

the Gretna Green ones on the shores of the Solway Firth. After the death or banishment of the incumbent—Wilkinson, we believe, was his name—who made money by these unseemly benedictions, the chapel recovered its respectability. George III., by a special patent, made it a Chapel Royal, with certain rights and privileges, and since that time it has rejoiced in all the graces and proprieties and elegant refinements that belong to the Georgian and Victorian ages of English history. As a Scotsman, the present writer had a peculiar pleasure in worshipping there. One of our greatest national poets, Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld and translator of the *Æneid*, lies buried in the centre of the chancel, as the brass plate indicates, and the name of Archibald Cameron of Lochiel, one of the victims of the Highland rising of 1745, in an inscription not far from the same spot, cannot fail to touch a true heart with admiration for the men whose loyalty, chivalrous devotion, and uncorrupted fidelity to their chief, even at this time throws a halo of glory over the manifest absurdity of their attempt.

The visitor who has not made his eye familiar with the principal historical sites in London has

left the great metropolis without seeing that which is best worth seeing in it, even though he has enjoyed free entrance to the best houses in Mayfair or Belgravia. The present writer has spent hours, and days, and weeks in walking through the Vatican and other famous museums in the great cities of Europe, rich in historical materials and patriotic suggestions; but he knows nothing at once more instructive, more suggestive, and more elevating to an intelligent mind than a thoughtful perambulation of WESTMINSTER ABBEY and the chapel adjacent. This is, indeed, the great stone *Iliad* of England, to be ignorant of which should bring to a British school-boy greater shame than not to have heard of the wrath of Achilles or the filial piety of the son of Anchises. The man who cannot learn from the speaking monuments of these richly-peopled aisles something better than the vulgar love of glory, and who cannot see something higher than the romance of history in the patriotic endurance of the sufferers in the TOWER, is made of materials which no appeal of the preacher and no drill of the schoolmaster can prevail to transmute from its native grossness.

## AILMENTS ONE GETS LITTLE PITY FOR.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



**T**HAT there are a great many ailments, both little and big, for which no great pity is either felt or shown, everybody knows. I do not, however, purpose in this paper to mention all of them, and, for obvious reasons, must take the little instead of the big.

Sympathy with the sufferings of others is, in my belief, one of the traits of a noble heart, and this sympathy is seldom thrown away. It falls like water on a dry and thirsty soil. "And does good?" do you

ask. "Ay, and does real good," I reply. I could write an essay—not necessarily a short one, either—on the value of pity as a healing agent. Does not pity often engender hope in the patient's heart, and does not hope cure, often more certainly than the best of medicine? Does not pity soothe? And to soothe is to give relief, the very first step that tends to health restored.

It should be remembered, however, that there are some natures so constituted, that pity rather tends to irritate and cast down, because they imagine that the pity tendered proves that the giver thereof can see signs of illness in the sufferer, which he himself cannot perceive—that he is therefore worse than he imagines. Pity should not be overdone; there may be too much of even a good thing.

Be these few words my preface, and now for the practical.

There is an expression you hear almost every day applied to, or having reference to, some sufferer: "Oh! it is nothing deadly." This is to talk heartlessly—unfeelingly. No complaint in the world, perhaps, elicits less sympathy than *tooth-ache*. Many is the time and oft I have heard people laughed at for having it. This was called "trying to laugh them out of it." Sudden mirthful affections of the mind have often, I grant you, scared away a trifling pain, but never the agony of an aching tooth. The most common kind of tooth-ache is probably that caused by a simple inflammation of the pulp of the tooth, which generally is a decayed one. The inflammation itself is the result of cold. Bad enough to bear is this kind of tooth-ache; and it is apt to recur again and again, from just the same causes, in spite of all the pain-killing nostrums that can be applied.

The radical cure for tooth-ache of this sort is so simple that a child can understand its why and its wherefore. Go boldly to a good dentist and have it cleaned and filled. And let me tell you this, that the cleaning is a very essential part of the operation. Go in the interval of pain—and this latter may in all cases be removed by rest, warmth in bed, and an aperient of a cooling kind. Here is something that few people know: saline aperients are most valuable in the treatment of all trifling inflammations; they reduce the general bulk of the blood and remove inflammatory products. The roughest forms of salines



are the Epsom and Glauber salts; the milder, Seidlitz powders, Pullna and other natural waters, &c.

