

putting her hand inside my arm as she spoke, though I had not offered it, and indeed intended to go with the young people to hear the song.

"What do you want with nightingales?" whispered Granny to me in her jocular way. "You are not in love."

Then I understood why they had strolled down to the lilacs without asking us to accompany them; but nevertheless I did not understand why Iris spoke and moved as if with an effort to resign herself to the inevitable.

The evening air was not cold enough to be feared; the windows were not closed, and I sat by the coffee-table, smoking and musing, while Granny sat down at the piano and played what she called Mendelssohn memories—scraps from the *Lieder*—little melodies that came into her head as her thoughts strayed back to the events of her life.

Listening to her, one seemed to hear the story of her life told in music.

At first the strain was merry and gay: she must have been thinking of the young people or of her own youth; and then the notes were suggestive of timid coyness, of sweet girlish love, that grew in intensity and fulness until they told of deep and passionate love. Suddenly the melody was changed: the awful march of death took the place of gaiety and love, every note spoke of terrible grief and despair; but that too passed away, and then dear Granny's fingers, trembling with emotion, played the beautiful *Lied* that some have called "Consolation," a melody full of the tenderest womanly sympathy, with dropping tears for notes.

"Is this thy history, dear Granny?" thought I. "Hast thou too loved and lost, and found in the end thy

holy consolation in promoting the happiness denied to thee?"

She had been playing for the best part of an hour, and this thought was just passing through my mind when, on turning my head slightly, I was startled beyond all expression by perceiving Iris sitting alone at the table beside me.

She looked like a statue sitting there impassive and motionless in the dim twilight—so marble-white, so beautiful, and so still. I could not speak, I was terrified; I took her hand, it was quite cold and supine. I shall never forget that awful moment as we sat there: both might have been dead, so utterly incapable of movement were we.

And all through that long period, which was but a moment, there rang in our ears the touching melody that Granny unconsciously mocked my poor child's despair withal. The cadence rose and fell, telling the poor soul of rest and peace where she saw nothing but misery and woe.

I pressed my dear one's hand, and she turned her face to mine.

"My darling," said I.

"Yes, papa—*your* darling!"

I knew what she meant now.

"I have told him, and we have parted."

Then, as the music touched her heart again, she buried her face upon my shoulder and wept.

She loved me still, though I had trodden on her heart.

I felt then the full penalty of my sin, as I perceived that my child's love and delicate sense of honour could not permit her to let the man she loved marry the daughter of a thief.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

## A WORD WITH THE CONVALESCENT.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



MAGAZINE, giving general advice upon some of the ailments incidental to this season of the year. I re-

AM not in my dotage by any means. My age has not yet made inroads on my intellect, nor are my powers of memory failing me; for I distinctly remember that I have already written two papers in the FAMILY

member this, and yet I feel in no way bound to make the slightest apology for this article. I dearly love to have a word to say to my numerous readers in the month of April, and well I know that when the postman brings the Magazine to many a distant English home, anxious eyes will scan its well-known yellow cover, wondering what the Doctor has to speak about in this number. Well, I have a word of hope to give to begin with: long though the winter lasted, hard and severe although the early part of it was, especially upon the aged, the young, and the infirm, I am very much mistaken if there be not a long glad summer before us, with plenty of sunshine and ozone in the air, and that means health and a better chance of life for us all.

The diseases that have been more especially prevalent during the last few months are chest affections, sore throats, neuralgic tooth-ache often accompanied with painful and distressing gum-boils, bronchitis, chronic and acute, inflammation of the lungs, rheumatism, &c. I have also treated many cases of



distressing diarrhoea and dysentery; nor have fevers been absent, notably scarlet, and I am sorry to add several cases of that most terrible of all plagues, small-pox, have come under my notice.

Now, I shall not at present occupy my own valuable space by describing the symptoms and treatment of the acute stages of any of those ailments. By doing so I should be guilty of a breach of medical etiquette. Your own physician is the proper person to guide you through actual disease. Be it mine for the nonce to address myself to the convalescent.

