

middle of which the Nidd stretches like a silver serpent. To stand here in "God's acre," with the old dalesfolk sleeping peacefully around, and see the sun set in crimsoned splendour over the Fells, flushing them a rosy hue and filling the valley with a purple haze, and then to watch the light die out of the heavens and the stars begin to gleam faintly in the

steel-blue sky, in a silence only broken by the hooting of a distant owl, is like realising some poet's dream. Such is something of what Nidderdale is, and those who once visit it, though they may smile at the mention of the word Switzerland, will deem it one of the most charming of valleys, whose beauties are ever new and numberless.

G. VICKARS-GASKELL.

AN APRIL MOOD.

WHY is Cynthia very fair,
In my eyes beyond compare?
'Tis no easy thing to say,
But I think a reason good
Is because in every mood
She is like an April day.

In an April mood she'll sit
While above her cloudlets flit,
And she'll be as sad as they.

In an April mood again,
Just like sunshine after rain,
Smiles will chase her tears away.

Soulless beauty, haughty grace
Lend no charm to any face
Such as Cynthia's has for me.
This it is that makes her fair,
In my eyes beyond compare:
Ever-ready sympathy!

G. WEATHERLY.

INFLUENZA COLDS AND WHOOPING-COUGH.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



THE spring-time of the year is in this country dreaded by almost everyone who is not by any means robust in constitution; more especially is it feared by foreigners who visit our shores. There is one question which has never been properly set at rest by scientists of the medical profession, namely—What is it that causes such an amount of trouble in the shape of chest ailments at this season? Sudden changes from cold weather to mild, or *vice versa*, some will tell us. But this is not going quite to the root of the evil, I think; and, without entering too deeply into the study of the germ theory, one is half inclined to believe that the multiplication of spores, or bacteria, has much to do with what we are in the habit of calling common colds. There is, for instance, in exceptionally mild weather an excessive multiplication of germs inimical to human life. The leaves and other products of vegetable growth are not yet quite decayed in the country, while in back slums of towns less care is taken to obey the laws of sanitation—if, indeed, enough attention is ever paid to them. Moreover, be the reason what or where it may, in very mild spring weather we notice that the ephemeral midges, gnats, &c., are rapidly evolved from their pupal state, and are to be seen dancing in the air in thousands every afternoon. The same state

of atmosphere may undoubtedly increase the number of clouds of bacteria, and mankind and even the domestic animals may be the sufferers in consequence; so that in the early spring months it is not always the cold weather that brings us illnesses, although sudden lowering of the temperature is bound to affect the chests of delicate subjects. Pure cold by itself would; but if hard frost succeeds, it brings everything down from the upper strata of the air. One day in the beginning of this month (March), I noticed my gardener lighting a fire to burn some weeds and branches. The frost was intense, and for some time after he had succeeded in firing his pile I observed that a great portion of the smoke, instead of rising in the air, hugged the grass and went rolling along it. It was, in fact, beaten down by the weight of the atmosphere. From this a child could perceive the density or concentration of the air close to the ground, and this is what we must breathe during frost. We need not wonder, then, if influenza is increased by a low temperature.

It seems, therefore, that we must protect ourselves against both hard and mild weather. But, stay, I would not have my readers deceive themselves—it is *extra* hard or *extra* mild weather that does the mischief, more especially when these keep alternating.

The symptoms of true influenza are now almost too well known to need description. It is a fever-cold that attacks one suddenly, coming on with shiverings, followed by heat and elevation of temperature,

great thirst, loss of appetite and taste, intense headache, the running of acrid water from nose and eyes, pains in the limbs, stiffness and soreness all over, perhaps a rash, with swelling of some joints, and, over and above all this pretty array of symptoms, extreme depression of spirits and great debility. The treatment consists in perfect rest in bed, in a not too warm but very well-ventilated room; a slop diet for two days, or until fever and thirst abate (this diet must be nourishing, however: barley-water with lemon-juice, raw eggs, soda-water and milk, oranges—any number—beef-tea and toast, &c.); then a gradual return to solid food, puddings, oysters, &c.

It cannot be too clearly impressed upon an influenza patient that the danger is not over when the fever is; indeed, it only really commences with the stage of convalescence.

