"I must go to my parents," he said.

"They are far safer where they are, and quite alone. Your mother's wish is that you help your sisters first. The larger the party, the greater risk of attracting attention. Mr. and Mrs. Matherley are not at all likely to be discovered. As soon as possible we will go to Ngatana, procure something to carry your mother on, and then all go down together to Hamilton, and make our way by boat to Mercer, and thence to Auckland."

"The great fear," said Gerald, "is that these Hauhaus, being most likely on their way to join Ruha's people, will follow this track, in which case we must be running considerable danger by remaining here."

"Yes," returned James; "I came to advise a retreat into the thickest raupo we can find, and as far as possible from the track."

They made their way back to the girls and younger Matherleys, who were all terribly frightened at their long absence, and hurried them off through bush and swamp, until they were obliged to halt to recover breath.

Then Gerald announced his intention of returning to warn Mr. and Mrs. Matherley of the possibility of Hauhaus passing so near them, and to console them by assurances that so far, at least, their children were safe.

He was some time finding the way back through the tall fern to the path, as the little party had travelled in single file, and the raupo and ti-tree had closed in behind them, leaving no trace of the fugitives.

At length he did find the track, and hurried along in the deepening twilight, for the whole day had been passed in the necessarily slow progress, and in the gorge it was dark an hour or two earlier than in the open country. Surely there were unusual noises about. Or was it only his excited fancy?

He must reach the Matherleys in time. Where did Pitt say he had left them? It could not be far off his present position. He strained his eyes forward, watching for the gaunt tree with withered white limbs which James Pitt's experienced eye had at once noted as a landmark to indicate the whereabouts of his friends.

In his anxiety to discover the tree, Gerald took his eyes off the track. In a moment he had measured his length on the ground, entangled by a clinging creeper.

He lay for a few minutes, stunned and dazed by his heavy fall on the hard rocky path. Then the noise of shouts and yells came clearly and distinctly to him. He raised himself to a sitting posture, and listened. Hark! Yes, it was too true. The dreaded Hauhaus were actually coming.

He could hear their voices plainly now. How close they were! Had they caught sight of him? Were they really pursuing him? He staggered to his feet. He must reach the Matherleys. That poor, fragile, delicate woman would be frightened to death. No; how stupid he was! He must not go near them. He must take the Hauhaus off on another track. He paused a moment, irresolute. What was that second noise? Surely another party of Maoris. Ah, yes! There were yells and cries before and behind him. The Ngatiruas had come to meet their friends. He was surrounded by foes. A fierce shout of triumph proclaimed that he had been seen. The cliffs were too high to climb on one side, on the other was the creek. He plunged desperately into the water. With yells of rage the Hauhaus were after him like wolves. Gerald Trender was at their mercy.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

"A LITTLE FEVERISH."

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

ACCORDING to an old Welsh triad, there are "three things which prove that a man is in good health: he takes his food with relish, he does his work in comfort, and he maintains his natural temperature." Everybody will at once appreciate the first two signs of good health. The third, which is the most important of all, is ignored by those who do not understand its full meaning. Most people fancy their temperature varies considerably according to their surroundings, and look surprised when they are told that when working hard on a hot summer day their bodily temperature does not differ appreciably from what it is when they are shivering on the coldest day in winter. But it is so, as I shall explain later; and it is because our temperature does not alter with our surroundings, and is only influenced by disease, that it is such a valuable guide and source of information to the medical man. The thermometer enables him to measure it with the greatest accuracy, and the patient, however nervous and agitated, cannot alter its readings. The pulse, which is properly regarded as a great help to the doctor in forming an opinion about a case, often gives misleading indications, as it is greatly influenced by the condition of mind of the patient. The mere fact of the doctor observing it will often send the rate up 50 per cent.; and it is also influenced by many other conditions, such as the position of the body, the rate of breathing, and others, all of which must be allowed for if we are to form a reliable opinion. But all these things do not alter the temperature of the body, and that is one reason why it tells us so much about the real condition of the patient.

All animals may be divided into two great classes—the warm-blooded and the cold-blooded. The body

heat of the latter depends upon the surroundings; for example, the temperature of a fish is generally almost the same as that of the water in which it is swimming, so that as the water gets warmer, so does the fish. A frog has about the same temperature as the air at any time.

