

WHAT SUMMER MAY DO FOR THE INVALID.

By MEDICUS.



It was not an old tree, but quite the reverse. It had borne fruit well one year, and very delicious and beautiful apples they were; as hard and sweet as nuts, pea-green on one side and prettily tinged with auburn on the side on which the sun lingered longest. It was a shapely tree too, and even its dark green leaves had a bouquet strong enough to lure the bees. But one spring after coming into the most gorgeous of bloom and plenitude of promise, my tree caught a chill somehow, and seemed to lose heart from that very day.

"I won't be able to bear a single apple this year," it told me, for mind, you, my trees all talk to me, and my flowers also.

"Won't you really?" I replied.

"No, I'm sure I shan't, nor can't. Look how my blooms are dropping before the time; my very leaves are getting cold and hard, and beginning to curl up, and I have aches and pains in every limb. I'm growing old before my time. I do believe that in a year or two I'll be as wrinkled and gnarled as the wretched old ribston-pippin tree that grows by the stable yonder. That is a nice future to look forward to, and I am only fifteen last November."

"A change, perhaps," I suggested, "might do you good. Would you like to travel a bit? There is a nice sunny spot at the bottom of the paddock yonder—"

"What?" cried the tree, "and get choked with dust from the road; all the pores of my leaves filled up with the clouds raised by the feet of Hodge's horses. No, thank you, I would rather die at home than go abroad to be ill-treated among strangers. If you have nothing better to propose, just leave me alone, and go and talk to the stupid old ribston you seem to admire so much."

"Don't be jealous; I love you all, and I'll do my best for you. Keep up your heart; we will see what the summer can do."

The tree sighed rather hopelessly, and whispered something to the winds that I did not quite catch.

It was a month before I went down that way again. When I did, my heart bled for the poor wee tree. All the bloom had long since faded and fallen. There was an ugly

patch of blight all along one-half of the trunk, and the leaves were dry, spotted, and curled. I spoke to it, but got no reply. The tree was uneasily dozing, and perhaps dreaming, for aught I could tell.

The sunshine was very bright now, and the breezes warm and balmy; but they had little effect on my sick tree, and I felt very sorry indeed. However, while there is life there is hope, so I set to work, after having a good look about to begin with.

"The summer is all before us," I said, "and it is really wonderful what can be done in a single summer in the way of restoration to health of even a tree."

Well, the ground around was not particularly rich, so I set about trenching and feeding it. That was a step in the right direction, but my plan of treatment was even more radical than this, for not far away grew two trees that had no earthly business near my apple tree. One was a sycamore that the wind had sown. It had grown very fast, and its broad leaves and spreading foliage were quite keeping the air and sunshine from my young friend. Down it came, and up came the root. The other was an alder tree, the seed of which the sparrow had brought, or rather, perhaps, the starling. However, there it was, and there I was determined it should not remain; but even after it was cut down it took John and myself a whole forenoon to unearth its spreading roots. When we had done so, I positively believe the apple tree gave a sigh of relief, as if it could already breathe more freely.

"Now, John," I said, "all the rest devolves on you. Feed this little tree well. Mulch it round the roots, so that it shall never feel faint or thirsty, and get that blight off the stem. Use the bath, medicated as I shall show you how to do, and get off not only the blight but the outer rough skin, and eradicate every crack and crevice where the disease might find a footing."

John did as I told him. We nursed this tree all through the summer; it fell into a sound refreshing sleep when November winds began to blow; it budded and blossomed in spring, and bore fruit next season, and at this present moment it is one of the healthiest and happiest trees in my paddock orchard. This is what a single summer did for my little tree.

Now Nature is just as kind to human beings as she is to trees. The more firmly you believe that fact the better. Well, what does it prove? It proves that there are fifty chronic ailments, and perhaps twice that number which can be cured or removed, at all events alleviated, if we go the right way about it, in summer-time. Mind this, those same complaints during the cold uncertain weather of winter and spring could not well be got over, but may be now; so I wish all who read this paper, and who perhaps suffer from chronic ailments, to become happy and hopeful once again.

