

the tedious recitation of his hundred and one ailments; and above all do not laugh at, or make light of, any absurd statement; neither lay too much stress upon any one symptom. He is supersensitive; a perfect barometer of restlessness. He may have already visited several physicians, who did not consider his case as serious as he thought they should. It is notorious that many of them wander from one doctor's office to another. I admitted one patient to the Homewood who had run the gauntlet of nineteen physicians. Take an interest in him, make full notes of his case, so as to be familiar with all of his complaints. Overhaul him thoroughly, so as to eliminate any possibility of a lurking organic lesion.

In brief, what is his story? "I am tired, I am weak." This feeling of exhaustion is always well marked; it makes him irritable and easily discouraged. It is this feeling of lassitude that induced him to give up his occupation. "I have a numb feeling in my head, a headache." This constant symptom worries him very much. His head appears to him as if it is in a vise. He fears he is going insane; thoughts of suicide will arise in his mind; he will talk about it to his friends and intensify their fears for him. "My eyes are weak, they have boring pains in them, and there is something wrong with my ears." This is not uncommon, and will often lead him to consult an oculist, who finds no marked lesion. "I cannot settle my mind on anything." This difficulty of consecutive thought and action, and inability to make a decision, is very characteristic, and makes him restless and discontented with himself and everybody else. "I have an all-gone feeling in my stomach, and my food does me no good." He may have some gaseous distention, and some abdominal sensitiveness on pressure, but it in no way accounts for his woebegone appearance. The liver may be slightly engorged, and constipation may be a habit. He may have arrived at the hypochondriacal stage, when he is sure that nothing passes through him. He is much distressed. "I do not sleep, and I feel stupid." This is often a dominating feature of his case. He cannot go to sleep until very late, and he wakes up early. He tosses around in bed, thinking and worrying as to what is going to happen to him; morbid fear possesses him; his broken sleep is unrefreshing; he loses weight; dark circles show themselves around his eyes; he moves along in a state of partial stupor; the universe looks blue to him. His own mental picture throws deep shadows; there is no silver lining.

"There is something wrong with my heart; listen to it." This feeling of pseudo-palpitation is enhanced at night when