On the other hand, warm-blooded animals do not show this variation: each one has its own practically fixed temperature; and it is interesting to note that in man this temperature is far higher than the average temperature of any part of the world. There must be some mechanism for keeping up this regular temperature; and, as might be expected, it is exceedingly complicated and elaborate, and is regulated and guided by the nervous system. The heat comes from the food we take. If we completely burn up a piece of fat or suet, we know that a hot flame is produced which gives off a considerable quantity of heat. If, instead of doing this, we eat the piece of fat, exactly the same amount of heat is liberated within our body, part of which enables us to do work, part keeping up the temperature. This burning up of the food does not occur in the lungs, as was at one time thought, but is for the most part carried on in the muscles and the internal organs of the body—especially the liver, which is one of the great heat centres of the body. All the food we take performs these two functions: part of the energy of the food, as it is called, enables us to do work; the greater part is transformed into actual heat to maintain the body temperature. But heat is continually being lost in large amounts. The greater part—80 to 85 per cent.—is lost by the skin by radiation and evaporation. Some is lost from the lungs because the air we breathe out is always warmed to a higher temperature than the air we breathe in. This loss is not always constant. When we take exercise, more heat is generated than when we are at rest, for the vital processes are more active. The consequence is that we begin to feel flushed, the blood-vessels of the skin become full of blood, and heat is rapidly given off from it. If this is insufficient, we begin to perspire freely; and it is well known how much heat is absorbed in the evaporation of water. On the other hand, when the weather is cold the blood-vessels in the skin become contracted, and the greater part of the blood circulates in the internal organs, so that much less heat is lost from the skin. By these means the loss is so accurately regulated that the temperature is kept fixed at 98·6° F. Any variation from this is a sure sign that there is a departure of some kind from sound health; and as a general rule it may be said that the gravity of an illness depends on the amount of the variation of the body temperature from the healthy standard of 98·6° F. When the temperature is higher, we say that a person is feverish. The common cause of an attack of simple feverishness is a chill, especially in early spring. Lured by a change of weather, we alter our clothing, and leave the body insufficiently protected. It is not sufficiently realised that the temperature in the sun is no guide as to the clothing we ought to wear. So much depends upon wind and other factors in this variable climate, that it is greater wisdom to be over-clothed than under-clothed.

Again, we may become over-heated, and then sit in a draught, or in a cold room, or on damp grass. The natural loss of heat is interfered with, and the action of the delicate nervous mechanism is deranged. As a general rule, re-adjustment soon takes place, and we regain sound health. But the disturbance may go a stage further, and instead of the simple "cold," the blood driven from the surface of the body causes congestion of an internal organ. The best example of this is the relaxed throat which results from getting the feet wet. The tonsils are particularly liable to suffer. But if the chill is even more severe, the congestion of the internal organ may result in actual inflammation, so that an attack of pleurisy or of inflammation of the lungs is developed. The converse of this action is often put into practice. We relieve the congestion of an internal organ by putting a mustard plaster on the skin over it. The stimulation of the skin causes it to become congested, or flushed with blood, and the internal organ beneath is relieved. This relief is not due to the simple withdrawal of an equivalent quantity of blood from the internal organ to the skin; the relief afforded by this would be inappreciable. The action really occurs through the nervous system, there being a close nervous connection between any part of the skin and the organ lying beneath, and so the stimulation provided by the plaster has a very considerable effect on the internal organ.

In feverish attacks there is generally a greater or less stoppage of secretions, one of which is that of moisture from the skin. As we have seen that this is the chief means by which heat is lost, we can understand how it is that in this case the temperature of the body rises; and one of the first ends to be obtained, especially in minor attacks, is a free perspiration, which generally rapidly lowers the temperature and dissipates the feverish symptoms.

Babies and very young children are liable to frequent attacks of feverishness. Their nervous systems are very unstable, and great disturbance results from comparatively trivial causes. The irritation of cutting a tooth or an attack of indigestion may be sufficient to disturb their normal balance and induce an attack of feverishness. The same amount of fever in a baby and in an adult is of very different gravity; just as the balance is easily upset in an infant, so it is recovered rapidly and easily. It will be seen that in these cases the causes are somewhat different from those which bring about the feverishness of colds, but the result is really the same, and is in each case due to a derangement of the nervous system.

Lastly, feverishness may be a symptom of the beginning of some definite illness, as influenza or measles. The illness is attended by feverishness throughout; and when the temperature falls abruptly—as it does in many diseases—the disease is said to end by "crisis." The illness is then at an end, and the patient has really only to regain strength. This is often a slow process, and demands as much care and attention as the disease itself. The termination of illnesses on "critical days"

was much studied in ancient medicine, and the influence of this is seen to-day in the popular belief—to some extent well founded—that once the "crisis" is over the danger is past.

