



NEGLECTED COLDS AND WINTER COUGHS.

By "MEDICUS."

I HAD meant when I sat down here to tell you something about a six-weeks' Highland or Scottish holiday I have just concluded. But this will come in better later on perhaps, for I am not likely to forget any incident thereof, and there is many a useful little lesson to be learned from a travelling holiday. But in my last I promised to tell you something about that plaguing trouble which medical men call chronic bronchitis and laymen winter-cough. Oh, it is a wearying, worrying complaint without a doubt, not that I have ever suffered from it, but I know all about it, and am acquainted with dozens of people who have annual attacks thereof.

Winter-cough is probably one of those ailments that patients get very little pity or sympathy for.

"It is only just that cough of hers," I heard a young lady remark not long ago, referring to her auntie. "It is only that cough of hers. Not a thing else ails her. But she does keep on so, and her temper is none of the best."

I am not sure if these are the exact words, but they are very near them. "Only just that cough of hers!" How unfeeling! *Only* the cough! As if that wasn't enough. Think for a moment of the misery of it. I do but mention a few of the more common symptoms when I point to the state of general enervation caused by the trouble. It is not only the attacks of coughing, that seem sometimes to give relief rather than otherwise, but the sense of oppression on the chest that is often felt, the inability to breathe so freely as usual, the positive difficulty in breathing if the sufferer hurries herself at all or goes quickly up a stair, and which tells of lungs that are stuffy and feeble, and blood which is but poorly aerated; the want of appetite, the lowness of spirits, the absence of pliant vigour in every limb and muscle, and the fits of depression or gloom, born probably of nights of insufficient rest and sleep, for mind you, the poor patient would oftentimes slumber well and comfortably if the cough would but permit her. Only it will not, and frequently just as she is dozing off this fit of coughing comes on, as if in a spasm, and is distressing in the extreme. Is it any wonder then that a person so afflicted should seek for relief wherever it can be promised, or that she should become the victim of advertising quacks, with their poisonous syrups and elixirs, which our paternal government still permits them to thrust down the throats of a too-confiding public?

From what I have already written, it must be apparent to all, I think, that winter-cough or chronic bronchitis is something we should all try to avoid. We frequently hear people boasting about the strength of their chests and soundness of their lungs. This is utter folly in a climate like ours; a climate so changeable, a climate that seems to be the very birthplace of fogs and cloud and mist. But those good folks who talk about their soundness of chest are usually the first to fall

into the very deepest hole in the pit of despondency, when they do catch cold, and to require more nursing than the veriest baby.

How then does winter-cough originate? This is a question that needs careful handling. I may begin by saying that there are those who are far more subject to the complaint than others. There are those who seem to suffer from continual or intermittent attacks of congestion of the lining membranes of the air-passages, from the nose downwards to the utmost ramifications of the bronchi and air-cells. Such a condition is often hereditary, and, beyond keeping the strength always well up to par, avoiding wet and damp and draughts, or too great heat, like that which is found in stuffy or over-crowded rooms, very little can be done for it. But those who are usually very strong are apt to neglect a first cold. "Oh, bother," they say, "a cold never lasts long with me, and I don't do anything for it. It takes care of itself." Yes, and this may be to some degree true and right, for too much coddling, when one has a cold, is apt to do more harm than good. At the same time neglected colds have a disagreeable habit of returning and returning, with diminished intervals, till the patient begins to conclude that, after all, she is more susceptible to colds than she first imagined. And all these times, during which she has been neglecting her colds, something has been happening, and I will now tell you what this something is. The mucous membrane you know, that, beginning at the lips and nostrils, lines all the air-passages of nostrils, mouth, and lungs, is a kind of inner skin which is not only exceedingly fine and delicate, but, in a state of health, always moist with mucous. It is supplied of course with a complete network of the finest blood-vessels and nerves, yet when healthy is never engorged, and in colour should be a pale-pink rather than red. But it does become engorged with blood, or congested, when one has a cold, and it then throws out far more of gluey mucous, and this it is which tickles the throat and causes one to cough. The cold may end here or the trouble advance a stage, and this matter coughed up become purulent. If the mucous membrane were now examined by means of a magnifying-glass it would be found to be covered over with a multitude of tiny sores, from which the muco-purulent discharge exudes.

