the loss of the St. Barbe on the part of the French; was it not "only natural," that he should harbor any hope of her being won back?

I looked upon Hyacinthe in quite a candid and kindly spirit again, and though I shook my head in laughing disapprovement of the corvette and denial of its power to change the fortunes of the day, it was all in good faith and good feeling, and he nodded a return challenge in as amicable a spirit.

The wind was with us, and if the wind held out we might reach a point to which our antagonist durst not follow us—the point at which any English vessel cruising in the vicinity would make us hasten to our assistance. We failed to recognise, as more experienced people might have recognised, that the fitful gusts to which we were trusting were veering round in another direction, till we were instinctively conscious of the diminishing speed of the Sea Serpent, and that the billowing canvas was beginning to flap idly over our heads. Then we heard the cry to "reef sail," and we knew the wind had changed. We looked blankly in each other's faces and stared at Hyacinthe, who stared back at me with a curious mixture of triumph and remorse in his face. Must we let the St. Barbe go? Was it possible that French prisons were in store for us? We had heard much of the horrors of these prisons.

No, at the very minute when I could have almost fancied I heard a cheer from the corvette as she was brightening round with great dexterity, and all sail hoisted in order that she might swoop down upon us; she fell away from the touch of the helm, plunged forward, and then heeled to one side. She did not sink, for she had stuck fast on a ridge of rock whose place on the chart had been overlooked in the excitement of the moment. There she lay, while we could hardly believe our eyes, not only powerless to harm us, but in peril herself from the rising tide and the increasing force of the waves bearing against the barrier which held her in.

Hyacinthe Beaufois's face was a study in its doubt, consternation, and deepest chagrin, while loud self-congratulations rang out on all sides of him in the Sea Serpent.

If father had been free to follow his own course, I am certain he would have rendered every help to the unlucky corvette—which, by the way, was called the Audacious—would, if possible, have got her off the rock before the turn of the tide, and with his stiff bow—a little deeper than usual—have handed back the swords which the officers must have presented to him, and intimated that they and their ship were free to go their own way till they met the Sea Serpent once more in fair fight. I know father never alluded to the taking of the corvette but as to a misadventure on the part of the officers and crew—a kind of visitation of God which wrought our deliverance. We were grateful for it, and were bound to profit by it. At the same time we deserved no credit for it, for I have been told that father's attitude was that of Queen Elizabeth in relation to the inscription on one of the medals which she caused to be struck in commemoration of the defeat of the Invincible Armada. "He blew with the breath of His nostrils, and they were scattered," was the text the queen selected in reference to the mighty storm in which so many of the great Spanish galleons perished.

The corvette's misfortune was England's good fortune, and father was called upon to gather and bring back England's spoil for England's enrichment. It was not a private and personal matter which a generous man might dispose of at his pleasure. If we had not gone to the corvette, boarded and taken possession of her where she lay half on her beam ends, yawning and creaking as if she were a living creature groaning under the injuries she was receiving, before she could be floated off at high water, and a temporary patch put on her gaping wound, some English cruiser off the island would have taken advantage of her disabled condition and captured her. Of course she would have surrendered to any English admiral like father than to one of the comparatively unknown captains of these cruisers.

Thus it happened when the rest of the squadron were recalled, and the whole returned from their expedition, the flag-ship, the Sea Serpent, arrived at Portsmouth, with a French trisate and a French corvette in its fangs as a small offering to Britannia, who with her trident ruled the waves.

(Caught a Little Cold.

By "Medicus".)

Jottie Roberts was dressing to go out for the evening. I had promised to call for her and take her to the Geralds' party. The carriage was at the door and I was talking to her mother in the drawing-room, when presently Jottie herself came in. She was a beautiful girl at most times, and a sensible too. I do not mean you to infer that she was not beautiful even now, dressed in white as she was, but a ghost could not have been more pale.

