

fugitive was confirmed by his flight, dashed after him, barking furiously. And then, at a slow run, and panting very much, after the fashion of men who are nearer to the age of forty than that of thirty, and are not trained athletes, came up the pursuers: the boy, who acted as their guide, remaining prudently in the rear until he saw whether the young ladies from the great house would approve of this unauthorised foray in the Earl's park.

"We're after an escaped lunatic, miss—Oh! my lady, is it?" gasped out the strong, scowling man who came up first, adopting the more respectful form of address in consequence of a nudge and a whisper from his colleague, pale and knock-kneed Richards, who, at Claypole Manor, had been body-servant to the Honourable Geoffrey Corbet. "Would your ladyship kindly point which way he went?"

Florine would have complied with this request, but Eva restrained her. "How do we know," she said coldly, "that the poor man was ever mad at all? He was complaining just now——"

"Ah, my lady! it's just the way with them: always

complaining, always discontented, and telling a pack of lies, begging your ladyship's pardon, to any one who'll listen to 'em," said Richards, very glibly, and alternately addressing Lady Eva and Lady Florine. "We're their best friends, if only they could be got, poor creatures, to see it."

"Yonder he goes, where you hear the dog!" piped out the boy in the smock-frock, eager, with an urchin's sense of mischief, sharpened by the hope of an eleemosynary shilling. "Come along, quick, and you'll nab him by the palings!"

"And won't I teach him a lesson when I do get a grip of his collar!" growled Jones, the head keeper, who now again began to run, led by the boy in the smock-frock, and followed by Richards, who "'umbly begged pardon for the liberty" and sent his "duty to my lord," as he rejoined the more energetic man-hunter. There was a path that skirted the fir plantation, and up this the pursuers of Mr. Bellerby went clattering with all the speed that they could muster, and were soon lost to sight.

END OF CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

## ON SOME AILMENTS INCIDENTAL TO AUTUMN.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



UMMER cannot be always with us, and I question much whether it would be altogether for our good if it were. We should doubtless long for winter back again. "Green lawns," we should be saying, "and dewy roses are very beautiful, but we would rather see the rose-trees leafless, and the lawn sparkling white in the light of the moon; while within curtains were drawn, older folks sat

by bright fires in cosy rooms, and bright-eyed children gambolled on the carpet."

For this is such a world of change. But a little ago, early summer was with us; now the nights are positively getting long again, and the mornings and evenings are chilly and often dangerous to the delicate, whether invalid or otherwise. The leaves on the trees are now of a darker, less tender green, and have a harsher rustle when the wind blows through them, instead of the soft silken sound of May and June. We can now only remember as in a dream the pink-eyed blossom of the chestnut-tree, the scent of the lilac, and the sweet rich odour of the spring Wisteria.

Birds are more silent now, nor do they awake us quite so early in the morning with their joyous notes; the nightingale's song has ceased in the thicket, and the cuckoo has flown away. And these things remind us that winter will be with us next, and warn us to lay in now a stock of health, that will keep cold and care at arm's-length. I will endeavour to give a few practical hints as to how this is to be done; but first let me

say a word or two about some of the ailments to which people are more directly liable at this season, and that of the next two months, than at others.

I should state at the commencement that many of our spring antagonists make their appearance once again in autumn, so the reader would do well to refer back to the April number for hints on such diseases as the quinsy and erysipelas, while consumption and rheumatism have already been treated of in other papers. Independently of these, statistics seem to prove that inflammations and congestions of the mucous membrane throughout the body are more prevalent at this season.

Bronchitic people should beware how they expose themselves; and those on whom diarrhoea is easily brought should take heed of what they eat and drink, and *how* they eat and drink, for errors in diet and improper or indigestible food are among the commonest causes of this disagreeable complaint. Unripe fruit should be avoided, as well as the eating of too much fruit of any kind. As a rule, fruit if taken in moderate quantities cools the blood, and acts moreover as a gentle laxative. The same may be said of raw vegetables, such as are made into salads. Anything very greasy, on the other hand, should be avoided, such as roast pork, sausages, and bacon, or used in great moderation. The reader, if he has come to years of discretion, knows how difficult of digestion are such dishes as roast goose and veal. They should never be partaken of in autumn by those subject to diarrhoea. The complaint may also be caused by exposing one's self to evening chills, especially after a hot day. It is very pleasant to sit out of doors in the

