

down without fear of accident. A corner bracket of coral-pink shows off some good specimens of china.

Standing crosswise to the wall at the end of the room opposite the window is the piano. The back we drape with gold Nagpore silk and Eastern striped crêpe, looped, so as to discover an under corner piece of brown plush. The front has been modernised with red monochrome paintings on wooden panels, in imitation of Bartolozzi. An inlaid mother-of-pearl coffee-table stands against the back of the piano, and here we place a brass pot with a fine aspidistra. A Japanese three-fold screen of black satin, gold embroidered, keeps off the draught from the door. Between piano and fireplace is a coral-pink corner cupboard. Before it are an arm-chair and a pretty ivory-white table with real Japanese lattice panel. The chairs, enamelled ivory-white, are covered with various brocades. We have taken great care, however, that the colouring of these should all harmonise with the general effect.

A rich, warmly toned interior is the result at which we aimed in evolving our scheme, and our efforts are crowned with success; for it would be difficult to find a more cosy, comfortable snugger anywhere.



HOW TO TREAT THE PIANO.

THE REST CURE, AND WHEN IT IS INDICATED.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

MR. FEATHERSTONHAUGH opened the breakfast parlour door and shouted to his housekeeper. He shouted in tones so stentorian that no one, except a medical man, could have believed him to be either an invalid or ailing in any way.

"Mary," he cried, "is there no possibility of your going about your work a trifle, just the merest trifle, less boisterously? And there goes that dreadful door-bell again. Oh, dear! Ring, ding! Ring, ding! all day long; first the baker, then the butcher, then somebody else. Heigho! it is provoking, for if I didn't happen to be a trifle nervous and out of sorts, no house in the world would be quieter than—There it goes again!"

I leant back in Mr. F.'s easy chair, and kept the morning paper before me. Silence is golden with patients like this.

"And nothing I touch seems to go right either. I placed that knife on the edge of the plate straight enough. Look at it now. Lying on the carpet as if to spite me. And there goes the coffee next all over the new white cloth!"

"Depend upon it, my friend," I said quietly, "that things go on just the same whether we are well or ill,

only in the latter case we are more sensitive. If you have a cut finger, for instance, everything appears to go against it."

"Now," continued Mr. F., "if I weren't sleepless at night, all the country-side would be as still as the bottom of the sea; but simply because I am in need of rest, and could sleep if I got a chance, every living thing must keep awake to annoy me. Last night, for instance, Simpson's cow must keep moaning constantly as if she had something on her mind. Boulder's beast of a dog must bark and howl intermittently, and his horses must neigh, and no sooner have they somewhat settled, and I am dropping off, than all the cocks in the parish wake up and begin hollering. You needn't laugh behind your newspaper. You are laughing, I can see the paper shaking. I'm losing my memory, too. If I want such a simple thing as a pen, even, d'ye think I can find one? Not for the life of me."

"Am I getting old, I wonder?" He turned on me almost fiercely as he spoke the last words, and I put down the paper, got up, stretched myself, and walked leisurely to the window. It was a lovely morning in early summer; the grass was very green and trim on Mr. F.'s pretty lawn; there was abundance of foliage

on the rose-bushes, on which buds were already appearing, and a gush of bird melody came swelling from the silken-leaved linden-trees.

"You must excuse me, doctor"—Mr. F. was at my elbow now—"if I seem fretful and peevish. I really am out of sorts. What a lovely day, too, and I can't enjoy it a bit!"

"Ah!" I said, "you begin to think, then, there are other enjoyments in life than ledger work and making a pile as you call it."

Featherstonhaugh only sighed.

"You need rest," I added.

"I haven't had rest—a holiday—for years. I was going on so well in business till that bit of extra worry came, that I thought it a pity to spoil my year by going away."

"No doubt. Well, a month's holiday every summer, or say six weeks, would, taking it even from a business point of view, have been the best investment in time that ever you made. Now, you'll have to take all these months in the aggregate, and rest for half a year at least."

"But think what that will cost me!"