I advanced to meet Jottie, and perhaps she noticed something in my look, for she immediately said:

"What is it all about? Well, I will tell you, albeit it shall destroy the romance. Jottie had caught a little cold. It wasn't much perhaps, but it had most provokingly located itself in the head. That was not the worst of it. You see, the girl had made up her mind to go to the Geralds' party, so instead of coming down to luncheon, she had kept her room and tried to rest. Then after abstinence, to her dismay she discovered that—don't smile please—her nose and unalloyed colour, which, however charming in a carnation or poppy, is not to be tolerated in the principal feature of lady's face, it was red—well, roseate—would sound worse. It had never exhibited the slightest tendency to turn so before. It is really was provoking. And to occur on this evening of evenings! Jottie had dressed notwithstanding. 'It would go away,' she had thought, as speciously as it had come, and she had almost persuaded herself that it had disappeared, until she had noticed that unlooked for eye. 'Hic hae lachrymæ—hence lacrima coævus,' she said to any lingering hope she might have had of being able to go out after all, for eyes as well as nose were red now. However, as I said, Jottie was a sensible girl, so she submitted herself to her mother's nursing and went early to bed.

'Very cold in the head may have dire results. Jottie Roberts was only eighteen, therefore not old enough to be married, but fancy what might or might not have been the consequences, if all those tears had这本书的第84页内容没有完整的图像，所以我无法提供其自然语言的文本表示。
well. Talking physiology again? I really can’t help it at times. Sir Alfred Power describes the mucous membrane much more probably and probably more effectively when he says—

“There is a skin without and a skin within. A covering skin and a lining skin. But the skin within is the skin without. Doubled inwards and carried completely over the entire body. The palate, the nostril, the wind-pipe and the throat are all of them lined with this inner coat. Without, through every part is made to extend, lungs, liver, and all from end to end.”

Well, then, this inner skin, this mucous membrane has a disagreeable tendency to get thickened after successive colds, and this is one reason why a cold should never be neglected. A thickened mucous membrane means a very irritable, spongy one, and it means in the end that almost incurable complaint called winter cough, from which poor grandmama suffers, so that often they cannot sink to rest at night, and are so jaded and worn next day that they cannot take sufficient nourishment to properly sustain nature.

How do people catch cold? In a variety of ways, either summer or winter. And commonly, that I have doubts whether there is not yet to be discovered a catarhual bacillus. The catarh, you know, are the little ragamuffins that work so much mischief to mankind, and produce typhoid, influenza and even cholera itself. Small they are indeed; why, five or six hundred of some species could float through the eye of a needle. But whether this might be induced by a bacillus or not, there are alas! too many other causes for the complaint. The commonest is what is called catching a chill. You see there is a certain amount of blood in the body which is or ought to be equally distributed throughout. But if the surface of the body is exposed to a draught, or cold induced by damp or wet, the arteries and veins of the skin and underlying tissues get contracted, and the blood is squeezed out of them so to speak, back into the inner part of the body. The skin gets too cold, the inner or, say, lining membrane of the lungs gets too much and becomes reddened. It is then more difficult to keep it moist. This one coughs up. The very act of coughing increases the irritation, and what was at first but wetty mucous soon becomes matter. The blood, owing to this state of the lungs, is not sufficiently aerated, and one feels ill all over.

Well, cold may take place from damp or cold feet on precisely the same principles, or from exposure of the head to cold. Cold may also be caused by breathing dust, and a cold is also easily caught from temporary contamination of the parts, during hard exercise, as in riding a tricycle.

We all know the symptoms of a nasty cold, as we call it. These, however, vary even in a cold in the head. Briefly speaking, whatever lessens the animal heat of the body or drives the blood interstitially may cause a cold. To some it gives irritation to the lining membrane of the lungs, as from breathing dust or irritant causes. If we know the various causes of catarh or cold tormenting the body, we are enabled to avoid the complaint. I cannot be wrong therefore in mentioning a few in addition to those named above.

1. Sleeping in a damp bed.
2. Exposing that portion of the back, that lies between the shoulders, to cold in bed. Delicate young ladies ought to wear a little

Shetland shawl in bed as a special protection to this most vulnerable region.
3. Strangulating one’s self, and wearing all overdressing.
4. Omitting to wrap up well before coming out from a heated room or assembly at which you have worn evening dress. If you have been warm enough at all, and a chill is so easily caught.
5. Riding in an open carriage against the wind, a prolific source of cold.
6. Getting out of bed too early, and not keeping moving until there is a chance of changing.
7. Omitting to wear woolen underwear in winter and spring.
8. Remaining too long in the bath, whether cold or tepid. The bath is a tonic, but do not forget that a plunge or two is enough.
9. Sitting on a damp seat or on wet grass.
10. Sitting or lying in front of an open fire.
11. Sitting in a room without a fire.
12. Going to bed in too cold a room.

