

breeze, when you've a smart craft and a handy crew. Why, in that little cutter yacht I had before, the *Mermaid*, I've weathered more than could be expected off Scilly, and round by Clovelly too, for a cockleshell like that. Just you come with me for a trial trip, and trust to me to bring you safe and dry ashore again," said young Sir Hartopp.

Lady Malvern smiled, and said something flattering to her young guest's—and would-be son-in-law's—self-conceit. It was impossible that she should admire Sir Pollock's boastful tone and rough demeanour, but money in the eyes of a manoeuvring mother covers a multitude of sins. Not that the baronet's real faults were many or peccant. His chief fault was the dull egotism that had been fostered in him by the having his own way earlier and more completely than is good for most of us. His father had died while his heir was yet a schoolboy, and Sir Pollock had come home from Winchester discipline to domineer over obsequious dependants, and to be spoiled by his mother's helpless indulgence.

The young man had a bad temper, as has been already said, and cared for few things beyond his own gratification; but he was free-handed enough, sometimes astonished those about him by an act of spontaneous good-nature, and had plenty of courage, with a dash of rashness, such as these sanguine, bull-necked youths not seldom possess. Such as he was, he had a very great sense of his own importance, and scarcely deigned to notice the minor members of the company, such as Lady Edith and Robert Barton.

It was to Lady Edith that Robert found the most to say. Her pursuits and his were in some measure alike, for she was known and loved among the poor, while the owner of Tregunna was perhaps the most popular person in that part of the country.

"Your name, Mr. Barton, is quite familiar to me," said the earl's plain-faced eldest daughter; "and I have heard wonders of your new schools at Tregunna."

The countess happened to overhear the remark, and smiled approval. Poor Edith of the weak spine, so she thought, was playing her cards judiciously. But she was wrong; Lady Edith's mind was occupied with very different subjects from marrying and being given in marriage, for she was simply one of those sweet-

natured, unselfish girls whom we see doing their best, without ostentation or parade, to smooth the path through life of those whose bruised feet stumble over the sharp stones. The world had given very little, except the hollow sound of a courtesy title, to Edith De Vere; but she was always cheerful, unrepining, and tender to the woes of others, though rarely free from some dull sense of physical pain.

Lord Malvern bore the burden of keeping the conversation, as it were, up to concert pitch. He was a fluent talker, and sometimes entertaining, and had a knack of telling anecdotes that were not too lengthy, and of relating experiences that were never suffered to be prolix. He was one of those whom it is difficult not to like, and perhaps equally difficult to respect, so genuine, but so shallow, was the kindliness of his disposition.

Lady Gwendoline said less than any other person at the table. She looked very noble, graceful, and good, with her clear blue eyes and golden hair, and tall well-shaped form, straight as a lily, and with a pure pale face that reminded those who saw her of the lily too. She had known Sir Pollock all her life. He had taught her to hold her reins properly when she was a slim child on a shaggy pony, and he a big, boastful youth. She liked him then, as she would have liked an elder brother, strong, loud-voiced, and good-natured. He was crosser now, and less talkative, and, somehow, she did not like the young man quite so well as she had liked the hobbydehoy. Of her mother's schemes on her behalf she knew nothing. Match-making mammas keep these projects to themselves—at least, when they have to deal with daughters such as Lady Gwendoline De Vere—and are wise in so doing. Certainly, no notion of being Lady Hartopp of Trenilly, with say thirty thousand a year of revenue to compensate for a loveless marriage, had ever crossed the girl's mind.

"I suppose," muttered Robert Barton to himself, as he walked home along the cliff-path, "they are making up a match between pretty Lady Gwendoline and that titled sop Sir Pollock. It is a good match, of course; but a sacrifice, too. When will this buying and selling, this barter of rank and beauty for a tempting income and a snug jointure, come to an end?"

END OF CHAPTER THE NINTH.

"ONLY MIDDLING."

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



HE family physician ought to be the family friend. It is to the advantage of every one concerned that he should be so. Yet it is a belief common with many that a medical man is always on the outlook for what he is pleased to call "cases;" that while shaking hands with an acquaintance he is taking the temperature of his palm; that while looking in his face he is

but judging of the state of his blood and weighing probabilities, wondering to himself whether when called next it will be apoplexy or a complete "break up;" and that to this terrible man of medicine the eyes are not the windows of the soul, but the windows of the liver.