But no one can have cold after cold thus without the mucous membrane becoming eventually thickened, and once this thickening has taken place, the individual is far more susceptible to colds than before. For a few months in summer, when the weather is warm and the air pure, she may be free from the enemy, but as soon as the damp and the fogs of later autumn commence, the cold returns, and may last off and on throughout all the weary winter. A person so afflicted is an invalid to all intents and purposes, and it is

just as well that she should consider herself so.

Is winter cough a dangerous complaint? I fear that I must answer this question in the affirmative. And specially is it so to the weakly or the aged, and it is often the first sign of a general break-up of the constitution. This very fact coupled with the recollection that chronic bronchitis, when once fairly established, is one of the most difficult ailments to get clear of, that medical men have to treat, should cause everyone, whether young or not so young, to be particular to get well clear of what is lightly termed a common cold before resuming duty or work. What is termed the dregs of a cold are often more dangerous to life than its first or inflammatory stage. While a person is thoroughly ill of cold, and a little fevered, she is glad to stay in-doors, and nurse herself or submit to be nursed; the peril lies in considering herself well, and anxiously commencing work again, before the body, including the lungs, has recovered sufficient tone. Please make a note of that, reader, and don't forget it. I may add that you do well to be guided by the advice of your own physician, yet how many disobey him and go out and expose themselves days before they are really well. I warn them that by so doing, they are sowing the seeds of a trouble that may eventually shorten their lives.

Well, unluckily the symptoms of this winter cough are all too well known, so I need dwell but little longer on them. I may add, however, that if it continues long the whole system gets down, down, down; the digestion becomes weakened, the energy flags, the nerves are shaken, and even the heart gets functionally interfered with.

I have now to say a few words about the treatment of winter cough. It would not be going too far were I to remark, that a sufferer from this complaint is hardly fitted to live in this country during the stormier or wetter seasons. The smoke, too, of such large cities as London, Glasgow and Manchester is very much against the chances of a cure. But few can afford to live out of Britain during the winter, and after all going away is not always to be preferred to staying at home, and doing battle with the enemy. The difficulty is in finding out just how we can best carry on the warfare against the insidious foe. I have always railed against over-coddling, nor is it to be recommended even in winter cough. You see, it is like this, if you stay constantly at home, you may get warmth certainly, but you do not breathe fresh air. And pure air is essential to the cure. The body, including heart, nerves and lungs must be braced up, and you can't do this if you remain in what the Scotch expressively call the "chimney-lug." An easy chair and slipped feet upon the fender may feel and look cosy and snug, but it is far from healthy. Warmth, however, you must have, because the body of a person suffering from winter cough is none too well

nourished and soon chills. This warmth must be sought for from three or four sources. 1. From wearing soft woollen clothing—all wool—not necessarily heavy. 2. From good, easily-digested food. 3. From moderate exercise. 4. From pure air. Just a word on each of these. Then I will give a hint or two about medicines.

1. The *clothing*. This should be easy and rather loose, and as I have said, all wool outside and in. I know absolutely nothing about ladies' dress or costumes, but I may state that the regions of the chest should be specially protected, also the neck and the feet. Nor should comfort in bed be neglected. Sleep on a rather hard mattress, with the head moderately high; protect the feet from cold by wearing socks, and by all means sleep between woollen sheets or even blankets. The room should be very well ventilated and about 55° in temperature. The bed-clothes must not be heavy. Hence the eider-down quilt is an excellent covering.

2. The *food*. When the cough has lasted a long time the appetite is impaired, so the food must be nutritious. I would not advise what is called tempting the appetite too

much, however. It isn't what one swallows but what one digests that does the good.

It is not so well known as it ought to be, that sugar is very strengthening. So too, are milk and cream, and too much of either cannot be taken, so long as they do not derange the appetite or make you feel uncomfortable. Milk may be taken frequently with potash water, but beware of using too much lime water. Lime water is prescribed in a too higgledy-piggledy fashion, I fear, by some of the junior members of our profession, yet in many instances it creates mischief. Beef-tea is good if taken with a little toast, and oatmeal if it agrees, more particularly if it has a gentle action on the system, which must not be constipated by too much exercise. This should be moderate but regular and constant. Wear light warm clothing and walk instead of riding. You are more apt to catch cold in a carriage. Beware of fatigue; remember that anything that throws a strain upon the lungs increases the mischief. Walking much up-hill would, although this is recommended in some ailments of the heart, by way of strengthening it. After a walk if the clothes are in any way damp change them, airing the undercloth-

ing before putting it on. A cup of coffee with plenty of cream and sugar in it does good after a nice walk.

A little chicory in coffee will be found beneficial. The so-called French coffee is, however, usually too French for our insular palates.