I have something more to add before mentioning any special complaints, namely, that a remodelled *régime* will materially assist recovery from almost any chronic illness, especially if backed up by simple remedies that have a tendency to purify and strengthen the blood, and keep the secretory organs in good working order. So you must see that, even if you are under medical supervision, you can do a deal for yourself, by strictly obeying the laws of health. But it is possible, indeed it is probable, that you can do without a doctor entirely; that is, without a human doctor, for I wish you—and indeed you will have to—put yourself under the kindly care of Dr. Sunshine, Dr. Fresh Air, Dr. Exercise, and Dr. Regularity.

If you do not do as I tell you, I have nothing more to do with your case; I am free as the winds. Make out your plan then; remodel your *régime* or method of living. Write it down on paper, and stick to it. There is something else you must write down, namely, a list of your present symptoms. Put down every ache and uneasy feeling, not only of body but of mind. Do not look at this for a fortnight or three weeks; but during that time live by your new rules, which you will have no difficulty in forming or framing after reading this paper; then re-read your list of symptoms. Why, to your joy and surprise you will find them decimated, and more than decimated, many of them dead and gone, never to return.

Rheumatism.—The young suffer from this as much, if not quite so often, as the old. It is a complaint that is often generated during the cold months of winter and spring, hangs about one all summer, and becomes still more active at the end of it. It is called a blood disease, and if we say that it depends upon a superabundance of acid in the blood, we get near enough to the physiology of the complaint for any practical purpose. This acid is accumulated in the system from errors in diet, especially intemperance in eating; it can be thrown off daily for a time, when due attention is paid to the skin; but cold and wet prevent its elimination either by the skin or internal organs of secretion; then the mischief is produced, joints and muscles suffer and swell, or become stiff and painful without swelling. If such a state of matters be not remedied we have the rheumatic diathesis generated, and the patient will become more subject to rheumatism as she grows older.

Well, the summer can work wonders for the cure of rheumatism. Mark this, however: resuming old habits of life, living carelessly and neglecting the skin, will undo in the winter months all the benefits wrought during summer.

The general *régime* for this as well as other chronic ailments I shall mention presently. As to medicine, if not acting under the advice of a physician, the less you take the better. You must not weaken the system by aperients, but if such be needed, and fruit, a moderate amount of green vegetables, with a glass of warm water in the morning, are not sufficient to keep the digestion free, a *casarca* tablet or two should be taken every second night.

Lime-juice has given relief to thousands of sufferers from chronic rheumatism. The quantity taken must be from three to six ounces, or even more, daily. Flannel should be worn next the skin, and it is not a bad plan, though a very old-fashioned one, to dust the flowers of sulphur inside the stockings worn.

Drink Vichy or even Carlsbad water, and if you can choose your place of residence, try the Isle of Wight, Hastings, Harrogate, or the Riviera.

Nervousness.—This, of course, takes a variety of different forms, and causes a patient to feel very low indeed. I think as a rule that the toning or keeping-up system is too much adopted by patients. If they are pale and bloodless, iron may be necessary, and the best form is the dialysed iron, because it is not so heating. But anything that tends to irritate the digestive canal is bad, and I am sure that wines and cordials, so much "flown to," as well as overeating to support the system, are bad. The first sign of returning health from nervousness is to be looked for in calmness of mind and body, and the toning-up plan of treatment is against this feeling of health-giving calm.



SUMMER,

Dyspepsia.—Summer can work wonders for the cure of this complaint, if you rest the system all you can, and the stomach. Do not eat if not hungry. Get some simple tonic mixture to take before meals, and let this be your only medicine. Keep the mind easy, and beware of all kinds of indigestible diet. The Kepler extract of malt is my own cure when I suffer from dyspepsia and weakness of nerves from over-work. It has with me a magical effect. I should probably take cod-liver oil, but I cannot easily assimilate it.

Liver complaints.—I refer only to those of a chronic character, but when, from whatever cause, the bile is not properly got rid of from the blood, the individual is most morbid in mind and body. Antibilious pills are usually somewhat rough, and the after effects are not agreeable. Probably one or two may be necessary to begin with, and the best is good old Coddle. Then take half a lemon—the juice, I mean—in water before going to bed, and the other half before breakfast, for a fortnight.

Headaches.—Find out what causes the complaint. Get your physician to give you a prescription that shall be handy, and trust the rest to *régime* and the sweet summer air. Caffeine tablets, I may add, give great relief in temporary headache.

