

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 sweetspirit 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.”

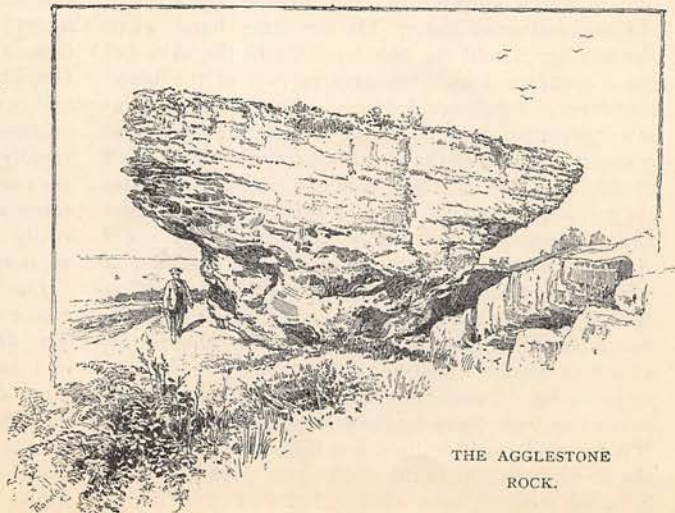
IN Saxon times, that out-of-the-way peninsula on our south-western coast known as the Isle of Purbeck, formed part of the Kingdom of Wessex. Poole was then an important city and thriving port, Corfe Castle a kind of Windsor, and the wild downs and rolling moorlands of Purbeck a favourite hunting ground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

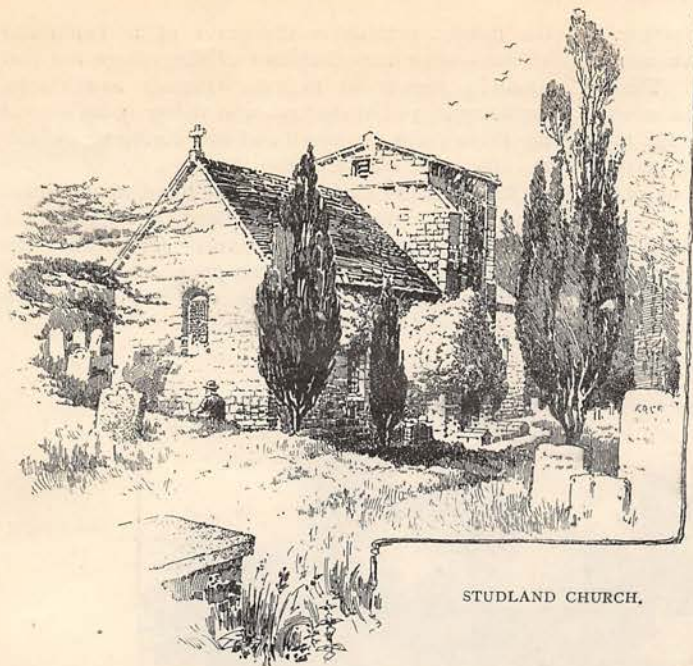
Studland is approachable from Swanage,

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.



STUDLAND CHURCH.

and the shallow harbour bar, you drop anchor in a wide bay, at the bottom of which a white signal station is conspicuous, backed by clusters of shady elms. Behind, rise the downs, a bold outline; to the left are Old Harry and his wife, and to the right the cliffs trend away into low sand-hills, beyond which lies a moorland country, which might be a bit of Scotland—a country of purple and gold in August, shaded with fir woods as with shadows, and interspersed here and there with lonely meres and bogs—a roadless waste.

