

pressure. She said hardly a word, but her eyes spoke for her. He felt himself understood. She was not angry or resentful, only very sorry for him.

"Rudolf," she said gently, at last, "will you not tell me why you are going?"

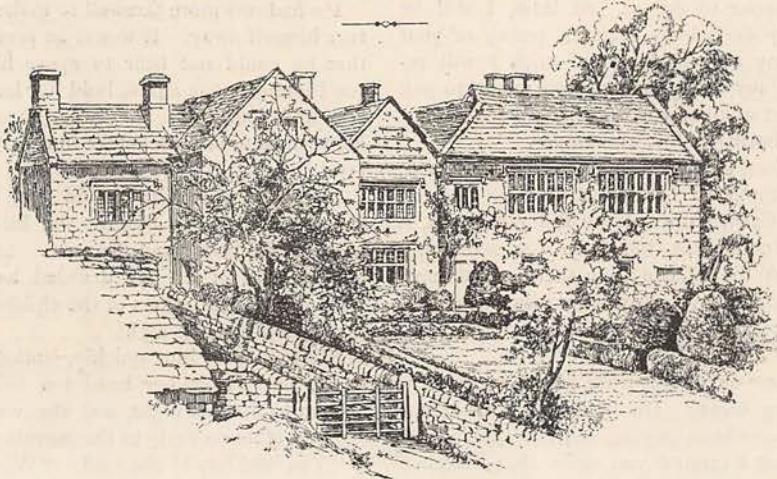
"I am going because I love you," he answered,

very quietly, "and because I can never ask you to be mine."

He raised her hand to his lips, kissed it once gently and reverently; and then he turned quickly away, lifted his hat, and was gone.

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

A YORKSHIRE DALE.



GOWTHWAITE HALL.



ARMS OF YORKE OF BEWERLEY.

SAVING the Lake District of Westmoreland and Cumberland, there is no finer inland scenery to be found in this Merrie England of ours than away in that corner of the broad shire of York known as "The Dales"—a series of some half-dozen narrow valleys lying more or less parallel, but separated from one another by lofty moorland ridges and craggy fells, down each of which a brawling river flows, giving its name to the valley. Scoring deeply into the heart of the Pennine range, under the frowning crests of Penyghent and Whernside, they grow wider and shallower as they run eastward, till they die down at last into the fertile plain of York. Of these, Nidderdale is one of the loveliest and most picturesque, and yet least known.

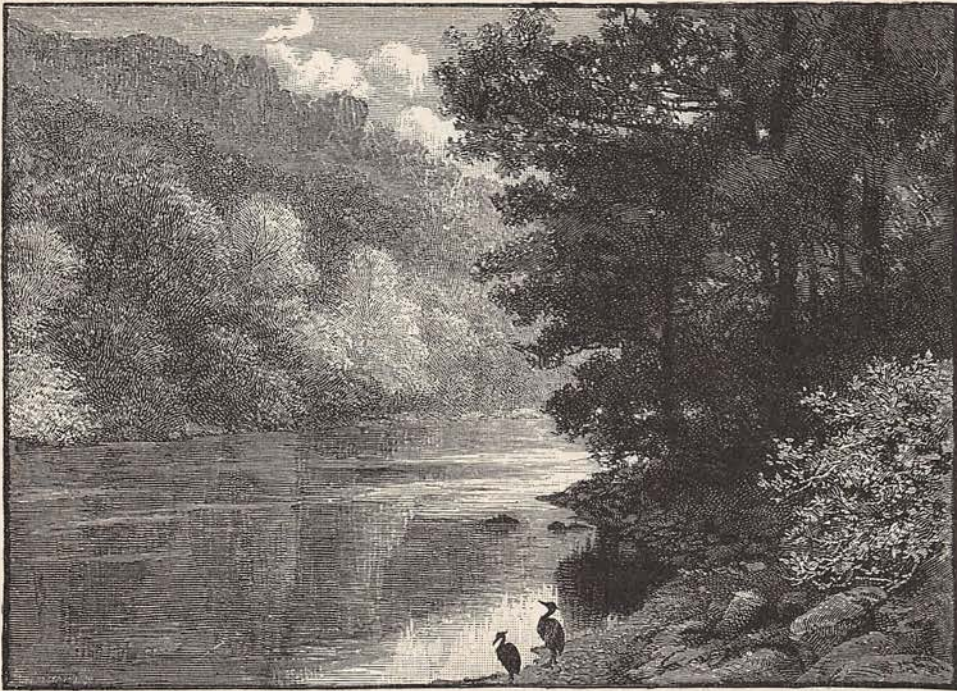
The appellation "Switzerland of England," which enthusiastic admirers have given to this Yorkshire dale is a piece of absurd exaggeration which is likely to lead to disappointment, for indeed it has few, if any, claims to such a distinctive title.

