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 "PUBLIC HEALTH IS PUBLIC WEALTH"

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days were those! At length one evening he was to dine with us, and we were to brave my parents' ire, and implore their sanction.

The hour arrived but not the man, and would you believe it, Amy, I have never seen him since, and my heart is broken!

Now judge would I be a pleasant companion?

Your dispirited,

"EVELINE."

This letter was very surprising to Amy Chatham. The last time she had seen Eveline the girl had been the quintessence of beauty and *esprit*. However, she would not hear of her invitation being declined, and wrote another and more urgent letter to her friend, and the upshot of it was that, one bright morning, Eveline Turner and her brother Owen bade their parents and New York a smiling farewell, and left for a sojourn among the glowing hills and vales of Nature's sanitarium, the Highlands.

Owen Turner was his sister with the addition of a short, black moustache and somewhat stronger features.

Their journey was a very merry one, and the gradual change seemed actually to bring little color into Eveline's pallid face.

Miss Chatham was ready to receive them, and never was welcome more emphatic. Mr. and Mrs. Chatham also were most cordial in their greetings.

Eveline declared at once she was "delighted she had come," and was afraid they might experience some difficulty in getting rid of her.

"How lovely it all is!" she exclaimed, stepping out on the broad piazza, and gazing entranced at the glorious vista spread out before her. "I'm sure the sun does not shine so brightly elsewhere!" was her next exclamation.

And she had sufficient call for her enthusiasm, for not only was the sun's light more effulgent, and the scenery so grand, but the Chathams' dwelling was most charming. Everything was fresh and new, and looked as though it had just been washed and ironed. The house was very artistic, and the Chathams themselves were most agreeable. Amy was a very bright, gay girl, with a face like a sunbeam.

"She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
 Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue."

She was short and inclined to be "kittenish." She did not seem to have a spark of sentimentality in her nature; it seemed all to have run to—fun.

She rushed around arranging things for her guests, chattering all the time, and laughing merrily.

"Amy Chatham, if you don't sit down for a moment you will die of exhaustion and ruin my visit," said Miss Turner, and Amy came, panting, across the room and sat down by her. When bedtime arrived the girls went to the room assigned Eveline for a "good talk."

They had not seen one another for more than a year, and many changes had taken place in both, which drew forth comment from the other. Eveline was taller, slighter, and more

Here have I 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
 It's horrid sounds, and its polluted air,
 And where the season's milder fervors beat,
 And gales, that sweep the forest borders, bear
 The song of bird and sound of running stream,
 Am come awhile to wander and to dream.

—Bryant.

For the Highland News.
EVEN LOVE.

HIGHLAND PARK, June 15, 1886.

MY DEAR EVELINE:

At last we are settled in our new Highland home, and I am very anxious to have you come and enjoy with me the beauties of nature; the lovely green hills and vales and the glad sunshine. Then, too, I wish you to partake of that fountain of immortality, Tonica Water! It is a positive cure for all ailments! Now you will come? Write me as soon as you receive this that you will come and spend a month with

Your devoted "AMY."

The recipient of this epistle was

"A fair and graceful form,
 She seemed a queen who ruled o'er gods and men;
 The majesty of perfect womanhood."

a young, tall, and stylish girl with clear-cut features, dark, wistful eyes, and a face as smooth and white as ivory. Her palar enhanced her beauty; but she looked as fragile as a slender lily.

Ask of anyone in New York, Who is Eveline Turner? and your inquiry will be met with open-eyed astonishment. "Why, is it possible you do not know? She is the belle and the 'catch' of the season," will be the invariable reply.

And so she is, in sooth. Not only rich in all the charms of perfect womanhood, but with a purse clinking with golden guineas.

And yet Miss Turner is not happy; she is listless and passionless. The cause of her listlessness is not known to the world. It can see no reason why she should not be the gayest of the gay, and therefore it considers her so. Will you learn otherwise? Then read Eveline Turner's reply to Amy Chatham:

MY DEAR AMY:

Your cordial note has just been received, and in order to explain fully why I do not think it would be practicable for me to accept your kind invitation, I will write you at length and confide in you a secret.

Amy, *chère amie*, I do not lightly esteem the efficacies of Tonica Water, nor the invigorating qualities of Highland air; but I am assured there is no "cure for a heart bowed down with grief and care" as mine is. I am no longer good company, and would only depress and dispirit you should I accept your hospitality.

As we women are the cause of all manly troubles, so a man has been the cause of all mine. The handsome man! "His face made sunshine in a shady place."

I met him almost a year ago, and, if you do not believe in "love at first sight" take me as a living example. I met him at the opera; "Trovatore" was being performed. Mr. St. James brought him to our box between the first and second acts, and *Mauricio* lost all attraction for me instantly. Even his name is delightful—Gerald.

He looked at me a great deal, but did not say much, and I was aware that, although many others were assembling in the box, and it was rather too crowded, he still remained in one corner, gazing at me with an expression that thrilled me. He came again after each act and always was the last to leave. I did not see him as we left the house, but his image was impressed upon my heart.

What was my astonishment when, a few days afterwards, I received a note from Mr.

St. James asking permission to bring a friend of his,—Mr. Gerald Gramercy,—to my house. He wrote that he had the pleasure of presenting Mr. Gramercy at the opera a few evenings previous, and that Mr. Gramercy would consider the privilege of calling upon me as the dearest of his life. Mr. St. James also added that Mr. Gramercy was a young man of great affability and attainments. To say that I was in the "Seventh Heaven of Delight" would be drawing it mildly.

My pen, as I replied to the beatific Mr. St. James, cut all the capers of a spring lamb upon the paper, and I ruined several sheets. At length I accomplished one. I sent it. When the appointed evening arrived I was seized with such violent palpitation that I felt sure my heart was affected, and wondered whether it would not be best to call in medical aid. Fortunately I did not! Suppose I had done so, and the physician had discovered that the palpitation was due to Gerald Gramercy?

I said nothing to mamma and papa, although they inquired several times why my face was so flushed.

They were both going out to Mrs. Mason's reception, and they left about half past eight. When they were gone I tried to compose myself to read, but I saw nothing but the words "Gerald Gramercy" on the page and gave it up in despair.

At length the bell rang, and I sprang almost across the room. Charles brought in two cards, but both of them read "Mr. Gerald Gramercy" to me.

When *he*—my Gerald, entered the room, I felt my face grow hot and I knew I was blushing frightfully.

Oh the joy of that evening! Mr. St. James was obliged to leave early, and my Gerald and I were left alone.

He told me he loved me and,—I could not help it—I told him my love. A few weeks after this we became engaged, without my parents' knowledge though, for you know how stern and exacting they are, and then everything for me was *couleur de rose*. Oh what

fragile while Amy seemed plumper and more robust.

"Tell me Evey," said Amy, "what have you done with your bloom?"

"You have stolen it, I fear," returned Eveline.

"Tonica Water, Tonica Water!" declared Amy, "it is my 'bloom of youth.'"

"Oh! it is all very well to say that Tonica Water is such a restorer; anything is healthful to a mind at rest; but do you pretend to intimate that Tonica Water would benefit me, Amy?" and Eveline shook her head sadly.

"I'm sure of it. Tonica Water mixed with Time."

"Please don't joke about it, Amy; I am very unhappy," and Eveline sighed mournfully.

"Tell me all about it; about him—Jeremiah or whatever that romantic name is. Did he come to you in a suit of armor, with a crested helmet and double-barrel shot gun, and, falling down on his knees, ask you in Quixotic phrases to be his wife? Did he madly exclaim, 'Marry me, or be my wife?'" Eveline smiled in spite of herself.

"No, Amy," she replied, "he came to me in a suit of broadcloth, with a red rose in his buttonhole, and leaning over my shoulder as I sat at the piano, he told me I was very dear to him and said he could not live without me."

"And you threw yourself into his outstretched arms, and told him he did not have to?" interpolated Amy.

"No, I did not," denied Eveline, "I said 'you may have me, Gerald—I love you.'"

"And then he kissed you?"

Eveline did not answer; she had a far away look upon her face as though she were going over that scene again.

"Pooh," said Amy, "if he did not kiss you he did not know what was proper, and he should be instructed!"

"But he did do what was proper!" exclaimed Eveline, ever ready to defend her Gerald.

Amy laughed.

"Oh! Then he did perform the necessary ceremony of osculation? I cannot understand anyone being remiss in that."

"Amy, cease!"

"Well, then, when he had gone through that shocking ceremony, what did he do?"

"He told me how much he loved me!"

"Pshaw! He told you that the first time he was at your house?"

"Oh, not only then," put in Eveline hastily.

"Mercy! Couldn't he find something new to say?" demanded Miss Chatham.

"No, that was the topic which absorbed him."

"There was the weather," suggested Amy.

"There was no weather," replied Eveline.

"Oh, excuse me, I was under the impression there was," said Amy apologetically. "Well, there was literature."

"I was the only book he cared to peruse."

"Art then?"

"We were artless."

"Religion?"

"I was his divinity."

"Well, I see there was absolutely nothing else for him to talk about, so he talked about you," concluded Amy.

"So it seemed," answered Miss Turner.

"Well, and did you talk about yourself also?" asked Amy.

"No, I talked about him."

