

provoked her; but Darlestone, the babe whom they put into her arms to comfort her when her husband was suddenly killed—the boy in whom she saw his father again as he was in his early manhood, gay, handsome, and confident—could do no wrong in her sight.

“I have not a word to say against the Wells’s at Bickley,” she went on. “Their mother was my first cousin, and they’re a fine family—a very fine family: not one of ’em stands under five feet eight in his stockings; and Alf Norris and his brother are personable young men, there’s no denying it; but Darlestone is—well, somehow—and it’s not a mother’s vanity to say so—he *is* different from the rest. I always warn my young lady friends not to fall in love with him, for I can’t spare him yet; and he mustn’t marry against my will. No, no; his father left everything to me, and Darlestone knows it.”

Marian looked annoyed at the hint her words conveyed; and Gracie, eager to change so awkward a topic, crossed the room to turn over the music on the piano, lingering at the instrument till her sister joined her.

“Cannot we invent some excuse for going home before this puppy condescends to make his appearance?” Marian whispered. “If we do not fall down and worship him we shall offend his mother; and I don’t believe I shall be able to resist saying something rude if he is impertinent to us.”

“Pray don’t do that! We can take refuge as Miss Letitia does, in silence; and we need not come again.”

Marian was about replying, when an admonitory touch warned her to say no more. The door was opening, but it was only the pert little servant with a message, which she delivered aloud.

“Master Darlestone was a-goin’ on up-stairs dreadful about his light coat, which Miss Tishy had put away Somewheres and he couldn’t see it.”

“How careless of you, Titia!” her mother exclaimed.

“Go and find it for the poor boy, do!”

“Shall we give you a little music, Mrs. Lee?” asked Grace, stifling her inclination to laugh.

The offer was eagerly accepted, and the sisters dashed off a lively duet from the “Crown Diamonds,” that chanced to be in Letitia’s canterbury. A very well-shaped masculine hand was suddenly interposed to turn over the leaves for them, almost destroying their self-possession by the act. Marian knew that Grace’s eyes were sparkling with fun, and she scarcely ventured to look round when the final chords were struck, for fear Darlestone Lee’s elaborate toilet should provoke her own risibility beyond all control. But as with downcast eyes she rose from her seat, she heard him claim Gracie as an old acquaintance, and with very flattering *empressement* beg to be introduced to her sister.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

## WINTER CLOTHING AND WINTER COMFORT.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



**B**RITANNIA, queen of the ocean and mistress of the seas, what a strange and fickle temper the old lady has, as changeable as that of a young Spanish beauty not yet out of her teens! At one moment we are basking in the sunshine of her smiles, next moment clouds and darkness are around her brow. At one moment she is melted to softest tears, next cold and haughty and stern. And we, her poor sons and daughters, must accustom

ourselves to every change in our haughty mother’s temper, smile when she smiles, or do the best we can

when she doesn’t. I think, however, we are much too apt to growl and grumble at our wretched climate, as it is fashionable to term it, forgetting that it is the climate to a great extent that forms not only our characters, but even our constitutions as a nation. And so it is with all countries.

Look, for instance, at the lackadaisical Chinese, and the listless children of the Eastern Indies. As they are, so they have been for thousands of years, and so will, in all probability, remain for thousands of years to come. When our forefathers were dwellers in caves, and roamed the mountains clad in pig-skin kilts and paint, theirs wore jewelled scimitars, gilded turbans, and togas rich and rare, just as they do now; but it would have been a wonderfully long time before steam railways and electric telegraphs had been seen in India, if the inhabitants of that luxurious country had been left to the freedom of their own wills.

It is no doubt the constant warfare with the elements, to which we have been accustomed since our infancy, that has made Englishmen proverbial over all the world for indomitable perseverance, and dogged courage, that courage that pins its faith—just as the sailor nails his colours to the mast—on the old belief that “whate’er a man dares he can do.”