Wanting many of the glories of the surrounding valleys, Nidderdale has yet beauties all its own; and

if it lacks the luxurious woods of Wharfedale and of Wensleydale, and has not the wildness of Swaledale, it is a winding panorama of rock and moor and leafy glens, of undulating pasture-land, and lofty billowy fells. And its river, Nidd, does not flow past romantic abbey ruins and rush down sylvan gorges like the Wharfe, foam and plunge in white cascades like the Ure, or fling itself a shuddering cataract over a lofty cliff like the Tees, it has yet a witching way of leaping gaily in tiny "forces," of sliding laughingly round the big brown boulders and mossy stones which fill its bed, and gliding gently along deep reaches, where the big trout swim lazily in the shady depths below.

Altogether, a delightful region this—a happy hunting ground for the naturalist, a wondrous text-book for the geologist, a long series of choicest pictures for the artist—where the lover of Nature may worship her in all her charming, varying moods, far from the whirl and bustle of the outer world, surrounded by hospitable, kindly folk—a race of stalwart men and buxom women, amongst whom linger many curious customs and much of the quaint speech of their fore-elders.

The capital of Nidderdale is Pateley Bridge, a somewhat uninteresting little town clinging to the sides of a hill, whose name is supposed to be derived from "Pait," a badger, and "ley," a field, and whose early



THE TARN, GUYSCLIFFE.

(From a photograph by Messrs. J. Valentine & Sons, Dundee.)

history is unknown. Leland mentions it casually as "Patley Bridg and village a member of Ripon Paroche" (which place lies twelve miles away), and says that its "bridg" was of "tymbre."

On the spur of the hill stand the ruins of the old church, used only when some elderly native is laid by the side of his forefathers in its almost deserted graveyard, whilst the modern church, dedicated to St. Cuthbert, which has replaced it, lies on the other side of the town, a plain structure, forming an oblong room covered with a flat ceiling. In its tower hangs a fine specimen of a pre-Reformation bell, with a black-letter inscription said to have come from Fountains Abbey. The parish registers date from 1552, and contain, amongst many curious entries, "a cure for the biting of a mad dog." The Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, a venerable edifice, is interesting as containing the old canopied pulpit from which John Wesley preached in 1782, when he visited Pateley for the sixth time.

Saturday is market-day, when the Dalesfolk gather in the main street, as their fathers have done since Edward II. granted the charter, and there are fairs on Easter, Whitsun, and Christmas Eves; but the event of the year is the Feast in September, which lasts for a week, moving on day by day up the valley.

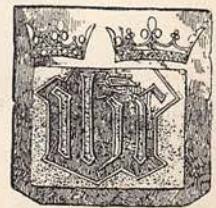
But if the town itself is not interesting, it is a capital centre for exploring the valley, and its old-fashioned inns, where, in place of slip-shod

waiter, rosy Phyllis serves, afford most comfortable quarters.

On the other side of the river is Bewerley, once the Manor of Emeis de Burun, ancestor of Lord Byron, and now held by the ancient and honourable family of Yorke, whose simple arms, "Arg.: a Saltire Az.," are of greater worship than the pretentious coats borne by newer names, and who settled in the dale in 1546, when Sir John, whose grandfather was twice Lord Mayor of York city, and its representative in Edward IV.'s Parliaments, besides being for some time Mayor of the Staple in Calais, purchased the "Forest of Nidderdale."