"Oh, dear! What an edifying conversation it must have been! Mr. Gerald Gramercy setting Miss Eveline Turner on the pedestal of his Divinity, and Miss Eveline Turner hurling down his Divinity and lifting her's, Mr. Gerald Gramercy, into its place. How I should have enjoyed seeing it all!" And Miss Chatham burst into a merry peal of laughter.

"Oh, don't, Amy," besought Eveline, piteously; "let us change the conversation. I came here to forget Gerald Gramercy; let us never again speak of him."

"No, no, it is so romantic!" pleaded Amy. "A beautiful female pining for a lost love! Oh, it is just delightful, Evey, dear!"

"Is it, Amy?" asked Eveline, reproachfully.

"Indeed it is. Tell me some more. Have you no idea why he disappeared?"

"Not the slightest, and papa and mamma have never mentioned his name. Owen, though, asks about him frequently."

"And can't you imagine where he his?"

"No, I cannot. It is a cruel fate!" and Eveline looked as though she might be going to weep.

"Don't you think you could content yourself with some one else?" inquired Miss Chatham.

"Amy!"

"Why, what's the matter? There may be no more Gerald Gramercies, but you might find a Reginald Montmorencie; how would he do?"

"Amy! have you no sentiment in your composition?"

"I don't know. I have never analyzed my composition, therefore I am not aware of its component parts."

"Are you not the least bit in love with someone?" Eveline asked.

"Very much in love with someone."

"Whom?" asked Eveline, leaning eagerly forward.

"It's a girl," said Amy, hesitatingly.

"Pooh," returned Eveline; "yourself, I suppose; but is there no man, Amy, some Apollo, with godlike form, who has touched your stony heart?"

"Well, the minister boxed my ears the other day, but he did not touch my heart. No, Eveline, no Apollo with godlike whiskers has ever inspired anything but ridicule in my dormant heart. By-the-by, I am so glad Owen came with you."

Eveline smiled. Owen had been wonderfully anxious to come.

The next morning broke bright and fair, and Eveline declared she had never seen such grand scenery in her life.

"But where is Amy?" she asked of Mrs. Chatham, when breakfast was announced.

"She went to show your brother the stable," explained Mrs. Chatham.

Soon they returned, and Amy was wreathed in smiles.

The morning was spent in driving. Amy exhibited to her guests all the wonders of the picturesque place, and they took their first taste of the Fountain of Immortality—Tonica Water.

"Now," said Eveline, as she raised the glass to her lips, "sorrow, depart! Fly before the mighty foe!" and she laughed incredulously.

"Now, Amy, we will see what effect your charm will have upon me."

"It has rather an agreeable flavor," said Owen, with the air of a connoisseur.

"Of course it has!" replied Amy, smacking her lips.

When they returned from their drive, Eveline was actually rosy.

"Tonica Water!" said Amy, confidentially.

When dinner was announced, Eveline asked again as to the whereabouts of Amy.

"Gone to show your brother the stable," explained Mr. Chatham.

Eveline smiled. Strange he could not find his way there alone!

She was on the piazza when they returned; Amy was again smiling, and Eveline heard her dub her brother a "goose."

"You seem to enjoy the stable, Owen," she remarked, placidly.

"Only the stable, is it not, Mr. Turner?" asked Amy smilingly.

"Yes, only the stable," assented Owen, gruffly.

Several days glided on; days fraught with pleasure. Such excursions as they had! Such rides! Such drives! Never had time passed more pleasantly. As Owen and Amy visited the stables frequently, Eveline was often left to herself. Time never hung heavy on her hands though, for she wandered around alone enjoying the lovely scenery and brightening under the invigorating air.

One day, although Owen and Amy had

been twice to the stable since breakfast, Owen desired to go again, and Amy, as a hostess, had to comply.

"Going to the 'stable,' I suppose?" called Eveline from the drawing-room window as they passed.

"Yes," replied Amy, "Mr. Turner does not know the way, and I am showing him."

"Amy, I wish you would not jest," said Owen in a low tone, when they were out of hearing of the house. "Will you never listen to me reasonably?"

"Yes, certainly, when you have anything reasonable to say."

"Is it not reasonable when I say I love you?"

"Whoever heard of anyone loving with reason? Is human love the growth of human will? Am I not poetical, Mr. Turner?"

"I wish to heaven you were, Amy!" he said bitterly. "Is it just the same to you whether a man tells you he loves you, or scoffs and jokes forever?"

"No, certainly not the same, I prefer the latter," said Miss Amy, defiantly.

"Will you love me, Amy, if I talk nonsense to you?"

"You never talk anything else to me," and Miss Chatham climbed placidly to the top of a rail, and sat as comfortably there as though it were an upholstered chair, looking at Owen, with her head perched on one side.

Owen leaned against the rail, and sought to take her hand.

"Let that alone!" commanded Amy, snatching it away.

"Will you not let me hold it, Amy?"

"No; why should I?"

"Because I want to so much!" returned Owen, pleadingly.

"Do I let you do everything you want to?" asked Miss Chatham.

"No, nothing," returned Owen, bitterly.

"Do you know what would happen if I did? You would probably be holding both my hands, with an iron grasp, shouting love-rush from the house-tops, and, and—kissing me, wouldn't you?" eyeing him askance.

"I'm afraid so," answered Owen.

"It would be wise then, would it not, for me to let you do everything you want to?"

"The wisest thing you could do."

"I hate wisdom," tossing her head.

"But you say I am foolish," argued Owen.

"I hate foolishness too."

"Is there anything your majesty likes?"

"Yes, I adore sitting on a rail," and Amy smiles mischievously.

"Well, sit here as long as you like," and Owen swung himself up beside her.

"Thank you; but I prefer sitting here alone."

"Well, you are alone with me."

"Yes, but I'd rather be alone with someone else."

"Shall I leave you?"

"Yes, please."

Owen slid off the rail, and started towards the house. When he had gone a few yards he looked back.

"Do you really mean for me to go, Amy?" he asked reproachfully.

"Yes, Mr. Turner."

Owen came back.

"What will you do if I stay?" he asks.

"Ignore you."

"And what if I go?"

"Love you."

"But hang it Amy, I can't leave you!"

"But hang it, Mr. Turner, I can't love you!"

"Not even if I go?"

"Well I might if you went and never came back."

"Well, I will do that under one condition."

"Which is?"

"That you will come to me."

"You might possibly get tired waiting," suggests Amy.

"That is nothing; the end would justify the means," returns Owen.

"Very well; go and wait," waving her hand imperiously.

"Where?"

"Wherever you will be most comfortable. You may have to wait some time."

"Time flies."

"It seems to me it's dragging most slowly at present," and Amy yawns.

"Do you really think so, Amy, dear?" asked Owen softly.

"Mr. Turner, there are several expressions in that sentence to which I object."

"What?"

"Well, in the first place," checking them off on her fingers, "there is an insinuation against my veracity; in the second place you omitted the prefix assigned to my name, and in the last place I may be 'dear'—I believe papa finds me so—but if I have ever cost you anything I was not aware of it!"

"Yes, Miss Chatham, it is true; you have cost me a great deal."

"Papa will reimburse you."

"You have cost me many a pang. Can he reimburse me for that?"

"I don't know anything about pangs."

"Except how to inflict them."

"I'm a dreadful wretch, am I not?" with a sly glance.

"You are indeed," assented Owen.

"And you hate me?"

"No."

"Oh, fie! you surely would not love a criminal?"

"Does not the Bible teach us to love those who hate and spitefully use us?"

"Well, then; if you hate and spitefully use me it will be my duty, as a Christian, to love you?"

"We are also commanded to love our neighbors as ourselves," suggested Owen.

"But we are not neighbors; you are my guest."

"Well, the laws of etiquette then, require that we treat our guests politely."

"So you wish to insinuate, Mr. Turner, that I am not an agreeable hostess?" with much hauteur.

"You might be more cordial," ventures Owen.

"I am sure Eveline finds me most cordial."

"Eveline may find you many things which Eveline's brother does not."

"Indeed? Then why, may I ask, did Eveline's brother come with her on her visit?" demanded Eveline's brother's hostess.

"Because Eveline could not come alone."

"Then you did not wish to come?" bantering.

"Amy, you know I wished to come! How can you ask? Do you think I could bear all this if I had not wished to come? Do you not know how I love you?"

"Really, Mr. Turner; so many questions. Where shall I begin to answer? Do I think, mockingly, "that you could bear all this if you had not wished to come? I don't know what 'all this' implies, and you as good as told me you did not want to come."

"O Amy! stony-hearted! You are most cruel!" And Owen kicked angrily at the rail.

Amy had not been holding on, and her seat was very insecure, and the kicking did the rest. She would have fallen to the ground had not Owen's arms clasped around her waist.

He held her way over the rail, as far as his arms could reach, she struggling to get back.

"Oh, let me go!" she cried. "I will fall!"

"I will not let you go until you hear me out," answered Owen firmly. "I love you, Amy, love you dearly. Is there nothing that will make you love me? Think of something, if you cannot I will let you fall!"

"Or, Mr. Turner—Owen! Take me up—I'm falling!" struggling.

"No, no; not till you think of something."

"I know of only one remedy for all ills," still struggling.

"What is it?"

"Tonica Water!"

"Will it have the desired effect?"

"If anything will. Oh, please take me up."

Owen drew her tenderly to him, and she sat erect once more.

