

went singing about the cottage in a voice that sounded wondrously sweet, when compared with anything he had ever heard.

Barbara and her young nurse had always plenty to talk about, but sometimes they stopped suddenly when Daniel came in. He noticed, too, that she had very pretty ways, and what he called "lady hands," and yet how clever they were at whatever they attempted.

Barbara went on improving to a certain point, and then stopped. The doctor was puzzled, and said so. Day after day passed and no progress was made. Then she began to go back a little. In mortal dread, Daniel consulted the nurse, who calmly answered, "Mrs. Walthew wants a medicine which only you can give her. She wants her son's arms round her neck, and the sight of his face."

An angry exclamation fell from Daniel's lips, and he left the cottage for a time. When he returned the nurse was standing with her outdoor garments on and her box packed ready to depart, as it was the carrier's day for Claybury.

"You will not leave her!" he cried, aghast at the sight and at the tears of his wife.

"I would not if I could do more for her, but I cannot stay to see her die when it is in your power to save her. If Mrs. Walthew dies, the blame will be on your head."

The nurse looked fearlessly at Daniel, who turned from her to his wife as these plain words fell on his ears.

"Have your will," he said. "She must be

saved. It is human nature for a mother to want her only son."

Joyfully the nurse prepared a telegram and ran with it to the post office, Daniel watching the while beside his wife. Not many hours later Mark stood by his mother, and that too by his father's wish, and from that moment Mrs. Walthew began to mend.

"I may have been wrong in keeping in one rut all my life and keeping other people at a distance," said old Daniel. "Nurse Dora has taught me a good many lessons in a few weeks, more than I had learned in seventy years before. I don't know how we shall do without her, and she will have to leave us soon, she says. Here is Mark, far and away happier without money than mine has ever made me. That is a good thing. For I have said I will not leave him any, and I will not break my word."

"Do not make a will at all," said Nurse Dora.

"But I shall, my dear," said the old man, his eyes twinkling with a knowing expression, such as Mark had never seen in them before. "I shall make a will that I may leave you a legacy. And there is no need to trouble for a way out of the difficulty. I never said I would not give Mark anything. I am free to do that, and I am not sure but what there is more pleasure in giving than leaving, for you can see the fruits of one and not the other.

"Ah, Miss Dorothy," he continued, "the old man is not quite so blind as you thought! You have not come to speak to me of late years, but you have some of the child's face

left yet, and you favour your mother. And my ears have caught odd words now and then, and I know how good and true a heart my lad has won, and what a clever housewife and nurse can be joined to a born lady. You have won old Daniel as well as young Mark, and all I can say is 'May God bless you both, and forgive me.'"

Is it worth while to add another word? To tell how Dolly Mitcheson's wise resolve, "to learn everything," brought good fruit, or to speak of the way in which Daniel opened his purse as well as his heart, or of the renewed health of Mrs. Walthew, the changed cottage, the abandoned rut, the perfect union between the faithful young pair when they twain became one, or of the manner in which Daniel kept his word?

He gave a handsome sum to Mark, and that, too, before his marriage, and when he and Barbara have done with the rest, it will go to "Nurse Dora," as old Daniel delights to call his daughter-in-law. No fear that this bequest will disturb the true union between Mark and his wife, despite the power put into her capable hands by the Married Woman's Property Act!

Dorothy tells her husband, in confidence, that however proud she may be of him, his devoted love, and his great attainments, the conquest on which she plumes herself most of all is her victory over old Daniel's prejudices, and on having coaxed him out of the narrow path to which he had restricted himself for threescore years and ten.

[THE END.]



BY MOUNTAIN, STREAM, OR SEA.

BY MEDICUS.

"Now each tree by summer crowned,
Sheds its own rich twilight round;
Glancing there from sun to shade,
Bright wings play.
All the air is filled with sound,
Soft and sultry and profound;
Murmurs through the shadowy grass
Lightly stray;
Faint winds whisper as they pass,
'Come away.'"



