owned and rented in the manner I have described. Each unmarried slave was provided a bunk in a cabin, while the married hands had a cabin furnished to each family. Each slave was also furnished a weekly allowance of one peck of corn meal, two quarts of beans,

five pounds bacon and two quarts molasses. Each one cooked his own food after the day's work was done.

Upon these rations and with only such clothing as decency compelled, with a wretched past, a dismal present and a hopeless future, these black men toiled day by day, and to my surprise, laughed, chatted and even sang. They sang mostly at night—they must work by day—and such weird songs as they sang! Nothing like the so-called plantation melodies I had heard in the North.

Some of the slaves worked upon rafts of lumber on the river, and at night the welkin would ring with their chants, which seemed echoes from their ancestor's far-off Congo home.

I soon made the acquaintance of several slaves and had their life history; among them a hercules done in ebony, whose only name so far as I could learn was Cuffy. Save for his wooly head and jet black skin, he was a handsome man, with regular features, Roman nose and well-formed brow. There is great difference in black men as in those of paler hue, and Cuffy looked every inch a king,

He was born in Georgia and tradition had it that his great-grandfather on his mother's side had been chief of a powerful tribe on the Upper Congo, but being defeated in a battle where some white men were allied with his enemies, he was captured and taken to the coast with his wife, children and many of his warriors, and finally came into the possession of a rich Georgian planter. He died of a broken heart, but his children survived him.

Cuffy had inherited his ancestor's unconquerable spirit, quite at variance with many of his fellow slaves. He had ambition and a motive in life. There was also a bit of romance interwoven in his history. His people had never been plantation slaves who work in the cotton field, but were house and body servants, and as such he had been reared. He was about twenty-five years of age, in the prime of his strength and manhood.

On a neighboring plantation to that of his Georgian master, Cuffy had met his fate in the person of a comely mulatto girl—for black men and colored girls are alike

susceptible to Cupid's wiles, but true love never yet ran smooth.

Cuffy's master, rich and good though he was, died one day. After the funeral came the heirs and a division of property. Some of the slaves were sold to pay off debts and settle claims. A day came when Cuffy was placed upon the auction block and knocked down to the highest bidder, who proved to be a Carolina speculator. The yellow girl was left behind, and my hero was before me.

I was in the black man's confidence. He listened with rapt attention when sitting upon a lumber pile with the turpid river glistening in the pale moonlight at our feet, I told him of our free north-land, where black men and white men enjoyed alike the gifts of bounteous Nature. Suddenly, one night in the midst of my discourse, Cuffy stopped my utterance with the exclamation—

"Dat's enuf, dat's enuf, marser Charlie. I done gone already packed some of my close and I allow as how you'll help me to tote them under this very board pile, and put a little mo' bacon with what I got an' I'll start for the north to-morrow night shuar."

The next night came just as all appointed dates come to anxious watchers. It was the night before New Year's day. I had procured more bacon and had taken from the brig's galley some "duff," some "soft tack" and other delicacies which I had placed nicely in Cuffy's bundle beneath the lumber pile. At eleven o'clock the moon would set, and there were clouds, so that darkness favored the flight. We had talked of stowing Cuffy in the hold of the *Glen Roy*, but I could not learn her next destination, which might be some other southern port, and that would not prove to be a haven of refuge for the runaway slave. So, with as good a map as I could draw of the route he was to travel, in his pocket, and his pack slung over his shoulder, wringing my hand and a parting "Good-bye, marser Charlie, I'se gwine to be free now for shuar," off started Cuffy with the North star for his guide, bound for the Yankee land of freedom.

At "sun up" that New Year's morning, the entire water front of Wilmington was alive with excitement. A nigger had run

away. Cuffy could not be found, his bunk was empty, his pack had vanished, and added to the perplexity, the old mule that was used to hoist lumber with a tackle from the wharf to the brig was also missing.

One chattel had probably stolen the other chattel, and ridden him off. I had not thought of the mule, but it was evident that Cuffy had discovered the beast browsing in the underbrush and concluded to take a ride.

As evidence multiplied that a "nigger" had really run a way, the excitement increased; volunteers were called for to run him down, seven savage bloodhounds were procured and given the scent of the mule's hoofs.