"Remain here for a moment," he said, and ran off towards the house. Presently he returned with a goblet in his hand.

"What is it?" she asked.

He handed her the goblet; she put it to her lips, then, with sparkling eyes, drained the last drop.

"Do you love me, Amy?" he cried, eagerly seizing the goblet.

"I—I am afraid I—do, Owen," bashfully. "Oh, Tonica Water!" cried Owen, clasping his hands.

"It never fails!" added Amy. "Even in love."

Now that Owen and Amy were become engaged, Eveline was left very much to herself, and she spent the time wandering about in solitude. Her health was greatly improved, but there was still the pressure upon her heart; that was not so easily overcome. Their visit had already lasted two weeks, but Owen was very reluctant to go home, and Eveline was not disinclined to prolong the visit. Then, besides, the Chathams would not hear of their going.

It was a beautiful afternoon, when Eveline, with a book in her hand, strolled off for her favorite nook, under the shelter of a large tree. She was passionately fond of poetry, and she had taken "Lalla Rookh" as a companion. She felt a kindred sympathy for the maiden who "Never loved a tree or flower, but 'twas the first to fade away."

Imagine only, Eveline Turner, the beautiful, the wealthy, resembling herself to that most unfortunate damsel! She had not perused many lines, when she was disturbed by Mr. Miller, a red-faced old farmer.

"How do you do, Mr. Miller?" she asked, closing her book.

"Pretty well, miss. I hope I see you the same."

"I am very well, thank you, Mr. Miller. Your fresh air is doing me good."

"Yes, miss; I'm sure. Would you like to see something strange now, miss?"

"Something strange! What?"

"There's a man over there," indicating a neighboring farm-house, "who says he's seen a vision."

"Seen a vision?"

"Yes; and vision it is if you'd see him with his face like alabaster."

"Where did he see the vision?" asked Eveline, becoming greatly interested in Farmer Miller's story.

"In these parts, he says. He went in that house for a drink of water, and he's lying down, now, with his eyes shut."

"Oh! could I not go over to see him, Mr. Miller?" asked Eveline, springing up. "I should love to!"

"Do you think you ought to?" he asked, hesitatingly.

"Oh, yes; please take me!" besought Eveline.

She would not hear of being refused, and walked swiftly across the road, Farmer Miller following. A woman was at the door, with a tow-headed baby on her arm.

Farmer Miller explained their coming.

"He's quiet, now," returned the woman.

"Will I disturb him?"

"Yes! yes!" said Eveline, impatiently.

"If you speak so hasty, I won't do it at all!" snapped the woman, who had not an amiable disposition.

Eveline said no more. The woman set off, the baby on her arm, leading the way up stairs, Eveline and Farmer Miller following.

She entered a room near the head of the stairs, the others behind her. It was a small, square apartment, with staring, white-washed walls and cottage furniture.

A man was sitting by the window, his back to them.

"Are ye any better?" asked the woman, shortly.

The man arose and turned round.

Farmer Miller, the woman, and the baby were almost upset, as he dashed across the floor, and grasping Eveline by the hand, cried

"Oh, it was not a vision!"

"Gerald! You here?" gasped Eveline, turning deadly white.

"She's goin' to faint!" cried Farmer Miller.

"Leave her to me—she's my promised bride," said the man. "I will take care of her."

But Eveline did not faint, and the blood began to rush into her cheeks.

"Leave us, please," said Gerald. And Farmer Miller, and the woman with the baby, slunk off with smothered exclamations.

"Gerald, why are you here?" cried Eveline.

"I would ask you the same question, Eveline."

"I am visiting."

"I recuperating," answered Gerald. "Eveline, I suppose your father has told you all?"

"No, nothing. What is it?"

So they sat down on the edge of the cottage bed, and in that happy, little, white-washed room, Gerald began his story.

"Eveline, dearest, truth is stranger than fiction, is it not?" he began, by way of introduction. "How you must have condemned me! Listen. On that night, so long ago, when I was to dine with you, I left my home at five o'clock in order to be with you early.

On your door-steps I met your father, and I told him of our engagement. These are his words, Eveline; he caught me by the shoulder, and, I thought, was going to cast me down the steps. 'You are a fool!' he said. 'How dare you beguile my daughter and persuade her to engage herself without my knowledge? Take yourself off! Do you hear me?' as I was lingering. 'Your daughter loves me,' I returned; 'and I love and respect her with all my heart.' He then called me a madman, and oh, Eveline! made dreadful threats upon you, too cruel to mention, if I ever pursued or held communication with you further. To spare you, darling, I promised to leave the city at once. This is what I replied: 'Mr. Turner, I love your daughter too deeply to bring suffering upon her. I will depart, as you desire; but I give you fair warning that if ever *chance* brings us together, and she still loves me, I will marry her in spite of you!' I turned and left. I need tell you no more. When I saw you sitting under that tree, in your white dress, I was sure it was a vision. Heaven be praised, it was not! And you are mine, Eveline—that is, if you still love me."

We will draw a curtain over the rest.

Suffice it to say that Farmer Miller and the woman were a little surprised to see the beautiful young lady walk off arm-in-arm with the vision-seeing man! But their surprise was nothing to Amy Chatham's, when Eveline, all smiles, presented her *fiancée*, Mr. Gramercy.

"What do you think of Tonica Water, now?" asked Amy, triumphantly.

"Words fail me," Eveline replied.

"It does certainly work wonders," put in Owen, insinuatingly.

A few days after this, a large, printed hand-bill was posted on the piazza, which Owen tried to appear unconscious of. It read:

What cures all ills of heart or mind?
What helps the lame, restores the blind?
What catches beaux for maids who moan?
What melts the heart that once was stone?
Tonica Water!

BE TRUE TO YOURSELF.

Nothing hurts a man more than to seem small and ignoble in his own eyes. It is the slavish feeling that degrades the slave. A base ambition makes the man that cherishes it base. No one can debase you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, injustice—these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may be about you, they may denounce you, they may cherish suspicions manifold, they may make your failings the target of their wit or cruelty—never be alarmed, never swerve an inch from the line your judgment and conscience have marked out for you. They cannot by efforts take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your motives, the integrity of your character and the generosity of your nature. While those are left, you are, in point of fact unharmed.—*Exchange.*

WOMEN AS BUSINESS MANAGERS.

William Cullen Bryant, if we mistake not, said that "wherever women are trusted to manage affairs involving the expenditure of money for useful purposes, they are found to be more economical than men." Ask any mechanic who takes his weekly wages directly to his wife, and makes her the treasurer, and he will tell you that the wife is a far better manager than he would be. Many men in every community owe their prosperity to the good management of their wives; and few men who have tried it have ever regretted making their wives, in the fullest sense, the partners in their business, and the controllers of all the expenditures. It may be said that this is true only where the money to be expended is of small amount; but this is not so. There are not a few wealthy business men who have found in their wives the most capable and wise counselors; and whoever has tried the experiment, even in a large and wealthy household, knows that a woman will make the allowance for family expenses go much further than a man could. We may add that in France women assist their husbands in their business to a much greater extent than here. The glove-maker's wife or daughters, the linen draper's, the ordinary shopkeeper's, invariably help at the counter and keep the books of the establishment. Even in more costly warehouses women do most of the work. Avenues are thus opened to them which, in that country, at least, go far toward solving the woman question. Everybody in France admits, in consequence, that the women are as good at business as the men. As a rule, men spend far more money on luxuries than women. If any man thinks his wife extravagant or careless in money matters, we advise him to divide his income with her, give her a bank account, and let her manage her household affairs, he giving advice when asked. He will presently discover in his wife an amount of tact, care, judgment, forethought, and skill in management which will greatly increase his admiration of her; and the exercise of which qualities, in an independent way, will make her life happier, and largely increase her usefulness as a member of society, and as the educator of her children. If any young unmarried man, who needs a good business manager to help him save money, should peruse this paragraph, let him delay not in obtaining a sensible wife. His fortune will then be more than half made, in more than one respect.—*Health's College Journal.*

WHY IT DIDN'T COME OFF.

"W'y, how yer do, Nancy?" said old Hester, addressing old Sanderson's daughter.

"Didn't yer git married last Saddy night?"

"No, the weddin' dat come off didn't take place."

"Whafo' didn't it, gal?"

"Well, 'case dar warn't but thirteen present."

"All foolishness. You oughter b'lebe in no sich foolish spicion ez dat. I 'clar ter goodness, yer make me ershamed o' yer, puttin' offer weddin' jes' bekase der want but thirteen dar. W'y n't yer sen' out an' inguce de fo'teen pussion ter come?"

"Well, daddy did go out an' beg him ter come."

"Well, w'y n't yer go erhead an' let him erlone?"

"Could n't. 'Case de fo'teen man was de pussion what had promised ter marry me. I tells yer, Aunt Carisy, thirteen is bad luck."—*Exchange.*

HE WAS INNOCENT OF GUILT.—"Do you realize, sir," said a long-haired passenger, "that there is One who sees and hears all we do, who can solve our inmost thoughts and before whom we are but crushed and bruised worms?"

"Give us your hand, stranger," replied the other, "I just know how you feel. I'm married myself."—*Exchange.*

A LIFE ORDERED BY PRINCIPLES.