Backache.—This is a wearying, painful symptom of a great many ailments, but it is caused by neuralgia as often as not. By all means consult a doctor, but trust a deal also to *régime*. Very likely there is some enervated action of the heart. The tiny branches of the nerves lie alongside the capillary blood-vessels, and if these last are engorged with blood owing to a weakened circulation they press on the nervelets, and cause gnawing pain and weariness. Hence the good effect of toning the whole system not by medicine so much as proper diet and action.

These are only a very small percentage of the ailments that can be removed by a properly regulated *régime* during the summer weather. I ought perhaps to have mentioned

chest complaints, but these of course are included.

As to the place you may choose for a summer residence I can have little to say, it depends on so many contingencies. Anyhow, let it be a change of air for you, and if possible either in a mountain land like the Highlands, or by the seaside.

If you have to take a house or engage apartments, make every inquiry before doing so, about the drainage, the water for drinking purposes, and for the bath. See that the place is thoroughly clean and the people also who are to attend upon you. Disease often is bred in and emanates from a filthy kitchen.

If you are in some measure an invalid, the house should be a quiet one. Take the rooms on a week's trial at first.

The upper rooms are most healthy, but the whole house should have a healthful exposure, and the living rooms ought to face the south and west.

Cultivate early rising—say seven or half-past. Dress leisurely, and meanwhile have your glass of water medicated; if you are weak, a cup of good beef tea will do good, or a cup of cocoa if this will agree.

The morning bath as cold as possible can be borne, and if you can manage it, a quarter of an hour with light dumb-bells afterwards. Let sea-salt be dissolved in the bath over night; two or even three large handfuls to a bucket of cold water.

It is a good plan to have a spirit lamp arrangement, by which you can not only heat beet tea, but the hot water for toilet purposes. It is so simple and makes one independent of Sarah Jane, who never brings the water at the correct time and temperature.

Take five minutes' open-air breathing before breakfast. Live well, but do not eat much. Meat is more strengthening than much flour food; then you have fish, eggs, and fowl.

Milk is invaluable as an article of diet. You can hardly have too much of it, if it can be

digested. Tea must be weak, and stimulants totally (teetotally) abstained from.

Do not use much butter or oily fish, no pastry or cheese, no hot sauces; as condiments I should permit mustard, pepper, and a little vinegar, with now and then onions as a relish. Cayenne is also good, in moderation.

Be all day long in the open air, and have sea-bathing regularly if you have it at all.

The Turkish bath once a week unless contra-indicated.

Wear a flannel belt round the loins.

Beware of draughts.

Do not sit in a strong sunshine.

Do not walk till you perspire.

Avoid fatigue in every form.

Take plenty of exercise, nevertheless, and see that it is of a pleasurable sort.

Dine in the middle of the day. Have an hour's siesta afterwards. Then tea, then walking; supper early, and a good long delightful walk an hour afterwards.

A bottle of Vichy or soda water, and one little dry biscuit before going to bed, are often productive of a good night's sleep.

Such a simple *régime* as the above, coupled with the healing power of the summer air to be breathed everywhere in these islands, except in towns, will often do wonders in restoring health.

At the seaside, I may add, much benefit is obtained, in cases of nervous disorder and liver complaints, or, indeed, whenever the system wants setting up and calming at one and the same time, by taking a course of hot sea-water baths. These are to be had at most large watering-places on the coast.

But whatever is done must be done systematically, or you had better do nothing at all. To set about your cure half-heartedly can only end in failure. Therefore, I repeat, write down rules for your guidance, and stick to them hard and fast; and write down, also, present symptoms to be compared with future, and so you shall do well, and with God's blessing get well.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ENQUIRER.—The Teachers' Guild of Great Britain and Ireland, for men and women, has several local branches and correspondents in all parts of England. It also issues valuable papers. The secretary for the women's section is Miss Brough, 17, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

DORA.—We can only give you the dictionary meanings (see Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates"), "Atheism," from the Greek "A," without; "Theos," God; see Ps. xiv. 1. It was professed by Epicurus, Lucretius, and others. Spinoza was the defender of a similar doctrine, 1677. Atheism was the ruling doctrine of the French Republic, 1794 till 1804. Lord Bacon says, "Though a small draught of philosophy may lead a man into atheism, a deep draught will certainly bring him back to the belief of a God." "Secularism" is explained in the same work as "being a name given to the principles advocated by Messrs. G. J. and A. Holyoake, in 1846, and since then by Mr. Bradlaugh. Its central idea is freethought. It is not specially directed against Christianity, but independent of it. Its standard is utilitarian. It is the religion of the present life only, teaching men to seek happiness in duty and morality in nature. Mr. Austin Holyoake and other secularists repudiated atheism; Mr. Bradlaugh and others profess it." 2. The fee paid to the Civil Service examiners is 1s. only.