Too cold and rough a climate, on the one hand, paralyses the powers of mind and body, as instance the Esquimaux Indians; while a climate too mild and warm enervates, as witness the inhabitants of

the sunny South. We dwell in a happy medium, and although we may be one day wooed by balmy breezes, and the next shivering beneath the winter's blast, this merely acts as a stimulant to arouse the energy which otherwise might lie dormant, just as a bucket of cold water does on the back of a healthy man at five o'clock of a winter's morning. And talking of winter brings me to my text, for fickle though this climate is, it is her frowns we have more reason to fear than her smiles, her winters than her summers. It is with the view of giving the reader some common-sense advice, which may conduce to his comfort in this season of short and gloomy days, and long, dark, cold nights, that this paper is written. I think, to all but the very robust an English winter is indeed trying. The climate of Scotland is much more equable than that of England, and although the winter months in the far North are colder, and frost and snow make that season look like itself, still I do not hesitate to say the winter is more healthy. Of course the statician will point me out the large number of deaths that occurred in the Metropolis during the hard frosts of 1875. And I will reply that mostly all those deaths took place among the aged and the very poor, or among those who could not afford to wrap up, or did not know the science of fighting the frost. So I still adhere to the Scottish proverb, "A green yule maks a fat kirkyard."

-It is well known that on a cold day in winter one never feels perfectly comfortable in a close, ill-ventilated room, from which every breath of air has been studiously excluded, however warm the room may be, for the simple reason that the heat is all external, and not natural or internal from the combustion of carbon in the free air breathed. A man breathing fresh air carries in his very interior a cold-defying store of life.

The youth of this country ought to inure themselves more to cold than they do. Depend upon it, they would by so doing feel benefited in after-life. Some people have an extraordinary and ridiculous dread of cold air, or cold indeed in any shape. I know an old Irishwoman—she was my landlady once—and this ancient dame never washed her face except on Saturdays, the days on which I paid my rent, because only on these auspicious occasions could she afford a drop of whiskey to rub her face with after ablution. I know several old women in Scotland who have actually turned monomaniacal on the subject of cold in the head, suffering from a species of mania we might call *frigiphobia*. One especially began by wearing, whenever she went out, a thick woollen cap and ribbon over her ears. To this she has kept on adding cap after cap, and comforter after comforter, till her head now looks more like a four-gallon kettle-pot than anything else; and when she visits the village grocery to buy her "pickle snuff," all the little boys call "sod-head" after her.

Let me assure you, youthful reader, if you inure yourself to cold water and cold air while still in your teens and twenties, you'll never feel the want of cordials when in your forties and fifties.

*Apropos* of this, let me tell you a little anecdote. Although very simple, it is very truthful. It is about two Scotch colley-dogs that my father had. One was called Kooran, the other Jock, though that doesn't signify. They were both pups out of the self-same litter, though very different in appearance; for Kooran was a very beautiful dog, with soft, loving eyes, that went straight to your heart at once; but Jock had a wall-eye, and you never could make out which eye he was looking at you with; although, mind you, it didn't matter one single bark to Jock whether you liked him or not. And Kooran's coat was the richest satin; Jock's, I should say, was heather, and bad at that. So it came to pass that Kooran became the parlour pet, while Jock had to follow the sheep on the hill-side. Kooran slept on a mat in the hall; Jock's bed was the "bothy" floor. Kooran was seldom down before ten of a morning; Jock was up and off to the hill at the skreigh o' day. Kooran's fare was of the daintiest—gingerbread and kisses, so to speak; Jock had to be content with cakes and kicks. But Kooran couldn't stand the cold. One night in particular, when the thermometer stood at zero, and the frost was half-an-inch thick on the window-panes, Kooran awoke me with his mournful whines, and I found him standing with his chin over the empty parlour grate. Well, one evil evening Jock somehow enticed Kooran away with him over the fields. A blinding snow-storm came on, and hard frost. As Kooran was a dog that could always find a snug corner in the house, somehow he never was missed, and next morning the pretty creature was found frozen and dead not far from the door. Jock had been out all night too, but there was nothing the matter with Jock.

In order to be able to stand the winter's cold well, protect yourself with warm clothing, and take as much exercise as you can afford. Never sit moping over the fire on a winter's day if you have the slightest wish to live long.

Do not make a mistake, and wear too much clothing. This becomes oppressive. Indeed, I would rather not see a young man with a top-coat on at all on a dry day. Beware, however, of getting damp clothes, unless you have a chance of changing them as soon as you come in from your walk. It is not while walking the dampness will affect you; it is when you sit down, or cease to move.

Let your socks or stockings be of the best material, and as well knitted as possible. Lamb's-wool is best—that is, if you cannot get the real Shetland home-spun.

Your underclothing ought also to be as good as you can procure—it will be cheaper in the end in more ways than one; and as for material, why, FLANNEL—put it in capitals, printer: nothing less will suit—flannel! flannel! there's nothing like flannel. I only wonder no poet has ever written an ode to flannel, or why no one has ever written a book to prove that you can live for a hundred years by wearing flannel only.