When I started out in life, I laid down a certain course of action based upon certain principles which seemed to me to be sound. I did not conceive that I was a genius. I was very unlearned. Education, as we now understand it, was wholly wanting to me. But I believed that labor, applied to natural resources, was the foundation of wealth and position. I was a workingman or, better put, a day laborer. I made up my mind that no man in that condition of life who failed to practice industry and self-denial could hope to rise out of the ranks. It struck me as nonsense for a man to think of accomplishing anything in this world who did not have a definite object ahead of him, and who was not willing to undergo all things to attain it. I therefore determined thoroughly to understand all the details of my business. This included a knowledge of the exact cost of everything, and the way to adapt every product of a shop to a fruitful purpose. I determined to watch my opportunities with a hawk's eye. I determined to be strictly honest, not only keeping the letter of my contracts and promises, but satisfying everybody with whom I did business by doing everything in reason that he might ask. I determined to observe the laws of good morals, good habits, to be economical in everything, and to be untiringly industrious. I made up my mind to keep out of lawsuits, and in the accomplishment of what I set out to do simply to defy all opposition, and peg away at it till it faded away. I never lied in my business career; I never sued or was sued; I never knowingly injured a rival business; I never permitted a customer to leave me dissatisfied with my work; I never committed an act of oppression in my life, but with a clear conscience I can declare that I have always rendered the best service to God and my fellow-man of which I was capable.—*John Roach.*

The usually sedate Senate witnessed some lively proceedings during the late session of Saturday night. Mr. Vance of North Carolina closed his remarks in favor of the Pacific railroad investigation by quoting as follows an old negro song:

"De bigger dat you see de smoke
De less de fire will be,
And de leastest kind of 'possum
Climbs de biggest kind o' tree.
De darkey at de old camp-ground
Who kin de loudest sing and shout,
Is a gwine to rob some hen roost
Afore de week is out."

CLIPPINGS.

A man is known by the company he keeps—out of.

Base ball is old as the world, as is proven by the very first line in "Genesis": "In the big inning," etc.

"Politics is a game of grab," shouts the man who has been left in the race. The trouble with him is that the other fellows grabbed first.

"What is the difference between a potato and a lemon?" When the questioned party says he don't know, you say: "Then I don't want you to buy any lemons for me."

An agricultural society offered a premium for the best mode of irrigation, which was printed "irritation" by mistake. A farmer sent his wife to claim the prize.

"One touch of nature"—(George has promised his Ethel the first shot, for luck. A covey rises.) Ethel (at the critical moment),—"Oh! George, perhaps they, too, have loved."

"Do you think," asked a college student of a professor of theology, "that the lion and the lamb have ever lain down together?" "I don't know," answered the professor, "but if they have, I have no doubt the lamb was missing from that date."

An old deacon was asked the other day: "How do you like your pastor?" "First rate," he replied, "except in one thing." "What's that?" "It is this," continued the deacon, "the Lord never made him to tell jokes, and yet he insists on telling them. I never like to laugh when I don't want to laugh, and yet I have to do it constantly just to save the pastor's feelings."—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

The Highland News.

A monthly paper published in the

INTEREST OF GOOD HEALTH,

AT

Highland Park, Conn., U. S. A.

Subscription, 50 Cents a Year.

All communications intended for either the business or editorial department of this paper should be addressed to publishers of THE HIGHLAND NEWS, Highland Park, Conn.

Rates of advertising arranged by special contract.

THE new post-office at Highland Park supplies a long felt want and is a success financially.

THE contemplated hotel at Highland Park will not be erected until after the railroad question is settled.

Don't fail to notice Price Lists on the last page of this paper. If your druggist or grocer do not keep the Highland Waters, send direct to the Springs.

CALL on FOX & Co., Central Row, Hartford, for fine groceries and bottled goods. Highland Tonic Water will be found in their list of mineral waters.

It may be interesting to the many readers of THE HIGHLAND NEWS to learn that during the recent heated term the temperature at Highland Park was many degrees cooler than the weather reports showed it to be in other parts of the country. On July 7th the temperature of the Highland Spring Waters were taken, also of Forest Lake. The following figures show the result, viz.: Atmosphere 85°, Forest Lake 75°, Tonic Springs 57°, Rock Springs 50°. These reports, taken in connection with the Analysis of the Highland Waters, are quite important and interesting to lovers of healthful and healing beverages.

To the many inquiries for Hotel accommodations at the Springs, will say, that there is at present no hotel at the Springs, only private residences and cottages. We regret so many are obliged to forego the comforts and pleasure of a sojourn at the Highlands, the benefits of its invigorating air and Mineral Spring Waters. We hope soon to furnish our readers with some interesting reading matter regarding hotel, railroad, and other improvements.

ARE you going abroad? Take a case of Tonic Water, and avoid the evil effects of a change of water and the dangers of sea-sickness. Parties going to the mountains or shore, if they do not find the Highland Waters, Tonic and Rock, can have them forwarded by express or freight by sending their orders direct to the springs, or to the nearest general agency. See list on the last page of this paper.

It is estimated that there is about twenty-two million dollars' worth of slumgullion sold annually in this country under the head of Patent Medicines and Hair Restorers. Nearly one half of this enormous sum is eventually paid by the consumer for advertising and yet he is far from being well. The "hair restorers" alone are enough to cover the whole of New England with a crop of hair ten feet high and as thick as a cane brake, and yet New England is bald headed to a pitiable degree.

NOTICE.

Travelers desiring *Highland Tonic Water*, can obtain it off the ice, by the glass or bottle, at the following well-known Depot Restaurants:

Armstrong's, Springfield, Mass.
Mosely's, New Haven, Conn.
Parker's, Willimantic, Conn.

Give your orders distinctly, that you may get what you ask for. *Highland Tonic Water* will be found a most pleasant, satisfying, and healthful drink.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 11, 1887.

GENTLEMEN,—I have carefully observed the effect produced by the Highland Tonic Water in the cases of five patients, and have also had occasion to notice the results of its use in several other instances. Of the five patients, three were affected with malarial fever of a severe character, and were also anæmic. One was a case of diabetes mellitus, and one suffered from anæmia and general nervous prostration. I think the water truly named Tonic, for it exerted a decidedly tonic effect upon all these patients. I cannot say that it will cure bad cases of malarial fever, though it may, if it is continued long enough, but it certainly put the patients into a better position to resist the inroads of the disease; and it is certainly a sovereign remedy for anæmia, and is more efficacious in diabetes than any other remedy I have tried. I regard it as outranking Vichy for all kidney diseases. Its chemical constituents would indicate this result. A longer experience may and probably will develop other virtues in this really valuable mineral water.

L. P. BROCKETT, M.D.

To the Case Brothers,
Highland Park, Conn.

MT. BOWDOIN, DORCHESTER,

BOSTON, MASS., May 2 1887.

Messrs. Case Brothers:

GENTLEMEN—For a number of years I have been troubled with Kidney disorder, and can honestly say that your Tonic Water has done all you recommended, and will cheerfully recommend it to all who are troubled with any kidney difficulty. I am, yours respectfully,

F. B. CUSHMAN, Conductor.

Limited Express N. Y. & N. E. R. R.

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 12, 1886.

Messrs. Case Brothers,

South Manchester, Conn.:

GENTS,—In answer to yours of the 9th inst., I am happy to inform you that the Highland Tonic Water has entirely cured me of one of the worst forms of dyspepsia, from which I had been suffering three years. At the time I commenced its use I was forty pounds below my usual weight; could not eat any solids of any kind; and in spite of the best medical aid that money could buy, was gradually growing weaker day by day. I have used three cases of the water, and now enjoy the best of health, in fact am a well man again, and I sincerely hope that you will place this great remedy in reach of all who have suffered as I have.

Most respectfully yours

S. L. HOLT.

EAST HARTFORD, CONN.,

March 15, 1887.

Messrs. Case Brothers,
Highland Park, Conn.:

DEAR SIRS—I have used your Tonic Water for the last two summers as freely as well water, and consider it the best mineral water I ever drank. It is used in our home instead of well water all through the heated season. It is needless to say that we have no malaria. Unlike most mineral waters, it has a most agreeable taste, is always cool and sparkling; in fact it will be found a blessing by all who use it. Very truly yours,

H. B. HALE,

Editor Weekly Gazette.

OLNEYVILLE, R. I., June 16, 1887.

Messrs. Case Brothers:

DEAR SIRS,—I have long since been aware of the positive value of the "Highland Tonic Spring," and am glad to learn that your efforts and enterprise are developing its resources as a contribution to the public health. Since the effective and very satisfactory test I have made of the "Water" by personal use, in my family, and to a limited extent among my patients, the impression I had previously entertained of its virtues has been greatly re-inforced.