Well, there are many other causes, but I dare say these will serve every useful purpose.

Some people, especially young and anemic girls, have a susceptibility to catching cold. This should be changed, and I firmly believe can be, by the use of a little open air and the cold sponge-bath every morning. If you have never tried this healthful bath, I advise you. No occasion to have it quite cold on the first morning. I should permit you just to take the chill off, but reduce the dose of hot water from every part of your body until you are bathed at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere. You will then begin to find the bracing effects of the bath, and as a preventative to cold it stands to reason that if you can bear a dozen large spongefuls of the coldest water over you and find it beneficial and pleasant, a puff or two of cold wind isn’t going to lay you up for a month.

As regards wind or a draught, or wet or damp, it is the continuance of the application that does the mischief; but you are not in the slightest danger while exposed to a cold wind, so long as you keep moving briskly and to and fro. You are probably already aware of this, but there is no harm in medical testimony reminding you of the fact.

I have dwelt longer on the causes of colds than I otherwise might have done, for the simple reason that the treatment of these complaints is tedious and not very satisfactory. In the multitude of counsellors, we are told, there is wisdom, but when we have had as many unwise as we have a real difficulty in knowing which to choose. I think you may dismiss from your mind the idea that it is possible to actually cut short a cold, as it is called. You can ease it, you can shorten the attack, but to dismiss it peremptorily, you cannot.

If however you go in for treatment at once, you will find that the effects of the acute mixture of the shops. I cannot tell you the dose because I do not know your age; but any respectable chemist who compounded the mixture of medical man, I should think it should be taken only at the early stage of the complaint, and the sooner the better. It often acts like a charm.

Go to bed, and take a book to read if you cannot sleep. I am an advocate for reading in bed. I may tell you, in cases of sleeplessness, that reading lowers the tension of the brain by keeping the thoughts in one groove. Well, you may drink as much nice cooling drink as you choose, only the diet must be such as to keep the skin moist and, after a few more doses, discontinued.

In recommending the acute mixture, I do not forget that I am departing from my usual rule, of not advising self-doctoring, but it is such a valuable remedy in the commencement of not only colds, but a great many other ailments of an inflammatory kind, that begin with shivering, and a depressed feeling of weakness, but which only people then girls that ought to administer the remedy.

Well, there is the old-fashioned treatment for a speedy relief—Dover’s powder, a warm drink, mustard and water to the feet, and an extra blanket. Almost every father and mother know this; I need therefore say no more about it, further than to add, it entails confinement to the house for a day or two, and a dose of aperient medicine. I don’t actually advise this plan of treatment, however, in every case. But Dover’s powder and it does not always suit.

A more agreeable remedy for a cold is camphor. It is often wonderful in its effects. Even pouring a little camphor on the hands, rubbing them together, and inhaling, will do good. But if there be cold and shivering at the commencement of a cold, you feel as if you may be taken cold, and then three to five drops of essence of camphor may be taken on a lump of sugar every quarter of an hour, however hot the weather is. It is restored. It need not be taken after this.

If the restoration of warmth is uncomfortable the acme mixture may be taken after this, or when not for that matter. You see the indication of treatment is to gradually restore the animal heat and equalise the circulation.

The diet should in every case be lowered when there is heat and discomfort about the body, heat in the eyes, and sligt fronts headache. Milk diet is the thing, and meat for a time or solid food should be abjured.

The recipe for Dr. Parrié’s well-known spiced dish, which of which is may be taken cold and then for cold in the head and nostrils, is as follows*:—

* The morphia may be omitted.

The morphia may be omitted.

But after all, prevention is better than cure, and if you dress rightly you do not expose yourself, and if you inure yourself to the morning tub, then you will escape many and many a cold and many another ill as well.

Let me add here two or three more pages from Sir Alfred—

* With clothing and exercise keep yourself warm.

And change your clothes quickly if caught in a storm.

For a cold caught by chilling the outside skin, first once to the delicate lining within.

All you who thus kindly take care of your skin,

And attend to its wants, without and within.

Need not of cholera fear any fears,

And your skin may last you a hundred years."