As matters stand, it is very different with the physician of the present day. Unless a very young man indeed, or a practitioner in some of the seaside villages

of Cornwall or Skye, where a doctor can neither die nor live, he is rather overworked than otherwise. He certainly has no need to pray for cases, nor is he always thinking about disease, nor always reading about it; you will find the morning paper as often in his carriage as the *Lancet* or *Medical Times*, and that volume which you see him so engrossed in, as his carriage rolls along the street, may be neither a new treatise on *trichiasis* nor a medical theory, theme, or thesis of any kind, but merely the last new book from a lending library. Such is the modern medico, and I expect those families are best off who look upon their physician as a friend—a friend without a bit of the “bogey” about him—a friend free to drop in for a few minutes when so minded, or put in an appearance at afternoon tea, like any one else, without causing a thought of anxiety, or even the suspicion that the visits may mean prospective guineas, or a lengthened Christmas bill. A medical man is a man of the world, he sees all sides of life, and may often be the best of advisers in matters quite outside his ordinary duties. But apart from this, who, when real sickness comes, will be better positioned to cope with and conquer it, than he that knows the constitution, or in other words, the health-history of every member of the family?

Now, after an experience of nearly ten long years as Family Doctor to this Magazine, I do not think I am likely to be accused of presuming too much if I style myself a friend to my readers. I will do so and chance it, and in this paper I will take the privilege of a friend, and drop in as it were to have a little quiet and seasonable chat with the reader, and I may have a few things to remind him of that he has almost forgotten.

“The whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick.” This is true, literally as well as spiritually; but there are thousands and thousands of people in this country with whom we mix and mingle every day, who, although neither invalids nor sick, in the strict sense of the term, enjoy but indifferent health, yet *might be* well and happy and strong. It is to these I speak. I write on behalf of the “Only Middling.”

The “Only Middling” is a far larger class than most of us have any idea of. Ask one of them how he is to-day, and if courtesy demands a reply to the point, it comes pat enough—“Middling.” In other words, his health is nothing to boast of, and he scorns to complain. He would not think of calling in a doctor, nor of going to visit a doctor. There isn't much the matter with him, he thinks. He is just about in his ordinary state of health, perhaps not much better nor much worse. He is not so strong as he would like to be, he confesses this much to himself; colds easily affect him, the weather affects him; he is prone to lay his aches on the shoulders of the east wind, and his lassitude and weariness at the door of the west.

It is on this class of people, the “Only Middling,” that quacks fatten and grow so big, that dingy little dens in the back slums of London are no longer large enough for them, and, backed by the balance they have amassed at their banker's, they are fain to build villas on the Thames, or pretty houses at seaside

watering-places. Yes, for the “Only Middling” take a deal of medicine on the quiet—privately. People of this class are most gullible. They say to themselves—

“Yes, that is exactly how I feel; those are my symptoms to a ‘t.’ It's my liver that is wrong. I'll have some of those pills.”

A week or two after, being still “only middling,” they exclaim—

“To be sure, stomach derangement. How could I have been so blind? Here are all my symptoms, one after the other, and a good many more that I haven't got yet. I'll send for some of those pills.”

And so they go on all the year round, as vacillating and wavering as the weathercock.

Now let me tell these people, to begin with, that they need not expect to get permanent benefit *from medicine of any kind*, and that it is dangerous in the extreme to use quack nostrums. It would be far safer indeed to mix up all the drugs that an apothecary's shop contains, without regard to their chemical properties or their compatibilities, and take a tablespoonful of that three times a day. In this latter case one would know what one was taking, anyhow.

But, dear me! man was never meant to live upon medicine, and yet there are thousands and thousands who think they cannot live without it. Nonsense! Throw physic to the dogs, and come and let us have five minutes' suggestive conversation together.

What is the matter with you? You don't know? You are never particularly strong, particularly bright nor happy; you have no great appetite; your tongue is usually furred of a morning; you are no breakfast-eater, but you usually dine and sup well enough, and you are more hopeful and stronger in every way in the after part of the day than in the forenoon.

Well, your pulse indicates no disease; your heart is not strong, to be sure; but then, you know, hearts have a habit of sympathising with the tone of other organs of the body. Your liver is healthy but apt, like a badly-driven horse, to shy at times; your spleen does its duty fairly well, and so do the kidneys; and your lungs are intact, while your temperature is about normal, though I have no doubt it fluctuates slightly.

No, your complexion is not so clear as it might be, nor your eyes, though both might be worse.

What do I think is the matter with you, do you ask? What is the cause of so much “only-middlingness”? Well, I'll tell you, and you need not start and turn pale when I do so. You are suffering from the effects of *chronic poisoning*. No, I do not think that anybody has been giving you anything, or that there is very much the matter with the well, or the water, or the drains. Nor do I think that your family grocer or baker are putting plumbago, plaster of Paris, or *cocculus indicus* in their goods. You are poisoning *yourself*; you are suffering from the effects of effete matter in the blood. That is the whole truth, the whole secret of your grief, and until you get into a habit of living that shall insure, not only purity, but healthful richness of blood, you will never be one day really well or one day really happy as long as you

live, even if you swallow the whole British Pharmacopœia, mixed or separate.

