

degree, or come of age." Saying which, he displayed half his goods on the table, made a heap of those which he decided would suit me best, gabbled that he should always be proud to serve me, and eventually vanished, leaving me the owner of about a hundred pounds' worth of property, which was set down to me in the bill I had the pleasure of paying a few years afterwards at over £300. This bagman did not operate only in Oxford; he and a few more of his pattern were continually on the roam between the University towns and the Horse Guards' barracks; but they also did a good stroke of business by offering young girls in society the run of their bags, with credit unlimited, till marriage-day. Poor Miss Rose fell into their clutches. The modiste's bill was only the first step in the downward run. One day the French old woman introduced a jeweller's man who had called quite by chance, and happened to have a rare assortment of bracelets in his coat-pockets. Jewellers often call quite by chance at fashionable dressmakers when there are young ladies there. Poor Rose held out once, twice, but the third time she gave in. The bracelets were too pretty and the bagman too civil. Then there was the tradesman who sold the six-button gloves; he didn't like being paid ready money either—no more did the birthday present man, no more did any of them. To cut a long story short, Miss Rose soon discovered how pleasant a life may be led by spending one's sixty pounds as pocket-money, and leaving the cost of all one's dresses and trinkets to accumulate. Nobody troubled her, nobody dunned her. Her life was in every sense unchequered until her marriage.

She married a rich man, but one of those rich men who act uncommonly as if they were poor ones. He had made his money slowly, and knew the worth of it. At an early date after their marriage he took an opportunity to apprise his wife that he disliked debt, that he was in favour of seeing all things ruled in ship-shape, and that to this end he would allow her so much pin money, requesting her at the same time not to incur obligations towards anybody, for that if she found her allowance insufficient he would increase it. This was said in a polite tone, but with a sort of business-like composure that made poor Rose feel as if she would rather die a thousand deaths than ask the man for a penny. He was not an ideal husband by any means. Very much older than herself, and older still in experience than he was in years, he had no indulgence whatever for human foibles, accounting that a man or woman who went astray once on any one point would go astray again, and upon others. He said "Yes" and "No" in a tone that froze you to the marrow when you had anything to expect from these answers; and his unhappy wife was not long in discovering that she could only hold her place in his esteem by being absolutely faultless—never giving him the faintest pretext for reproach. How acknowledge to such a being that she owed five or six hundred pounds? She had put off the confession long enough, and yet the time was coming when she must make it. The milliner had shown herself sweet as ever, but a trifle anxious about her little bill. The smoothness of the jeweller had not abated, only he expatiated on the advantages of discharging one account before opening another. As for the glove-man, should he send his bill into Mr.—, or would Mrs.— prefer to pay it herself? All this uttered with a pointed air, which makes one feel menaces beneath. At this juncture there began to hover about Rose young X., a very good fellow, with a great deal of money, but with no more principle than a magpie. It was quite natural that X. should hover about Rose, for marriage had improved her into the most charming woman under heaven; but she was not the woman to encourage hovering, and she would quickly have sent young X. about his business, had not the ghastly idea occurred to her in one of those moments of dejection when women will catch at any straw that this X. might perhaps consent to help her in her trouble. Of course, in planning to ask help of X., her thoughts went no further. She had seen him throw money about as if it were no more than brass to him, and her idea was simply to beg of him a loan which she would repay as fast as she could out of her pin-money. But a loan from a man, and from such a man as X! She had not seen the brink towards which she was hurrying then; fear, the hideous fear, of letting her husband into her secret, and giving him to suppose that she married him only that her debts might be paid—this was driving her along distracted; and she would have gone over the brink but for a happy chance. That chance lay in my sister's calling on me one day to say with a great deal of crying how matters stood. Poor Rose had told her all. She wanted—she must have—five hundred pounds. My sister had not got them, and whether I had or not she supposed men were far too selfish to help women in such straits as these. Whereupon, telling me how much she despised us all, she left me to my reflections. And these reflections were not pleasant. I knew X., and could have no illusions whatever as to what that good fellow was aiming at; and I knew Rose, and remembered that during a week I had half thought of asking her to be my wife. Then I called to mind that perhaps it was after all my sister's fault that Rose had run up her first bill—in short, I need not go into all my reflections. I had something more than the much-needed sum at my banker's. The only difficulty was to convey it to Rose in such a way as she should not feel under any obligation. A luminous idea struck me. There were races at Hampton or Kingston, or some such place, the next day. I scribbled a note to my sister to say that she and Rose must make up a party and go, and that I would meet them there, but that she must not forewarn Rose of this. They went. What arguments my sister used to bring Rose on to a racecourse, goodness knows, but she did bring her; and I remember the scared looks of the pair of them sitting in their carriage amid all the tumult. I had mentally concerted everything beforehand, and went up smiling to Rose to ask her if she betted. No, she didn't bet. But would she take a ticket in a sweep? A hundred of us had got up a sweep at five pounds the ticket, and the whole five hundred was to go to the winner. With these words I handed her a little basketful of pieces of paper folded. "Draw one," I said. Her eyes glistened, and she hesitated. She had not got the five pounds with her. That didn't matter, I replied; she should pay me another time. She drew, and it is needless to say that on every piece of paper in the basket was the name of the same horse, the only one who had a chance of winning, for it was a tenth-rate race with only three horses in. But this of course she didn't know, nor even if she had known would she have understood. "What's the horse's colour?" she asked in a trembling voice. "It's a bay," I answered, "and the jockey has a blue jacket with orange sleeves." "Blue with orange," she murmured; and I shall never forget the expression of her face as she leaned over the