But, as tooth-ache is likely to recur, those who are apt to suffer from it should see to the state of the general health, and take a mild tonic if need be, and, above all, make a habit of brushing the teeth after every meal. Far too little care is taken of the teeth in this country. From early infancy, children ought to be taught the use of the tooth-brush—a soft one, be it remembered—and chided if at any time they neglect it. At the same time, it is the duty of the parent (maternal) to notice that at the period of second dentition things are going on regularly; and loose teeth should be removed, lest they cause disfigurement in the new rows coming up.

We have much to learn yet from our friends the Americans in regard to the care of the teeth and gums.

Never eat to repletion; tooth-ache may be caused by indigestion. To remove the actual pain, chloroform and creosote may be applied with a morsel of lint over the aching tooth again and again, until numbness ensues. This is, however, a doubtful, if not a dangerous remedy, and should be used, therefore, with great caution.

Actual decay of teeth is a disease mostly of a constitutional kind, and nearly always requires the advice of a doctor, combined with the work of a dentist.

Whether one gets pity for it or not, neuralgia, whatever form it may take, is always a serious matter. It may, however, be but transient, having been brought on by over-work, anxiety, want of sleep, and exposure to cold or damp. Rest, bracing air, easily digested but nutritious food, a gentle aperient—not a saline—and quinine, are the only remedies I can here prescribe.

It occurs to me to say a word about *ear-ache*. It is a species of neuralgia, but very often proceeds from bad teeth. They should be seen to, as well as the general health. Hot fomentations should be applied to the ear, and afterwards a large, soft, warm poultice. Rest in bed is often imperative.

*Back-ache* is often a constant complaint with over-worked and delicate people. They get little pity for it. It seems almost a mockery to say, "Remove the cause." But this should be done as much as possible, and an easy position studied while at work. Steel, or steel with quinine, will often do good, and the strength should be kept well up.

As, however, back-ache is often connected with internal complaints, which may eventually prove intractable or incurable, whenever it occurs for any length of time a medical man should be consulted.

Pain of all kinds is greatly relieved by the use of the hot bath. This is a hint which should not be forgotten.

*Head-aches*.—These are of so many different kinds that I cannot spare space to say much about them. Rest, aperients, absence for a time from food, and afterwards mild doses of quinine, will be found beneficial. But those who are much subject to them must

take the greatest care how they live, and not neglect plenty of wholesome, happy exercise in the open air. Those who sit much during the day should be careful to hold the body as erect as possible.

Cold water applied frequently to the head does good in *fulness of the head*. This last often proceeds from a disordered stomach and liver. The latter may be congested, and, if only transiently so, one or two anti-bilious pills will remove it. The stomach and liver sympathise very much with each other. When the latter is out of order, the former will be acid.

Acidity of the stomach is a complaint with many. I shall treat of it, I trust, at a future day. Let me only here warn those who suffer from it not to trust too much to antacids, which always make matters worse in the long run.

Slight *colds* and *coughs* should never be neglected. Unless one actually calls in medical assistance, probably it is better to trust to dietetic treatment, with rest and warmth, than to purchase cough mixtures from the shops, which may or may not be unskillfully prepared. The worst of these is that they so often contain such a quantity of opiates that, even when they do give relief, they leave want of appetite, constipation, and general inaptitude for duty, for days to come.

Chlorodyne is often taken for colds and coughs. It is a *dangerous* remedy, in that weak-minded people are apt to take doses of it so often that it becomes a habit, and nothing could be more dangerous. It leads eventually to chronic ill-health, and is sure to shorten life if persisted in.

A *sprain* is apt to be neglected. Rest and soothing applications, or even cold water, will be sufficient to bring matters straight very soon; but remember, many a one has become a cripple for life from neglecting a sprained foot or ankle.

An *in-growing nail* is a most painful, though not dangerous, affection. It is quite sufficient to lame one, and to cause much suffering, situated, as it usually is, on the great toe. A speedy attempt must be made to cure it. The nail should be scraped thin in the centre by means of a small piece of glass; afterwards it will be found possible to raise, by gentle pressure, the in-grown portion; under it should be placed a morsel of carbolised cotton. This should be changed twice a day, and only a slipper or soft shoe worn, until it is quite healed. When paring the toe-nails, it is best to cut them right across. All sorts of troubles accrue to the feet from the habit of wearing badly-fitting boots or shoes.

*Corns* and *bunions*, for example. The former may be got rid of thus: first remove the cause which produced them; secondly, remove the pressure from the tender parts; steep the feet in hot water, and pare well; wear warm, soft stockings or socks, and rest the feet as much as possible. It is not every chemist who will sell liquor arsenicalis without a medical prescription, as it is highly poisonous, but painting either hard or soft corns with this three times a day causes their disappearance. I have prescribed liquor arsenicalis



as a tonic in very minute doses in these columns more than once, and readers have afterwards written to say they were unable to procure it. It would be beneficial to thousands were druggists as particular as regards the sale of other poisons, notably chloral, chlorodyne, and laudanum.