Don't cycle if you have a winter cough.

If your own doctor says you are to wear a respirator do so. For my own part I think the respirator is best worn at the back of the fire, and goloshes and macintoshes too.

4. *Pure air*. You can't have too much of this. In fact, if anyone ill of winter cough could always breathe pure air, not too low in temperature, she would get well in a few months.

Now for *medicine*. Chloride of ammonium is said to be useful as a medicine, but I have not tried it. Or the spray-producer may be used with ipecacuanha wine, one ounce to three ounces of warm water. The vapour of chloride of ammonium also does good.

Terebene pure as recommended by the *Lancet*, and made only I believe by Messrs. Burroughs and Wellcome, is spoken very highly of. It is therefore worth a trial.

Then there is cod-liver oil in conjunction with extract of malt.

HER OWN WAY.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "Aldyth's Inheritance," "The Studio Mariano," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

JULIET LEAVES HOME.



special services conducted by the Rev. Arthur Mainprice at St.

Jude's Church excited considerable interest, and were largely attended. Juliet's mother and sisters went to several of them and did their best to persuade her to accompany them. But in vain they spoke with enthusiasm of the preacher's eloquence, and repeated many of his earnest, pointed words. Juliet would not betray the least interest in him or his sayings. She had no wish to listen to the preaching of a man who had presumed to say that he was sorry for her. If the words he spoke in private were so ill-chosen, his pulpit utterances might be still more objectionable. Moreover Juliet was quick to perceive that her elders were anxious that she should attend the services, thinking that they would "do her good," and this perception was sufficient to drive her into an obstinate determination that to not one of the services would she go.

But, notwithstanding her apparent indifference, Juliet took a keen interest in

what was going on. No words which the others let fall concerning Mr. Mainprice escaped her ears. She was quick to see that one evening Salome came back from church with eyelids suspiciously red, and she was aware of a change in her sister during the days that followed. It provoked her that Salome should present an invulnerable front to the darts of her sarcasm, and that her stinging words should meet with no like retort. She could not quarrel alone, and she felt vexed with Salome for declining to play her wonted part. It hurt her sorely when Salome one day took considerable pains in order to render her a service. She did not want Salome to begin to evince tokens of kindness. She wanted her to continue to be disagreeable, and everything in the house to be as unpleasant as possible, that it might be easier to do that which she was secretly planning.

Much as Juliet had resented Mr. Mainprice's words, at times she could almost have owned that they were not uttered without cause. There were moments when she was sorry for herself, when a horror of what lay before her took possession of her mind, and she was ready to cry out to be delivered from her own way. Often at night when Mrs. Tracy imagined Juliet to be tranquilly sleeping, the girl was shedding tears and stifling sobs which threatened to disturb her mother. But with the morning light glowing visions of the future would visit her again, and self-will urge her forward along the path she had chosen.

"Mother," asked Hannah one day, "have you and Juliet come to any decision with regard to our removing from this house? Here is another quarter more than half gone. It is really time something was definitely settled."

"Nothing is decided, dear, and I do not know what to say about it. Juliet

appears to have lost her interest in the matter of late. She does not seem to care whether we go or stay."

"That is so like Juliet. A little while ago she was so impatient to move into a larger house that she thought we could make every arrangement and get out of this in six weeks' time. I never knew such a creature of moods and tempers as she is."

"She is just at an age when girls often do not know their own minds," said Mrs. Tracy; "I was the same before I married. For my part I am quite content to remain here as long as she is willing to do so." And she cast a loving glance round the familiar room.

Her secret hope was that Juliet might ere long win a home of her own. Not that there seemed any likelihood of the girl's marrying at present, but Mrs. Tracy was one of those fond, sanguine mothers who easily persuade themselves of the probability of the happiness they desire for their offspring. Nothing seemed to her more unlikely than that Juliet should remain unsought in marriage. It could not be unreasonable to count upon the arrival of a suitor in every way eligible. Thus Juliet was not the only one who dreamed of a happy future for herself. The visions wrought by her mother's imagination of the life of this darling child might be painted in more common-place hues, but they were none the less entrancing to the dreamer.

"Has Juliet yet made up her mind with regard to her summer holiday?" asked Hannah. "I have heard her make half a hundred different suggestions, but I have no idea which she finds the most alluring."

"I don't think she knows herself," replied Mrs. Tracy. "A little while ago she was wild to go to Norway. Then she proposed that we should go to Switzerland and the Italian lakes, and