

with black and gold beads on black net, the frame ought to be so arranged as to have a white sheet or some white paper below it. This makes the net stand out distinctly, and not only prevents weak eyes from being over-tried, but enables the work to be easily done by artificial light, and that in long winter evenings is a consideration.

Women who undertake work as a means of earning money must remember that it is simply a commercial transaction. Neither embroidery nor any other work will be given out and paid for merely because the candidate for employment is the victim of sadly reduced circumstances, or is an orphan, or has a parent depending on her. Value must be given for money received, and if the value deteriorates, the money ceases to be paid. This must always be recognised by those who undertake any kind of work for remuneration.

There is also another class, and those are the girls who fill up their spare time "just for the sake of a little pocket-money." They fancy that in the intervals of playing lawn-tennis, attending choral societies, and improving their minds, they can successfully accomplish this pleasant and desirable result, but it is a great mistake. Business is business, and must be undertaken as such or left alone altogether, because employers must be able to reckon with confidence on their sources of supply.

Steady diligence will prove its own reward in the branch of needlework we have described, because, though bead embroidery may go out of favour, those who make it will be able to undertake other branches which will from time to time be introduced, rather than good workwomen should be left lamenting that their occupation is gone.

BRAIN WEARINESS AND BRAIN TONICS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



CHOOSE the title Brain Weariness in preference to Brain Debility, or Asthenia, because I have not the wish that those who suffer from the complaint I am about to discuss should—as they are very apt to do—imagine themselves to be affected by actual disease. I do not deny that in some cases

of debility of the brain there is a condition of the frontal lobes which merits the name of specific disease, quite as much as inflammation of the lining membrane of the bronchial tubes does, and that this condition demands a systematic course of treatment, supervised by a medical man. But, on the other hand, there are many men and women who suffer from a state of brain weariness which may be successfully treated at home, if taken in time.

There is one thing I should mention at the very outset, viz., that we hardly ever find a case of the ailment in question uncomplicated with something else. This something else may be a chronic cough, or dyspepsia, a troublesome liver, or a weakened heart. But whatever the complication be, it is aggravated and kept on by the debility of the brain, and the asthenic condition of the whole nervous system.

Patients who suffer from brain weariness, then, are usually very fanciful, and easily given to imagine that they are the subjects of organic disease of the brain, such as softening or tumour. People who consult medical men about their mental or cerebral condition are seldom diseased, although I am bound to confess that long-continued brain excitement or debility might end in something serious.

Now for the symptoms of the functional complaint which I have called brain weariness.

But here I labour at a great disadvantage, because hardly in any two cases will the symptoms be precisely similar.

There is, however, usually a marked deviation from the straight road of health, of which the patient is himself perfectly conscious, whether his friends be so or not. He does not feel his "old self;" he experiences greater nervousness; he cannot settle so long and so well to business as he used to do; he cannot grasp calculations so well; he loses taste for any kind of work, whether intellectual or otherwise, which necessitates the least degree of thought. He would fain work as of yore, and tries hard to do so, but the power to continue at it does not really exist in the brain, and he is vexed and worried, and rendered worse in consequence. His memory assuredly fails to a great extent, and his intellectual powers are reduced to a lower ebb than formerly, or they but flare up occasionally, and die away again. There is, to use homely language, "no stay" in the nervous power.

I do not wish to draw too dark a picture, but must add that people who suffer from the complaint in question have many of what I might call private mental worries—little distresses of mind, of which they are so heartily ashamed that they would not breathe a word about them to their dearest friends.

Sleep, if it can be obtained, even for an hour or two, tends greatly to refresh people suffering thus. They awake, and rise more hopeful and more full of strength, but, alas! the first excitement blows it all away.

Another symptom is this: the sufferer is in the habit of chiding himself for being ill and nervous; it was something he did that he ought not to have done, it was some error of omission or commission, that

brought it all on, and he has only himself to blame. The fact is, his very conscience is raw and shaken.

Headaches are not unfrequent, and drowsiness after meals, and sometimes a careless, apathetic feeling.

Well, what are the causes which are likely to produce so painful a state of being in an individual?

A predisposing cause would be the nervous diathesis. Some people are born irritable, and grow up sensitive to every little worry in creation. Grief and trouble are exciting causes; so also is long-continued mental exertion, or a strain of thought on the mind. Intemperance is an all too common cause.

