

in 1876. The subject he took up was "Mental Anxiety as a cause of Granular Kidney," and by an analysis of his case-books he showed what an abnormally large proportion of the patients showing symptoms of granular kidney had been subject to the depressing influence of prolonged anxiety. He says: "During the last two years I have made notes of thirty-five cases of granular kidney occurring in private practice, and I find a marked history of mental distress or care, or both, in twenty-four of them." This is a large proportion, even if we admit that the pushing inhabitants of West Yorkshire worry abnormally concerning this world's goods. Several illustrative cases are given, and one especially in which, as a consequence of an unfortunate investment, a man in a good position for three years "went to bed night by night ignorant whether he might not be gradually drained of his all." Dickinson is in some sense in accord with Allbutt on this question, although not so positive. Prolonged mental disturbance, anxiety, or grief as a cause of granular kidney is, he says, "perhaps problematical; the mode of its operation is not obvious, but must be surmised as through the nervous system. A lowering of nervous force is to be recognized at least as predisposing to every form of albuminuria. I have seen so many instances in which granular degeneration has been immediately sequent upon trouble that, in the absence of other causes, I am fain to conclude that mental conditions are sometimes concerned in its production."—*British Medical Journal*.

A PLEA FOR PALLIATION.

"Got ther blam'dest toothache, Doc, you most ever see;
Leastways, its the darndest one thet ever tackled me.
Couldn't smile to save me: fact is, if I'd try,
One side my month'd screw around
'Till it fairly touched my eye.
Tother wouldn't budge an inch, fer thar the trouble lies.
Guess you kin kinder see the lump, taint no slouch for size,
An' every inch of thet air bunch, jest fairly makes me hump;
Jest squint yer eye on thet swellin', Doc,
Can't ye see thet darned thing jump?
No, sir ee! don't want it jerked. I know what'll stop it quicker
Then yer forceps or yer oil of cloves, an' thet's a pint o' lickier;
Jest write me a perscripshun,, Doc; before, it always worked,
An' taint half so hard on yer muscle, Doc, As if I'd get it jerked.
This tooth has bothered me so much, I know what lickier'll do.
What's thet ye say! don't believe it aches!
Didn't think thet, Doc, of you;
Why, can't ye see thet swellin' thar? Jest take yer hand and feel;
I wouldn't tell ye' what ain't so, yer gittin' a square deal.
What's thet, ye say? A terbacker cud thet causes all thet swellin';
An' ye 'don't believe a single word of what I've been a tellin'?'
And the Doctor smiles at the receding form, as he closed the office door,
He's familiar with that toothache, he's been there oft before?

Medical Brief.

FOR VOMITING OF PREGNANCY.—
Dr. Goodell recommends:

Ceri Oxalat.....gr. i
Ipecacuanha.....gr. i
Creasoti.....gtt. ij

M. Sig.—To be taken every hour until nausea is controlled.

SOME men never grow old; and this may be said of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose mortal life was as brilliant and full of vigorous thought when he crossed the River of Death, at eighty-five years of age, to the immortal life beyond, as in his youth and riper manhood. Although the author,