THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

Clerc’s head might have been a little turned by the magnitude of his good fortune; for it is not because I say it who should not say it, everybody who knows the naval history of his country has only to remember Rear-Admiral Masham’s exploits. There is abundant proof of them, though it was not to be heard from his modest lips. One has only to recall our entrance into Portsmouth with our prizes, our progress to London, our introduction to their gracious Majesties King George and Queen Charlotte.

But there are limits to the expression of a rival’s triumph. Nelson himself, who hated the French professionally, was the first to show that he knew the limit in his bearing as a man and a gentleman. Did he not return to the Spanish commander Don Jacobo Stuart, the lineal descendant of the great Duke of Berwick, his sword, in acknowledgment of his gallantry, and send him back with a flag of truce to Carthagena? And when the English made their un-successful assault on Teneriffe, did not a young Spanish nobleman strip himself of his shirt in order that it might be torn up into bandages to bind the wounds of the defeated assailants?

I have heard, further, that in an episode of the Peninsula War the French charge was led more than once by a one-armed officer, and that the English cavalry, in admiration of his indomitable pluck, spared his decapitated head and saluted him in passing.

It is true we boarded and took the corvette Ineptos, when she had grounded and was in our power, and the Captain was not parallel. She had friends and allies ready to come to her aid, the next tide might have floated her off little harmed, and the capture was made in the heat of action.

We were forced to condemn Captain Clerc’s churlish, ungenerous conduct to us. It was not with unmingled satisfaction, but rather with some swelling of indignant hearts, that we prepared to take on board, when a fresh surprise awaited us.

We had been too busy collecting our few goods—relics of our stay on the reef Never Despair—to have more than a dim impression of a tall young Frenchman talking eagerly to Captain Clerc, who appeared to thaw somewhat under his companion’s eloquence, until at last the morose man moved the speaker off with a half-impatient gesture of assent, which meant, as we understood subsequently, “Do what you will, sir, so that there is no infringement of discipline.” Since they were not of yours, and since you are not under my orders, you are at liberty to attend to them. The petitions, I presume, will be the particular objects of your care—with a grim smile—and I admit they do not come precisely under the head of prisoners of war.”

With this extended permission, the young man came hurriedly ashore, lifting his hat and smiling his glad recognition.

(To be continued.)

“NOTHING TO DO BUT SIMPLY GET WELL.”

By “MEDICUS.”

“Nothing to do but simply get well?” I made up my mind on that particular occasion I should take very good care to do nothing, and do it nicely too. I determined greatly: that it should be unlike Greek or Latin lexicon, or turned my brains into a medley over the hieroglyphics of Euclid. I should do nothing in my own room first; then I should explore in the garden—it is grand doing nothing in a garden except taking the flowers and talking to the caterpillars—then I should carry my campstool all up and down the woods and over the hills. I had a hazy notion of that in about three months’ time I should feel utterly ashamed of my inactivity; but at present I was too busy and quietly return to Homer and Euclid. But nevertheless, I cannot accuse myself of not having done nothing to the extent of my ability.

But when convalescence comes after an illness, when one is well out of one’s teens—ah! then it is a different thing. Nothing to do but get well? O, certainly not! There isn’t a bashful of letters waiting to be answered; I’m not all behind-hand with my book-writing; editors haven’t been writing and writing, and finally telegraphing for copy the garden has been broken, and the hedges to rags in my absence.

“Nurse, are you there?”

“Here, sir.”

“Pull the lower sash of that window right up across the upper one.”

“The fog is close up to the window, sir, and the doctor said—”

“The doctor said I was to do as I pleased. Up with it. Thanks. I want to hear that great speckled-breasted thrush sing. No, I won’t be sure to be ‘down with it’ again, as you call it. Besides, Queen is down on the lawn, I know, and I’m not to be thwarted, so there!”

Wasn’t I quite right, gentle reader? What would be the use of being convalescent if you couldn’t do just whatever you had a will to?

Now send Buttons up with my letters on a tray. A tray won’t hold them all? Well, well, surely there are more trays than one in this house.

“Ah, there you are, Tommy. Now you can tell me. Well, sir, if you speak, I’ll try to arrange that mass of stuff according to dates. What! done already? I must have been doing. Now I’ll open them and hand them to you. When I say ‘goat,’ tear the letter up and throw it in the basket; when I say ‘sheep,’ place it carefully on the table. All right?

“Goat,” Tommy; “goat;” “goat;” “sheep;” “goat;” “goat;” “sheep.” Basket full, is it? Well, stick a foot in it and crush it down. Twill hold lots more yet. Hurrah! done at last. Now, Tommy, count the ‘sheep,’ only a ‘goat’ to about 400 ‘goats!’ All the better. Give me the ‘sheep,’ and we’ll sort them next. So, when I say ‘L,’ that means ‘Answer by letter. Put them in one side. When I say ‘P. C.,’ that means, ‘Post-card will do for reply.’ Readily again? ‘L;’ ‘L;’ ‘P. C.;’ ‘P. C.;’ ‘L;’ ‘P. C.;’ ‘P. C.;’ ‘P. C.’ Tommy, I’m tired. Let all the rest be ‘P. C.’s.” I feel a bit chilly too. I declare, Tommy, that nurse has been and gone and opened the window. Down with it, Tommy! Good lad! Some people are so thoughtless. No, I shan’t write to-day; I’ll—doze again.

And now, reader, that last word “doze” reminds me to say a something about sleeping convalescence.

“Tired nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep,” says Young, in his Night Thoughts, and truer words were never penned. During, say, a month’s illness in bed, especially if much pain has been suffered, the whole system, muscular as well as nervous, becomes worn down to its lowest ebb, and sleep alone can restore it. If one, while recovering, could like the young infant, sleep nearly all the time, awakening only to take nourishment or, in the case of an invalid person, perhaps listen to some one reading, the recovery would be even more speedy. But be it remembered this sleep must be natural; it must not be courted by wine or cordials, unless the doctor orders them, and far less by narcotics.
VARIETIES.