carriage side, clutching her ticket, to see the horses when they broke into sight. As for me, a sickening sensation seized me at the thought that the blue-and-orange brute might not win. I glanced at Rose, and then strained my eyes with suspense. At a corner the horse stumbled. Rose drew her hand across her brow as if she had been struck. But in another instant the jockey had righted himself. Heaven be praised that there should be screws in the world! The blue-and-orange beat the others in a canter. The next day I took Rose a bundle of notes. X. was out of town, and was not to return till the morrow. It was then she had determined to ask him for the money. She was, therefore, saved.

"And now?" I asked, as my friend concluded. "Oh, now," he answered, "Rose, cured by her adventure, turned over a fresh leaf. She took pattern by her husband, and became a Dorcas-meeting lady—a kind of saint in silk—a woman to whom one kneels." "And she was grateful to you, let us hope?" He laughed. "A couple of years ago," he answered, "she struck me off her visiting list, because, said she, I was a man who gambled and went on the turf."—*Pall Mall Budget.*

SICK HEADACHE—ITS CAUSE AND SOME OF THE REMEDIES.

Many persons, afflicted with periodic sick headache, will be interested in finding their feelings and experiences portrayed in the following article by Dr. Samuel Wilks, physician at Guy's Hospital, London, communicated to the *British Medical Journal* :—

The subject of sick headache is one in which I take a personal interest, having been a martyr to it all my life, and having, in consequence, often had to compare notes with those who have been like sufferers with myself, whether they have been friends or patients. It is important to possess a correct idea of what is intended by the name, for I have often met with medical men who have no other knowledge of a sick headache than what is implied in the term bilious attack, or the headache which follows the eating too good a dinner. A headache following a debauch or too much wine is common enough, and may happen to any one; also the headache, in peculiar idiosyncrasies, from eating some special article of diet, and which, probably, has a gouty origin. But the true sick headache which I take is almost equivalent to hemiplegia or migraine, is a purely nervous affection, and occurs generally in the most temperate livers, and thus is often totally misapprehended by those who only think of headache as a symptom of stomach disorder. It is for the most part hereditary, runs in families, and is due to a peculiar nervous temperament. Whatever produces a strong impression on the nervous system of such a one so predisposed, will cause an attack, and it may thus be induced in a hundred different ways. Consequently the sufferers from this complaint often make it the whole business of life to avoid moving a single step out of the even tenor of their way, so as to prevent as far as possible its occurrence. The visit to the theatre, the concert room, or the dinner party, is always followed by headache, for the excitement, the altered temperature or vitiated air, are all equal to its production; but even less than these is sufficient, for any strong impression on the nerves will produce it, as a loud noise, an hour's visit to a picture gallery, looking through the microscope, odours of various kinds, as of spring flowers, and even the tasting of some substances; also exposure of the body to the sun or strong wind; moreover, various moral causes and worry are sure to be followed by the familiar headache.

