

Somewhat nettled, Ogilvie turns to his partner; "Your shot, Professor; lay us dead." But the putt is short, and Ogilvie, in attempting to hole the ball, runs past the disc and lays himself a stimie.

"Play the like, Professor," says Preston in a tone of irritating precision.

It is quite impossible to send the ball in, except by lofting it over the other; so the Professor, instead of making sure of a half by a putt to the side of the hole, takes his iron and fails. Ogilvie again misses his shot, and Preston's putt wins the hole.

"Well, 'pon my word," cries the Colonel, "I would have given any odds against our winning that."

"It's a queer game, gowf," his caddy suggests: "a vara queer game."

The next hole is also a short one, and beyond the green is the river Eden. Preston, taking his cleek, drives over into the sand, and Ogilvie profits by his experience, and wins the hole in three.

"All square, and seven to play," remarks the Colonel. "It seems that we shall have a tight match."

The prophecy turns out correct, for the next three holes are halved, and neither side can get a lead. But the fifteenth green sees a change in the score. In playing the like on the green, the Professor is a little too hard, and unluckily lays a stimie for his partner. In attempting to loft over the other ball, Ogilvie knocks it in instead of his own.

"I say, partner, that's our second bit of bad luck," he murmurs; "but we must win."

There is a look of determination in the young man's face, which augurs ill for his opponents. But Preston and the Colonel seem to have also nerved themselves to win, and not a word is uttered as they move up to the next teeing-ground. The caddies, too, are getting very interested, and the Professor's attendant seems anxious about the fate of his sixpence.

The sixteenth hole lies along the railway; and as Preston's drive is sliced off the course, the match is again brought square, and two holes to play. The Colonel and the Professor have the next tee-shots, but Ogilvie's second is far beyond the other, and his side reaches the green in three. Preston plays the odd out of a small bunker by the side of the green, and plays it so well that a half in six is the result. The match depends upon the last hole.

Two good drives, followed by fair seconds, bring both balls to the green. Preston plays the odd, and lies five feet from the disc. Ogilvie takes his putter, with a palpitating sensation visible about the chest. "That for the match!" remarks the Colonel, with a hopeful wink to his partner. Ogilvie measures the distance, and as he raises the club strikes a small twig which he had not noticed on the ground. He stops, and flings it away; but he is evidently nervous, and the putt is short. The Colonel makes a good bid for the hole with the odd, and lies by the rim. Again, "That for the match!" is heard; and the Professor steadies himself, and makes the putt. On and on rolls the ball; it will not be up—yes, it trembles for a moment on the edge, and falls to the bottom.

"Well holed indeed!" cries Ogilvie. "Partner, that's capital!"

"Yes, my lad; you said we must win, and we have."

Preston mutters something about a fluke as he pays his caddy; but he can smile as he congratulates Ogilvie with almost ironical effusiveness on the victory.

"That was an extraordinary hole, Colonel, the tenth," remarks Ogilvie, as lunch is ending. "I thought we had it as safe as could be."

"Never give up a hole till you see your opponent's ball at the bottom of it: it's a golden rule, my boy."

"Your partner was tremendously delighted at it," replies the young man.

"By the way, now that he's gone, was Preston very angry with me as we were going out?"

"Yes; and so was I, you young dog, for bringing those girls round with us. Preston was most inconsistent; he first abused you for not introducing him to them, and then began to curse because you allowed them to stay."

"I'm so sorry, Colonel; they *were* rude to you, weren't they? But they don't understand, poor things! They are coming to play tennis with us this afternoon. You'll drop in, and be reconciled?"

"Well—I——"

"Oh yes; you'd better," interrupted Ogilvie. "I'll ask Preston to come too, and we'll be able to let the Professor know what day we decide upon for the return match."
ERIC.

A TOUCH OF LIVER.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE liver is a hard-worked organ, and generally it does its work well. It is the largest gland in the body, and is mainly concerned with the functions of digestion and nutrition, though it has other important duties. So varied and complex is its work that most people think they are safe and justified in ascribing a majority

of the minor ills from which they suffer to a disordered liver. In this way it is a much maligned organ, and has many things laid to its charge of which it is wholly innocent.

Actual disease of the liver is a serious matter, but it is comparatively infrequent, and never exists alone. In this paper we are only considering those functional

derangements which are popularly supposed to be the cause, and to explain the indefinite indefinable sensations which we experience when we are out of sorts. If we do not feel happy, if we worry and grumble, if we are torpid, if the days seem dreary and long, if the weather is bad, if things go awry, it is always the liver which is at fault. It is generally "sluggish"; and many and diverse are the popular medicaments to stimulate it to the satisfactory discharge of its duties.