The important service to the physical economy rendered by pure water cannot be over-estimated; but, as a matter of fact, we unfortunate mortals know very little of the genuine article. Take almost any sample called pure, an analysis will discover natural or accidental adulterations, some noxious, some inert, some medicinal. Such elements in suspension or solution, when taken into the system, must produce their logical effects, according to their relative proportions in the fluid, and also the state of the system. The pharmacist and physician prefer distilled water for making solutions, because of its purity, and that there is no risk of unlooked for reactions, or of neutralizing the remedy employed. And experience proves that an article of therapeutic fame in certain morbid conditions is ineffective unless sufficiently diluted with pure water. The "Tonic" is a homeopathic dilution *par excellence*,—yet more rational and scientific, because it is a combination of remedies instead of the ideal homeopathic single remedy in dilute solution. And its alkaline, mildly aperient, diuretic, and tonic properties are so nicely and perfectly combined that logical and natural good results must follow its use, where indicated. As a beverage, other conditions being favorable, its use must conduce to robust health and long life. The process you employ in bottling it for use unquestionably proves its naturally refreshing properties and tonic effect. Yours very truly,

L. D. McLEAN, M.D.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., July 2, 1887.

GENTLEMEN,—I have been troubled with the malaria for the past week, and have been unable to obtain relief (although attended by a regular physician) until drinking some of your Highland Tonic Water, when, much to my surprise, I obtained immediate relief. I can recommend it as superior to any mineral water I ever drank. Yours,

A. W. HARRINGTON.

"TONICA."

In pharmaceutical skill, Nature has no rival. Note the analyses of "Tonic Water," and we may say, by the way, that there can be no *absolute, exhaustive analysis* made of Nature's products, in the present state of our knowledge. But in this instance the analysis is as faithful and successful as practicable. Now, who will take the resulting formula and undertake to *manufacture* "Tonic." Try it. Take pure distilled water as a basis; effect a solution therewith of the given products if you can. Now what have we?—give us a taste. Bah! what sort of villainous compound is this? It reminds one of Mark Twain's description of the sensible properties of "Slumgullion."—a primitive beverage of the Wild West. Give it up? I would. Mother Nature, has covered her process with "Letters Patent," and fears no "infringement." You might perhaps reproduce Mrs. Winslow's Syrup, but Mother Nature's "Tonic" never! The skilled chemist, whose name endorses the formula, would ridicule any effort at imitation. No use. The mysterious subterranean laboratory where Tonic is made holds secrets that are not for the "Trade." But the supply cannot fail; that's a consolation. Since the birth of the wonderful healing spring, till now, the issuing stream has known no interruption. Millions can find supply and health in its waters. Let the legions of martyrs to "malaria" use it, and laugh to scorn their great persecutor. Let the sickly and fallow and jaundiced procession of invalids with "caked" livers, with indurated spleens, with engorged or contracted kidneys, and with scarcely an organ of the system normally performing its functions, resort to Tonic, and discover from its effects upon them that life is still worth living. It is a wonderful deobstruent or blood-purifier. This agent acts kindly by opening the natural emunctories, the waste-gates of the body, so to speak, and facilitates the escape of the "materies morbi" from the circulation, from the viscera, and the glandular system. It, with the use of pure water like that, for instance, drawn from the "Rock" spring, will insure *internal cleanliness*, a very essential condition.

KEEP THOSE BANNERS.

A southern surgeon in the Confederate army, Dr. Thomas O. Summers (who is son of Rev. Dr. Summers of Baltimore and the Methodist Episcopal Church), has these verses in the Jacksonville (Ga.) *News-Herald*:—

Keep those banners, gashed and gory—

Keep them there to tell the story

Of our deeds on fields of glory—

Keep them, keep them, let them rest!

Tokens of a valor splendid.

Glorious memories with them blended!

Keep them, for the strife is ended,

Keep them, keep them, it is best!

Keep them, we would not unfold them;

Keep them—ye who took them—hold them;

For the cause that first unrolled them.

To the battle's breeze is dead.

Keep them, they would only sadden.

If, indeed, they would not madden.

Southern hearts, while yours they gladden.

For to win them thousands bled!

While we hail that generous feeling

Which would close the wounds now healing.

Yet this fact is worth revealing—

Southrons do not want their flags!

Not but that we still approve them.

Not but that we still do love them.

But we would not have you move them—

Keep the dear old shot-pierced rags.

Keep them, yes, we would not have them.

Though we fought and bled to save them.

There are none who would now wave them.

To disturb our nation's peace.

You to whom they were surrendered.

Burying all that strife engendered.

In return your hearts have tendered.

Keep them—they are in their place.

"MALARIA."

A topic of large import does the "science" now engage. With an interest quite eclipsing that of any previous age. Health authorities, perplexed, still scratch their heads in vain.

Till baldness threatens, or, still worse, congestion of the brain.

The doctors, too, who know it all, their theories advance. Especially the *Medicines*, whenever they get a chance. Though some *old ones* call the thing a silly fraud and myth.

Invented for the benefit of Brown, or Jones, or Smith.

Still, the prevalent opinion, we may publish and profess, That a certain subtle "pizen" is conveying much distress.

And a long and pale procession follows in his sickly wake.

Which, though differing in theory generally agree—to shake.

We will make a personal reference,—from its application large,—

Against our local board of health is brought a serious charge:

There is poison in the air, diffused, and freighted every breath.

And fluids that we all "absorb," contain the germs of death.

Of the peril, who should sound the note, if not the man of news?

So, an enterprising scribe sets forth, to gather in the "views"

Of the savans, and "experts," of which the "woods are full."

Hoping their technical "snags" he might have power to pull.

He calls on Dr. Solon Fresh—who has the most to say, Who information, grave, imparts in a very lucid way.

"Hem!—the principal of cause, that now shake the common weal.

Is—malaria; hard thing to describe, and likewise, tough to feel!

Its history, he volunteers, in learning's pond'rous phrase, How, from the Pontine marshes, the "critter" made its raise,—

And leaving Rome behind it, tinted in sickly hue, It crept to regions far remote, that Caesar never knew."

For instance!—these plantations show many a faded spot

Where 'th' scourge conspires, alternately, to make it cold and hot.

Merinville and "Monkeytown," romantic "Silver Lake."

All stretch, to old malaria, a cordial hand—to shake.

Such were the points, if not the words, that Dr. F. employed;

And he said, "It kept him busy, which he very much enjoyed.

Of quinine, he had administered, well, pretty near a ton, And his mighty skill, no doubt, had saved most every mother's son."

The next M. D. consulted—Dr. Graduated Quack,—

"Had business then on hand," he said, "enough to break his back.

He could spare but just a minute, for what he had to say,—

For his practice was enormous, and his 'forte'—malaria!

But, the cause—quite simply stated, I discovered that myself—

And described it in my thesis, lying there upon the shelf. Malaria is—*bad air*, sir,—that's exactly what it means, What's the use of going further, other doctors don't know beans!"

Such wisdom nearly crushed the scribe, yet he took in "Number 3"—

Whose *monache* was more imposing than his learning seemed to be,

Very little information would he volunteer to give,—

For he *traded* on his wisdom—on its income he must live.

Quite bewildered, our reporter followed on his weary round,

Asking Tom and Dick and Harry where malaria might be found?

Ignorance, as well as learning still his research did oppose,

There was scarce a trail to follow—he would follow now his nose.

With olfactory acumen, cautiously he seeks the place, Where "incipient" hides of leather hurl their fragrance in his face.

But the smell was there before him, he would not dispute its claim—

He adjured thence to the river, with the long jaw-breaking name.

Like the great, intrepid Stanley—he would trace Rhode Island's "Nile"—

Bearing on its turbid bosom "things" that seemed inclined to "spile"—

And the gaping mouths of sewers vomiting, into its stream,

Stuff that made his nostrils "weary"—things of which no poets dream!

He was sorry he enlisted—and the "inquest" would adjourn—

But he knew the people suffered for the facts he sought to learn—

So he pushed investigation to the "dismal" swamps, and low,

Where, he thinks, he scents the presence of the people's mighty foe.

Here, with verdure-bordered beauty, where the deadly Rhus respire,
Here were pools of desolation, where all healthful life expires!

Here, afloat, with slime enshrouded, lay the animal remains
Of domestic pets, a legion; dogs and cats, all minus brains!

Enough to colonize a state, or fertilize a farm—
These decomposing beasts now wrought a grievous public harm.

He'd scold the Board of Health for this—a most consummate shame,
His pen should give their plain neglect its only proper name.

And, first, he thought he'd find the "boss," or chairman of the board,
And give him just as strong a dose as he could well afford.

That functionary quite resents his meddlesome approach
Indignant that a scripling should the awful topic broach.

"He could bring authority to prove that no such things exist;
'Twas pure, fanciful invention, creature of dream and mist—

A large blue pill would purge it all from said reporter's brain—
Then a dose of bark and elder—and, 'Richard's himself again,'"

His duty, and his colleagues, had been well and fully done,
Apparent causes of disease, abated, every one

What maladies were prevalent, one would sensibly expect,
Might arise from natural causes, or from personal neglect.

No satisfaction gained as yet, our scribe is still, they say,
Investigating, in the hope to find malaria.

And we may join him, in the hope that we may bring to bay
This mystic foe or demon, at no very distant day.

But present theories we opine, are fallible and vain,
Except to exercise, perhaps, the functions of the brain.

This spreading evil still eludes the vision of the wise
Still vexes our afflicted race, in grim and dark disguise.

And, would its victims quite escape the bondage of its reign,
They must seek a place of refuge, where its assaults are vain.

Where the gifts of gracious Heaven, pure air and water, free,
Abound—amid the mountains grand, or by the "sounding sea"!

L. D. M.

OLNEYVILLE, R. I., June, 1887.

A TALK TO BUSINESS BOYS.