SHOULD think, not twice only but many times, before I ventured to express the opinion that the love of the beautiful in Nature is an attribute of the human soul alone, and that we do not share it, to some considerable extent, with the creatures around us that we are far too

ready, in our pride, to call "the lower animals."

As I sit out here in my garden, on this beautiful morning in early spring, I see many pretty sights and hear many sweet sounds. From the spruce thicket down yonder, for example, comes a gush of bird melody. It is the voice of the blackbird fluting to his mate; and it would be impossible to make me believe

that music like that is not appreciated by the bird who makes it, and by her too who sits so quietly on her cosy nest, or that it is not the very language of love itself, bubbling over from a heart that is filled with it.

A little dark speck in the pale blue of the sky, yonder, is the lark; he too is singing a wondrous song high above the field of green-springing wheat in which his home is hidden. Not a note nor a quarter-tone, that ever I could discover, falls jarring on the ear of the listener throughout all that long wild lilt of his; the harmony is perfect, the melody soft, sublime. Sweetest of harpers at heaven's gate, why, the very angels might listen with joy to minstrelsy like his. If you turn a pair of lorgnettes on that bird, you can see that his whole soul is in his song, that his neck is swelling, his lovely head swaying from side to side, and that he is apparently oblivious of everything except the music he makes. And yet there are men who will tell you that this glorious song, and that of the thrush, of the robin, and blackcap, have no more meaning in them than the cock's shrill clarion, that warns his feathered friends or foes away from the ground where he rules as king.

There is a strange medley of bird-song in the air to-day, however; for every bird is so busy working out the story of its own little life, and telling its own love tale, that it cannot pause to listen to that of its nearest neighbour. But each and all of them are enjoying the sweet sunshine, and the ozone-laden breath of spring. And no wonder they are glad; for the long weary winter has passed away at last, with its

bitter, biting blasts, its frost and snow, during which they starved all day and shivered all night, as they hid in holes, or clung with half-frozen feet to wind-swept hedge or tree. But this is all forgotten; the contrast of the present with the past makes them feel the happier and sing the louder, and not a bird among them but is dressed more gaily now, as if to do honour to this holiday season. The breast of the thrush or song-thrush is more prettily speckled, his back is a bonnier brown; the blackbird's plumage is like glossiest velvet, his bill of golden yellow; the starlings sparkle in the sun, as if they had just come straight from the hands of some wondrous Japanese artist; cock-robin and his wife hop over the walks, both looking so spruce, and both with breasts so holly-red, it is difficult to tell which is he and which is she; while even the male sparrows have donned their summer coats and mounted bibs of deepest black.

Well, by the time these lines are read it will be holiday season with us poor human beings as well. Do not we love Nature also? Yes, we do; the veriest little city bird amongst us who buys a flower from a street vendor to make her dingy parlour window gayer, has a love of God's beauteous creation deeply implanted in her breast. And every one of us ought to get away out somewhere, for a brief spell in summer, by mountain, stream, or sea, to live, if only for a few days or weeks, in the paradise to which we really belong by rights—the paradise of green fields, flowery swards, waving foliage, and blue rippling seas. Have we not worked and toiled, and, mayhap,

suffered, even as much as the birds have done, all the weary winter through? and do we not, therefore, deserve our spell of sunshine and rest? Verily, we have and do.

And it will do us good, too, if we can but enjoy it rationally. We are probably tired; some of us are not over well, and we all have an indescribable longing for a change. Let me then give a few desultory hints about making the very best use of that change.

I have said before, probably more than once, that happiness and health are almost inseparable; at any rate there can be no full happiness where health is not. But the poets tell us that happiness is coy; that if we seek for it we seldom find it, if we chase it, it flees from us, but if we rest at peace it will come to us. This is all true, and I would have everyone who means to go away this summer for a little holiday, to cultivate calmness of mind above everything. And this calmness cannot be obtained if we do not rest. Of course, if you are in bounding health, and full of spirits, go in for enjoyment as much as you please, so long as it is enjoyment, and gives you your own special self delight. Wander over the mountains; go fishing on river or lake; go riding or driving, or rowing on the sea, and it will be all right and well, so long as you do not overdo it. You will return harder in flesh, perhaps a little browner in skin, and far healthier and happier for the outing you have had.

