

learn to be useful, provided she is not put upon. But a butterfly!"—and oh, the contempt in her tone—"surely neither you nor Stephen would be content for a poor, painted, fluttering butterfly to prefigure Mabel to the end of her days?"

"Nay, nay, aunt, you take one up too seriously. Stephen says Mabel is too charming to be spoiled with common household occupations; nature never intended her for drudgery, and with our means it is not necessary. The days are past when farmers' daughters milked the cows and sold the butter. Maud and Laura Rivers are scarcely allowed to soil their fingers lest it should spoil their hands for the piano. Matilda says they have sufficient work with their edu-

cation. And I'm sure Mabel has; Miss Birtwhistle takes care of that. And as for being idle! are not those crochet antimacassars and this tatting-collar her work?"

Miss Pringle pursed up her lips during this speech. At the close she said, as if tapping in tacks with a liliputian hammer, "All life is serious. Nature never designed girls to be useless. The education that begins and ends at school, and subordinates utility to display, is no preparation for the part a girl may have to play in life. I may have cause to pity Mabel more than Phillis Penelope."

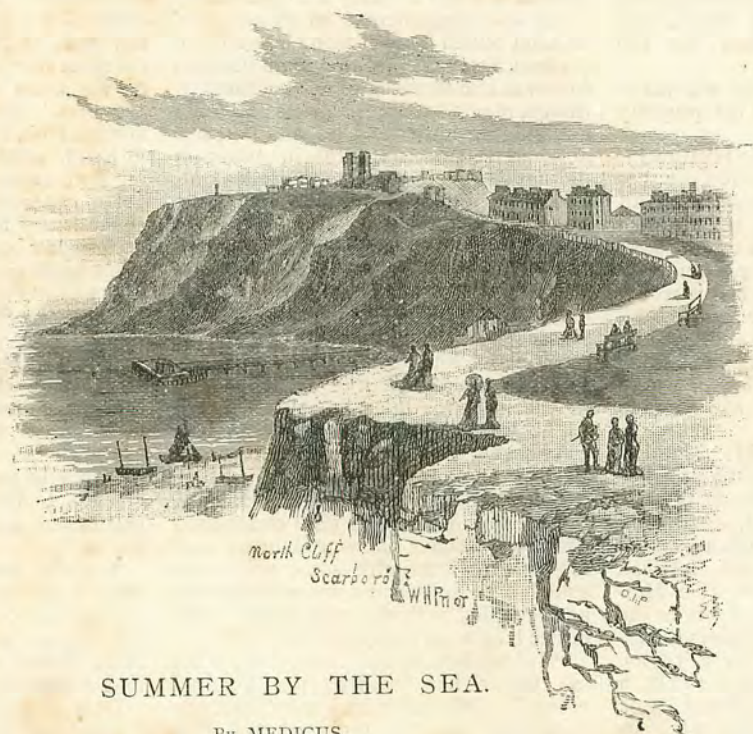
Mrs. Heathfield lifted her head from her needlework, and, with wide-open uncomprehending eyes, stared across

the room at her black-robed little aunt.

She began: "Why should you pity either?" when the garden gate flew open and in rushed Mabel, then thirteen years of age, with a colour like a damask rose, her fair hair floating loose behind, and close at her heels Phillis, carrying books and slates for both, the mottled traces of recent tears on her pale face.

"Oh, mamma," cried the former, breathlessly, unobservant of Miss Pringle, who sat against the wall, where the open door shut her from sight. "Oh, mamma, Hubert Underwood's been quarrelling and fighting with Arthur Rivers and our Bob; and it's all through Phillis!"

(To be continued.)



## SUMMER BY THE SEA.

By MEDICUS.

"I'm going to try the effects of a month or two by the seaside this summer, doctor," said a gentleman to me the other day.

"See if it won't brace me up a bit, you know," he added, as I did not reply immediately. "I want it badly; don't you think so?"

"Oh, yes, you certainly want bracing up badly enough; there is no doubt on that point."

"Well, but you don't seem very sweet over my notion of spending summer by the sea. It is bound to do good, isn't it?"

I laughed.

"That all depends," I said, "on how you try to do the good. If you could leave all your cares, work, and worry behind you—"

"So I will. I don't mean to write a letter, or think of work all the time I'm away."

"But even then you won't be happy."

"Why, I do declare, doctor, you're a Job's comforter!"

"I don't care what you call me; I'm speaking the truth when I tell you that you never will be well till you have learned to be calm, and quite indifferent to the state of nervous indigestion into which, working too hard

and worrying too much over the game of chance called 'making a living,' has plunged you."

"Calm and indifferent, doctor?"

"Yes, calm and indifferent, if you can be so; then going to the seaside in summer will make you double the individual, mentally and physically, in a month's time. If you can't, you may as well stay at home."

My patient, reader, is a man of the world, as the world wags to-day. He sails with the stream, he runs with the rush, and though he has no evil habits that mar his health, he has been living too excitedly, just as millions of men and women both do live, till brain and nerves give out, and general debility comes on. What do people of this great class do after that? Why, they turn all their excited thought-work internally, and worry over their condition till matters are ten times worse. They doctor their poor livers one day, and their nerves the next, and then they dose their unhappy stomachs. They eat strengthening food, and use tonics to improve their condition, and marvel to find not an atom of benefit therefrom.