A boy's first position in a commercial house is usually at the foot of the ladder; his duties are plain, his place is insignificant, and his salary is small. He is expected to familiarize himself with the business, and as he becomes more intelligent in regard to it he is advanced to a more responsible place. His first duty, then, is to work. He must cultivate day by day habits of fidelity, accuracy, neatness, and dispatch, and these qualities will tell in his favor as surely as the world revolves. Though he may work unnoticed and uncommended for months, such conduct always meets its reward. I once knew a boy who was a clerk in a large mercantile house which employed as entry clerks, shipping clerks, buyers, bookkeepers, and salesmen, eighty young men, besides a small army of porters, packers, and truckmen; and this boy of seventeen felt that amidst such a crowd he was lost to notice, and that any efforts he might make would be quite unregarded. Nevertheless, he did his duty; every morning at eight o'clock he was promptly in his place, and every power that he possessed was brought to bear upon his work. After he had been there a year he had occasion to ask a week's leave of absence during the busy season. "That," was the response, "is an unusual request, and one which it is somewhat inconvenient for us to grant; but for the purpose of showing you that we appreciate the efforts you have made since you have been with us, we take pleasure in giving you the leave of absence for which you ask."

"I didn't think," said the boy, when he came home that night and related his success, "that they knew a thing about me, but it seems they have watched me ever since I have been with them." They had, indeed, watched him, and selected him for advancement, for shortly after he was promoted to a position of trust with appropriate increase of salary. It must be so, sooner or later, for there is always a de-

mand for excellent work. A boy who intends to build up for himself a successful business will find it a long and difficult task, even if he brings to bear efforts both of body and mind, but he who thinks to win without doing his very best will find himself a loser in the race, and that soon. — *American Art Printer.*

WATER, ITS AGENCY IN THERAPEUTICS.

BY B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.

Water is the great agent employed, both by nature and art, in all the important processes of growth and purification, and since all forms of disease are caused by or complicated with impurity of some kind, as we have indicated in previous articles, the importance of this element as a curative agent is readily understood. We are therefore not surprised that the renowned fathers of the healing art, including the most eminent physicians from the days of Hypocrates to Priessnitz, have been outspoken in their praise of Water as a valuable auxiliary in the treatment of disease.

Galen placed water in the highest ranks in his *materia medica*. Celsus advised its use in a score or more of the most obstinate diseases; Hoffman pronounced water a "remedy suited to all persons and all times, and to all diseases both acute and chronic, and also that its use, answers all indications, both of prevention and cure."

Boerhaave left on record that "No remedy can more effectively secure health and prevent disease than pure water." Haller, as evidence of his appreciation of its value, drank nothing but water, and the same is recorded as the habit of Demosthenes, Lock, and Milton, Laccassani in 1753, Caldani in 1767, Leanter in 1780, and Percy in 1785, published conclusive evidence of the superiority of water alone to all the medicated fluids and compounds known, for the cure of surgical diseases, and recent experience in the hospitals during the late war between France and Germany fully sustained their conclusions. Dr. Forbes, while editing the ablest medical journal in the world, and royal physician to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, said that "in a large proportion of cases of gout and rheumatism the Water Cure seems to be extremely efficacious," and for "a large number of complex diseases usually known as chronic dyspepsia, when all other modes of treatment have failed or been only partially successful, the practice of Priessnitz is well deserving of a trial." If the object was to cure the patient at once, as it would be if he was employed by the year as we have suggested, would not the doctor use his best and most successful mode of treatment, before "all other modes have failed."

These eminent practitioners of the regular medical schools are only a fragment of the multitude who have left on record the strongest testimony in favor of water as one of our most beneficial agents in the cure of disease. In order to understand the *modus operandi* of the water treatment or the relation of pure water to morbid conditions, it becomes necessary to comprehend its vital relation to the system in a normal or healthful condition, as stated in the following distinct propositions which can be easily remembered.

1. Water constitutes more than one-half of the entire bulk of the body.
2. Water composes more than three-fourths of the whole mass of the blood; more than seven-eighths of the brain, and more than nine-tenths of the saliva and other colorless secretions.
3. Water is the only vehicle by which nutrient matters are conveyed to the blood, and through it to all parts of the body, bearing the elements of growth and repair.
4. Water is the only medium through which the waste or worn out particles are conveyed from all parts of the body to the excretory organs to be expelled.
5. Water is the only solvent with which to dilute and prepare for exit from the system the refuse matter in the alimentary canal, etc.

6. Water is the only material capable of circulating in all the finest blood vessels and tissues without causing injury or irritation.

7. Water never produces morbid effects or ill results except from its being used in an improper temperature or from its use in excessive quantities, effects by no means unavoidable.

The rationale of the water treatment which has already—since the days of Priessnitz—greatly modified and improved the medical practice of every school, will be readily understood, when we remember that diseases are produced by bad air, improper light, impure food and drink, excessive or defective alimentation, indolence or over-exertion, unregulated passions; in three words unphysiological voluntary habits. The conditions of the body in disease, the proximate causes against which all remedial efforts are to be directed are, in general terms, impure blood, unhealthy recreations, obstructions in the minute vascular structures, or capillary vessels, excessive action in some parts or organs, deficient action in others, unequal temperatures; in other words, a loss of balance in the circulation, and action of the various parts of the vital mechanism, producing great discord in some portions of it, and more or less disorder in all. The general indications are therefore, to remove obstructions, wash away impurities, supply healthy nutriment, regulate temperature, relax intensive and intensify torpid action, etc., and what like water and what but water, with its concomitants, oxygen, light, food, heat, or temperature, etc., can answer to these indications. To say that medicinal drugs can answer these indications is sheer nonsense; they may respond to almost any other indications, but to these never. The further uses of water for bathing, etc., will be considered in future articles. — *From Hall's Journal of Health.*

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"Little by little," the torrent said,
As it swept along its narrow bed,
Chafing its wrath and pride,
"Little by little," and "day by day,"
And with every wave it bore away
A grain of sand from the banks which lay
Like granite walls on either side.

It came again, and the rushing tide
Covered the valley far and wide,
For the mighty banks were gone.
A grain at a time they were swept away,
And now the fields and meadows lay
Under the waves, for the work was done.

"Little by little," the tempter said,
As a dark and cunning snare he spread
For the young, unwary feet;
"Little by little" and "day by day,"
I'll tempt the careless soul astray,
Into the broad and flowery way,
Until the ruin is made complete."

"Little by little," sure and slow,
We fashion our future of bliss or woe,
As the present passes away;
Our feet are climbing the pathway bright,
Up to the regions of endless light,
Or gliding downward into the night;
"Little by little," and "day by day."

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WM. C. CONANT, 84 Bond St., New York.

Muscular Rheumatism of Long Standing.

Messrs. Case Brothers: GENTLEMEN.—At times for a period of over ten years I have been an intense sufferer from muscular rheumatism. What I have suffered, only those who have been in like condition can tell. I have been treated by some of the most eminent physicians. I have tried the southern climate, and the Sulphur Springs treatment; I have paid money without stint; from none of these did I receive any perceptible or permanent benefit. The severest attacks have been during the cold and damp winter and spring months. Last February found me in one of these attacks, and while preparing to leave my business for a southern climate I was called upon by Mr. A. Wells Case of your firm. I told him of my condition, of the treatment to which I had submitted, and what I was preparing to do. He said I had better try Tonic Water instead; that he knew of quite a number who were using it for rheumatism with most satisfactory results. I said it might be a good thing, but I didn't believe it would do me any good. I like thousands of others, thought I must have something more heroic. How could what appeared to be so simple a remedy help me, when ten years of treatment according to science and the best means so signally failed? He said there were instances where science had given way to facts, and that it might happen again. I did not believe it would help me, but knowing Mr. Case so well, and that he would not intentionally misrepresent the matter, I consented to try it. Now, after using Tonic Water for about three months, to the exclusion of all other remedies, I can say that I have not had a recurrence of my old difficulty since I commenced using it. I did not take my intended southern trip, but instead have been able to attend closely to business. My rheumatism was undoubtedly brought on by a malarial sickness that I had some eleven years since, or by the treatment I received for it. Having passed through the most trying months of the year under Tonic Water treatment, I believe that I am in position to speak with understanding of its merits. I unhesitatingly and cheerfully say that it has done me more good than any and all other remedies combined, and that I shall continue to use it, hoping the benefit I have received will be permanent. Please accept my thanks for the interest you have taken in my case, and wishing you success, I am yours truly. W. O. CARPENTER.

Kidney Trouble and Malaria.

Messrs. Case Brothers: GENTLEMEN.—I have used your Highland Tonic Water in my family for some months and cheerfully recommend it to all. I consider it excellent as a tonic for kidney troubles and malaria and superior to any other mineral water. Yours truly, C. D. BURNHAM.

Ague Cured from the First Bottle.

Messrs. Case Brothers: GENTLEMEN.—During the latter part of October I was attacked with malaria and chills and fever. I had chills every other day regular, and each attack was heavier than the previous one. I saw your advertisement of Tonic Water, called at your office, procured some of the water, and commenced using it. I stopped taking all other remedies. The day before I began with the Tonic I had a very hard attack, the fever lasting nearly seven hours, and was the hardest I had experienced. The first day I drank about two bottles of the water, and until I had drunk two and one-half dozen bottles I drank a bottle and a quarter a day—using four glasses a day. I have not had a recurrence of my old difficulty since I commenced using it. I have continued from the first to improve in health. I have a much better appetite than formerly, and fully believe that Tonic has cured me of the chills and fever. I am yours very respectfully. EDWARD R. FAXON.

