

come to the end of her tether now. Clever and unscrupulous as she is, she will not step between us any more. Thank God, the children saw you to-day, and brought you in. There are to be no more misunderstandings between us, are there, my sweet love?"

I put my hand into his, and he drew me to him, whispering words of deep passionate love, that filled me with an exquisite joy, that seemed to render me dumb. I could not speak. I could only listen.

How long it was before we recovered from that first rapture I know not. We were recalled to ourselves by a ring at the door bell, which sent me flying to the further end of the room.

"There they are," I cried: "your father and Lady Challoner."

"No," he said, "it is the servants' bell. Come back, darling; I have not said half my say yet, and they will be in directly. Tell me, my sweet, you do not fear India or life with a poor man? I think you know pretty well how I am pledged to my father, and all my pecuniary difficulties. They will disappear in time, now that I have made my name and am sure of the money coming in, but it will take some years yet; and meanwhile, can you make up your mind to be poor, and to help me scrape and screw?"

He smiled as he spoke, a smile of perfect confidence—he knew I did not fear poverty—whilst I gazed at him in astonishment. Then my heart leapt for joy.

Of course he did not know, and I should have the pleasure of telling him.

"Do you not know, dear?" I cried. "Have you not heard?"

"I have heard literally nothing," he answered, "since the day Hartley found me insensible at Ghuzareepore, two days after I had sent off that letter to my father, saying I was not coming home. I was off my head, delirious for nearly three months, since when there has been a conspiracy to tell me nothing, for fear of exciting me. I came home last night, and was put straight to bed. This morning I took the law into my own hands, disobeyed orders, and got up, with the result you know. What is it I ought to know?"

"I must ask you one question first, dear. How is it you are home so soon? You only telegraphed last week from Bombay, to say you had started."

"Not from Bombay, dear. They got me off all in a hurry, and I did not telegraph till I got to Gib. It gave them plenty of time to make ready for me. Now for your news." I nestled up close to him.

"Jack, dearest," I whispered—"Uncle Bertram died about ten days ago. He was very rich indeed, far more so than any one knew. He left your father a large legacy, and me his residuary legatee. Oh, Jack! dear Jack! I am so glad that you did not know, for I have lots of money, and now it will be yours—all yours."

THE END.

---



---

## THE WINTER DRESS OF MEN AND WOMEN.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



In this perfidious climate of ours we are supposed by our neighbours across the silver streak to "enjoy" six months of winter and six months of cold weather. We ourselves even sometimes laughingly admit that an English summer consists of three hot days and a thunderstorm. But all facetiousness apart, I think, as a rule, the weather breaks some time in August or even in the end of July, and is succeeded by a week or two of wet and gloom, after which it may clear up again, and permit us to enjoy a long bright autumn. Bright it may be, but the heat of summer

returns not; the mornings are chilly, and towards evening we find the need of a top-coat or wrap of some sort.

I am writing these lines by the seashore at Deal. It is within a week of August, and one hour of sunset, but so dismal is the sky that it might be the latter end of October itself. The clouds are *cumuli*, heaped and piled upon each other, banked upon the land horizon, and hanging low over the zinc-grey sea. Thunder has been muttering about all day long, and at present the thermometer stands at 59°. Well, not a month ago it stood at 81° for two days running, and did not sink to 70° even at midnight. There is no doubt about it: this is a vicissitudinary climate. No, I do not like the word "vicissitudinary" any more than you do, reader, and I do not like the climate. But when a medical man sits down with the view of instructing people how to dress in order to avoid its dangers, then indeed his difficulties begin.

It may be new to many to be told that the winter climate of the far north of Scotland is much less inimical to the general health than that of mid-England is. A Scotchman, or for that matter a Canadian either, is said never to feel cold until he comes to England, and there is much truth in this.



I have never been to Canada, and have sojourned in the States only during the summer, but many a winter I have passed in the Highlands of bonnie Scotland, and many a spell of the most healthful weather do I remember. Snow on the ground, hardest of frost, bluest of skies turning pale green towards the horizon at night, and never a breath of wind for weeks. This is the weather for thorough outdoor enjoyment: for skating, for sleighing, for curling, or wandering through the snow-clad heather, gun in hand, after the white hares. With what an appetite one returns in the evening, and how inviting the dinner-table looks, and the big fire of blazing logs, peat, and coals combined!