cool of the day, I grant you, and if we had to avoid all life's pleasures our lives would hardly be worth having. I only therefore caution my readers to be moderate and careful. More particularly if at the sea-side, do I advise you to put on a thicker garment towards evening, if you mean to do a lounge and look at the moon. Again, on the heated ground or walking on the sands, heavy boots are extremely injurious to the health. They tire one, and are enough to worry a delicate person into a state of nervous fever; but while wearing whatever is most comfortable on the feet during the day, if you mean to go out in the evening, wash the feet, put on a pair of thick woollen stockings or socks, and a stronger-soled boot, and you will be amply rewarded for the trouble you have taken. Through neglect of this precaution I have known simple cases of diarrhœa changed to dysentery, and simple colds to the scourge of these islands—consumption.

Bad air may cause diarrhœa. Every place where such can exist, at this time of the year should be disinfected and purified, and no animal or vegetable refuse be allowed to lie in a place where it can ferment or putrify. Decaying animal matter very soon makes known its whereabouts, but the poison and effluvium from putrid vegetables, although at times less offensive, is none the less dangerous.

Sinks in sculleries or kitchens should receive daily attention. Not only should they be scrubbed clean, but a fluid disinfectant should be poured down the pipes. No one who cares a pin's point for the health of himself and family should avoid this precaution. There have been many and great improvements of late years in the closet system—a better plan of ventilation, and the prevention of a back current or draught of foul air, being the chief and best of these; but though several firms have been successful in manufacturing closets which protect the house from the exit of poisonous air, or deadly mephitic vapours, no one, as far as I am aware, has yet invented or thought of inventing a wholesome sink, and methinks this could be simply and easily done. A *sink*—the very name is enough to make any one with delicate nerves shudder. But listen to the truth. This sink is a stone basin with the opening of a pipe at the bottom; this opening is called a sink-hole, and the pipe carries the water, and everything else that the servant can get squeezed through the bit of perforated brass lid, away and away, goodness knows where. Dirty water of all kinds is emptied here, plates are washed in it, fatty matters and soap, sugar, milk, in fact anything that can be carried off, are freely poured into the abominable reservoir, and so long as they disappear, all is thought to be well. But is it so? What becomes of the gases and foul air, and the products of fermentation? Why, conveyed into the house again, and that too up through a pipe half clogged with the accumulated filth of years.

But water may, and I know often does, produce diarrhœa at this season. "We use nothing but filtered water," I fancy I hear some one say. Aye, and quite right too, and if instead of drinking the water straight from the filter, you pour the contents of a cruet back

and fore twice or thrice into another, you will make the water purer still, it will be better oxygenised, and purified. But I want to draw your attention to a matter of some importance. It is a well-known fact that water may pass through a good filter, look pure and sparkling, and still be far from wholesome. We must look farther afield therefore, we must look to the water-tanks themselves. Unfortunately these are not the sweet little cherubs who sit up aloft to look after the lives of those below; they are, very often, far from sweet.

You see, the surface of the water in these tanks is kept exposed to the air, and very properly too; but this has one disadvantage—the rattling of the traffic on our streets brings down the dust, and the sides of the tank get slimy and foul; probably a bluebottle of an inquiring turn of mind loses his way and falls among thieves; two bloated spiders have a quarrel over his remains, and all three tumble in and float there; a beetle or two may share the same fate, and a mouse meet with a watery grave. Well, the remedy I propose to obviate such a state of affairs is this: have the tank well cleaned out once a month, and protect the top with a lid of wire-gauze; this will admit of the aëration of the water, and keep off Mr. Beetle, Sir Mouse, and the spider, and mayhap much trouble to the inmates of the family.

