

soft. The under colors were often exceedingly vivid. These were softened afterward by the colors over them. The brilliancy of a picture depends much on a warm under-tone of color. In embroidery, in the same way, if your material is too vivid it can be softened, as a painting can be softened, by working another color over it. You can use the honey-comb stitch or darning in your background. Even an outline design over a material will seem to change the background color completely. I have seen a harsh purple-blue changed to a yellow-blue by the use of yellows, yellow-pinks, and yellow-greens, in an outline design over the material. It seemed impossible that the embroidered stuff could be the same as the printed material.

The design in this number is especially suitable for embroidery in one or two shades of gold-color. It can be done in outline on a cream-color, with a shaded darned background, or embroidered solid in New-England stitch, or Kensington stitch, on any colored background. This outline is taken from a French design for wood carving. These conventional scroll borders are always delightful for embroidery

in a few colors. If this is embroidered in golds, and the background color is not satisfactory, it can be harmonized with an over-color of darned work. This design can also be embroidered in a variety of colors on a dull, soft background.

When writing about "Adversity," Francis Bacon says: "We see in needleworks and embroideries it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground." This was doubtless written to give the comforts and hopes of adversity, and not to formulate a rigorous rule for embroidery. It is certainly easier to embroider upon a "lightsome" ground, but it is also true that the "sad and solemn ground" needs the warm and cheerful colors. So if you choose a dark background, the colors must be rich and warm. If the background is bright, the colors may be more subdued. A yellow background needs gray-greens, copper-reds, and gray-blues; and with these colors you will have the suitable "melancholy work upon the lightsome ground."


HETTA L. H. WARD.

Sanitarian.

Sins Against the Stomach.

V.

SPIRITUAL SINS.—WORRY AND ANXIETY.

HAT an unnecessary part worry does play in our lives, to be sure! and as to anxiety, if we had not our share of that, we should, I really believe, feel absolutely defrauded! We all laughed a year or two ago at the miserable wretch in "Princess Ida," who was utterly forlorn because "there was nothing in life to grumble at," but he truly represented the larger half of humanity.

Most of us have died and been buried and attended our own funerals, hundreds of times, in imagination; and as to our husbands, children, and friends, haven't we killed them all a dozen times over?

The worrying and anxious classes are mainly those who, being above want, have leisure to think over the thousand and one things which might happen, but rarely do; while the other class, having the supreme question of daily bread to consider, are as often as not happy-go-lucky mortals, who face death with the coolness of ignorance, and are delightfully indifferent to those "possible" ills and misfortunes which go to make up the *mise en scène* of many a comfortable life.

I am often amused by the curious ways in which different acquaintances of mine manage to *squeeze in* a little worry, and create causeless anxiety for the mere purpose, it often seems, of using up their energies. Many years ago I came across, in Emerson's Essays, that ingenious translation from some French epigrammatist:

"Some of your hurts you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived;
But what torments of grief you endured
From evils which never arrived!"

I copied it out in a large, round hand, and pinned it up on my bedroom wall; and there are few among a very large circle of friends to whom I have not presented it.

But there seems to be in the human mind some absolute necessity for anxious worrying; perhaps it is because, as Longfellow says,

"A millstone and the human heart
Are driven ever round;
If they have nothing else to grind,
They must themselves be ground."

But the grist we ourselves bring to this human mill is very unprofitable; more than that, positively injurious, and in every sense a sin. Whenever we set to work to harass ourselves and our friends by that unnecessary foreboding of evil which is either nagging worry or sleepless anxiety, we are drawing upon our vital energy, and using up our powers of resistance and of assimilation.

It is a very striking fact in human experience, that Nature, whenever she sends suffering, sends strength. This truth is illustrated every hour of our lives, is a recognized fact in childbirth, and in all grief. The reason it is not true every time we suffer, is because it is *our own pain* we are meeting,—pain we have brought on ourselves by our ignorance or selfishness or self-indulgence, or, more often than not, by our impatience. When Nature wounds, she heals; when we, in our foolish ignorance, worry and harass ourselves for nothing, we sap the very foundations of our own beings, use up the resources of our constitutions, and, above all, impair very seriously our power to assimilate food.

Everyone knows this as a truth, but very few realize it as a fact. We all recognize the loss of appetite that follows anxiety or the sudden shock of grief; but we are not sufficiently alive to our own folly to trace the same inevitable connection between fretting and dyspepsia. Yet it is as certain that we tax our digestions every time we sit down to eat after an attack of *worry*, as it would be if we were forced to eat as usual after a heavy sorrow.

A great many of Nature's laws are written so plainly in consequences, that it seems very odd that so many of us pass our lives without paying the least regard to them; too often it is only when they are written in our very life's blood that we heed them at all, and then it is too late. The anxious man of business, the fretting, over-solicitous mother, the worrying housekeeper, each in his or her way is laying up a debt against *vitality*, and becoming involved in a very serious contest with nervous force, in which they are sure to come off worsted; and for what? Often for the most ridiculous causes.

The other day I was visiting a well-to-do friend, who in the absence of a housekeeper was busy seeing to the arrangements of her summer home. I remarked that she seemed tired.

"Yes," said she with a laugh, "I am a little tired; but really I think it is a good thing to have something to occupy

me. I have had no time to worry about the children to-day."

"Worry about the children!" I exclaimed, reflecting that the youngest of the flock was seventeen. "What on earth for?"