"Bah! life is cheap at any price."

Dear reader, Mr. F.'s case would not be mentioned were it not one of every-day occurrence. For greed of gain, as often as not, men and women will go on working long after symptoms tell them that the state of their health is not what it once was. Instead of taking rest, they fly to medicine or stimulants or both, and as with Mr. F., so with them, the last state is worse than the first.

The best cure is a slow but very sure one. And here, again, a lesson may be learned from Mr. F.'s case. He went to a bracing watering-place, but tried to "rush" his cure, if I may use a somewhat slangy verb. He felt convinced on starting that a few days, or a fortnight at most, would set him up. It is needless to say it did not. So he fretted and fumed impatiently; but finding at last that Nature would not alter her laws on his account, he surrendered, and from that moment his cure began. Little things do not now worry Mr. F. There is a halo of repose around his brow; Mary can go about her work singing, and no amount of cock-crowing is likely to arouse him from his peaceful slumbers.

When people become peevish, nervous, and restless from over-work, the class of medicine they generally seek relief from consists of such drugs as quinine, phosphorus, iron, and the vegetable bitter tonics. These they expect to pull them together, and there is no doubt they are valuable medicines, but the error made by the sufferers is this—they do not first remove the cause.

"Oh, I can't stop working to rest," a man said to me once, "I can go on as I am: I can suffer."

This might be all very well if he *could* go on as he was, that is, get no worse. One might suffer even the inconvenience of ill-health in order to support one's family, but the thin end of the wedge of indisposition having once effected an entrance, there is no staying its advance except by using radical means.

The indisposition caused by over-much brain-work or a too prolonged attention to business is very insidious in its advance. When once fairly established, its symptoms are patent enough to the invalid, and rest then becomes imperative. In fact, he is "knocked out of time," so to speak, and wishes then he had noted his failing powers before, and laid down his pen or closed his ledger.

When, then, is the rest cure indicated? Probably one of the earliest signs is slight dyspepsia, which cannot be attributed to errors in diet, want of fresh air, &c. It is a nervous kind of atonic dyspepsia, sometimes combined with acidity from liver sympathy. There is not the same relish for food, and so relief from this state is sought for in piquant relishes, wine, or tea.

Another symptom is an uneasy or tired feeling about the head, fulness it may be, or sleeplessness and stupidity, especially after eating. The brow is often hot, so is the top of the head, and the hand is pressed wearily across the eyes. Life begins to lose its brightness, then things begin to go a trifle wrong, and there are moments of peevishness and irritability. Lowness of spirits is succeeded by want of sleep. There is danger ahead, if not indeed close at hand, and happy is he who sees the signal *in time*. I say most emphatically *in time*, for, effective though the rest cure may be, there is a point of divergence from the path of health, beyond which no one can go with the slightest hopes of return or recovery. I pray none of my readers may ever reach this point.

But it is not for cases of over-work and brain weariness alone that the rest cure may be prescribed with success. Many cases of dyspepsia, especially that of an irritative kind, are benefited thereby; and regulation of diet will do far more good if carried out at some well-chosen watering-place than at home, where there is nothing new to divert the thoughts into a different channel. Persons so suffering would often willingly lay down rules for their own guidance in diet and *régime*, but they seldom have confidence in these. It is better in every case, therefore, to let one's own medical adviser do so; then success will depend upon the amount of rigidity with which they are adhered to.

Liver complaints are usually benefited by the complete rest cure. Here, at the outset, some special treatment will be necessary by way of clearing the system and giving the sufferer a fair start; but, on the whole, purgatives must be used with care, even when constipation exists.

But, indeed, it would be somewhat difficult to name a complaint of a chronic nature which might not be mitigated, perhaps banished entirely, by judicious change, rest, and well-chosen remedies. In fact, remedies, which at home may have done but little good, often commence to show their real beneficial action when the patient has obtained real rest and change. It should not be forgotten, by the way, that change and rest are often synonymous terms. I mean that many hard-worked men and women who are unable to obtain a holiday, may, by altering the nature of

their employment at home, achieve wonderful results for good.