If, in addition to any of these causes, there be confinement to close, unwholesome rooms, or exposure to obnoxious air, or if the water drunk be impure, or the food eaten insufficient or innutritious, then so much the more easily will the individual fall a prey to this functional disorder.

From the symptoms, then, which I have described of the functional ailment, brain weariness, and from the very name I have given it, any one will perceive that it is in his own power to restore himself to perfect health by the treatment I am about to prescribe. What I do wish to advise at the outset is that the patient, if he chooses to call himself so, should neither fret nor alarm himself, nor look upon his state as dangerous.

Treatment: The very fact that the ailment, however trifling it may at first appear, is apt to go from bad to worse, ought to induce any one suffering from the symptoms I have described to make no delay in getting clear of them. But how? Removal of the exciting cause is the first step, and till this be taken, believe me, neither medicine nor *régime* will be of any avail.

I am talking, remember, of extreme cases, for many suffer from some of the symptoms I have mentioned, and find to their joy that a week of rest, a visit to the country or seaside, will drive them all away.

"How can I remove grief and worry and anxiety?" you may ask me. But that is a question which it is not in my power to answer; only I can tell you one thing: I have induced men before now to so alter their conditions of life as to free themselves from worry and over-anxiety. "Give yourself up for a time," I have said, "entirely to a consideration of your own state, and see whether or not there may be a way out of your troubles—at some expense, perhaps, but still a way, the way, and the *only* way. Throw up everything to get health and peace of mind."

If I can get a patient to banish the exciting cause of this brain trouble, then the weakened, and probably congested, frontal lobes of his cerebrum find the rest they so much require, gentle sleep re-visits his pillow, worrying, harassing dreams are banished, hope returns, calmness, quietude, strength, and serenity; it needs then but a course of tonic remedies, with probably change of air and scene, to revivify the blood and re-strengthen the debilitated frame.

Ah! but I know well what you would say; I know well what you would ask me. "I cannot leave my present mode of life. I cannot," you cry, "alter my

state of existence. I must continue to work; I must make money for many a day yet before I think of retiring. Is there no medicine that I can take which will quite heal me without the necessity of even temporary retirement?"

I am going to say something about medicines and what I call brain tonics, but first let me counsel a little change of air, and mayhap change of companionship. Remember that seeing the same faces day after day, and going through the same routine of work or pleasure, induces a weariness of mind and body which is little short of positive illness, and might lead to such.

Nux vomica is much used in the treatment of nervous disorders, and it certainly is a very useful remedy when judiciously administered. It should be remembered, however, that *nux vomica* in any shape or form is a poison, and should be dealt with most cautiously. It should be taken in smaller doses than those usually prescribed. The tincture is the safest form, the dose to be not over ten drops three times a day, in a small wine-glassful of quassia or gentian water. This will often be found a valuable, though apparently simple, remedy for dyspepsia (especially for the over-worked), in headache, in atonic constipation, in nervous tremblings, acidity, &c.

Some people, however, are very susceptible to the influence of tincture of *nux vomica*, so that the dose to begin with should not be over five drops, and it should not be used more than ten days at a time.

The system should be kept open while taking a tonic, if not naturally so. This may be effected by using a mild aperient pill at bed-time twice a week, and a glass of Pullna water in the morning.

Iron.—This is a valuable blood tonic, but much abused. It should be taken in small doses, and I do not know a better form of it than the muriated tincture, in doses of ten drops, not more, three times a day, in a little water, after meals. The danger of iron lies in its being apt to produce constipation, and also congestion of various internal organs. But if no bad effects are felt, it will do good. The symptoms of its not agreeing would be fulness of the head, ringing in the ears, or heat of body.

Quinine.—Combined with iron in the form of citrate, this is of great advantage in the treatment of nervousness and brain weariness. It must not be given, however, in doses large enough to affect the head.

Although not a homœopathic physician, I must take this opportunity of remarking that, as a rule, tonics are given in too large doses. To give larger doses than the blood can take up is surely gross folly. Iron, for example, is usually prescribed almost recklessly; it passes through the body instead of being taken up by the system, and it does not do this without causing mischief. I have long thought that as regards tonics the doses should be extremely small, and very frequently taken. Here is a plan, for example, that would be found advantageous to a person who must be at work all day, say at a desk. Let him put thirty minims of the tincture of iron, and

a wine-glassful of the infusion of quassia, into a small decanterful of water. Stand this on the table, and sip it every now and then all day long.