Rowing up to the shallow beach, where the dark seaweed floats over sea-green chalky pools with every ebb and flow of the tide, we pull up our boat on the sandy shore, just where the gorse-covered Red Cliff marks the junction of the chalk and the sand country. A steep little fern-fringed gully, down which, in winter, tears a little stream, leads us up the cliff and into a deep winding lane. Overhead, the tall elms shut out the sky, but affording here and there a peep of blue sea or green down. Scattered along the lane are picturesque stone cottages, with the high thatched roofs variegated with lichen. Sun-bonneted women come down the stone steps and cross the slab laid over the brook, to gaze at the stranger and pass remarks upon him in the soft Wessex dialect, in which all the f's are v's and the o's are a's.

We catch a glimpse of the gables of the Manor House through the elms, and, at the junction of three lanes, opposite the village shop, on a little piece of

greensward, are the remains of a stone cross. The purple moors close in the end of the lane, and through a little wicket in the high bank we are directed, across a field yellow with buttercups, to the church.

Studland Church is so low (the tower never having been finished), the elms so high and the dark cypresses in the churchyard form so thick a shade, that we come unawares upon the sacred edifice, to find, buried here under the Purbeck Downs, a little gem of early Norman work, a rival of Stukeley in Buckinghamshire, of Iffley near Oxford, both lovely specimens of that period. The north porch is shut up, and we enter through the beautiful south porch, a perfect specimen of Norman work, in excellent preservation. The tower is central, and very massive. The nave is very narrow and only as long as the chancel, which is somewhat disfigured by a window of Jacobean date, but the earlier lights are distinctly traceable. There are the remains of a tomb in the chancel. The arch between the tower and the nave is Norman, but is in sad repair, being spliced up temporarily with iron hasps. A more permanent restoration is needed. In



"OLD HARRY" POINT.

fact, the whole of the church requires taking in hand if decay is to be arrested, and we are to retain this choice specimen of early work. The interior is a chaos of "sheep-pens," and the west window is blocked up by a gallery. On the south side there are two modern windows; one, of stained glass, is to the memory of a Banks, well-known as one of the defenders of Lucknow.

In the churchyard without, silent but for the cawing of the rooks in "the immemorial elms," rest the "rude forefathers of the hamlet," and some nameless strangers, gathered from the harvest of the sea. Of

the former, notable is the grave of a Peninsular veteran—some time landlord of the village inn and proud possessor of fourteen medals and clasps, including that of Waterloo—who sleeps by the side of the French wife he wooed and won during the winter the allies were quartered near Paris.

On a heathery knoll on the moorland, about three-quarters of a mile from Studland, a huge erratic boulder has puzzled antiquarians. It is called the Agglestone, probably a corruption of the Saxon "Heilig stan" or holy stone, and has to do with Druidical worship.



COTTAGES AT STUDLAND.

## BELLE'S RETURN.

BY ALBERT E. HOOPER, AUTHOR OF "IN THE FAR COUNTRY," "UP THE MOONSTAIR," ETC.



I. HE poppies were flaming among the yellow corn and the show of dahlias was at its best in the farm-garden when Belle returned. There was a good deal of suppressed excitement about the place throughout the day, but nobody said much. Farmer Honeysett lingered more than was his usual wont over his breakfast, and seemed half inclined to stay at home; but he resisted the weakness and tramped off as far as the Five-acre Lot as if to keep out of temptation. A bright spot of colour burned on each of the dame's cheeks as she

bustled about among her oak chests and presses, choosing her best spotted muslin and the finest of her lavender-scented linen for the adornment of Belle's room. Old Betty Briggs looked keenly at her mistress from time to time, and every time she looked she fell to rubbing her nose vigorously.

They were quiet people, all of them, not given to talking when there was work to be done; and, though they were all oppressed with many thoughts that day, they gave no verbal expression to them. At least, not until the light cart had started for the station. Then when George, the boy—grinning hugely at the magnitude of the trust committed to him—had driven out of earshot, and it was quite useless to shout more instructions after him, Betty and her mistress began to talk.

Betty spoke first.

"I doubt she'll be altered more'n we've thought on."

"I s'pose she will," said Mrs. Honeysett, sighing