

At Chancery Lane the omnibus is besieged by newspaper-boys, who sing in a chorus, after the type of "Three Blind Mice"—"*Standard*, special; *Globe*, sir!" "*Globe*, special; *Standard*, sir!"

At Oxford Circus most of your companions alight, and a fresh bevy scramble in, when it is a case of the weakest being left standing in the gutter; and in the midst of the bustle there is an altercation between the driver, a policeman, and a brother of the profession, wound up by an exclamation from the conductor, emphasised by a volley of thumps on the unfortunate foot-board—

"All right, Jim; go on. Why don't you go on?"

intermingled with a few words not to be met with in the English dictionary.

At Bond Street the picture-gallery visitors, catalogues in hand, pack into what space is left vacant, and "Full inside, Jim," is received with a grunt by that personage, who smacks his lips, and answers, with a wave of his whip, "I wish I was."

After further floundering on the part of the jaded horses, and more showers of mud, you reach your destination at dusk, when the blinking gas-lights peer like weeping eyes through the mist and windows, and the ghastly electric light stretches defiantly across the sloppy streets.

M. H.

"HOW MY HEAD DOES ACHE!"

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



ES, sir," said the old man with whom I was talking over the laurel hedge, "if I'm spared till March I'll be ninety-three—in my ninety-fourth year, sir; and I've never known what it was to be a day ill."

"Lucky man!" I said; "but of course you have had little bits of headaches now and then?"

"Never remember having anything of the sort, sir."

The old man has been a gardener in his younger days, and he still "potters around," as he calls it, with spade or hoe in hand, nor is there much likelihood of his shuffling off the mortal coil before he verges on a hundred.

I shook hands with an aged Waterloo veteran this year, during my summer rambles. He is about ninety-five; he never suffered from headaches. His eye is as white and clear as a baby's, and his complexion fresh and transparent. It was pretty early in the morning when I paid my visit, and I found him at breakfast—oatmeal porridge and new milk.

What would I have my reader infer from these illustrations? it may be asked. Why, merely this: that headaches, whether they be only isolated complaints, or symptomatic of other, and perhaps serious mischief, are inimical to the chance of long life. And the converse may also be held to be true, for that man or woman whose head is always as sound as a bell—to use a familiar expression—who therefore sleeps well and awakens every morning as fresh as the daisies, may entertain good hopes of longevity and a green old age.

Perhaps some whose eyes scan these columns may have been suffering from headache for many a long day. It is precisely for such as these I am writing. I want, if possible, to put them in the way of getting well, so that they may be able to enjoy life, and that their future may be bright and not black.

The first step towards so happy a condition must

be to find out the cause or causes of their peculiar ailment, for until this is done, until the *causa doloris* is removed, hope of cure cannot be entertained.

Now there are many different sorts of headaches. Happily, however, their diagnosis is not beset by any very great difficulties, so that the patient can, to a very considerable extent, benefit himself without the assistance of a physician.

In this paper I am going to consider briefly several kinds of headaches. One alone I must omit because it cannot be passed over briefly, and on some future day, if our Editor does not veto my intention, I shall devote an article solely to it—I refer to what is called the Megrims, or sick headache.

Probably one of the most common headaches, if not the most common, is that called nervous. The class of people who are most subject to it are certainly not your outdoor workers. If ever my old friend the gardener *had* had a headache, it would not have been one of this description. Nor does Darby the ploughman, nor Jarvey the 'bus-man, nor Greatfoot the ganger, suffer from nervous headache, nor any one else who leads an outdoor life, or who takes plenty of exercise in the open air. But poor Mattie, who slaves away her days in a stuffy draper's shop, and Jeannie in her lonesome attic, bending over her white seam—stitch, stitch, stitch—till far into the night, and thousands of others of the indoor working class, are martyrs to this form of headache. Are they alone in their misery? No; for my Lady Bonhomme, who comes to have her ball-dress fitted on, has often a fellow-feeling with Jeannie and Mattie. Her, however, we cannot afford to pity quite so much, because she has the power to change her *modus vivendi* whenever she chooses.

What are the symptoms of this complaint that makes your head ache so? You will almost know it is coming from a dull, perhaps sleepy, feeling. You have no heart and little hope, and you are restless at night. Still more restless, though, when it comes on in full force, as then for nights perhaps, however



much you may wish to, scarcely can you sleep at all.

"How my poor head does ache!" This you will say often enough; sadly to yourself, and hopelessly to those near you, from whom you expect no sympathy, and get none. And yet the pain is bad to bear, although it is generally confined to only one part of the head.

The worst of this form of headache lies in the fact that it is periodic. Well, as it arises from unnatural habits of life or peculiarities of constitution, this periodicity is no more than we might expect.

If I just note down some of the most ordinary causes of nervous headache, people who suffer therefrom will know what to do and what to avoid. I will then speak of the treatment.

Over-work indoors.

Over-study.

Work or study *indoors*, carried on in an unnatural or cramped position of body. Literary men and women ought to do most of their work at a standing desk, lying down now and then on a sofa to ease brain and heart, and permit ideas to flow. They should work out of doors in fine weather—with their feet resting on a board, *not* on the earth—and under canvas in wet weather. It is surprising the good this simple advice, if followed, can effect.

Neglect of the ordinary rules that conduce to health.

Want of fresh air in bed-rooms.

Want of abundant skin-exciting exercise.

Neglect of the bath.

Over-indulgence in food, especially of a stimulating character.

Weakness or debility of body, however produced. This can only be remedied by proper nutriment.

Nervousness, however induced.