Probably the best application to a bunion is the strongest tincture of iodine; but if it is a very bad one, consult a physician and do exactly what he tells you.

Many people suffer from *over-sweating* of the feet. Now the most sensible form of treatment seems to be the following:—1. Seek out the cause. This will generally be found to lie in a poor condition of the general health, which must be remedied by tonics, extract of malt, cod-liver oil, or a combination of the latter two food-tonics, now sold at all shops, exercise, and the cold bath. 2. By attention to the feet themselves. Keep extra clean, and change the stockings frequently; bathe or soak the feet night and morning in water to which either some alum or a handful

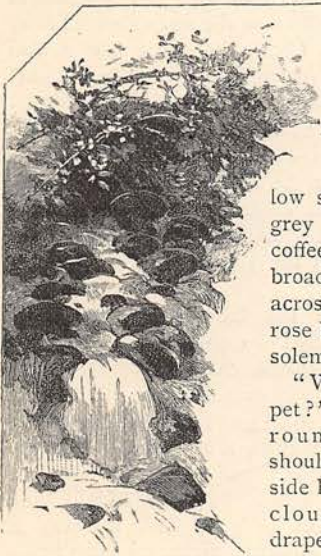
of sea-salt has been added. An ointment of five grains of carbolic acid to an ounce of the ointment of oxide of zinc has been recommended by some physicians. After the feet have been well washed, they are to be anointed with this. 3. Wear soft woollen socks and easy boots.

*Cold feet* are often complained of by the delicate, and even by the apparently strong. It is my impression that we ought to try to get more at the root of the evil than we do by simply ordering the feet and legs to be kept warm night and day. Coldness in the feet and extremities points to a lowering of vitality. The system is under par, and needs strengthening, and the circulation usually requires quickening. This, exercise in the open air, the use of the dumb-bells, and morning bath will generally effect.

I have written this somewhat desultory paper, letting remark follow remark, just as it occurred to me, but I trust that some of my numerous readers may be able to pick a useful hint or two from it.

ABOVE THE MOUNTAIN MIST.

BY LILLIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON, AUTHOR OF "FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY," ETC.



"TO-MORROW is Marjory's birthday," said the Laird. "What shall we give her?"

They were all out after dinner, on the low stone terrace of the old grey castle, drinking their coffee, and watching the broad sheet of gold spread across the loch, as the moon rose behind Ben Lomond's solemn height.

"What do you want, my pet?" and he slid his arm round Margie's slender shoulders, as she leant beside him, wrapped in a soft cloud of white woollen drapery, upon the carved stone balustrade.

"Oh, I want nothing, papa! I think I've everything I could possibly need—except—except a little bit of white heather."

Everybody laughed, except Angus Colquhoun. It takes little to excite mirth among a party of guests in a pleasant country-house, who have dined well, and have no heavier cares than how to settle to-morrow's amusements. These gay people, fresh from a London season, found the novelty of a Scotch castle quite delicious. The weather had been perfect, and they had not begun to be bored yet. They were in a state

of mind to be amused at anything—even young Mr. Colquhoun's sulky looks at dinner.

"White heather!" cried Lady Grace Davenport, a very consolable young widow. "My dear Margie, what an idea! Why don't you wish for diamonds?—a set like Mrs. Rivington's."

Everybody laughed again, except the young Laird of Logie, whose stern features did not relax their expression in the least.

He was tasting to the full to-night, poor Angus, how bitter life could be. Marjory—wee Marjory—his pet and his darling of the old school-boy days—his "wee wife," as she had been called since she clung to his proud hand to take her first tottering steps on the very stone terrace where they stood together now—who would ever have dreamed that Marjory could hurt him as she had done in the last three days? Oh, if she had never gone to London for that odious season!

In all the days of the life they had spent together, they had never been parted but once before—when he went to Edinburgh for his last school year. All their schooling before that had been got from governesses and tutors, and Marjory even made her first stammering acquaintance with the Latin tongue, an acquaintance which never ran any risk of degenerating into contempt, from Angus's own well-thumbed *Principia*. How she cried that time they parted! and how his heart was wrung at going! But he found the same old merry Marjory when he came back to Ardoch; and they were as happy as the Northern summer days were long.

This time it was Marjory who parted, and she did