What one has to avoid, then, is exposure to cold and damp. Do not, I pray you, rush into extremes, however, and "plot" yourself by wearing too heavy clothes, sweating yourself in bed, or sticking too closely to the fire in warm rooms. Be careful: that is all. Live by rule for weeks and weeks after you have suffered from an attack of influenza, for a relapse might mean bronchitis, or even inflammation of the lungs.

In all cases of influenza, however mild, it is best to consult a doctor at the commencement. He may order quinine or anti-pyrine; but under no circumstances should either of these drugs be prescribed by the patient for himself, or by the patient's friends for the patient.

Quinine may be in many cases contra-indicated by the idiosyncrasy of a sufferer—in plainer English, everybody cannot take quinine with comfort; and as for anti-pyrine, it is as dangerous a drug as ever was placed within reach of suffering humanity. It is sold in tablets. The action of the "stuff" is to lower the frequency and power of the heart's beat, but it may stop it entirely. I could give anyone the names of unfortunate people that have killed themselves, or been killed, with anti-pyrine. One was a doctor. Although advised not to play with this so-called remedy for neuralgia, he would and did—and died. Pray, reader, be warned. I would as soon give a baby an open razor as give any patient of mine a bottle of anti-pyrine tablets to play fast and loose with.

Calomel is often prescribed by the doctor on the first night after an attack of influenza has commenced, and probably followed next morning by a large glass of Pullna or Friedrichshal water. This secures a good action and clears the liver, but only one's own physician must prescribe the calomel. It should be remembered that Nature tries to eliminate the poison of influenza through the whole lining membrane (mucous) of the air passages and digestive canal, as well as through the great internal glands of secretion, and this fact guides us in our treatment. The hot-air bath may be therefore judicious at the very outset, if it can be borne; and if there is much pain in the chest, a mustard plaster to the breast, well up towards the neck, will do good, with the mustard foot-bath.

Inhalations of steam also do good, especially if medicated with a little laudanum or *vinum ipecacuanha*, or whatever else the doctor advises. Sanitas should be placed in saucers all round the room; and I must confess I am a great believer also in the germ-killing powers of sulphurous acid. It may be plentifully evolved by pouring a little oil of vitriol on a saucer containing a few table-spoonfuls of table salt.

There are always so-called influenza colds rife about this season. Again, many nervous people depress themselves most unnecessarily in times like these by magnifying their very ordinary attacks of very common colds into attacks of the true influenza.

How can people avoid illnesses in spring? This is certainly a difficult question to answer, for there is really no known prophylactic. When sickness is rife we all breathe disease germs. How is it, then, that only about one-tenth of the people are attacked? An answer to this last question will be the best reply to the first. It is a law of Nature, which we see exemplified every day of our lives, that the fittest survive. If one be weakly, he is liable to all sorts and conditions of ailments. We are everywhere surrounded by enemies in the form of illness; the air is at all times alive with disease germs; and if we are out of form or below par, we are more liable to fall victims thereto. Only by keeping the strength up to, but not above, a healthy standard, can we walk through a pestilence-affected air and still be safe. In spring-time, therefore, if at all delicate, we should live moderately well, abjure stimulants of all kinds and excess in everything, rise early and go to bed ere it is late, *keep clear of crowded rooms*, take a matutinal bath and a spell of *light* (two pounds or less) dumb-bell exercise before breakfast, plenty of exercise in the open air, and good sleep in perfectly ventilated rooms. We may then, as a rule, laugh at influenza colds, and common colds as well.

Of course we are to wear warm light clothing, and keep away from the enervating fire as much as possible in the evenings.

Do you know what a mulled patient or invalid means? There he sits, or there she sits, in a corner near the fire, arrayed in thick-lined dressing-gown and cataplastic slippers. A screen surrounds her easy-chair, yet she listens impatiently when a door is opened, to make sure it is closed again. She shudders as the wind howls round the chimney, and sips something warm from a tumbler. She now and then says she is sure that some window upstairs is open, or that there is a draught somewhere. By-and-by she will go to bed—an extra well-warmed one—with perhaps a bottle of hot water at her feet, and she will not come down to breakfast till the room is thoroughly heated and the day far spent. But here she comes at last, looking somewhat pale and washed-out, and no wonder. She takes her seat languidly enough; and I take the opportunity of introducing her: "Ladies and gentlemen—my mulled patient."