The excitement inseparable from a fashionable life.

Exciting passions, anger and jealousy in particular.

Atmospheric changes. This is a cause which of course it is impossible to avoid. My readers may well say, "Physician, heal thyself," if I confess that a thunderstorm causes me to take an enforced holiday. Not only do I know when the storm is brewing, but during the time it is raging I can tell when the flash is about to come. Have I headache then? No; only a feeling of heavy-browed, sleepy, dense stupidity. For the time being I have no more intellect than Greatfoot the ganger. The storm passes, the sky clears, and also my head—I am bright again.

Well, the indications of treatment for nervous headache are twofold. First, you must do away with the diathesis by regular living. I have told you what this means a thousand times, and shall not here repeat. Secondly, cutting short the attack. Rest with the head thrown back over the pillow, after drinking a cup of strong tea or coffee. If from stomached derangement, a podophyllin pill should be taken at night, the feet and legs bathed in very hot water, a large glass of Pullna water taken half an hour before breakfast in

the morning; and if the tongue be furred a few doses of the tincture of nux vomica in orange-syrup water may complete the cure. As this remedy might possibly prove a dangerous one in the hands of the uninitiated, I do not feel justified in giving a prescription, but an intelligent chemist could do so, according to the age, strength, and constitution of the applicant. The doses ought to be small, and taken frequently for the first hour—say four times; and after that once an hour for four or five doses. The morning tub should be omitted till the headache is gone, or a tepid bath substituted. Inhaling chloroform is a not uncommon practice during the paroxysm of nervous headache. I only mention it in order to condemn it.

Should, however, the trouble continue many nights, and the patient become pale and weary-looking for want of sleep, a doctor should at once be consulted.

But in great irritability and sleeplessness the bromide of potassium may be had recourse to, on your doctor's prescription, two hours before retiring.

Valerianite of zinc is another excellent remedy for nervous headache. It often acts like a charm if given in tolerably large doses.

The pill of nux vomica and zinc recommended by Tanner, and which I presume almost every chemist knows, is an excellent one during the intervals of attacks; that is, where the patient is weak and suffers from constipation.

The *congestive* headache is one of a different class. It is sometimes called the plethoric headache, and is caused by distension of the smaller brain arteries with blood. It is the headache of the full-blooded working man, the country farmer or squire who lives too freely, or of any one indeed who is subject to some unusual amount of excitement.

But a weakened heart (the right side especially) may produce a species of dull, stupefying, congestive headache, in brain-workers. This is the tired headache, if I may give it a name of my own. It is brought on by over-fatigue, over-excitement, and brain-work, and causes much distress, much dejection, and want of proper sleep.

Some people attempt to work off the congestive headache by very active horse-exercise or cycling. This may do with strong men, but the weakly should take care how they attempt any such heroic cure. A moderate degree of exercise will not, however, be out of place, but it should be taken in the free, open air; not among trees. Walk to the hill-top, visit the seaside, or stroll leisurely over a moorland. In the splitting headache of plethoric people, the tincture of aconite in soda-water may often afford great relief. Or if there be redness and swelling of the face, the tincture of belladonna may be taken in orange-syrup water. Your chemist will give you the proper doses.

There is a gouty and also a rheumatic form of headache. Both of these must be treated in accordance with their causes. Regular living is of the utmost importance, and strict attention to diet. It will be better to avoid animal food for a time, or to



use it but sparingly. Indeed, the diet should be quite restricted, and stimulants for the most part avoided.

On the whole, I trust I have said enough to prove to my readers that headaches, when persistent or periodic, are really fraught with much danger to health. I would in conclusion try to impress upon

the reader the greater necessity of preventing the recurrence of his headache than of curing it when it does take place. Beware then of *tea* and *tobacco* and *stimulants*, review your mode of living, rectify mistakes therein, and in a month or two you will feel better and younger than you have done for years.



"FOUND MISS AMY BY THE WINDOW WHICH HAD A VIEW OF THE PARK GATES" (p. 27).

## SQUIRE OLLIFANT'S WILL.

(THE CHRONICLES OF CARDEWE MANOR.)

BY LUCY FARMER.

### CHAPTER THE FIRST.

#### A BIRTHDAY GIFT.



WE were up at the Manor one day—Charley and I—when Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, came bustling up, full of importance.

"Isn't she like an old turkey-cock?" I said, as I watched her strutting and shaking her red ribbons; "look, Charley!"

"Mind your genders," replied my husband; "and also take care that she does not hear you, Lucy. She would be a deadly enemy."

I hadn't time to give Charley a bit of my mind, as I should have liked, for Mrs. Jones came up in a fume and a flurry: all warm, and full of importance.

"If you please, Lucy Farmer, you and your good man are wanted in the library."

"Wanted in the library!" we exclaimed; "for why?"

"Servants shouldn't ask no questions, but do as they are told," said Mrs. Jones, with a toss of her head; "though I dare say as some people 'sinuates themselves more than other and older people—who are sent messages to interlopers."

"I say, Mother Jones, what are you drivin' at?" cries Charley. "Do you refer to me and Lucy there? What's put you out, old lady?"

"Old lady yourself!" retorted the injured dame. "I obeys my instructions. Will you do as you're bid? I ain't wanted, it seems!"

"Oh! that's it, is it?" I said. "Well, Mrs. Jones, you needn't be jealous of us. I dare say it's something they didn't like to ask *you* to do. Who is in the library that wants us?"

"When you go in you'll see. They wants two creditable witnesses, I'm told—as if *I* wasn't a creditable woman!"