Malaria.

Messrs. Case Brothers: GENTLEMEN.—I have used your Highland Tonic Water for a considerable time and have found it most pure and useful and give satisfaction in all our places throughout the city. JAMES MAGUIRE, per THOS. A. MAGUIRE, 470 and 472 North 3d St.

Chronic Rheumatism.

Messrs. Case Brothers: GENTLEMEN.—I have been a great sufferer from malaria for the last four years, and during this time I have taken enough quinine to kill a dozen. My experience with the doctors' remedies has been very unsatisfactory. About three months ago I commenced using the Spring Water sold by you. I had no faith in it before using, but after using it for about six weeks I was compelled to have faith in it, for I was entirely cured of the malaria. I was as surprised as gratified, and I take pleasure in recommending it to all troubled with malaria or headache. Yours truly, Mrs. BERTHA ISLER.

Constipation, Flatulency, Etc.

Messrs. Case Brothers: GENTLEMEN.—I have used and prescribed the Tonic Water, and find it all you promised it to be. People of sedentary habits, troubled with constipation, flatulency, and distended abdomen should drink Tonic Water to be cured. Yours respectfully, Dr. MOUNT.

General Debility.

Messrs. Case Brothers: GENTLEMEN.—I have used your Tonic Water for some time, and have found it very beneficial. I suppose my kidneys were disordered, and I was troubled with pains in my back and loins, and besides I am satisfied that it is a good tonic. My wife has been quite feeble all winter from catarrh and general debility. She has been using Tonic, and her health is much improved. I have a little granddaughter who has had a stomach difficulty, and has seemed pinched and weak all the time. She is now gaining in flesh and health, and I think her improved condition has been brought about by the use of Tonic Water, for which we all feel thankful. Yours truly, Wm. GORDON.

Inflammation of the Bladder.

Messrs. Case Brothers: GENTLEMEN, SIRS.—I feel that I should be ungrateful toward suffering humanity, if I should withhold my testimony as to what Highland Tonic Water has done for me. I have been suffering with inflammation of the bladder for two years, have been to a number of doctors, and tried everything I could hear of without benefit. About three months ago your little "Tonic" was recommended to me by a friend, and I bought a bottle. I used it for some time, and so thought I would send you a testimonial, thinking it would do me no harm. I had taken quite a lot of medicine, and the inflammation began to ease in some measure, and has continued to do so to the present time. Of course I am not well, but the Tonic, and I for me what I have been suffering with, and I must say that the Mineral Water has taken a great rise in my estimation, as I think it has an effect on the kidneys and bladder that no other remedy has. Respectfully, Miss SARAH GAYLORD.

Rheumatism.

Messrs. Case Brothers: GENTLEMEN.—I wish to bear witness to the great benefit derived from Highland Tonic Water, both myself and family. For two years previous to this my little boy had been troubled with chills and fever, malaria, so-called, but having used the spring water this season, has been entirely free from them. The other members of my family have used the same as a tonic and for kidney affection, and I must say it has done a grand work for me, especially for kidney troubles, a speedy result following the use of the water every day. After having received such grand benefits from the use of the Highland Tonic Water, I can cheerfully and heartily recommend the same to any and all troubled with kidney diseases, dyspepsia, and malaria in any form, and they will find immediate relief and speedy cure. Yours truly, E. C. STANLEY.

Chills and Fever.

Messrs. Case Brothers: GENTLEMEN.—I desire to add my testimony in favor of your "Tonic Water" as an invaluable tonic, specific remedy, and speedy relief for kidney troubles. For several years I have been under treatment by various physicians without benefit, and without an decided conclusion as to the true nature of my disease until about six months since on being attacked with vomiting, vertigo, and extreme prostration, a test was made by Dr. H. Holbrook & Katz, and the result was found to be mellitus diabetes, twenty-five grains sugar to the ounce, specific gravity 1032, and quantity of urine about four quarts daily. I immediately adopted diabetic diet and the use of various specifics, I experienced no improvement, and after spending much of my time on my back with extreme weakness for five months, my attention was called by a friend to the cure of a similar case, by the use of Tonic Water. Among other things, said, "It is worth a gold dollar for every drop of the diabetic." As an experiment, I immediately ordered a dozen quart bottles of Tonic, and commenced its use by half-glass doses before each meal, and at bed-time, the benefits from which were immediate in increased strength and appetite, and by the time I had used the dozen bottles, I resumed ordinary exercise without fatigue, and now, after six weeks, and on further tests, a reduction in sugar of twenty per cent, and urine reduced to about one-half, with strength restored, bowels regulated, thirst satisfied, and all other symptoms usual to the diabetic greatly relieved, and it gives me great pleasure in recommending the use of a simple remedy from which I have experienced so much good in such brief period of time, and the use of which I propose to resume and continue, if found necessary. I am under an engagement for the summer at the Townsboro Cottage, Lake Umbagog, N. Y., to which I will please send a copy of "The Highland News," to Wm. L. McAFEE. Respectfully yours, Wm. L. McAFEE.

Diabetes.

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Constipation, Flatulency, Etc.

Messrs. Case Brothers: GENTLEMEN.—I have used and prescribed the Tonic Water, and find it all you promised it to be. People of sedentary habits, troubled with constipation, flatulency, and distended abdomen should drink Tonic Water to be cured. Yours respectfully, Dr. MOUNT.

Dyspepsia.

GENTLEMEN.—I take great pleasure in testifying to the high merit of the Highland Tonic Water. Several months since I commenced using the same, with but little faith in it, having been under a doctor's care more or less for some three years, and they afforded me hardly any relief for my troubles, principal of which was dyspepsia. When I commenced using the water my system seemed all run down, and I was constantly suffering from dyspepsia in its worst form. I am exceedingly happy to state that upon the use of Tonic Water's "delicience" and I now feel like a new creature in the general toning of my system, and in feeling that my old enemy "dyspepsia" is slain. I shall recommend Tonic to all my friends. Yours respectfully, Mrs. C. H. TABER.

Kidney Difficulty.

Messrs. Case Brothers: GENTLEMEN.—For some years past I have been troubled with a kidney difficulty, from which I have suffered much. Some time since I began using your Highland Tonic Water, and after giving it a thorough trial, the swelling (drinking the water every five or six times a day) was very much surprised at the effect it had, and also at the improvement it wrought in my case. I have continued the use of the water with beneficial results, and am now in a much better condition than I have been for years. I gladly give my testimony in favor of your Highland Tonic Water, and would recommend it to all suffering in a like manner. Your Tonic Water has been used by other members of my family with beneficial results. As a tonic I consider it excellent. Respectfully yours, E. C. JENKINS.

Neuralgia of the Stomach and Nerve Trouble.

Messrs. Case Brothers: GENTLEMEN.—I have, as you are aware, been using the Tonic Water for the past three months, and wish to express my appreciation of its merits. As a nerve Tonic I consider it unsurpassed. I have for some years been subject to very severe attacks of neuralgia in the stomach, which at the time I began using the Tonic, were gaining ground both in frequency and severity. I derived so much benefit from its use that I would have all persons suffering from nervous ailments to give it a thorough trial before resorting to morphia and kindred drugs. I would give me pleasure to add my testimonial to the many you have already received, and find myself much improved in general health, and you can use this letter in any way you see fit. I am gratefully yours, ALICE E. STRONG.

Indigestion and Malaria.

Messrs. Case Brothers: GENTLEMEN.—I have used your Highland Tonic Water for a long time, I was induced to try Tonic Water, and to all appearance, I am cured. Yours truly, CHAS. C. SPALDING.

Kidney Disorder.

Messrs. Case Brothers: GENTLEMEN.—I know not how to adequately express my gratitude for the benefit received from the use of Highland Tonic Water. In June, 1886 I was confined to my bed with a tumor in the region of the kidneys; I suffered and discharged much of the bladder leaving me in a bleeding and very weak condition. Not getting relief from the ordinary treatment, I was prevailed upon to try Highland Tonic Water. Now, after the lapse of more than a year's time, I can but express the satisfaction it has given me, in relieving my kidneys, cleansing my blood, and toning up my general health. Believing that it only needs a thorough trial to be appreciated, I remain, yours truly, FRANCIS GREENWOOD.

Catarrh.