On the other hand, if you are tired and weary from the winter's work, I repeat, it is rest you want. Rest yourself, and happiness will come; a calm, contemplative kind of happiness, perhaps, but health is coming with it. Are you to sit down and wait for the desideratum? Certainly you are. Did ever you try to catch a morsel of thistledown, or the feathery, floating seed of dandelion? Run after it, and away it flies; even if you are close under it, and it is within your reach, if you move the hand too quickly, off it goes again, and you have lost it. But walk quietly towards it, and extend a gentle upturned palm, and ten to one it will drop into your hand, or your hand can softly clasp it. You can't catch thistledown in any other way, and depend upon it you can't catch health and happiness in any other way either.

If you ask me where you ought to go to, in order to obtain the most benefit, I can only answer that all depends upon the kind of air you need. But in writing this paper I have the tired work-a-day girls most in my thoughts, and it is a bracing-up building air they need most; though in many cases, where much mental worry has been gone through, a milder and more calmative atmosphere will be found more beneficial. I am quite convinced that a holiday of a few weeks spent in the cool green country would often do infinitely more good than life for the same length of time at the seaside. There are hundreds of pretty wee rustic villages in the Midlands, and away up in Yorkshire, or down among the green flowery lanes of Devon, where life for a month may be simply idyllic. How to find them out? Oh, that is very simple. Get the local newspapers, and if you see nothing to suit, why—advertise.

If, however, you do choose a country holiday, do not let it be on a tidal river; for the banks of such are apt to be laden with bad air, arising from decaying matter that lies thereon.

The objection to a residence near a river of any sort is the fog or mist which frequently hangs about the banks after sundown. But this, of course, is not constant, and prevails most in autumn, nor does it rise very high. On the other hand, life by the river-side is very pleasant; the garden is so luxuriant in summer, the banks of streams are covered with a wealth of wild flowers, and there are walks to be had in shady lanes, or through

cornfields and waving woods, to say nothing of rowing on the river itself. Far up streams, too, the very best of country produce can always be had cheap—the creamiest of milk, the freshest of butter, and new-laid eggs, with vegetables of every kind culled with the dew upon them.

Those, therefore, who choose quiet rustic life, by stream or by lake, would do well to live in the simplest way, dine about half-past one, and use homely country fair, with milk and eggs as the great staples of diet.

Fen lands or marshes should be avoided. The Norfolk broads, however, ought to be far more visited than they are. There is here such a world of lovely foliage that no malaria can arise, and the people are as healthy generally as the summer day is long.

Anyone thinking of visiting the broads should first and foremost get books or a book, and read all about them. I may, however, mention that for about two pounds a week one can hire a kind of Norfolk yacht, and live altogether on the water here. These yachts have a crew of sometimes only a woman and a lad, but these do the cooking and everything else. The little saloon is pleasant enough, and there is even a piano in some; nor need one feel lonely—there is plenty to study and plenty of fishing; and go where you will, you are certain to meet with nice people, all bent on enjoying themselves in a calm and rational way. Bird life on the broads is a truly marvellous sight; but to put it briefly, there is beauty everywhere on the Norfolk broads.

The lake district of England, and the mountain lands of Wales and Westmoreland afford a thousand delights to one seeking for quiet, and desirous of repairing a shattered constitution at the same time.

But it should not be forgotten that the lady who desires to reside for a time in a comparatively out-of-the-way place, should have certain resources of enjoyment of her own. To read books all the time may become wearisome; to wander listlessly about, without end or object, becomes monotonous after a time; but this monotony can easily be turned aside if she will go in for the study of botany or wild flowers, or for fishing. From these two hobbies alone much pleasure may be obtained, and the day so divided between these and walking, and reading, music, etc., that the time will pass all too quickly away.

The air of hills and moorlands—real heathery moorlands, I mean—is often bracing and soothing as well; and if plenty of exercise, without fatigue, be taken, and good, simple food, the blood becomes enriched and purified at one and the same time.