I confess to digression, but digression oftentimes does good. Diarrhœa is *generally* caused by a lodgment in the bowels of some indigestible matter that has been eaten, the looseness being a mere effort of nature to carry off the cause of offence. We cannot do better, then, in a simple case than endeavour to assist nature by giving a moderate dose of castor oil, and if there is much griping, from five to fifteen drops of laudanum should be added, or from half to a whole teaspoonful of paregoric. If the diarrhœa should continue after this, recourse may be had to the compound chalk mixture, that any chemist can make you; but I should warn you against the long-continued use of chalk in any form, as it has been known to cause concretions or stones in the bowels and fatal obstruction. Chlorodyne is an excellent remedy in some cases of diarrhœa, and I have generally found one or two large doses better than many small. Here is a handy little draught which may, when there is much griping and bearing down, be taken every hour until relief is obtained: Laudanum, five to ten drops; dilute sulphuric acid, five to fifteen drops; essence of Jamaica ginger, fifteen drops; brandy, a table-spoonful, in a wine-glassful of water. Griping may be removed by hot fomentations to the stomach.

For some time after and during an attack of diarrhœa, great attention must be paid to the kind and quality of the food. It should be light and nutritious without being stimulating. I do not believe much in a too sloppy diet, but we have a wide range of foods without including meat. We have puddings of various kinds (but not *over-sweetened*, because sugar causes acidity), rice, arrowroot, sago, &c.

Diarrhœa may end in dysentery, when there is more pain and constant down-bearing, with blood in the

evacuations. If this comes on, call in a medical man without delay.

In any case of diarrhœa, let me warn the reader that even after it seems to be quite cured it is liable to recur. He who has had it once, therefore, must be careful of himself for a time. A mild and gentle laxative and corrective, and one which I often prescribe, is vegetable charcoal.

In autumn and the later months of summer, many people are laid up with inflammation of the eyes, caused by cold or exposure to high winds and dust, or to wet. The sufferer complains of stiffness of the eyelids, pain and heat, and a sensation as if sand had got into the eyes, and the effort to rub it out only increases the pain. The little bloodvessels on the white of the eye seem crimson and turgid, and there is more or less discharge, which is sometimes mattery. The eye is a highly sensitive as well as important organ, and as simple or seemingly simple cases have often ended in loss of sight, the most trifling ailments connected with it should never be neglected. A day or two's rest in bed in a darkened room should be enjoined. A purgative should be taken at the outset, especially if there be constipation. A blister may do good, a small one behind the ear. If the patient is

of full habit of body, the purgative should be repeated twice or thrice, and the diet lowered; if the reverse, tonics and good nourishing food will be required. Two grains of nitrate of silver to an ounce of distilled water, is a handy and useful eye-lotion, while a drop or two of wine of opium night and morning placed in the eyes will also do good.

People who can afford it will still be flocking seawards, and I do not blame them; there are one or two things, however, they would do well to remember. Complete restoration of health cannot be obtained in less than a month or six weeks. All kinds of hurry and excitement are productive of evil rather than good. Beware of that hunger which for the first few days, or even week, seems so promising a symptom of returning vigour. Do not over-load the stomach, or biliousness, swimming in the head, and head-ache will be the certain result.

Be temperate in the use of the bath—I mean the bath in the open sea. Wet the head before the body. If head-ache is produced by too long a stay in the water, a brisk walk will help to relieve it, or a hot bath for the legs. If faintness ensues after dressing, or nausea, lie down for a short time, and take a little wine, but as a rule stimulants should be avoided.



AN ADVENTURE IN FORMOSA.



A FEW years ago, on the discovery of coal in Formosa, I was appointed to a post at the mines of Keelung. I set out with one companion named

Molloy, and in due course was established. The change from the civilisation of Hong-Kong to the utter barbarism reigning in Formosa, had that charm for me which is experienced by all travellers on reaching a *terra incognita*. For some time my duties kept me fully occupied, and I had no leisure for pleasure. When once the arrangements under my particular care were completed, and things began to work smoothly, I set about acquiring an insight into the traditions of the island. As I anticipated, there was much of interest in the legends and folk-lore of the inhabitants. The usual stories of hobgoblins and haunted groves were plentiful, and my note-books were soon filled with matter enough to compile a second "Arabian Nights." I had exhausted nearly every source of information without gaining anything practical or tangible, when one day the "oldest inhabitant" (whom I casually met) entertained me with a long account of the career of a hero of Formosan romance.

In the course of his story it came out that this Bayard of the Kai-pa-wans (or aborigines) resided in a cave on the opposite side of the harbour. He was known to have collected immense quantities of gold and to have secreted them in his underground abode. The spells cast over the treasure had effectually barred