It is time now I should say a few words about whooping-cough. It is an infectious disease like influenza, and almost entirely confined to childhood.

It begins like an ordinary cold, which, however, does not pass off, and in about a fortnight or less it develops its well-known spasmodic character. It is a very serious complaint, and as soon as it shows itself medical advice must be had, because of the complications which may occur. Convulsions even may ensue, and put an end to the poor child's sufferings. At the season when common colds are rife, however slight an attack may be, it should be attended to from the first, by regulation of diet, attention to the state of the system (a dose of castor-oil or grey powder may do much good at the early stage), warm clothing, and protection from inclement weather. If there be pain and wheezing in the chest, the latter may be reduced by rubbing with a little turpentine poured

on a piece of hot damp flannel, and warm drinks given at night.

Beware of so-called cough mixtures or lozenges unless recommended by your doctor; they nearly all contain opium in some form. Soothing or sleeping draughts are also dangerous in the extreme. Under the influence of some of these the child does not cough, but the discharge from the lungs is retained, and may cause congestion, or even suffocation.

In the acute stage of whooping-cough *everything* must be left to the doctor; and during convalescence, in addition to all ordinary precautions against cold and damp, the child must have tonics—cod-liver oil and extract of malt—with plenty of nourishing food, and, above all, FRESH AIR.

MORNING AND EVENING.

MORNING.

A LITTLE lighting of the dark thick gloom,
 A little stir in heavy-scented air,
 A little twittering in the tree-tops there;
 A gradual seeing of the darkened room,
 A breaking of the shadows that entomb
 The weary day, so full of anxious care,
 We longed for night to make the puzzle fair.
 But day, in rising, calls us to our doom;
 Then louder songs, and wider breadth of light,
 The stir of sleepers waking to their toil;
 A voice, a tread of feet, a heavy sigh,
 Then rolling wheels, and then again the sight
 Is vexed once more with all the smirch and soil
 We left last night, when sleep came softly by.

EVENING.

The air is full of cradle-songs at eve;
 The twittering birds sing to their nested young,
 Their evening songs beneath their breath are sung;
 So soft they are, they seem in truth to grieve
 To watch the dying daylight slowly leave
 The patient earth, whose toil-worn heart is wrung
 By work and mortal agony. Each tongue
 Grows silent now, for twilight's shadows weave
 Their misty wreaths above the tired earth,
 That folding round her mantle turns to sleep;
 And lovers wander in the darkening lane,
 And new-born hopes spring vigorous to the birth,
 For love is young, and should not learn to weep,
 And evening brings the wanderer home again.

J. E. PANTON.

NEVER CLEARED UP: A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

BY THOMAS KEYWORTH, AUTHOR OF "MISTRESS JUNE," ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

ERNEST TEMPLEMORE'S RECOLLECTIONS.



It is well that these records should go forth to the world in the simple form which they assumed at first. They refer to a time when early manhood shed its hopes and joys around me. I have seen much of the world since then, but I have no desire to alter anything which I wrote in those golden days, long ago. I say "long ago," because the time seems long since to me, though, if it were measured by years, it would appear to be comparatively recent. The portions which others wrote I must not venture to touch. I will only add that the

period referred to was before the Suez Canal was made, and when very few steamers were sailing between England and Australia.

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"Go out in the *Antarctic*, if you can," my friends said to me. "It is worth all it costs, and more. You are sure to have good company, and Captain Cassgrave is a man in a thousand. The *Antarctic* ought to be called *The Royal Road to Australia*."

I had been several years in England, during which time the advantage of ease and luxury was impressed upon me by actual enjoyment. The old *Mermaid*, in which I made the voyage from Melbourne to London, was not a palace of delight by any means, and I had no desire to repeat that experience of slow sailing, poor food, and imperfect attendance. My time in England had been devoted to educational pursuits; but I had been a guest in some good houses, especially in Suffolk—the county to which my family belonged.