By the sea most people know how to enjoy life, though very few act up to that knowledge, and the result is that more than half our holiday-keepers return to town far more jaded and worn out than when they went away. To all my readers who desire benefit from sea air, I say, "*Rest, rest, rest.*" It is not always easy to rest when the nerves are unstrung. What nervous people hanker most after is rest for their busy minds and freedom from fret. Well, here is a hint for such as these. Whenever you feel inclined to worry or hurry, lie down. Not in bed; on a sofa, perhaps, by a window as widely open as it possibly can be, or out on a balcony, well wrapped in rugs if a draught is blowing, or recline out of doors on a bench by the sea, or make use of a very easy bath chair. It is wonderful what an amount of good rest of this sort does to the mind. Fret and worry fly away, and health at once begins to take their place.

Another thing to be borne in mind is this: less food is required to support life in summer-time, especially if one does not take an overabundance of exercise. Reduce the diet, therefore, in hot weather, take very little sugar and not much farinaceous food, eat

plenty of fruit, and abjure stimulants of all kinds, and condiments, with the exception of mustard, pepper, and salt, or now and then a little cayenne. Tea may be taken in the afternoon; but only a rusk or two eaten therewith.

The dress should be as loose as is consonant with neatness, for nothing can possibly be more injurious than a tight-fitting dress or corset in warm weather.

If you are by the sea, fish should be eaten daily; oysters are very nutritious, and so are most kinds of white fish, with the exception, perhaps, of mackerel and plaice. Skate is a delightful change, or well-cooked codfish.

As the weather this summer may be, for a time, very hot, the delicate health-seeker should bear one or two hints in mind which I herewith give. If she will attend to these I feel certain she will reap comfort and benefit, whether her temporary home be by mountain, stream, or sea.

I. Then, I have already said we are to be cautious in eating, and eat less. Some condemn meat. Well, my own experience of hot weather is pretty extensive, and I humbly opine that a little tender meat once, at least, during the day, say for dinner, is very nourishing, and easily assimilated even by the most delicate. I think the mistake too often made by the dyspeptic is taking food that is over-fluid. A small quantity of solid food, such as tender beef with well-mashed potatoes, a little toast and vegetables, may be far better borne than strong soups, made dishes, and milk puddings, for if you liquefy the contents of the stomach too much the gastric juices do not have fair play.

II. Take care to eat slowly, dawdling almost over the meal, and rest for a short time after it. If it be dinner, and one feels at all nervous or weak, half an hour of a nap on the sofa, or more, will wonderfully refresh.

III. A combination of acids and bitter tonics, taken some time before meals, greatly increases the appetite, and goes far to insure digestion. Any chemist can make up such a tonic. Do not let him give you quinine, simply the dilute nitro-hydrochloric or phosphoric acid in some bitter infusion, such as calumba, chiretta, or quassia.

IV. Tea should only be taken in the afternoon, and if you are weak and languid, recline on the sofa while you sip it.

V. When thirst prevails, as it will if you perspire much, a little iced water with a squeeze of lemon in it will do good. Do not make the mistake of drinking a deal of fluid. Lime-juice syrup in iced lemonade or in soda water makes a very delicious summer beverage.

VI. Ripe fruits were ordained to be eaten in summer. I need not say more about them than that, only they do most good if eaten before breakfast and after dinner. Tomatoes are also very beneficial, and, if it can be borne, so is cucumber eaten with dinner.

VII. Beware of exerting the body much in the sunshine, for even if you perspire you are not always safe. It is not sunstroke I so much fear your having, as nerves weakened and unstrung by excessive heat; and more harm may be done in an hour from this cause than a month's holiday will be able to remedy. Besides, exertion of any kind does not accord with the rest cure which I am advocating. If at any time you feel over-heated, bathe face, arms, and neck with the coldest of water, and lie down for a time, with a book to read.