The true cause, then, of sick headache lies deep in the patient's idiosyncrasy, and is developed by a hundred different causes. The advice, then, to sufferers is to give as much tone as they can to their nerves by adopting all those methods which experience has shown to be good, and then avoid, as far as is practicable, all those causes which are known to excite an attack. I need scarcely describe a sick headache—how one rises in the morning more dead than alive, perfectly unable to swallow the smallest particle of food, and often, perhaps, actually sick; how the head throbs, and the pain is increased by the slightest movement; how speaking or doing is a burden beyond bearing; how one prays to be left alone in the utmost quiet, so that he may if possible sleep. To other persons the sufferer looks extremely ill, very pale, dark around the eyes, and with contracted pupil. To himself his head feels hot, and the application of cold is very refreshing. The clamminess in the mouth, the nausea, and general disturbances, are secondary, and have no connection with any improper meal, and thus are in no way relieved by the too frequently and ignorantly administered purgative. This is not needed, and has no good result. The only remedies which are of any avail are those which act on the nervous system, such as hot tea or coffee; or, after the stomach is quieter, and the more urgent symptoms have passed off, a little wine or ammonia. If the headache take more the form of hemiplegia, then remedies are occasionally useful, as the local application of the bisulphide of carbon or galvanism and internally the bromide of potassium. This is the only drug which I have really seen to be serviceable. Whilst the nausea exists and the worst symptoms prevail, even this remedy is of no avail. So little can we prejudice the value of medicines, that I have ever been willing to administer any remedy which can be proposed; and thus not long ago I myself swallowed with great faith a specific powder sent me by a friend from Vancouver's Island; but, alas! it must be catalogued with all other remedies for sick headache—it was useless. As regards tea and coffee, which often relieve, it is possible that these and other stimulants, taken in excess, render the nervous system more susceptible to the attacks; and I believe I am right in saying that it was Mr. Martyn, of Brompton, who informed me of more than one person who had entirely lost his headache from leaving these off.

The various influences spoken of acting through the different parts of the nervous system, impress immediately the sympathetic, and so alter the current of blood through the head; thus, while the face is pale, the larger vessels are throbbing, the head is hot, and the remedies which instinct suggests are cold and pressure to the part. In fact, of all the means which have been used to cure this trouble, the only one on which we can rely to procure relief is the wet bandage tied tightly round the head. The method must be instinctive, for it is universal, and has been from all time. As our Shakespeare is often quoted to illustrate the morbid states of the body as well as the passions of the mind he may again be conjured up to testify to the ancient practice of which I have been speaking. For example, in the scene between

Hubert and Arthur, in King John, the latter, when petitioning for the preservation of his eyes, says :—

"When your head did but ache
I knit my handkerchief about your brows."

And in Othello we have not only the remedy for headache given, but the cause. The former was the handkerchief about which the chief interest of the play entered.

"Desdemona—Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?"

Othello—I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Desdemona—Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again.
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well."

The substance of this communication is, that sick headache is not to be cured by gastro-hepatic remedies. It is a purely nervous affection, and due entirely, in my experience, to hereditary predisposition; and is excited by causes innumerable which act on a susceptible nervous system. There is therefore, no cure, in the proper sense of the term, for this would imply a change in the patient's nature; and for the attacks themselves, when severe, the only relief which can be reckoned upon is to be found in a wet bandage round the head, profound quiet, and, if possible, sleep.