You have been suffering from bronchitis, perhaps you have been almost at death's door owing to that painful ailment; but thanks to professional skill, aided by a good constitution, you have now got round the corner, though still weak and far from well. You can do much then yourself to re-obtain sound health and strength, but you must not on the one hand put your trust in medicines alone, nor on the other attempt to hurry a cure. Bronchitis is so very apt to end in the chronic stage, usually called "winter cough," and I would have you so order your convalescence that this should not occur, and that no thickening of the mucous membrane should remain to form a hot-bed for the seeds of future illness. To obviate the chance of any such result, your motto must be "Gang warily," for remember that every fresh attack of cold—and to such attacks you will be for some time peculiarly liable—aggravates and increases the morbid condition of the mucous membrane. Remember too, and this should give you hope, that if you can prevent the recurrence of colds for a certain time, the mucous membrane will of its own accord resume its normal and healthy condition. In order, then, to insure complete convalescence, you are to use precautionary measures, and still not dispense with the services of the medicine bottle, the occasional draught, or the pill.

What are you to avoid? 1. Getting wet. The evil effects of wet and damp are patent to everybody. Out of a hundred cases of colds and coughs, probably over thirty are due to exposure to wet, or to sitting with cold or damp feet. And here let me remind you that while the feet and legs as well as the body are to be kept dry and warm, they are never to be what the Scotch call "plotted," the English for which is, I believe, "par-boiled." More harm is done by over-coddling than people are aware of. I have known cases of fatal disease brought about by the habit of going to bed constantly with a hot bottle at the feet, or a brick rolled in flannel. For goodness sake, then, don't "plot" legs and feet, don't blanch them; remember that legs and feet are not like leeks and celery, it isn't good for the former to be earthed up, so to speak, and blanched and made tender. You may consider my simile a homely one, I don't care for that, it is to the point.

2. Next you are to take precautions against draughts. Wrap the neck well up when you go out, if the day be the least cold. I don't care how much you expose the face and mouth—you know by this time that, except in very rare cases, I do not recommend the use of

the respirator—if the chest is well protected by nice, soft, porous flannel, breathing cold air will not hurt; in some cases it will even act as a tonic to the capillaries.

3. But avoid in any case riding or driving against the wind, if you would avoid death itself. Walking exercise is very good, but remember, while moving quickly enough to keep yourself warm, never to allow yourself to perspire. The spring sunshine and gentle southerly breezes possess remarkably healing and balsamic properties. You may remain out in the open air—keeping moving about, of course—so long as you feel a dreamy, half-drowsy sense of pleasure, but not to the verge of fatigue or the slightest of chills; the latter especially should warn you in-doors at once. Avoid night air, and *fogs*, and *damp*, and all sudden changes of temperature.

3. Remember that everything that strengthens the digestive powers is a step towards the resumption of perfect health. The diet should be light and nutritious, the appetite and taste should be the chief guides to the kind of food to be taken. If you are weak, little and often is the rule; as you get stronger you can afford to wait till you are hungry, and to take more food at a time, but never over-eat. As a dinner pill, you may take half a grain of quinine, a grain each of rhubarb and ginger, and three of extract of dandelion. Pills of camomile are of great service in regulating the digestive organs, and if cod-liver oil can be taken, by all means use it, not forgetting that the light brown, though dearer, is far and away the best.

You can hardly expect to get well without some drawbacks, and these are generally caused by the accession of fresh colds. Never, then, be without these two little bottles in your room:—Bottle No. 1 contains one drachm of carbonate of ammonia, one drachm of solution of the muriate of morphia, and six ounces of camphor-water. Bottle No. 2 contains ten ounces of the liquor of the acetate of ammonia. Have also a box of the aperient pills that happen to suit you best. On catching cold, take a table-spoonful of bottle No. 1 every four hours until bed-time, when you must take three table-spoonfuls of bottle No. 2 in half a tumblerful of cold spring-water. Cover yourself well up in bed, and drink plenty of water if thirsty; continue bottle No. 1 next day, take your food and exercise as usual, and a dose of your favourite pills at bed-time. Next day you ought to be well, but if after a day or two the cold seems returning, then meet it half-way again, by two days more of the same treatment.

With regard to other medicines—except tonics—I would prefer leaving you to your own physician, for some expectorants depress, others impoverish the blood; some stop secretion, others increase it; so that each case requires special treatment. However, a course of tonics always does good if there be no irritation of the stomach or bowels. A pill of reduced iron, the sulphate of quinine and iron pill, or the citrate of iron and quinine mixture, all are good; and I have done much good with the following, especially in cases where the nerves were somewhat shattered:—Twenty grains of sulphate of zinc, and thirty of the extract of conium, divided into twelve pills, and one taken three



times a day. And the cod-liver oil goes well with this.