And I will go further and say that your "only middling" people cannot reasonably hope for long life. If they ever do see sixty, they never see seventy.

I am talking very candidly with you. And I am bound to say it is far easier to suggest a remedy for your complaint than to cause you to adopt it, for there is a painful amount of truth in the old saying, "Habit is second nature." We gradually adopt habits that are prejudicial to the health, and when the health suffers and we try to throw the former off, we find we have been wearing a garment the warp and woof of which has been interwoven with our very flesh and sinews.

Ah! but health is worth trying for, and good habits of life may be made to replace bad ones if we try. Well, I say that in cases of "only-middlingness," where there is no actual disease, the individual, the invalid if he will permit me to call him so, is suffering from impurity of blood. Nature has bestowed upon us certain organs and emunctories, destined to keep the blood in a state of perfect purity, a purity which alone is compatible with perfect health.

Every organ in the body has its own duties to perform; but each organ is but part and parcel of a grand whole; the one must not clog or hamper the other, or the machinery of life will work but poorly. The combined duties of all the organs are to make good blood and to keep it pure.

The rough work of the blood-making process is commenced, at all events, in the mouth. The food *must* be sufficiently masticated, and masticated slowly so as to be mingled with a due proportion of the salivary juices. In the stomach blood-making goes on in earnest, and healthy and wholesome must be the lining membrane of that organ, and pure must be the blood supplied to its *villi* and its glands of secretion, or poor indeed will be chyle and chyme produced, and poor and polluted all the blood in the body in consequence. Therefore, one who has but middling health cannot be too careful in the choice of his diet—*how* he eats, *what* he eats, and *when* he eats. He should remember that he is but little likely to be *too* abstemious, that

the great, or rather one of the great faults of the age is over-eating, which heats the blood, fevers the system, expends the nervous power needlessly, puts a strain upon other organs as well as the stomach, irritates the brain, and renders the blood so impure that it is beyond the power of liver, lungs, kidneys, and skin to eliminate the poisons it contains.

Wine or spirits taken on an empty stomach not only tend to irritate the coats of it, but they cause an immediate expenditure of that gastric juice which ought to have been conserved for the purposes of digesting and dissolving solid food. Can we wonder then that the common habit of taking stimulants between meals produces dyspepsia and poisoning of the blood?

The liver and kidneys are very accommodating, I must admit, but just try the experiment of giving them less work to do for a week or two. Reduce food in quantity, be more particular about its quality and what you mix it with, and you will be surprised at the result. All the more will you be surprised at the good that will accrue if, in addition, you adopt a system of blood-purification by means of the skin. Thus: a Turkish bath (with your doctor's sanction) once a week; a warm-water wash with soap followed by a cold, or nearly cold, sponge-bath in the morning, with sea-salt dissolved in it; a warm bath every second night before going to bed, and a course of almost hard exercise daily in the open air.

It is absolutely necessary that the bowels be kept gently open, but taking medicine for this purpose is to be deprecated. If aperients must be taken, let them be the mildest possible, but remember oranges, prunes, and ripe fruit generally, especially if eaten first thing in the morning, tend to keep the system easy.

Now just one word in conclusion to the "Only Middling." Do you meditate a change to the seaside this autumn? Much good may accrue from it. But begin a system of regular living, exercising, and bathing about a week or a fortnight before you go, and take some of the milder bitter tonics—infusion of calumba, for instance, or its tincture, also one or two mild aperient pills. And while at the seaside, or enjoying mountain air, *learn* to live regularly.

ALL ALONG THE WEAR.



NOT one of the largest of our streams, the Wear is one of the most interesting. It courses through varied scenery, through scenes that are made classical by poets, under the walls of that "cathedral huge and vast that frowns down upon" it; through the richest of the lead-mining dales, and across the centre of the greatest of our coal-yielding counties, whilst finally it empties itself into the sea between banks that have long been

noted for the vessels they have built, and the industries that have gathered in and near Sunderland-by-the-Sea. In early days, ballads, such as that of "Rookhope Ryde," tell of the deeds that were done on Wearside, far up beyond the region of coal and commerce, where the bishops ruled in state; and later and more polished minstrels, down to Scott, have told us of the deeds of the knights who lived at Witton-le-Wear when "Harold the Dauntless" was dreaded, and of the more peaceful spirit that has prevailed since,