What is to be done for a feverish attack? It is necessary that great care should be taken, or a slight attack may develop into a serious illness. The patient should go home without delay, and stay in a warm room, avoiding changes of temperature. The best way to avoid these changes is to go to bed, and stay there until well. The old-fashioned remedy of a basin of hot gruel containing some sweet spirit of nitre is sound treatment, as it tends to induce perspiration; the equally old-fashioned remedy of placing the feet in a bath of hot water and mustard before getting into bed may be recommended. If these simple means fail to banish the feverish symptoms by next morning, the doctor should be consulted, for the baneful consequences which result from a neglected cold are well known.

The remark made above about a warm room must not be misunderstood. It does not mean that ventilation should be hindered by stopping every crevice by which fresh air can enter. At any time lack of ventilation has an injurious action, but when the body is enfeebled it becomes doubly dangerous. The use of a little common sense is all that is required to give the patient at once a warm room and plenty of fresh air.

Precautions ought always to be taken after exposure to wet and cold. The unaccustomed exposure which middle-aged people experience when attending a funeral frequently results in fatal illness. The same exposure does not affect younger people, with their greater vitality and stronger power of resistance; but as it is middle-aged people who, after all, are most commonly called upon to pay this last tribute of respect to their friends, they may at least endeavour to avert any ill consequences by timely care.

IN THE ISLE OF PURBECK.

BY EDITH E. CUTHELL, AUTHOR OF "ONLY A GUARD-ROOM DOG," ETC.

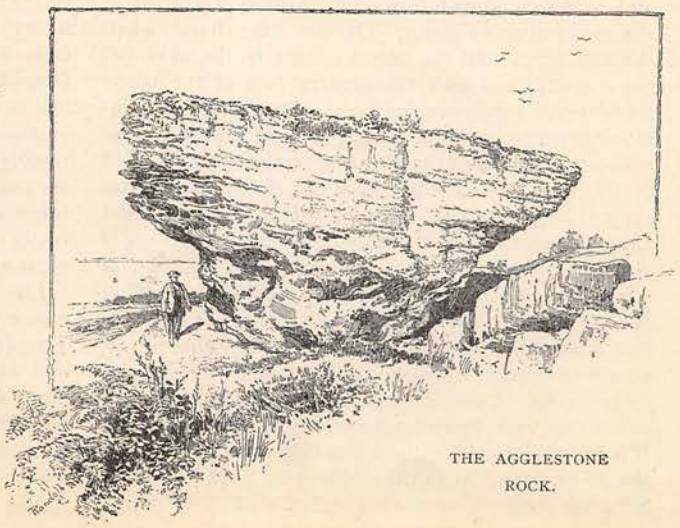
"OLD HARRY AND HIS WIFE."

IN Saxon times, that out-of-the-way peninsula on our south-western coast known as the Isle of Purbeck, formed part of the Kingdom of Wessex. Poole was then an important city and thriving port, Corfe Castle a kind of Windsor, and the wild downs and rolling moorlands of Purbeck a favourite hunting ground of the Saxon Kings.

At the extreme eastern corner, where old Harry and his wife, huge chalk pillars, stand in the sea under the cliffs of Ballard Down, the counterpart of the Needles, thirteen miles away across the Bay, lies the quaint, picturesque village of Studland. It is like a village in a story book, so idyllically rural and sequestered. The owner, the lord of many miles of country round, as well as of the proud though ruined keep his gallant ancestress Lady Banks defended so well, does his best to spare Studland from the tramp of the tourist and the profanation of the cheap tripper. To artists, too, who ferret out every old-world spot in our islands, Studland is much of a *terra incognita* still, for there is not an inn or a lodging in the village.

Studland is approachable from Swanage, a fast-rising water place, by a three-mile walk over Ballard Down, the most eastern part of the chalk backbone of Purbeck, which dips into the sea at the Old Harry Point. Or you may reach Studland by way of Corfe Castle along a good road, the only means of communication the inhabitants have with the outer world; but beware, says local superstition, lest, in the gloaming, you hear the ghostly horseman galloping on the other side of the fir plantation, as you pass Rempstone Park!

But Studland is best approached by water. Sailing either from Bournemouth or from Poole Harbour, and, in either case, avoiding carefully the Hook Sands,



THE AGGLESTONE ROCK.