VIII. Even in the hottest weather one often catches cold, and this may be guarded against by avoiding over-heat or fatigue of the body, and by wearing light woollen underclothing. You need not sit in a draught when heated. Sitting out of doors in the cool of the evening is, however, often beneficial, only be advised

by me, and throw some light woollen garment over all, with perhaps a silken wrap about the neck. Guard the feet. The stockings worn after sunset cannot be too thick and soft. The garments worn by day in the sun should be light in colour and not heavy in weight. Even the parasol should be light in colour, or even white.

IX. Nevertheless, the sunshine must be looked upon as the best friend a delicate person has during her summer holiday. Be out in it, therefore, morning and afternoon, only do as birds do—seek the shade during the hottest part of the day. The sunshine should be all around you: it should be in the house where you live, and it should, figuratively speaking, find its way even into your heart itself.

X. Try to get good sleep at night by taking plenty of wholesome outdoor exercise during the day, and by keeping the digestion up to the mark. Acidity of the stomach is the cause of at least one-third of the cases of sleeplessness medical men have to treat. Guard against this by avoiding sugar and fats to a great extent. Sometimes a small bottle of soda water, with fifteen grains of pure bicarbonate of soda in it, drank before going to bed, will insure a good night's rest if the stomach is at all out of order. Go early to bed. If you really cannot sleep, well, I must let you read. A good book keeps the mind steadily on one subject, and this is better than thinking about a hundred harassing subjects all in a minute.

XI. A few reminders about the bath will

not be out of place. The colder the morning tub, the more bracing it is. Let the towels be rough, and dry the skin thoroughly. The sponge bath is taken before dressing in the morning, but the plunge bath or full bathe should not be taken within an hour of eating, nor till three hours after a meal. Keep the feet warm. Do not go into the bath with cold feet. Have the morning bath in a well-aired, not too hot, room. There is no danger of taking cold after a cold bath; it is after a warm one people are apt to get a chill. Sea bathing should be taken daily. Remember this—the bath is a tonic, and simply to take it one day and leave it off the next, does no earthly good.

XII. Rest! Rest body, rest mind, and health and strength are sure to come.



"A FAIR WOMAN IN FRESHEST SUMMER ARRAY."

"I WILL BE THERE."



AMONGST the fashionable people that pass to and fro on the esplanade at a much-frequented watering-place, moves a woman very far from being fashionable. The changes of style, or even of seasons, have little effect upon her costume, which, though never ragged, is always incongruous and unsightly. A skirt of uncertain manufacture will be surmounted by a bodice or a jacket unconnected with it either by cut or material; and the headgear, be it hat or cap or bonnet, will be chiefly remarkable for the gaudy flowers or feathers stuck upon it.

The face beneath this triumph of millinery is that of a woman whom you would never

connect in your thoughts with either youth or beauty—though she possessed both years ago—and the restless eyes and ever-moving lips tell their own tale. From those faded lips fall no intelligible words, and the eyes are ever eagerly seeking for someone or something. Now and again she starts forward as if she had found the object of her search, and some unfortunate gentleman—for she never accosts a woman—will find a hand laid upon his arm and a pair of wild eyes gazing into his face; or if he be seated, the poor lunatic will suddenly nestle down beside him, and offer him what she doubtless thinks a tempting selection from her packet of sweetmeats. It is a trying moment for a nervous man, and also, in a slightly different sense, for a young and thoughtless one; and the poor creature has suffered many a rebuff, harsh, indeed, in its effect upon her shattered brain. On the other hand, a little encouragement will put her in

high spirits, and under those circumstances her mincing gait and glances of triumph are almost irresistibly ludicrous.

Yet though the spectators must needs smile as they see the pitiful creature moving through the crowd of fair women in freshest summer array and men in newest holiday attire, there will be tears in the eyes of many of them, even if they are ignorant of her story. Mad Annie's presence there in the glory of bright sunshine is like a skeleton at a feast, a widow's veil at a marriage party.

"Dear me, Katharine! what extraordinary figure is this?" exclaimed a young man one July day, as Mad Annie made her way along the esplanade in a more fantastic costume than ordinary. She wore a gay plaid skirt, a black velveteen jacket of a bygone style, and a sailor hat with peacock feathers stuck round the crown. Her lips moved rapidly as she pushed her way along, looking