There was mounting in hot haste, horses were prancing, spurs on rider's boots, and pistols in their belts; men, women and children yelling "catch the nigger," dogs baying, and fire bells ringing.

At the moment of departure one rider was thrown from his restive horse and so lamed that he could not re-mount. An inspiration seized me; perhaps by joining the hunt, I might in some way help Cuffy to escape the jaws of the terrible blood hounds. I had been reared to horse back riding, and defied any steed from mule to mustang to throw me from his back. As the man fell, I caught his horse's bridle and with a bound was in the empty saddle and joined the cavalcade which was now on a gallop with the seven ugly bloodhounds in the lead, baying hard upon the track of the mule, which with his rider had fully seven hours the start of his pursuers. The horse I rode was a Morcan colt, and could easily outstrip his companions, and with the bit in his teeth, lead the procession.

One, two, three hours and on we galloped; then another hour, and the hounds stopped baying and left the road; there was something black on the top of the hill in the distance, the hounds were nearly up with it; they made a circuit and began pawing the ground.

I gave my horse an encouraging stroke of the loose rein and overtook the hounds; they had found the mule collapsed and almost dead from hard driving.

The other horsemen soon straggled in, but the fugitive was not there; he had abandoned the mule

and was running for dear life and liberty. The dogs were allowed to sniff at some old shoes of Cuffy's, and after circling round and round, they finally caught the scent and away we went again, over hill and dale, across ditches, through brush, through plowed fields, up hillsides, when after two hours steady run, with jaded, hungry, thirsty horses, we came to a creek, and there the hounds suddenly stopped; they were off the scent—it was lost in the waters of the creek.

Cuffy had heard the terrible bay of the hounds and had taken to the creek and waded—which way? Some dogs went this way, others ran that way, until to my distress of mind, one of the brutes again struck the scent, and off we all went again, with the victim nearer and nearer at every bound of the horses. Only a miracle now could save Cuffy. Or perhaps night might come and hide him from sight. The sun was sinking slowly but surely, and the winter days were short. O, that night would come! But Cuffy was doomed. There he heaves in view just beyond the knoll—the hounds have sighted him, and change their baying to yelping. Oh, the horrid brutes, urged on by brutal men. The black man is running at a fearful pace, but it is man running against fleet-footed hounds, and the race is unequal.

The black man is heading for the timber which offers a friendly refuge and waves its beckoning branches only a few hundred yards away, will he reach the woods before the dogs are upon him? I lash my steed to get near him and save him from the brutes. On, on, on, Oh, heavens! The terrible dogs are at his heels; one snaps his wicked jaws at poor Cuffy's leg, his cruel teeth glistening in the evening sunlight, and his horrid snarl rending the peaceful air. Look! his jaws are red with the blood of his victim. He leaps at the black man's throat. But now the unexpected happens.

In an instant he is a dead dog. The negro stands like a hunted elk at bay. He has pulled his hob-nailed shoe from his foot—he had lost his pack and staff in the race—he strikes once, twice, three times, and with each stroke of his giant hand a hound dies. Their companions are appalled, and

retreat, but the horsemen are advancing at a rapid pace: they shriek and yell, the dogs renew their attack; they are nearing their prey again; he starts to run; he gains the timber; he is under a tree; is he safe? No, the savage dogs are again at his throat; there ensues a fearful combat between four blood-thirsty dogs and a desperate man, the forest resounds with the howling and snarling of dogs, the yelling of men and the tramp of horses hoofs.

Another breath, and two more bloody brutes lie stretched upon the turf, and by a dextrous bound the warrior slave has gained the branches of a tree, safe from dogs, but not from men.

Poor Cuffy was captured and taken back to his quarters. It being the busy season, he escaped a severe flogging, such as would disable him from work, but each night he was heavily manacled, to prevent another escape.

It was pitiful to witness the suffering of my dusky friend as with blows and curses he was driven by the inhuman slave driver from early morning till night, and sadder still beat my heart in sympathy, when at midnight I would steal to his bunk with delicacies I had purloined from the brig's galley, to cheer him in his bondage; he was desolate; but his courage was still undaunted and his resolve to some day be free, unshaken by reverses; he was a worthy descendant of an African King.