A very common cause of a touch of the liver is over-eating (a vice more general than, and almost as reprehensible as, over-drinking). We eat generally out of all proportion to our work or to our needs, and take insufficient exercise, by means of which our tissue-changes become indolent and incomplete. Deleterious products become stored up in our system, and we make the liver the scapegoat. Another cause is over-drinking, actual disease following the frequent congestion of the liver due to habitual over-indulgence in alcohol. The occupation may be of too sedentary a character, and may pre-dispose to liver derangement. But even admitting that in a large number of cases a trivial irregularity in function can be proved against the liver, there is a large number of other causes which produce apparently the same symptoms.

In order that we may be in a better position to discuss the question how far certain conditions of health depend upon functional disease of the liver, it will be well to consider briefly the nature of the duties which this organ performs, and what happens when a disturbance in them occurs. It is a gland: that is to say, the cells of which it is composed elaborate various substances, which are secreted or passed out of the cells into certain channels, or ducts. These various substances together make up a clear, golden yellow, bitter fluid, called *Bile*, which is poured out into the alimentary canal during digestion, and which at other times is stored up in the gall-bladder. This bile plays a most important part in the series of changes by which the food we take is converted in its passage through the alimentary canal into forms available for the needs of the body. It is especially concerned in the digestion of fat. It is owing to this fact that people who have taken more rich fatty food than the bile they secrete is able to digest suffer from a true bilious attack; the liver at the same time being overtaken in its efforts to meet the demand made upon it. Nature remedies this by getting rid of the excess of food by the vomiting which is so constant a feature of bad bilious attacks. Bile causes digestion of fat by breaking it up into very small particles, forming what is called an emulsion, just in the same way as ammonia shaken up with oil forms the emulsion so well known as harts-horn and oil. Milk may be mentioned as a natural example of an emulsion. These small particles of fat—so small that they only look like tiny specks even when viewed under the microscope—are in some way passed through the wall of the intestine, and eventually find their way into the blood.

One other important duty performed by bile is to

keep in check the ever-present and mischievous bacteria. These organisms exist plentifully in the alimentary canal; and when the flow of bile is stopped or diminished they increase and multiply. Their action causes putrefactive changes in the food, which lead to troublesome disorders, while poisonous products are formed. These products, if absorbed into the blood, give rise to a host of troubles, of which the least serious are headache, general lassitude, and depression. The complexion suffers, and in certain cases such a well-marked disease as anæmia is produced. Bile is Nature's antiseptic to prevent these changes, and it acts towards the same end by virtue of possessing the properties of a mild aperient. We see, therefore, that a regular supply of healthy bile is one of the first conditions of bodily well-being. It is useless to stimulate the liver by means of drugs unless we remove at the same time the cause which rendered drugs necessary. It has been already pointed out that too much and improper food or insufficient exercise are responsible for much of the misery which people endure when suffering from a touch of the liver. It cannot be stated too often that plain, well-cooked food, in amount not more than is required to supply the daily needs of the body, is one of the main secrets of good health. Too much food affects people in different ways. In some the excess is largely stored up as fat, but in others, especially when the excess consists of nitrogenous food, such as meat, it is converted into crystalline nitrogenous bodies. These are acted upon by the liver, and before being passed out of the body through the kidneys must enter the blood channels. An excess of certain of these bodies circulating in the blood gives rise to gout. When extra work like this is imposed upon a hard-worked organ, there may be no apparent bad effect for some time, but eventually the normal functions are sure to be disturbed.

So far we see that simple food, and not too much of it, is required by those who suffer from a touch of the liver. But there is a large class of people who suffer greatly, and yet could easily be cured if they would take the simple means to effect the cure. This class is that of the girls and women who indulge in the silly, ugly, and dangerous practice of tight-lacing. No organ suffers more in the general wreckage that overtakes the internal viscera than the liver, but we shall have more to say about this another time. Another bad habit which is spoiling many a good constitution and deranging an otherwise excellent liver is indiscriminate pill-taking, which must be practised to an enormous extent, if we may judge by the way in which their inventors flourish and multiply. There is a fatal facility about pill-taking which lures the victim on until the habit is formed. Pills should never be taken with any regularity except under medical advice. A physician first endeavours to go a stage further back than the present symptoms and to discover the origin of the deviation from health, and until this is discovered any treatment can only be regarded as temporary and palliative.