Zinc.—I believe that this is a much more valuable remedy in cases of nervousness and brain exhaustion than many imagine. The oxide of zinc is usually given in doses commencing with one grain, and gradually increasing up to ten. This should be made into a pill, with a tonic and aperient extract, and given three times a day after meals. It may be continued for a month or six weeks.

Extract of Malt.—Thousands who cannot take cod-liver oil without causing dyspepsia and loathing of food may take this delightful tonic. The dose is

from a dessert-spoonful to a table-spoonful three times a day. It may be mixed with water.

There are dozens of other tonic remedies which may be taken with advantage in cases of debility of the brain, but those which I have mentioned are the best.

Beware of narcotics and stimulants; they invariably make matters worse.

I need hardly add, in conclusion, that attention to the diet is of the greatest consequence, and that the morning tub, with a dash of sea-salt in it, and plenty of wholesome exercise in the open air, must not be forgotten by the individual who suffers from brain weariness.

WAIFE, JUNIOR.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.



TOIL-WORN and city-worn, I set forth in the grey of a May morning to take a fifty miles' journey by rail, and then plunge, map in hand, into an unknown and a romantic district. As I neared the end of my railway ride, and reached more elevated ground, a light powdery mist hung about the hills and swept down into the

valley in streaks, resembling a summer avalanche in the Alps seen from a distance. Unconsciously, I seemed to listen for the sound that never came.

After breakfast at a country inn, I dipped down into a pretty valley, framed about with hills, mist-covered, across a brawling stream, and up a winding lane, banked with primroses and wild yellow pansies, to a windy, grass-covered ridge. Beyond this, at its feet, was another valley, longer, deeper, and bastioned with bolder hills. In crossing the ridge, I met long strings of race-horses, ridden by boys, returning from their pipe-openers on a distant moor. No other living beings seemed stirring. The mist came powdering down the hills, and once more a great framed picture seemed to be lying on the earth, across which I walked with a sensation of being in a magic world I can distinctly remember even now. A fly may feel as I did when it walks across a masterpiece at the Academy.

I was in "The Dale," and soon reached a clump of trees and a village. A house embedded in yew, trained on the walls, out of which doors and windows were cut, at least three feet deep, did not assist in destroying the curious eerie sensation of picture-walking. Turning over a roughly-flagged path by a wheelwright's shop, with the inevitable red-daubed and newly-mended cart-wheel outside, an old man, who

looked at me as if he had been expecting me, though he was a perfect stranger, said, "Theer's the gainest way up t' dale—o'er stone yonder." Tripping over the stone, I found myself in some small fields tilting downwards to the dale-bottom, and altogether curiously like a pattern built out with stone walls. From a distance, the small enclosed fields must have looked like shuffleboard divisions. There was a pretty far-off peep under the mist of the lower dale, and the hills, occasionally shadowing themselves through their veils, seemed of stupendous height. The fields ended in a flight of stone steps, leading down to a yellow-gravelled road.

As I descended the steps, I saw before me a tall, roughly-dressed, shrewd-featured, elderly man, carrying a thick leather bag of tools over his shoulder, and talking or half-whispering to himself. "Old Waife!" I said to myself, thinking, in a flash, of Bulwer's original and clever sketch in "What will He Do with It?" A first impression of this kind is so curious that it remains, and so I call the wanderer with whom I was thus thrown into contact, "Waife, Junior." He never told me, and I never asked him, his real name.

Hearing footsteps, he stopped, turned, wiped the perspiration from his forehead with a red cotton handkerchief, and waited for me, as if he had arranged to meet me at the very spot here in the lane, with only a chimney or two of the village left in sight.

We agreed that "it was warm" walking, and we walked side by side as if our meeting really had been prearranged. Better friends, in a shorter time, were never made. I was going "up t' dale," and so was he, a matter of several miles, so we chatted together, joked, and philosophised, as all tramps do after their kind. He was the smartest man at conversation I ever met under such conditions, and as we trudged along, the fantastic sense of walking across a colossal picture gradually vanished.

Waife told me his story in fragments. He was a