The night before the Glen Roy sailed from Wilmington I saw Cuffy for the last time in slavery. His parting words were "Good bye marser Charlie. I reckon we'll some day meet again, for I am most done toting lumber on this yer dock."

There is more to this story: The civil war came on, and Cuffy tried again, and after undergoing many hardships eluded his pursuers and succeeded in reaching Yankee land where he gained considerable wealth. This I learned from his own lips, when by chance I met him in my native city of Boston several years after the close of the war that helped to make him free.

It will be remembered that when Cuffy was dragged from the home of his boyhood via the shameful auction block, he left a sweetheart weeping. Well? Filia.

A Lawyer's Integrity

BY JOHN F. BERNARD.

"There goes the greatest rascal in the city," observed a layman, indicating lawyer Hale. It would have been useless to dispute the assertion at the time, for the press and half the good people were denouncing Hale as a dishonorable shyster and scoundrel, because, as attorney for a notorious rowdy, who was under a solemn charge, he faced and fought the prosecution with all the power of those great faculties which made him famous. So great was the clamor that not only were extra precautions taken to secure the accused against a lynching, but Hale's friends were apprehensive for his safety. Even a learned phrenologist challenged a legal friend about the vaunted integrity of the bar, till his friend, disdaining to discuss the question, brought him to the courtroom, and pointing, said, "Do you see that man?" "Yes." "What do you think of him?" "Why, he is as fine a specimen of man as I ever saw. What immense Conscientiousness! Who is he; the Judge?" "No sir, that is Mr. Hale." "Then there is something wrong somewhere," observed the phrenologist. "And so there was, as there usually is when the press and public get to criticizing the integrity of the bar; for the following week, when Hale opened the defense, the innocence of the rowdy was fully established and Hale made it perfectly clear that the crime was committed by a polished and highly educated witness for the prosecution. 'I fear I was a little hasty in saying Mr. Hale is the greatest rascal in the city,' observed a certain layman; and the press and the public took it all back too. So easy is it to decry the integrity of a lawyer.

Like most lawyers, Hale, at the beginning of his professional career, had almost reached his bottom dollar before his business began to pay. He was even at the extremity of considering the question whether he had not better try something easier; when a friend offered him five thousand dollars to get him out of the scrape. This friend was a pleasant, sprightly young merchant lascivious and fond of the ladies generally, besides being married and

having a family. His ancestry went back to English royal stock; but as long as the fact was known and produced a strong impression among the ladies, he was perfectly content to be the pleasant and ready merchant rather than the proud and haughty aristocrat. He had graduated in the law with Hale; but he was too eager and impatient to await a clientage; so he entered his father's employ, and in time inherited his business, and became a wealthy merchant. His refined tastes and sympathies and his fondness for the ladies, drew him into female society; and his lasciviousness got him into little distressing difficulties. Finally he got into such an appalling scrape that he saw it would be necessary to add gross wrong to injury, with the assistance of able and well paid counsel in order to avert a family and public scandal. He considered Hale the right man for the emergency, if he could only overcome his ridiculous integrity; and, knowing Hale's circumstances, he in his light and pleasant way, doubted not that poverty will bend stern integrity. Hale heard the offer of five thousand with glowing heart but impassive countenance; he listened to the story with sinking heart but equally impassive countenance (Secretiveness large); and when he had heard the facts, he quietly said he would not take the case. His friend departed predicting that he would never succeed as a lawyer if he persisted in being so particular. Hale sat and thought for a long time. Finally he brought his fist down on the desk, and said, "I'll stick to the law, and I'll follow the course of integrity, and I'll succeed, or die in the attempt." And he calmly went to supper. Not long after, his friend received a communication from a correspondent, some large company, requesting him to recommend a lawyer of ability, undoubted integrity and unswerving fidelity. He instantly thought of Hale, and laughed, and said, "Hale is a mighty fine fellow, notwithstanding his foolish honesty, and he is hard up, and just the man for the place." So he sent in Hale's name to the company, and wrote to Hale about the transaction. In due time Hale was regularly retained; and that was the beginning of his rise to eminence

and affluence. His friend got out of his scrape through the instrumentality of a very able and unscrupulous lawyer, who acquired an unenviable reputation during seven or eight years of undetected rascality, and then died generally detested by the profession and the public.

The Mind's Instrument.

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