Compare this with the murky miserableness, with the fog and the drizzle and the dripping trees of your English winter, and guess which is the more healthy of the two, and which the more likely to favour the development of chest complaints of every sort, from simple colds to this country's curse—consumption itself.

With dress in its relation to fashion I shall have little, if anything, to say in this paper. My object is to show how best we may clothe ourselves for safety, with comfort, and to avoid illness. To colds caught one way or another an incalculable number of ailments owe their origin. Many of these are speedily fatal, others after long months, or it may be years, of suffering, while some cause merely temporary pain or discomfort—sufficient, however, to cause us distress for the time being, and seriously to interfere with our business arrangements or our enjoyments.

Without going so far as to say that every article of a man's apparel ought to be woollen, it is an undisputed fact that this material is the best suited for under-clothing, either in winter or summer. And the reasons are not far to seek. Neither linen nor cotton is capable of protecting the body from external heat in summer, nor of conserving the warmth of the body in winter, because, being good conductors of heat, they permit it to permeate. Wool, on the other hand, is a non-conductor; and there is little doubt that the death-rate in this country would be greatly reduced, and the wards of hospitals for diseases of the chest less crowded, were woollen garments to be worn by young and old.

But, to parody the words of an ancient advertisement, when we ask for wool we should see that we get it. Two kinds of articles will be placed on the counter before the intending purchaser: a cheap and a dear. The latter, however, will be the cheaper in the long run, for ten to one the former is a well-put-together mixture of cotton and wool. It is easy to show any one how to tell such a mixture at a glance almost, but difficult to describe on paper, so the novice in this matter should take some one with him or her, when going to shop, and should pay a fair price and deal only with respectable tradesmen.

Beware of wearing dyed flannels next the skin. I know there is a great run upon red, but this colour is just as likely to contain poisonous matter as any

other. Silk for the under-garments of men with tender skins has much to recommend it, though it takes but second place to wool. Then, in point of cold-resisting qualities, comes merino. This may be worn next the skin by men when wearing the time-honoured linen shirt. The under-vest or semmet must not be of dyed material.

Another thing may be said in favour of woollen under-clothing: it keeps up the healthful action of the skin far better than any other material can.

Hear what an eminent authority remarks on this subject:—"During perspiration the evaporation from the surface of the body is necessary to reduce the heat generated by the exercise. When the exercise is finished, the evaporation still goes on to such an extent as to chill the frame. When dry woollen clothing is put on after exertion, the vapour from the surface of the body is condensed in the wool, and gives out again the large amount of heat which had become latent when the water was vaporised. Therefore a woollen covering from this cause alone at once feels warm when used during sweating. In the case of cotton or linen the perspiration passes through them, and evaporates from the external surface, without condensation; the loss of heat then continues. This makes it plain why dry woollen clothes are so useful after exertion."

We all of us know that a certain amount of daily exercise, carried almost to the boundary-line of fatigue, is necessary to maintain the body in health. But the perspiration engendered by this exercise forms no small amount of the good that accrues from the practice, matter being thus carried away by the pores, which if retained would keep the blood impure, and cause extra work to both liver and kidneys. Over-much exercise in winter may notwithstanding render the perspiration too profuse, and there is a double danger in this, for it not only weakens the body, but increases the risk of taking a chill. Cycling is my own favourite form of exercise, and after getting indoors from a spell of riding, I retire to my dressing-room and change my damp under-clothing, as often as not rubbing the body first with a wet sponge, and next with a roughish towel, before re-dressing. A cup of tea or coffee, and a rest of a quarter of an hour in the horizontal position, make one feel like a giant refreshed.

As for the outer clothing of men during winter, I have little more to say than that it should be light and warm, and of the best woollen material that can be bought. Here again the rule holds good that the dearest is the cheapest in the long run. Shoddy cloth and twills should give place to soft tweeds and honest serges. Greys and heather mixtures are more satisfactory than black cloth, and keep longer clean.

If braces must be worn, they should be thin and elastic, but a belt is far more healthy, and better still is the American plan of simply having a buckle and strap behind the trousers.

