

THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE LOGIC OF PAIN.

capped as I am by a hundred other matters, besieged as I am by bores who want my autograph, by people who desire me to write for this or that journal, by people who desire consultation with me on countless literary or even commercial subjects, I nevertheless have felt it a question of conscience to pay you this visit."

"A question of conscience?" said Pauline, suavely.
 "Yes, Mrs. Varick. I—I have seen that stringently objectionable article in the . . . ahem! . . . the *Morning Monitor*. May I ask if you also have seen it? And pray be sure that when I thus ask I feel confident you *must* have seen it, since bad tidings travel quickly, and . . ."

"Yes, Mr. Barrowe, I have seen it," said Pauline, interrupting another thin, diplomatic sort of cough on the part of her visitor. "And I should be glad if you could tell me what devoted foe wrote it."

Mr. Barrowe now trembled with eagerness. "I—I can tell you!" he exclaimed. "It—it was that unhappy Miss Cragge! I had no sooner read it, in my office this morning, than I was attacked by a conviction—an absolute conviction—that *she* wrote it. Handicapped, besieged as I am . . . but let that pass . . ."

"Yes—let that pass," softly cried Pauline, meaning no discourtesy, yet bent upon reaching the bare fact and proof. "You say that you are sure that Miss Cragge wrote the article?"

"Positively certain," asseverated Mr. Barrow. "I went to the lady at once. I found her at her desk in the office of—well, let us not mind *what* newspaper. I upbraided her with having written it! I was very presumptuous, perhaps—very dictatorial, but I did not care. I had stood up for the lady, not many evenings ago, at the risk of your displeasure."

"The *lady!*" repeated Pauline, half under her breath, and with a distinct sneer. "Go on, please, Mr. Barrowe. Did Miss Cragge confess?"

"Miss Cragge *did* not confess. But she showed such a defiant tendency *not* to confess—she treated me with such an overbearing pugnaciousness and disdain, that before I had been five minutes in her society I had no doubts whatever as to the real authorship of the shocking article. And now, Mrs. Varick, I wish to offer you my most humble and deferential apologies. I wish to tell you how deeply and sincerely sorry I am for ever having entered into the least controversy with you regarding that most aggressive and venomous female! For, my dear madam, besieged and handicapped though I may be by countless . . ."

"Don't offer me a word of apology, Mr. Barrowe!" here struck in Pauline, jumping up from her seat and seizing the hand of her guest. "It is quite needless! I owe you more than you owe me! You have told me the name of my enemy, of which I was nearly certain all along."

And here Pauline gave the gentleman's bony and cadaverous face one of those glances which those who liked her best thought the most charming. "I have been told," she went on, with a very winning intonation, "that you had a large, warm heart!"

"Who—who told you that?" murmured Mr. Barrowe, evidently under the spell of his hostess's beauty and grace.

"Mr. Kindelon," Pauline said, gently.
 "Kindelon!" exclaimed Mr. Barrowe, "Why, he is my worst enemy, as—as I fear, my dear madam, that Miss Cragge is yours!"

"Oh, never mind Miss Cragge," said Pauline, with a sweet, quick laugh; "and never mind Mr. Kindelon, either. I have only to talk about *you*, Mr. Barrowe, and to tell you that I have never yet met a good true man (for I am certain that you are such) who stood in his own light so persistently as you do. You have an immense talent for quarrelling," she went on, with pretty seriousness. "Neglect it—crush it down—be yourself! Yourself is a very honest and agreeable self to be. I am always on the side of people with good intentions, and I am sure that yours are of the best. A really bitter-hearted man ruffles people, and so do you. But your motives for it are as different from his as malice is different from dyspepsia. I am sure you are going to reform, from this hour."

"Reform?" echoed Mr. Barrowe.
 Pauline gave a laugh of silver clearness and heartiest mirth. As often happens with us when we are most assailed by care, she forgot all present misery for at least the space of a minute or so.

"Yes," she cried, with a bewitching glee quite her own and by no means lost upon her somewhat susceptible listener, "you are going to conform the Mr. Barrowe of real life to the Mr. Barrowe who writes those brilliant, judicial, and trenchant essays. Oh, I have read them! You need not fancy that I am talking mere foundationless flattery, such as you doubtless get from many of those people who . . . well, who handicap you, you know . . . And your reformation is to begin at once. I am to be your master. I have a lot of lessons to teach!"

"When are my instructions to begin?" said Mr. Barrowe, with a certain awkward yet positive gallantry. "I am very anxious to receive them."

"Your first intimation of them will be a request to dine with me. Will you accept?—you and your wife of course."

"But my wife is an invalid. She never goes anywhere."
 "I hope, however, that she sometimes dines."

"Yes, she dines, poor woman . . . incidentally."
 "Then she will perhaps give me an incidental invitation to break bread . . . Oh, my dear Mr. Barrowe, what I mean is simply that I want to know you better, and so acquire the right to tell you of a few superficial faults which prevent all the world from recognizing your kindly soul. I . . ."

(To be continued.)