Messrs. Case Brothers: GENTLEMEN.—If I withheld my praise of Tonic Water, I should be an ingrate. About one year previous to October 15, 1885, I had been subject to attacks of malaria. Medicine seemed to check it only to return worse than ever, besides having all the time from one to three boils, a most aggravated case of chronic nasal catarrh, a constant grinding tendency to the worst form of piles, and, worse than all else, a serious kidney trouble, bordering on Bright's disease. I had kept up simply through strength of will, hoping that the change of season would bring relief. When you told me that you felt certain that Tonic Water would cure me, I must frankly say that I accepted your assertion with a great deal of mental reservation, and I can assure you that in my case it has been no "faith cure." For the life of me I could not see how water could cure chills, when I had been taught from childhood that the reverse was to be expected. However, I jumped at the conclusion that it was not a "cure or kill" remedy, and commenced using it about the date above mentioned, and from the first time I drank it I experienced relief, and after using it thirty-six hours my "shaky feelings" had given way to a fixed faith in Tonic, which has grown stronger every day since. Although malaria seemed to contest every step towards a cure, but I am thankful to be able to say that now I feel that the cure is perfect, and that Tonic Water is more of a specific than you claim it to be. The most surprising thing to me was its gratifying effects on my catarrh and pile disorders, both of which seemed to act as under the best treatment possible for each disease, and the result, and the result, and the result, which, in fact, I think was the basis of all my troubles. I have never ceased to wonder at the remarkable effect of Tonic Water on the human system, as exemplified in my case, and can only say it was simply marvelous. If I can say so do something to advance the interest of this great natural remedy, don't fail to let me know, as it certainly ought to be known to every human being. I am gratefully and respectfully yours, JAMES CAMPBELL, Secretary of The Miller Advertising Agency.

Diabetes.

Messrs. Case Brothers: GENTLEMEN.—Please send me the case of Tonic Water spoke of this morning. This is the fourth case I have purchased of you, and I can but express the satisfaction it has given me. I was attacked with a disorder of the kidneys which had a strong tendency towards diabetes, and was finally cured by the use of Tonic Water. An examination of urine disclosed the presence of sugar in quantities. About this time I commenced using the Tonic, and after the first case, much to the surprise of all, another examination, still showed it to be clear and free from sugar. I have continued the use of the water, and feel that it has done up my general health, so that I am better than for years. EDWIN SMITH.

Inflammation and Catarrh of the Bladder.

Messrs. Case Brothers: GENTLEMEN.—I have been troubled with inflammation and catarrh of the bladder for nearly fifteen years. During that time I have naturally tried many of the so-called remedies, but received no lasting benefit from any of them, until about three months ago, when I commenced using Highland Tonic Water. I am now free from pain, my urine is clear and healthy in color, and I feel free from the sediment that I previously had using this remedy. I know that I have received benefit from the Tonic Water, and heartily recommend it to any who may be troubled with diseases of the urinary organs. Yours, etc., RALPH A. OLMSTED.

Malaria.

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Sick Headache.

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INVESTIGATE!

HIGHLAND

TONICA WATER. ROCK WATER.

WILL CURE

BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS,
DIABETES, CATARRH OF THE BLADDER,
CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION,
SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, All Forms of
MALARIA, and FEMALE WEAKNESSES.

As a Blood Tonic and Purifier it is Unequaled.

Read the following Analysis:

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
BOSTON, August 1, 1885.

CASE BROTHERS, Gentlemen:—

The sample of MINERAL WATER received from you for Analysis, contains to the U. S. Gallon:

	GRAINS.
Sulphate of Potassium,.....	0.955
Carbonate of Potassium,.....	0.180
Chloride of Sodium,.....	0.215
Carbonate of Sodium,.....	0.345
Carbonate of Lime,.....	0.512
Carbonate of Magnesia,.....	0.234
Bicarbonate of Iron,.....	0.970
Phosphoric Acid,.....	0.051
Silica,.....	0.618
Alumina,.....	0.093
Oxide of Manganese,.....	trace.
Sulphuretted Hydrogen,.....	trace.
Organic and Volatile Matter,.....	0.510
Total,.....	4.083

The water contains also Carbonic Acid Gas in solution, and is alkaline.

Yours very truly, LEWIS M. NORTON.

The Climax of Table Waters.

FLOWING FROM A NATURAL SPRING,
HEALTHFUL, INVIGORATING,
REFRESHING, PLEASANT TO THE TASTE,
UNEQUALED IN QUALITY,
AND UNPARALLELED IN PURITY.

It Tones the System and Prevents Disease.

Read the following Analysis:

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
BOSTON, September 12, 1885.

CASE BROTHERS, Gentlemen:—

I have examined the SPRING WATER you sent me, and beg to submit the results: The results are expressed in grains to the U. S. Gallon:

	GRAINS.
Silica,.....	0.406
Alumina,.....	0.023
Carbonate of Lime,.....	0.770
Sulphate of Potash,.....	0.075
Carbonate of Potash,.....	0.075
Chloride of Sodium,.....	0.315
Carbonate of Soda,.....	0.109
Carbonate of Magnesia,.....	0.180
Volatile Matter of Water,.....	0.583
Total solids left upon evaporation,.....	2.596

The water is very pure and admirably adapted to drinking purposes. It is usually free from Ammonia and nitrogenous substances, furnishing upon analysis:

	GR. PER GAL.
Free Ammonia,.....	0.00013
Albuminoid Ammonia,.....	0.00009

Yours very truly, LEWIS M. NORTON.

GENERAL DEPOT AT THE SPRINGS,

WHERE FURTHER INFORMATION MAY BE HAD.

THE HIGHLAND SPRINGS CO.,

Successor to CASE BROTHERS,

SOLE PROPRIETORS,

HIGHLAND PARK, CONN., U. S. A.

PARIS, 1878.
HIGHEST AWARD.



PRESS-PAPERS.

HIGHLAND MILLS,

ARLINGTON MILLS,

CHAPLIN MILLS,

MELBOURNE, 1880.
HIGHEST AWARD.



PRESS-PAPERS.

A. WELLS CASE.

A. WILLARD CASE.

CASE BROTHERS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Press-Papers, Jacquard Cards,

Manilla Paper, Colored Mill Wrappers, Etc.,

HIGHLAND PARK, CONN.

GENERAL WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENCIES.

W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO., 170 & 172 William Street, New York.
HOLBROOK & KATZ, 128 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., 36 & 38 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass.
C. PARRISH, 72 Henry Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
TALCOTT, FRISBIE & CO., 273 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn.
GEO. L. CLAFLIN & CO., 62, 64 & 66 So. Main Street, Providence, R. I.
CHAMBERS, CALDER & CO., Exchange-Place, Main Street,
W. B. BLANDING, 212 Thames Street, Newport, R. I.
HAZARD, HAZARD & CO., 297 to 303 State Street, New Haven, Conn.
CHAS. S. LEETE & CO., 861 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.
CHARLES B. SMITH, 330 Main Street, Waterbury, Conn.
APOTHECARIES HALL CO., Main Street,
GEORGE A. HILL, 70 & 72 State Street, Springfield, Mass.
CHARLES P. ALDEN, 15 North Main St., Albany, N. Y.
DOUW H. FONDA & CO., 181 Main Street, New Bedford, Mass.
C. H. & H. A. LAWTON, { 1 & 3 Main Street, } Fall River, Mass.
E. S. ANTHONY, { 221 High Street, } New Britain, Conn.
E. W. THOMPSON & CO., 146 Main Street, Holyoke, Mass.
C. E. BALL & CO., { 55 State Street, } Norwich, Conn.
LEE & OSGOOD, { 10 Main Street, } New London, Conn.
NICHOLS & HARRIS, Town Hall, Bridgeport, Conn.
L. F. CURTIS, Cor. Main & Wall Sts., Stamford, Conn.
WILBUR E. LEWIS, { Washington St., } Norwalk, Ct.
GEO. B. PLAISTED, 13 Colony Street, So. Norwalk, Ct.
JULIUS PINNEY, Willimantic, Conn.
W. W. MOSHER, Meriden, Conn.
MERIDEN DRUG CO.,
W. H. HAWLEY, White & Ives Sts., Danbury, Conn.
A. B. PIXLEY, Wallingford, Conn.
H. WOODWARD, Middletown, Conn.
HOYT BROTHERS, Lynn, Mass.
J. W. COLTON & CO., Westfield, Mass.
GEORGE E. FAIRBANKS, Worcester, Mass.
WILLARD L. WOOD, 189 Main Street, Pawtucket, R. I.
F. A. JACKSON, 112 Main Street, Woonsocket, R. I.
S. W. KNOX, Front Street, Chicopee Falls, Mass.
WARREN SMITH, Exchange Street, Chicopee Falls, Mass.
W. A. & F. E. METCALF, Orcutt's Block, Rockville, Conn.
NOEL M. PEASE, Thompsonville, Conn.
BAIRD & RENOUFF, Winsted, Conn.
W. D. HEALD, Stafford Springs, Conn.
E. H. BURDICK & CO., 66 High Street, Westerly, R. I.
A. M. HOLT, Windsor, Conn.
H. J. KELSEY & CO., Stonington, Conn.
BURLINGAME & DARBYS, Main Street, No. Adams, Mass.
F. E. MOLE & CO., Adams, Mass.
BYRON STEDMAN, Hudson, N. Y.

* PRICE LIST *

THE HIGHLAND TONICA WATER

— IS —
PUT UP IN BOTTLES ONLY, AND SOLD AT
THE FOLLOWING PRICES:

12 Quarts in a Case,	\$2.50
24 " " "	4.50
50 " " "	8.00
24 Pints " " "	3.00
50 " " "	5.50

It is slightly charged at bottling with pure carbonic acid gas, and will retain its remedial qualities for any length of time.

THE HIGHLAND ROCK WATER

— IS —
FURNISHED IN BOTTLES SLIGHTLY CHARGED,
AS FOLLOWS:

12 Quarts in a Case,	\$1.75
24 " " "	3.00
50 " " "	5.50
24 Pints " " "	2.25
50 " " "	4.00

Delivered "on board" at above prices.