Well, then, have nothing but flannel underclothing; a stouter, warmer sort for the coldest days, and a softer,

finer kind for the spring months; and remember this—don't throw off your underclothing until the summer is well advanced—that means June in England.

Some people wear chamois leather suits. I don't like them, and wouldn't prescribe them to the oldest man on earth.

As to the material for outer clothing, there is nothing so good as Scottish tweed—for men, I mean; the ladies will, I hope, excuse my ignorance of the very names of the stuffs their dresses are composed of. I really only know one or two—wincey, for example, and tulle—and I really wouldn't like to say whether or not the latter is suitable for winter dresses.

The cold bath in winter! What a comfort! How independent it makes you feel of the frost and snow that await your exit! And what an appetite it gives one for breakfast! But your bath ought to be slightly tempered with warm water in the very cold months. Science dictated that last sentence to me; personal experience would have spoken thus, "Let your bath be of the temperature of the air all the year round." But very cold water does not suit certain constitutions, and seldom does delicate ladies or children.

One word about respirators. I do not think you will find many medical men to recommend them now-a-days. I myself believe them to be decidedly prejudicial to health; at least they won't improve it, any more than they do the personal appearance.

And now for water-proof clothing. No one has greater respect for india-rubber than I have. It is one of the most useful discoveries of the age in a thousand ways. But I must raise my voice against the habit of wearing india-rubber garments. The only healthy water-proofs are those of cloth treated in a way which, while rendering them almost impervious to rain, still admits of the escape of the insensible perspiration. The only situation in which india-rubber coats or cloaks can be tolerated is in riding or driving in the rain. Or they may be taken over the arm on a summer's ramble in the country, and worn only during a shower, and taken off again at once. As dust-coats they are worse than useless. I wonder how many deaths a year in these islands might be attributed to the wearing of these nasty india-rubber coats and cloaks. One wears an india-rubber garment to keep out the rain, and in this he succeeds, but he also succeeds in thoroughly damping his clothes with perspiration. Better for him if he had got wet to the skin with rain, because he would then have felt bound to change his dress. As it is, he merely takes off the macintosh and sits down, perhaps in a warm room, or draughty railway carriage. And his damp clothes act in precisely the same way that a wet rag round a jar of water on a summer day does, they cool the

contents. And as in this case the contents happen to be a human form divine, subject to a thousand and odd ills, what marvel that evil should result?

Goloshes, or india-rubber over-shoes, are nearly, if not quite, as bad. I need not surely dilate upon the dangers which accrue from damp feet. And if to dampness cold is superadded, matters are still worse.

With goloshes one's feet can never be perfectly comfortable, dry, or warm. It is just like keeping them in a poultice. The skin is injured and the perspiration is checked. The skin—I think I have said this in a former article, and I may, too, again and again till I get my readers fully to appreciate the truth of it—the skin is the most important emunctory of the body, and if a large portion of it be suddenly thrown off duty, sickness of some kind is certain to follow.

Pray, reader, do not wear india-rubber water-proofs. Abjure goloshes. So shall thy days be long in the land. Put on an extra pair of stockings if you like, two if it please you, and in the winter, when snow is on the ground, you can keep your feet as dry as toast by using a little "daubing" on your boots. Daubing I am fully aware is horribly vulgar, but just think of the benefit that may accrue from its use, and the evils it may avert.

"But what," some one may ask, "am I to do if, with every care and attention to clothing, I cannot keep warm in winter?" Well, before giving up hope altogether, and flying south, I should advise you to make De Jongh's brown cod-liver oil an article of diet for a season, and you may with advantage add occasionally, for a fortnight at a time, three small doses a day of the phosphate of iron. You will come to wonder at the excellent effect this treatment has. If your blood be thin, I will even allow you medicated cordials—but brandy and spirits of all sorts have only a very temporary effect in enabling the body to resist cold.

I cannot conclude this article without just one word on the use of paper quilts. They obviate the use of too large a weight of blankets and bed-clothes, which in itself often banishes sleep. I do not know whether they are sold anywhere, but they ought to be. They would indeed be a boon to the poor. They ought to be made of any sort of thickish tough paper, and sewn on to a common bed-quilt, or, better still, use them as we did in Greenland. We always sewed them between two blankets, and found them invaluable.

"Deed, indeed, your 'anar," said an Irish shipmate of mine, who had been round Spitzbergen way, in the *Perseverance* (of Peterhead), "cowld wasn't any name for it. If it hadn't been for a paper blanket, I believe, sur, I'd have died *iviry blissed night av my life*."