It seems to be settled that New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, Philadelphia, Montreal and other large cities are to be visited by the Boston Museum Company next season.

WE are apt to regard pain as too exclusively an evil, and an unmitigated evil. We regard it as the essential part of the primal curse; its endurance is part of servitude, or the fate of the vanquished amidst savage races. Pain in disease has always been regarded as the great part of the cross we have to bear. Yet the question may be asked, is pain an unmitigated evil; has not pain other aspects, other sides to it? Is the pain of disease, or of an injury not often highly, indeed eminently useful?

There are certainly forms of pain, indeed, to which animated beings are subject, which seem devoid of any good purpose, such as the pain inflicted by a cancerous growth. Cancer does not necessarily produce pain, and in nerveless regions its growth is not productive of suffering. But when a nerve-fibril gets caught by the progressing cell-growth of cancer, and is pressed upon by its remorseless grasp, then pain, persistent and agonizing, is the result. Probably no torture that ever was inflicted by man on man is more exquisite than that caused by the grip of a cancerous growth; where, as Montgomery wrote, "there is no temporary relief but in opium, no permanent rest but in the grave."

It would, however, be very erroneous and one-sided to regard pain solely, or even chiefly, from the point of view here put forth. Pain is the protector of the voiceless tissues! It tells us to desist from efforts when they are becoming injurious, it teaches us to avoid what is destructive to the tissues; it compels us to rest injured parts, and so to permit of their repair. Pain, then, is very far from an unmitigated evil. To what injuries, blows, burns, contusions, &c., would not the framework of man and of animals be subjected to if the slow lessons of consequential injury were left without the sharp reproof of pain. The suffering immediately attracts the attention, and consequently that which would do much damage is avoided, not from any rational consideration of the consequences, but from the pain directly produced. Without the advantages which thus spring from pain, animals and savage men would incessantly be inflicting much injury upon themselves, and indeed often be imperilling their existence. Pain from this point of view is distinctly preservative throughout the whole of animated creation. The utility of pain is seen in the membrane which sweeps the surface of the eye, for instance, in several animals, whenever any irritant particle is brought into contact with these delicate structures. The pain caused by the foreign body sets up reflexly a muscular contraction in this membrane, and thus it is brought across the eye, sweeping the surface, and so the offending matter is removed. When the foreign body is too fixed to be so removed, disorganization of the eye follows, and amidst a general destruction of the organ the irritant matter is got rid of. Destruction of the eye in these animals would be a common occurrence if it were not for this muscular arrangement, and pain is the excitant. Not only does pain so defend the eye from the injurious effects of foreign bodies, it often serves to protect the delicate organ from overwork; and where pain is so produced, rest is given to the part, and recovery is instituted. The grave diseases of the eye are those which are painless, where incipient disease is aggravated by persisting action.

The advantages which ensue from pain are most markedly seen, and are most obvious, in the case of injuries. When a joint is sprained the pain caused by movement in it compels the rest which is essential to repair. If there were no pain produced by motion the parts would almost certainly be exercised to the detriment and to the delay of the reparative processes. So too, in broken bones, the agony caused by motion is such that a fixed position is maintained for weeks; with the result that the part, being kept at absolute rest, is thus permitted to recover as speedily as may be. Hilton, in his well-known work, "On Rest and Pain," tells of a washerwoman who had a large mass on her collar-bone, which presented all the characters of a bony tumour. The fact was the clavicle was fractured; but, as it happened, movement did not in this case elicit pain, and the woman toiled on at her occupation, and soon an enormous and unwontedly massive natural splint was required to permit of reunion taking place.

In like manner pain is most protective in certain internal diseases. Thus in inflammation of the large serous covering which invests the abdominal viscera and lines the walls of this space, pain, the result of movement, secures rest. Doubtless this pain is often such as to constitute a great danger to life; nevertheless, without it and its consequences more serious mischief would usually be produced. When there is an abscess in the liver, pain is induced by movement of this viscus; when a rib is broken, the fractured end rubs upon the pleura, and excite inflammation of it; and the pain thus set up causes the patient to call in a surgeon. Then in certain conditions of the stomach, pain is produced by improper food; and so dyspepsia guides the sufferer to the choice of suitable food, which does not set up pain. Such are some of the best known instances of the utility of pain in local ailments or injuries.

There are, however, more general conditions which evoke pain, and where that pain is the means of the condition being relieved, or remedied by medical art. Take neuralgia for instance. It may be the outcome of several conditions which have to be discriminated for its relief. Neuralgia is the common outcome of blood either poverty-stricken or poisoned by some deleterious ingredients, as in material poisoning for instance. Without the pain so produced the condition would go on unrelieved, and ulterior organic changes would probably be brought about. The pale, bloodless creature who is the prey of facial neuralgia, or that pain in the intercostal nerves which is felt below the heart (and commonly referred to that organ), is compelled thereby to desist from exhausting efforts, and to seek in rest and good food that relief which is so imperatively demanded by the pain. With several persons known intimately to the writer, neuralgia pain is the