"Oh," she said, "you see they are so forgetful of wraps and things! Directly they are gone in the morning I begin to think it may storm,—the weather's so uncertain, you know,—and it does worry me!"

And so it is, nine times out of ten: we worry lest "it should storm," when the sky is free from clouds; we exhaust our vitality in imagining evils which not only never arrive, but in all likelihood could not arrive. It really seems, sometimes, as if people absolutely enjoy their anxieties; in fact, I am sure they often do. A short time since I had a very dear friend staying with me. Other guests were in the house, and one evening my friend retired early. I followed her to her room, and found her in tears.

"Why, what *is* the matter?" was my natural question.

"Oh, nothing," was the reply,—"nothing—but I feel so depressed! Mrs. — has been telling me about her daughter's sickness, and just imagine if I were to lose *my* daughter! What should I do? it would kill me!"

"Well!" I said (as she afterward declared, "almost brutally"), "you are not likely to lose your daughter that I can see. She is perfectly healthy, so what is the sense of going without your supper and crying over what may probably never happen? And if it does, will it help matters for you to have been miserable to-night?"

There is such an amount of unnecessary misery in the world, brought about by our own folly, that it really at times seems as if the troubles we invent are as serious as those that are sent to us; and as far their effects upon the health are concerned, I believe they are as disastrous.

The first advice a doctor gives a dyspeptic patient is *change*. "Get away from home worry!" Yes: but what is the good of change of scene without change of *will*? It is in the mind itself that the evil exists,—in that silly habit of forestalling evil, in that senseless worry and anxiety in which we all more or less indulge, which make us take pessimistic views of life, and lay all sorts of grievances at the door of our fate or of "relentless" Nature, when they are, as often as not, our own fault.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW I RECOVERED MY HEALTH."

Baby's Diseases.

V.

CONVULSIONS.

IT is a pleasant reflection that the most terrible disease of infant life is very much rarer than it used to be. Nowadays, convulsions are not the necessary accompaniment of a nursery full of little ones; but twenty or thirty years ago no one thought of escaping such a visitation in a family. Mothers and nurses compared notes on the subject of convulsions as they did upon any other infantine disorder, and remedies were as diverse as maternal minds. Story-books reflected the same truth; and we all remember moral tales in which careless mothers left their babies calmly sleeping, and returned from scenes of dissipation to find them in the grasp of this fatal enemy.

There is no question that the attention paid within the last quarter of a century to infants' food is one great reason for this comparative immunity; for the main cause of convulsions is indigestion, arising either from improper food, hasty

feeding, or the accidental presence in the stomach of improper substances.

My experience with this terrible scourge of infant life twenty years ago was considerable, not only in my own circle of little ones, but as member of a large family where babies were very numerous. The remedies resorted to have not been improved upon, but the prevention which is better than cure is largely studied to-day, in careful diet and regularity, and in a growing perception that young babies ought not to be stuffed like turkeys or geese, but fed with some discretion. In the absence of the many suitable foods attainable to-day, beaten bread or beaten biscuit was a favorite kind of nourishment for babies at the time of which I am writing; and remembering it I do not wonder that convulsions were events anticipated with dread, and rarely escaped during the teething period.

One of my own children suffered from periodic convulsions until she was three years old; then a long time elapsed without a seizure, and I was beginning to think her quite out of the mood, when one summer evening, after a day of apparently perfect health, she was put to bed, and in the midst of what seemed natural sleep, became terribly convulsed. The usual remedies of castor oil and a hot bath producing no relief, an injection was suggested by a wise old German nurse, with the result of the evacuation of a cherry stone! which had passed into the lower bowel and there created the disturbance which resulted in so much agony. My attention was thus very closely directed to possible *causes* of convulsions; and I have come to the conclusion that very many children suffer from the effects of just such carelessness.

Of course, there is no one remedy for such a terrible disease as convulsions, and in every case no time should be lost in sending for a doctor; but it is well to bear in mind that these three very simple measures may be taken in every case: a hot bath with application of cold bandages to the head, a dose of castor oil, which is usually rapid in its effects, or an injection of tepid soap-and-water. In severe cases during the infancy of my youngest child, I found almost immediate relief followed the application of mustard poultices to the soles of the feet, or often from merely rubbing dry mustard on the feet, and *in the palms of the hands*, which last is a very simple and very little known method of equalizing circulation when there is a rush of blood to the head.

For convulsions resulting from teething, lancing the gums is another very safe and very simple operation, one which every mother can perform herself if she will, when once instructed by a competent physician. The great necessity in using the lancet is to probe the gum down to *the cord*, which must be cut through before the tooth can press its way upward. It is, indeed, the pressure of the tooth against this cord which is the usual cause of irritation, resulting in restlessness, peevishness, inability to assimilate food, constipation, and, if not remedied, convulsions.

Probably every mother knows that constipation is a prolific source of trouble in infancy. It is better to risk a little looseness of the bowels than the opposite, but many people are so terrified of diarrhoea that they consider constipation the lesser evil of the two. This is a mistake. It is easier to counteract the diarrhoea, and continued constipation has far-reaching results; first, from pressure and straining in evacuation, which are always injurious, and also from blood poisoning, which always follows retention of the fæces or impaired digestion.

Mothers, young mothers, should bear well in mind that preventive measures are better than curative ones, and that in view of the many ills that arise from imperfect assimilation of food, they should study the laws of diet and digestion in children, first of all, and when these are attended to, and