A good sailor in a sea-way will not let his

boat get broadside on to the waves if he can help it, nor will he carry too great a press of canvas. He will take in a reef or two, and if he cannot run, why, he'll lay to and face it out. But the good sailor will remain calm. The bad sailor will not know what to do first. He will become excited; he will lose all control over himself and over his boat as well, and ten to one she will be swamped, even if she is not sunk entirely.

Now, mind you, I succeeded in getting my friend to adopt calmness; though goodness knows repose is not a part of his nature, and he is now doing well by the sea. It was the continual thinking about his troubles that was sending him to his grave. Whenever now he begins to think of or revert to his symptoms of indigestion, he snatches up a book or a newspaper, or goes for a walk or a sail, and thought flies away.

It is all nonsense to say you cannot command your thoughts. Try it. You never know what you can do till you try.

Thousands who read this paper are probably quite as nervous and dyspeptic and weak as my patient was, and if they can adopt calmness and indifference, six weeks by the sea



"YOU MUST ENDEAVOUR TO MAKE THE BEST OF YOUR STAY BY THE WATER-SIDE."

See "Summer by the Sea," p. 574.

will work wonders, and they will come home refreshed and well.

Of course you must endeavour to make the best of your stay by the water-side. Plain living and regular habits are essential to begin with. But do not ever let living by rule worry you too much, for the keynote to your care lies in one word—"Vegetate." Live without thinking on anything the least disagreeable, and you will flourish like a green bay-tree. All the blood that was wont to surge and rage through your poor brain and nerves will be better employed in strengthening the muscles of your heart and limbs and of your stomach and all the digestive organs.

I do not wish you, however, to become lazy altogether, though you must never carry either exercise or pleasure to the verge of fatigue.

Can you aid your cure by taking medicine? I think not, unless you really are under the care of some medical man. If you be not so, you will find that the only physic required will be a gentle aperient about twice a week. The liquid extract of *Cascara sagrada*, a kind of buckthorn, is the safest, and a teaspoonful is the dose taken at night in a little water. This for a grown-up girl. The tonic you should take ought to be simply the infusion of quassia, an ounce before dinner with ten drops of diluted phosphoric acid in it. This tones the coats of the stomach, acts gently upon the liver and nerves, but does not bind the system as many bitter tonics do.

You must rise early, breakfast early, live abstemiously, avoid anything indigestible, and take oceans of exercise. Yes, on the ocean if you like! Sailing does good, especially if you can fish. How delightful is the sail to the fishing-ground, and back home when the sport is all over! And with what a delightful appetite one does return, to be sure!

If you are anywhere at the seaside where hot salt water baths can be had, go in for a course, by all manner of means. The attendants will advise you as to the temperature and the length of time to stay in them. But they are delightfully calming and toning to the whole system. They induce gentle sleep and improve the appetite, while they ease all kinds of chronic pains.

You may be inclined to sleep after taking your dip in the sea itself. Ought you to do so? Most certainly; just forty winks, extending over half-an-hour if you please, on the couch. Throw something over your feet, then take up THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, read a bit, and when drowsy place the paper over your head. Are you aware that a paper so placed acts as a narcotic? It does really; try it.

Beware of catching cold. Dress always warmly while by the sea. Let your feet and legs be extra comfortable. A chest-protector should be worn, especially to cover that most vulnerable part in a girl's body—the space between the shoulders. When on the water wrap something round the neck and wear a pretty cap of some kind rather than a hat or bonnet. A Tam o' Shanter, for example, is not only healthy and comfortable but becoming, and sometimes even bewitching. In fact, I am told it was a witch who first brought these "bonnets" into fashion as a female head-dress. Not an old beldame, mind you. No; the story dates back to Burns's Tam o' Shanter. Well, the beautiful young witch who chased Tammy over the bridge found his "bonnet," which he had dropped, and at once adopted it.

But the fisherman cap is also becoming and healthy. A hat is not suited to fishing or sailing; besides, it is apt to blow away.

If one is strong and well while at the seaside, and only requires bracing up, the best exercises that can be taken are tricycling and

rowing. I have already written a paper or two on cycling for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. On rowing I have not yet had my say, but should like to some of these days. I'll catch our Editor after afternoon tea and buttonhole him. "An article on rowing from a Medicus point of view," I shall say, "will suit our girls excellently well." And he will doubtless reply, "All right; write it."

But let me say one word here. Both cycling and rowing are apt, if you are not hard and in good form, to cause perspiration. This damps the underclothing, after which a chill is apt to be taken. If you have been perspiring, then, by reason of these or any other exercises, do not, as you value your health, stand about, but hurry home and change. After this have a little cup of coffee or cocoa-tina, then rest a little. If you do so, instead of this extra exercise being injurious it will be positively beneficial.