Not only should the delicate and the convalescent get all the sunshine and fresh air possible, but all the daylight as well; eight hours' sleep will be enough, with forty winks during the day, so long as the latter does not interfere with the night's rest proper. In any case early to bed and early to rise should be the rule.

Those who have suffered during the winter from sore throat or swollen tonsils ought, during the months of April and May, to take especial care of themselves, as these complaints are extremely liable to relapse, and the second state of the case is often worse than the first. Let such remember that they are never to expose themselves to the night air, during this season, nor to easterly winds; and, indeed, at any time a bit of soft flannel or a comforter should be worn round the neck. There sometimes remains, after all pain and inflammation have subsided, considerable enlargement and swelling of the tonsils. Painful and trying operations are sometimes necessary for the removal of this state of the tonsils, but I think that in all cases before the patient submits himself to the knife or escharotic, he ought to try the effects of constitutional remedies.

In addition, then, to using the cold or tepid bath of a morning, to living well and regularly, and using every other means to brace and tone the system, he ought to use an astringent gargle regularly. The following will be found as efficacious as any:—Borax, a drachm and a half; tincture of myrrh, four drachms; glycerine, two drachms; rose-water, to four ounces. At the same time I advise the use of the following alterative tonic:—Tincture of iron, ten or twelve drops; tincture of iodine, eight drops, in half a wine-glassful of camphor-water three times a day. Cod-liver oil should be used at the same time if the stomach will bear it.

Toothache and neuralgia of the jaws, and excruciating pains coming on periodically and extending over one half of the head, are very distressing ailments, and never fail to so shake and strain the system, that weeks and months often pass ere the patient can be said to be himself again. I refer those who still suffer to my article on neuralgia; here I speak more to those who are well, but still weak, and to them I say, by all means have the mouth seen to. No one has an excuse, in these days of almost painless dentistry, for going about with useless or decayed stumps of teeth in the jaws, the effects of which are manifold: notably that of rendering the breath offensive, of spreading the disease *caries* to the other teeth, of originating painful gum-boils, and, by preventing the

proper mastication of the food, inducing dyspepsia; and dyspepsia, as all should remember, may be the forerunner of fatal disease, in a hundred different forms. Nothing is likely to do more good after painful illnesses of this kind than full doses of quinine; two, or two and a half grains should be taken three times every day in a little sherry wine, with a few drops of the tincture of ginger added. And here I may throw in a hint that may be worth remembering: quinine, being a very expensive medicine, is extremely liable to adulteration with a variety of different substances, either obnoxious or inert; be sure, then, you purchase it from a respectable chemist. Again, I have often ordered—in cases of convalescence from acute diseases—the powdered Peruvian bark itself to be taken, say fifteen grains three times a day, or twice that, in a little port wine, or even in half a glass of good stout, and I have found good results accrue from its use. In cases where quinine or the bark itself induces headache or fulness, or tingling in the head, two grains of beberine (the sulphate of beberia) made into a pill with conserve of roses is a capital medicine for the convalescent.

To those who have lately come through an acute attack of diarrhoea or dysentery, I must say you cannot be too cautious in what you eat or drink. Cold, too, however applied is very apt to induce a recurrence of these disorders. I have found the use of galvanic bands very efficacious in many instances, and I always advocate the wearing of a flannel roller around the loins. The health of the skin, too, should be well attended to; the cold bath or shower bath is badly borne, but the tepid bath with plenty of soap and subsequent friction should be had recourse to at least twice a week. Warm soft stockings or socks should also be worn, with moderately stout shoes; and if the stockings can be changed every day, so much the better. In these cases when there is any suspicion of having caught cold, bathing the feet and legs in hot mustard and water, and taking a little wine negus before going to bed, with from five to ten drops of the solution of the muriate of morphia, will often do good; but beware of the nightly draught of this medicine to which some people accustom themselves, to the utter and final ruin of their constitutions. The best tonics in convalescence from these ailments are, perhaps, quinine, iron, and cascarilla bark. The strength should be kept up, and the food be nutritious and easy of digestion; good broths, and jellies, and soup, with raw eggs, should be taken, and a small supply of stimulant may be necessary, but of this the patient's own doctor must be the proper judge.