The Hall stands in a well-timbered park, which slopes gently to the Nidd: a fine grey embattled pile, chiefly modern, with two round towers of older date on the eastern side flanking the principal entrance. In the hall are some fine suits of armour, with a portrait gallery of old knightly ancestors. On the west side of the house is a small building, once a monastic chapel, built when Marmaduke Huby was Abbot of Fountains (A.D. 1494—1526). His initials in Lombardic capitals are carved on all four walls, and on the eastern front is the motto, "Soli Deo Honor et Gloria."

Beyond the road which leads over the moors into Wharfe-



FOUNDER'S STAMP ON THE BELL AT PATELEY.

dale are the "Fishpond Woods," where the great beech-trees are reflected on the waters of a little lakelet, and the rabbits scamper over the velvety moss to the cawing of rooks swinging high aloft.

One of the chief gems of the district is Ravensgill, a deep and steep ravine hard by, which runs up and is lost on the wild grouse moors above; where the stream comes madly leaping and plunging amongst great crags and fern-fringed rocks into foam-flecked pools, shivering into gleaming spray as it suddenly flings itself into space. And then gathering its waters together, it again goes ever downward, hidden by the graceful larches and whispering ashes which cover its banks, until it reaches the meadows far below, and flows past the gardens and turrets of Bewerley Hall to join the Nidd.

Along the edge of the moor is a bold face of grit-stone, called Guyscliffe, whose dark walls stand in sharp contrast to the bright green of the thick woods which roll their sylvan waves below. From the top of this escarpment is a glorious stretch of hill and vale across to where the famed Brimham Rocks cut the sky-line with their jagged heads, on which the Druids are popularly held to have offered sacrifices.

Away up behind Bewerley lies Greenhow Hill, out of which immense quantities of lead-ore have been dug in prosperous times, when prices were good and the mines in full work. Now there is an air of desolation about the silent workings, the dismantled furnaces, and crushing mills. The village of Greenhow is a quiet little hamlet (deserted by a mining population), claiming that its Church of St. Mary stands on higher ground than any other in England, being upwards of 1,300 feet above sea-level.

At the upper end of the village formerly stood "Craven Crosse," marking where the royal chase of

Knarborough Forest and the lands of the powerful Mowbrays and Cliffords met. A mile beyond, on the road from Nidderdale into Wharfedale, are the celebrated Stump Cross Caverns, a series of chambers, reached by a descent of fifty roughly cut steps, all more or less thickly encrusted with white stalagmite and studded with stalactites, which glisten like frozen snow. Many fancy names have been given to various portions of the cavern: "the Church" is a roomy opening, with a curious range of crystal pillars, called the "Organ," ringing like bells when struck, and having a hollow stalactite pendent from the roof, which glows with loveliest hues when a candle is placed inside. The "New Cavern," after narrow turnings, opens into a lofty hall, known as the "Parlour," carpeted with formations like wrinkled fringes in stone; besides these are many other wonders, stretching thus under ground for over 1,000 yards.

From Greenhow, the turnpike-road descends steeply past the woods of Eagle Hall, a modern mansion built on the site of an old house, on the edge of a glen whose lower end has been dammed across to head its stream into a lake, and at Bewerley joins the road which runs "Up Dale."

An ancient, albeit so-called "new," bridge for pack-horses and foot-passengers leads up to Wath Woods, where is a pretty cascade in a mossy dell, and a little higher up the valley the chimneys and gables of Gowthwaite Hall come into view. This fine example of an early seventeenth-century manor-house is a long two-storeyed building with deep mullioned windows and a porch queerly placed somewhat at one end. For generations it was the home of the Yorkes, and stories and traditions cling about its wainscoted and panelled walls of turbulent and lawless times, and how a treasonable play was enacted under its lichen-stained