Well, as rowing and cycling are the best forms of exercise for the strong, so is walking for the delicate. Be calm herein also. Walking must not be a penance. Better to lounge and saunter, if at all apt to be fatigued, than hurry along and heat yourself.

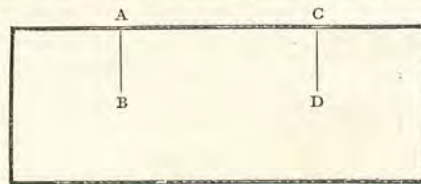
Hurry is to be avoided in everything. It was hurry and his brother worry that made you ill, if you are ill. You must not, therefore, expect hurry to make you well. Yet this is the grand fault with all nervous patients. They may be patients, but they are certainly not patient patients. They forget that they took quite a long time getting ill. It was a tedious business, and in the same way a cure will not be hurried. You will get well by imperceptibly slow degrees. Yet if you were, while following out my instructions to the letter, to note down your symptoms at the beginning of a fortnight and read them over at the end, your feelings would then tell you that several had gone, never, it is to be hoped, to return any more.

I am particularly wishful that you should not catch a chill while by the sea. It may not be a dangerous one which you get, but even a slight chill will affect the nerves and stomach, though it may spare the lungs. Night air if you are well wrapped up is no more to be dreaded than the air of day, only do not be on the water after gloaming, and if on the shore or on the pier keep moving about.

The feet should be kept very comfortable, and woollen underclothing always worn.

I am old-wife enough to believe in the virtues of a piece of new flannel worn next the skin on certain occasions. Here is a remedy for a simple cold or chill which I think some of my readers will have occasion to thank me for. It is of use in cutting a cold short.

The first thing to be done is to make an anti-catarrah flannel jacket. This is made instantaneously; a glance at the figure below will show how. Take a piece of warm soft



yard-wide flannel, new from the shop, let it be long enough to envelop the body, overlapping in front. Measure the breadth of the back from A to C, tear down about six or seven inches from A to B and C to D. Now tack together at A and C points, and lo, the armholes are completed and the jacket is made. Throw it over a chair near the fire to warm at bedtime, and after you have taken a hot bath put it on next the skin; put an

extra covering on the bed that night and take a basin of thin gruel. Take a pill next night, wear the flannel for several days, and your cold will have flown over the seas and far away. This useful flannel jacket may be used against many other little ailments or irregularities. Perhaps after having tested it some of my readers will kindly write to our Editor and tell me their experiences, which I feel sure will be happy ones.

I have before in these columns given directions for sea-bathing. Let me briefly recapitulate. 1. Take the cold sponge bath before breakfast. 2. Five or ten minutes' walk before sitting down to that meal. 3. Eat sparingly. 4. Bathe in the sea two hours after breakfast. 5. Keep moving about while in the water. 6. Do not stop in over five minutes the first day, and never over ten unless you are strong and can swim. 7. Rub well down and dress; saunter homewards, and if hungry take a cup of cocoa-tina, a tiny biscuit, and afterwards forty winks if required. 8. Be as much in the open air all day as possible. 9. Sunshine is health. 10. So is exercise. 11. Calmness of mind; 12. and sleep, if natural and not forced by any form of drug, cordial, or stimulant.

Now I should like to offer a few hints to those who can afford the time and money to go farther from home in order to enjoy a thoroughly bracing and healthy summer by the sea. Simply going to the most frequented seaside resorts of England is not in many cases change enough. Besides, at many of these there is too much bustle and noise and stir; the city or town element prevails to far too great an extent.

Rothesay, in the Firth of Clyde, is a healthy and most delightful place, an island of romance and beauty, and all too little known. The route is by Glasgow, and it is best to take steamer there instead of going to Greenock by train and shipping thence. The sail down the beautiful broad river will be much enjoyed. June, July, and August are the best months. Rooms are cheap and living far from expensive.

A month or six weeks might be well spent in Aberdeen, the city of granite. The links form a very nice promenade, and the sea-bathing is very excellent. Tourists' return ticket costs £2 16s., I think. Living is cheap in Aberdeen, and fish very abundant.

Or a fortnight might be spent in Aberdeen, then tracks made for some of the sweet wee towns on the Moray Firth.

You may go farther and fare even better. A summer in Skye, or ever half a summer, is about the most invigorating holiday for a work-weary or brain-fagged patient I can propose. Skye is reached either by train through Inverness and Ross to the ferry, or, better still, by steamer from Glasgow.

The Shetland Islands, if perfect quiet, bracing air, and calm enjoyment are desirable, should be visited. I should not dawdle about the Orkneys, but go straight on to Lerwick. Living here is not expensive, and if you are fond of nature you will indeed be rewarded. The steamer goes from Aberdeen once a week to Lerwick. First class fare one guinea; time about twenty-four hours. You see that in taking these little trips the invalid has the benefit of the sea voyage, as well as the bracing air of the country she visits, so that she has a double chance of getting well and returning home hard and rosy.

I should never think of advising a nervous person to go southwards in summer. Let her try her own country first at all events; she will have better and more wholesome food, less worry, and fewer insects. I hope some of the hints I have now given will be adopted; benefit is sure to follow.