EINE LEHRERIN AND ONE IN TROUBLE.—Miss Leigh's address in Paris, is 77, Avenue Wagram. The Governesses' Home is 8, Rue Neuve Fortin. In Vienna there is the Victoria Jubilee Home for British Governesses. In Paris there is also Miss Pryde's excellent Home for Governesses and Lady Art Students, 23, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne (L'Arc de Triomphe), to which you might write for terms. You could study French there, and a French teacher lives in the home.

A. E. MARQUAND.—We fear we shall disappoint you in making our usual answer, i.e., that such situations are only obtained by advertisement, by answering advertisements, or through an agency. We should imagine that the *Times* would be the best paper.

GUSSIE AND TINA.—The Simoom—Arabic, *samma*, or "hot"—is a hot, arid wind, peculiar to the sandy deserts of Africa and Western Asia. The air, heated by contact with the noonday burning sand, ascends, and the influx of colder air from all sides forms a whirlwind or miniature cyclone, which is borne across the desert laden with sand and dust. It occurs at the equinoxes, and has a very destructive effect on both animal and vegetable life. In the Sahara Desert, in North Africa, these winds are specially frequent at certain seasons, and are felt in all the countries bordering the Mediterranean. The sirocco of South Italy, the samel of Turkey, the salano of Spain, and the namsin of Egypt have their origin as simooms in the Sahara. The word "tornado" is from the Spanish and Italian word "tornare," to turn, that is, a whirling wind. This word is used in America, as well as "cyclo," for the violent storms there. The subject of the faws of storms is a little too big to be approached in our small space; but we have explained as far as possible.

HOUSEKEEPING.

E. I. BORRACLOUGH.—We strongly advise you to send your tapestry curtains to a professional cleaner's, as it requires an experienced hand. You will find it a great deal cheaper and will save yourself no trouble only, but almost certain disappointment. We have many times given directions for drying flowers. Coloured leaves should be brushed over with a delicate coating of white artist's varnish or thin gum-arabic. Flowers should be pressed between sheets of clean blotting paper, and these changed daily.

P. D. O. J., SARAH CLIFFE.—How can we tell you "how to get a stain out of a linen tablecloth," when you do not say whether of iron-mould, ink, wine, or fruit, or of mildew? We think you had better refer to vol. iv., page 817, and read the last part of the series called "The Fairy of the Family," entitled "Spots and Stains." 2. The stains of mud are of a composite nature, some grease being mixed with it, especially in London mud.

X. Y. Z.—Both your queries point to a damp house. Damp is a great cause of moths, and the only plan for keeping them away is to have the rooms kept as dry as possible, and the carpet so arranged as to be easily taken up. Ironing a carpet over with hot irons is said to kill the moths' eggs and the grubs.

LIZZIE.—If the dye has rubbed off the leather you might use one of Judson's dyes to recolor it, and when dry apply white of egg to restore the polish. **SUSSEX** must hold the wrong side of the velvet over the steam of boiling water to take the marks out. Well shake and brush afterwards.

M. I. B. S.—The discolouration of the marble is due to smoke only, we should think. Make a mixture of equal parts of soft soap, washing soda, powdered whiting, and a small piece of stone blue. Add a little water to the powder, which should be as fine as possible, and then the soap, heat all together and apply hot to the mantelpiece, leaving it on for twenty-four hours, and washing off with hot water and soap. This will restore the colour.

LAURETTE.—An old ink-stain is rather difficult to remove from a carpet. Wet the spot first, and then apply salts of sorrel. Wash off immediately with clean water for fear of its making a hole.

M. P. E.—Real bronze may be cleaned with a sponge and soap and water, then rinsed in a little beer, and dried (without wiping) before the fire. But if the articles be not real bronze they should only be carefully dusted, as washing will take off the bronzing. You may use a leather to polish them.