Hats should be light, soft or yielding, and very well ventilated, for every medical man admits that the head should be kept cool. The little Scotch Glengarry,



now almost universally used as a fatigue cap by soldiers, has many advantages for either summer or winter wear. Being made of the best wool, it is cool or warm, as the case may be, and it never blows off.

I have before given my opinion as to shoes and stockings. Both ought to be strong, but not so much so as to render the feet damp, for this is unwholesome. Goloshes for the same reason should be avoided.

The neck should never be too much covered in those who are healthy. But if driving against the wind, by all means let a woollen comforter be worn.

The best of all storm coverings or top coats is a Highland plaid. Unfortunately it is not fashionable in England, but stick to it, O Scotland! and defy every cold blast that can blow. For travelling by train nothing beats an ulster or Inverness cape for either lady or gentleman.

Although it does not strictly belong to my subject, I may be forgiven for reminding my readers that illness may be caused or weakness induced by lying in the cold nights of winter under too great a top hamper of clothes. The blankets should be light and warm; even night-dresses and sheets should be of wool, but nothing should be so thick as to cause sweating. The insensible perspiration goes on at night, but the visible should not. Infants and children often have their constitutions quite ruined from the over-zealousness of the mother, who errs in half smothering them in bed-clothes.

The greatest mistake, I think, that women make in their winter dress is one of over-weight. What a sermon one could preach on this terrible evil! Let it suffice to say that over-weight in clothing results in over-fatigue, prostration, and debility, and opens the door to a hundred ailments which might have been avoided.

But the greatest error that *young* ladies can possibly make is that of over-pressure, especially of the chest. The female body grows in strength, shape, and contour till the twenty-third or even twenty-fifth year. Surely, therefore, it ought to be left free from restraint. Apart from this, serious injury is caused by pressure to the most vital internal organs. It is not by tight-fitting corsets alone that the evil is created, but by the bands of skirts, &c., being drawn too much in. Constraint of this kind makes healthful exercise all but impossible, either in summer or winter.

Can we wonder then that a girl, subject to such unwholesome pressure of garments during her earlier years, should grow up delicate, weak in heart and lungs, and subject to all sorts of ailments, not the least of which is dyspepsia?

In conclusion, let me recommend winter dress to be donned even before winter makes its appearance, and that winter clothing should be chiefly of wool. So shall we be healthful even amid the vicissitudes of our changing climate.

---

## IN LAVENDER LAND.

---



"GROUPS OF SLATTERNLY PLAITERS."

in the latter that the present paper will speak.

If the journey to Hitchin is made by rail from the south, there are several places *en route* that sorely tempt the traveller to tarry before reaching his destination. Such is Hatfield, with its historic home of

HERE are two very distinct districts of England to which the term "Lavender Land" is applicable. The one is Mitcham, in Surrey; the other is Hitchin and its neighbourhood, hard upon the northern borders of the fine corn-growing county of Hertford—a shire dear by reason of boyish associations to Charles Lamb, and uniformly lauded by Elia of the silver pen for its sylvan beauties and its hearty homeliness. It is of a ram-

bleship; such is Knebworth, identified with the name and the fame of the Lyttons; such are simple, rural, delightful Welwyn—the typical English village—with its memories of Izaak Walton and Edward Young, and Stevenage, in the close vicinity of which lived for a considerable term of years Lucas, the hermit, who was brought into very wide notoriety through Dickens's Christmas story of "Tom Tiddler's Ground." But resisting these persuasions to descend into Bypass Meadow, enough is revealed by the passing panorama to make it clear that praise of Hertfordshire for its pastoral beauty is abundantly deserved. It is a county smiling in summer time with the fruits of the earth, a county of rolling, verdurous slopes, of pleasant trees most happily massed, of quaint old-world farms and hamlets, where, surely, Rip van Winkle might have slept. Let us not, however, sheathe anything even remotely resembling a jeer in our compliment. The reference is merely to the ancient houses that abound, and to the idyllic peace that prevails. The spirit of the age is here. You shall see agricultural machines of newest pattern—and newest, startling colours, too—in frequent use. And the distinctive modern villa, in all its aggressive crudity, is planted like an exotic here and there.