There is a complaint of fashionable life which I have before had occasion to speak of—namely, *ennui*—which is often banished entirely by rest at the seaside. But the rest in this case must be of a very active kind indeed. The sufferer should choose a place as different as possible from anything he or she has been used to—go to Shetland, or further for that matter—and identification with the pleasures and pursuits of the people ought to be one of the prescribed items of cure.

Muscular pains, which are sometimes very distressing, will often yield to a very short spell of complete rest by the sea or in mountain air. In these cases the rest must be of a bodily kind, even the fatigue of walking should be avoided as much as possible, and it may be advantageous at times to retain the horizontal position even for days together.

There is a species of so-called rest taken by ladies of society, and which I must only mention in order to condemn. Towards the end of a season they find themselves tired and worn out, and seek for change by the "sad sea wave." But is it a sad sea wave? Not to them. 'Twere well if such were the case. But

they must needs import society customs and society gaieties to the spot they choose for their residence, or they will go where they are sure to find these. Rest like this is a delusion and a snare.

Rest to the stomach I have treated of before in my paper called "A Banian Day," but I may add that rest from certain articles of diet for a time is often beneficial, notably from sugar, tea, coffee, or stimulants, and last, though not least, rest from medicine itself, so far, I mean, as self-doctoring—nearly always to be deplored—is concerned.

In cases of irritability of brain from various causes, bromide of potassium, with or without the iodide, often greatly aids the rest cure, but this the family physician must prescribe.

Sea-bathing, if regularly carried out day after day, about three hours after breakfast, is an excellent adjunct, and better even than this is a course of hot salt-water baths. This is procurable at most seaside watering-places, and is very soothing to the nervous and mental system.

Need I add that no business troubles must accompany the weary man or woman to the water's edge? Leave business at home, and do not even write a letter unless compelled to do so.

THE HEROISM OF HERBERT STAMFORD.

(THE CHRONICLES OF CARDEWE MANOR.)

BY EMILY CARDEWE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.



WHEN we came back from the Continent—I accompanied uncle and auntie that year—we heard, and were much interested in hearing, of the experience of the Farmers and the supposed ghost in the Manor. It seems to me that the house lends itself to sensa-

tional occurrences, for so many adventures have already been related in connection with it. But I think my unpretending contribution will equal most of them in interest.

After Colonel Stormer's departure our little party broke up; only three people came to stay with aunt and uncle after that, but one of those was Mr. Stamford. He was in the Civil Service; a very gentlemanly young man, very quiet, thin, and undemonstrative. He sang and accompanied himself a little, but I used to help him on some occasions; and then he asked for an extension of leave for a week, and was very pleasant, and not *nearly* so shy as before.

But his visit came to an end *very* quickly. We went abroad in April, and to my aunt's astonishment,

who should meet us at Milan but Mr. Stamford! *How he possibly could* have known that we were abroad I cannot tell. But he did; and—well, I must tell it, because it has considerable bearing on the story—he proposed to me, and, with uncle's consent, I accepted Herbert—Mr. Stamford.

We all returned to England together, and before he left the Manor, Major and Mrs. Martyn-Henry at Dorncombe invited us to go over and explore their mine, which has been worked for some years. There was some mystery about it which, Mrs. Farmer says, I may read some day.*

Herbert and I were strolling in the garden that evening, building some castles in the air, I am afraid. Then he said—

"Are you afraid to go down the mine, dearest?"

"Not with you, dear," was my reply; and I meant it—for I do not think that any girl will refuse to go anywhere with the man she really loves and trusts. I am sure I would go anywhere with Bertie.

"Then we will go. Your aunt will drive us over, she says—or I can ride if you will drive, dear."

"I think I would rather you came in the carriage," said I, "if you do not mind."

He made a very affectionate reply; and after a

* Mrs. Farmer has already told this tale, as "The Mystery of the Martyn-Henrys," in the Magazine for 1886.