

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,

when the "grey towers of Durham" are the objects of other fame and aspirations than those chronicled in the period of rude wars and ancient forays.

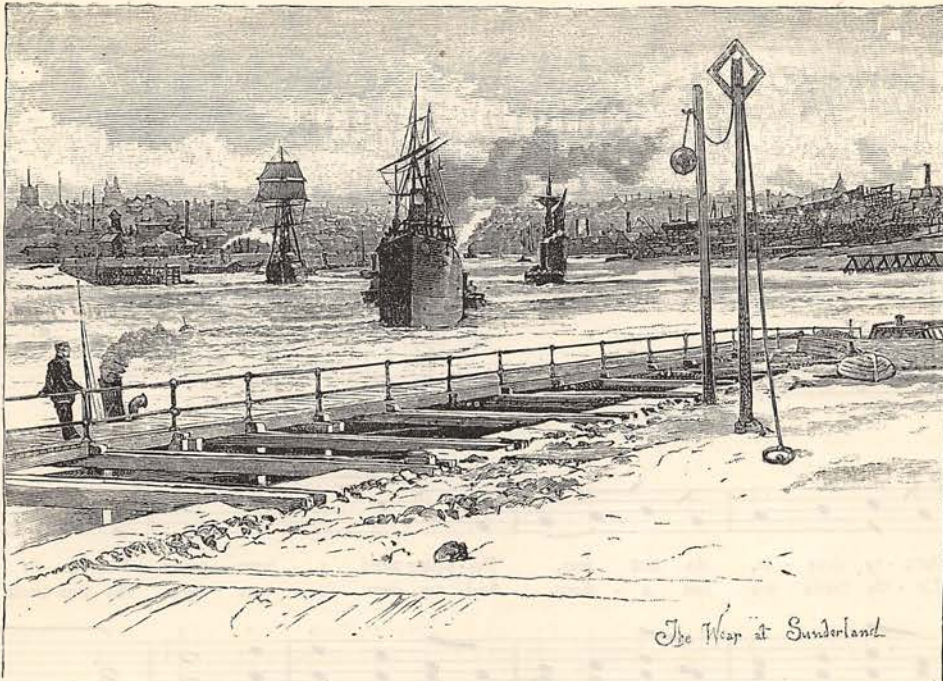
The waters that form the Wear come from the wild moorlands, where the counties of York, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham unite. The stream is small at St. John's Chapel, a mining village far up from the course of traffic. It flows down by Stanhope, and thence by Witton-le-Wear, Croxdale, and Durham, on through the coal country to Hylton and Sunderland, where it loses itself in the sea. It is not a commercial stream like its northern neighbour the Tyne; it has not the depth nor the volume of water that others have; but on its banks are castles and cathedrals, priories and palaces, ancient homes of the lords of the county palatine; these in the present have given place to the glories of a coal out-put that has no parallel amongst English counties, and to a production of lead that is as great in proportion, whilst in recent years the river has pressed into the first of those that build our iron walls.

From Wearhead to Westgate the Wear runs through a hilly region, bold and rocky; its sides are shut in by bluffs and sparsely-wooded slopes. The population on its banks is scanty, the white-washed cottages that define themselves amongst

the emerald fields being those of lead-miners and small farmers, and the hamlets being few, retired, and lonely. A noble race inherit the dale: a race thrifty, sober, and religious—"lusty lads and large of length," as those the ballad pictures as in the past dwelling on the northern lake. Brought up to the work of the lead-mine, skilled in that unique labour, inheriting its traditions, and adding to its work that of the more healthy occupation of managing a few acres of grazing-land, the inhabitants of the old forest of Weardale have had of late, in the dulness of the lead-mining industry, to pass through a period of tribulation that has been endured without flinching, and without loss of self-respect. Below the region of Stanhope, where the railway terminates, the scenery on the riverside "broadens slowly down," the land loses its invariable toll to grass, and corn-fields become more frequent; while the villages are more numerous, and the industries more varied. Cleveland furnaces, far to the east, demand large supplies of limestone, and hundreds of workmen find employment in the quarries of Frosterley; lead is still sought in conjunction with iron; and when the ancient and pleasant village of Witton is passed the coal country is impinged upon, and throughout the rest of the north-eastern course of the Wear it is never far from coal and coal-mines.



THE WEAR, NEAR STANHOPE.



And yet it is in that region that the Wear has possibly its finest scenery. It bends to the north, and flows up past Croxdale's woods, and on through a hill-region, under the shade of the "cathedral huge and vast," and few are the scenes that are fairer than that of the course of the Wear as traced from "Durham's Gothic shade." Near Kepier Woods it runs northward through a good land—a land of hill and dale, well timbered, fertile, and full of coal. It passes east of the stately castle of Lumley, and, still in the coal country, it turns to the east at Pelaw, and runs on by Washington, through a deepening bed by Hylton, and through Sunderland, where it loses itself in the German Ocean. The isolation and barrenness of Weardale have been lost before Wolsingham's steel works are reached; coal studs the country with mining villages in the central course; and ship-building makes three miles near its mouth resonant with the clang of the riveters' hammers, whilst that prosperous industry and coal-shipment give the foundation of the prosperity of the growing town at the mouth of the Wear. And just as the scenery on the river changes with its course, from the greenness of a pastoral and scantily-peopled country to the "academic groves" of Durham, and the sight of the forges, the cones, the yards, and the thronged buildings at the mouth, so do the industries alter.

Lead is lord in Weardale, and that precarious and antique industry has built up a population quaint in

custom, rugged in character, stern in speech. Coal predominates in the central reaches, and strews near the banks its great pit-heaps, huge mines, and ever-winding wheels; whilst its population is one that has the characteristics of the collier, and that still retains some of the traces that long ago were pointed out in Chicken's "Colliers' Wedding." Below the "clamorous iron flail" of trade is swinging; there are the huge furnaces that ever, in Hood's phrase, "vomit sparks red, yellow, and white;" the reverberating mills that send out huge plates and bars of iron like fiery serpents; the great glass works that revive memories of the converting "pots" of Sheffield; the yards where the skeleton vessels are clothed with iron sides; and the spouts ever rattling as the coals drop down, 2,000,000 tons a year.

The characters of the people on Wearside differ as markedly; the dialect varies; and from the heights where its waters gather, down to the spot which a thousand years ago Carlepho, Bishop of Durham, granted to Benedictine monks, there is no dull mile in the sixty that from its source to the Wearmouths the river Wear embraces. Collieries, like that of Wearmouth, costing £100,000 to reach the coal; churches dating back to 674; docks, parks, winter gardens, museums, works, mansions, and noble bridges—these are the scenes that, at the mouth of the Wear, tell of the upgrowth and the development of one of the chief of the northern towns.