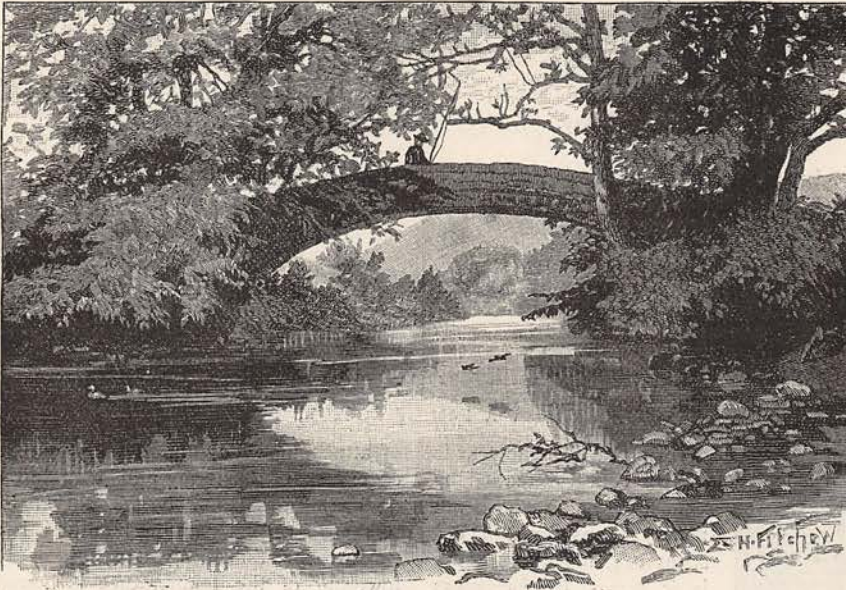
HOWSTEAN BECK.

(From a photograph by Messrs. J. Valentine & Sons, Dundee.)

roof, knowledge whereof coming to the Star Chamber, resulted in a fine, to raise which the then Sir John had to lease many a broad acre for fabulously long terms. Eugene Aram is believed to have for a time taught his scholars in one of the rooms. This mysterious man was born close by at Ramsgill, where his house was standing until a few years ago.

Except these associations, there is nothing of particular interest in Ramsgill itself, as the chapel which the Byland monks built here has long since gone, a modern featureless church standing on the site. Years back a thunder-cloud is said to have burst on the moor above and suddenly flooded the hollow, to the

anyone having followed the stream all through, so there is an opportunity for some reader hereof to become famous in these parts. Up the left-hand valley is How-Stean, as romantic, wild, and yet charming a bit of rock scenery as can be found anywhere. A deep, dark gorge in the limestone, with a tireless stream leaping and rushing through it, kissing the long hartstongues which dip into it, and swirling the pebbles over sunless shallows: it is a veritable cañon, an exact counterpart of those giant ones of Colorado and New Mexico. Several dark caverns and ghostly subterranean passages pierce its precipitous sides, in which unseen waters are heard falling into black hidden



PACK HORSE BRIDGE, WATH.

(From a photograph by Messrs. J. Valentine & Sons, Dundee.)

great destruction of property; a farmer riding home was swept along by the raging beck, and, thinking his last moments were come, yelled out at the top of his voice the terms of his last will and testament, "Ralph, Robin, an' Rebecca; all alike! all alike!" The good man was not drowned, but lived to hear his words become a saying on matters relating to equal division. Passing by spots of noticeable beauty, the road enters the village of Lofthouse, and here the dale proper forks, the valley to the right being the one which is scored by the old river channel, though, except from a few small streams, there is no water filling it in ordinarily dry weather, the Nidd disappearing into the long weird tunnel of Goyden Pot, where it rolls in darkness for nearly three miles, and comes to light again just below the Vicarage at Lofthouse. These awesome caverns are well worth exploring, and can be for a long distance, if nerve and candles do not fail, without the wearisome guide who is associated with most such show-places. There is no record of

depths. In a field adjoining is the entrance to Eglin's Hole, a long, winding passage under the hill-side, which can be explored for nearly two miles; and just beyond, upon its buttress-like hill, is Middlesmoor, a hamlet of picturesque cottages, which stand anyhow and at all angles to the road and one another. Its one object of interest is the church, which was consecrated "in ye year 1484 by Dromorend, Bishop of York, in ye Second year of Richard the Third," as an entry in its register testifies. Another interesting entry reads, "Loftus: Eugenius Aram and Anna Spence, married May 4th, after Bans thrice asked, 1731." Here are buried some of the Yorkes, ancestors of the present lord of the manor and Beverley. In the north aisle hangs an old bell, said to have once rung at Fountains Abbey.

From the porch is an extensive view down the valley, to where the bold front of Guyscliffe turns it to eastward, a vast expanse of hill and moor lying on each side of a narrow strip of meadow, down the

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,