PURE WATER.

Dr. Letheby, the best English authority on sanitary matters, in a recent lecture, cites the following conclusions as the result of his investigations on water supply :—

1. The human body needs for its structure and maintenance the supply of certain salts, among which are the carbonate and phosphate of lime, these being in a special manner required to give stability to the bones, and having also their further uses in living economy.
2. The phosphate of lime is supplied to us in our ordinary animal and vegetable food, but is not presented to us in water.
3. The carbonate of lime, on the contrary, is not primarily presented to us in sufficient quantity in our solid food, but is contained in variable and more fitting proportions in spring and river waters.
4. It is from the carbonate of lime brought down by rivers into the sea that all marine animals derive the denser part of their construction, the remains of which, during the progress of geological periods, have been, and continue to be exaggerated into huge expanses of limestone rock.
5. What has sufficed for the wants of these lower animals has sufficed also for those of the higher organizations, of which man is the head.
6. Positively, this is proved and confirmed by the fact that in limestone districts, where the waters are more or less hard, man has been shown to have reached his most vigorous average physical development.
7. Negatively, this is proved also by its having been found that the mortality of our principal towns increases, on a calculation of averages, in the proportion that the hardness of the water is diminished.
8. A water containing about six grains of carbonate of lime is nowhere held to be a hard water, but is fitted for every use of domestic economy or manufacture.
9. Such a water, whether as a drink or as combined with our food, presents to us in the most regular and constant of forms, and in its most simple, natural and easily appropriated state, the carbonate of lime required for the healthy maintenance of the living system; while it is otherwise naturally preferable, because imbued with more agreeable qualities, and higher refreshing and invigorating powers.
10. A lake water, independent of the consideration of its low impregnation with carbonate of lime, is further objectionable from its deficiency of air and carbonic acid, its extreme coldness in winter and tepidness in summer, its combination with peaty and other matters, the abundant presence of living animal and vegetable organisms, and its general want of sapidity and agreeableness, and, consequently, its lower refreshing powers.
11. These views so obviously concordant in fact and reason, are consistent with the natural tastes and instincts of all people in all ages, have been maintained by the mass of scientific men in all countries, and have been publicly ratified through the results of repeated Government inquiries.
12. Therefore, wherever a community has a choice between a water immediately derived from springs, and thus moderately impregnated with carbonate of lime, the excellence of which no one questions, and a lake water, the defective qualities of which are denounced by many, it ought unquestionably to prefer the former, on every probable consideration of comfort, health, convenience, and, in the end, were it on no other grounds than these, of the truest economy.

Millaud, the banker and newspaper speculator, who died recently in Paris, and who founded the *Paris Petit Journal*, which at one time had a daily circulation of nearly half a million copies, was an enthusiastic believer in the advantages of liberal advertising. One day he had at his table nearly all the proprietors of the leading Paris dailies. They conversed about advertising. Millaud asserted that the most worthless articles could be sold in vast quantities, if liberally advertised. Emile de Girardin, of *La Presse*, who was present, took issue with him on the subject. "What will you bet," exclaimed Millaud, "that I cannot sell in one week one hundred thousand francs' worth of the most common cabbage seed under the pretext that it will produce mammoth cabbage heads? All I have to do is to advertise it at once in a whole-page insertion of the daily papers of this city." Girardin replied that he would give him a page in his paper for nothing if he should win his wager. The other newspaper publishers agreed to do the same thing. At the expiration of the week they inquired of Millaud how the cabbage-seed had flourished. He showed them his books triumphantly, and satisfied them that he had sold nearly twice as much as he promised, while orders were still pouring in; but he said the joke must stop there, and no further orders would be filled.

The following form of a Plebiscite in France has been proposed :—Let all those who vote for the Republic place the stamp on their letters with the head in its natural position: let the others simply turn the heads upside down; and let the postmen be consulted in three months.