Again, if the illness has been serious, however well one feels while in bed, it will not do to attempt to resume life's duties too quickly. One must take a trip when a trip is needed; one must stagger half a wicket into port to undergo repairs, and leaves harbor again leaky and unsavoury.

Those who attend friends while ill, should remember that good nursing and freedom from care and worry not only tend to bring a patient sooner through the complaint, but aid the convalescence also; because any worry he may have had during the active period of the sickness is magnified tenfold, and is not to be over and over again afterwards, thus retarding the progress to health.

I need hardly tell readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, in whose pages so many excellent papers on sickness have appeared, that the warmth of a patient's room and bed is to be carefully maintained. Hot-water bottles or sand-bags may sometimes be appreciated, but in this the feelings of the patient are always to be consulted, for these appliances may aggravate cases of a nervous character. And as to ventilation; the fire of course docs a deal, but fresh air from out of doors must be frequently admitted also. Bed coverings should be light and warm. Weight should not induce warmth, but quite the reverse. Elder-down quilts are invaluable, and so are the ordinary down quilts. I fear there are none of the real elder-down now in the market.

Sometimes during illnesses the nerves seem naked, so to speak, and every sudden sound jars, and stirs, and startles. A morse of coal falling from the fire on to the floor has often been changed what might have been a calm and refreshing might into one of restlessness and pain, and thus retarded recovery. But at other times, or in other kinds of illnesses, the brain is dulled, and noises do not seem to hurt. In these cases it is during convalescence the nervousness and quiescence come on, but this should always be soothingly administered to and borne by the nurse. That first forenoon's getting up after illness is a long-to-be-remembered one. The very act of standing creates a thrill. But it should be from bed to chair; the chair a cosy one, and in a cozy place. As much ablation to hands, arms, face, neck, and feet as can be done through on the chair without fatigue will greatly refresh. The first sitting up should not be protracted, and as little dressing as possible should be indulged in. But day after day the patient will get stronger, till that luxury of a strip bath, can be taken before breakfast. Fresh air at the window, and next in the garden, will be enjoyed now, and the world will begin to look wonderfully bright and beautiful again. Then recovery is certain.

Walking must be preceded by driving, and even this must be done in an easy conveyance. The conveyance of luxury is dull, drowsy, and tired, but I hope not peevish. Let her now rest in a cool room for a short time. A little tea may do good—not hot, or a very little really good wine, with a rush, or some flavoured drink to sip.

Reading will be found tiresome at first. Happy indeed are they who have someone to read to them. Books are not to be recommended; they weary. Short lively bits from the newspapers, the doings of the day, &c., but no horrors. Newspaper horrors shape themselves into dreams that haunt the midnight pillow.

It is a great pity that so many of us must return to our duties before the frame is quite strong once more. Of course Nature does a deal, but a second break-down is a thing to be stridently avoided if possible.

I mentioned rheumatism in one of my papers because it has been my own experience. I may add, therefore, that the convalescence from this painful complaint should be most carefully conducted. The worst thing you can do is to imagine yourself well because the pains have partially or completely left you. Do not forget that it is caused by acidity of the stomach, because you run the risk of having a bilious attack. Keep the system gently open by some mild well-chosen aperient.

When strong enough to go in for sea-bathing, which you will not be for a time—not till you can stand a cold salt bath indoors—do not bathe till after the middle of the day, and stay but a very brief time in the water at first. Have a sleep on the sofa after returning if you feel at all drowsy. By degrees, and only by degrees, is active exertion to be taken; but once you can take it, and the skin begin to act well and naturally, the mind will become buoyant once more, and you will feel you are really well; but those who have been really ill must "gang wary" for months to come.

CHARITY.

The definition given by Mahomet of charity embraces the wide circle of all possible kindness. Every good deed, he would say, is charity. Your smiling in your mother's face is charity; an exhortation to your fellows to virtuous deeds is equal to almsgiving; your putting a wanderer in the right road is charity; your assisting the blind is charity; your removing stones, thorns, and other obstructions from the path is charity; your giving water to the thirsty is charity.

"Our true wealth hereafter," says Mahomet, "is the good we do in this world to our fellows. When we die, people will ask: What property has she left behind her? But the angels will ask: What good deeds has she sent before her?"

IMAGINATION.—Imagination is a lamp which lights up the whole of life, and the better care it receives the clearer and purer it burns.

CHARACTER.—A hero is known in war, a friend is known in necessity, and a wise girl is known in anger.

The skin requires particular attention in all cases of convalescence, more particularly in those from eruptive fevers. Be guided by what the doctor says about the bath. Only wear soft flannels next the skin for a time.

After rheumatism, iodide of potassium mixture may be taken. It is somewhat debilitating, however. Lime juice, rice syrup in lemonade or soda-water is an excellent reviving drink. Wines and stimulants of all kinds should be avoided.

When convalescence is fairly established, Turkish baths will do much good; but they should not be taken too frequently.

As to diet in convalescence, everything in the least likely to disagree, however much it commences itself to the palate, must be steered clear of. The food should not be too sloppy. Tea and coffee in moderation. An hour's nap after the mid-day meal is an excellent restorer.

As soon as possible after an illness the convalescent should get away to the country or to the sea-side, and while there she will do well to take some simple tonic. This I cannot choose for you, because it depends much on what the illness has been; only it must be a tonic that does not constipate the system, nor irritate the stomach.

Supposing you have gone to the seaside—not alone, of course—amusement of a non-dwindling kind should be sought for. Riding, driving, boating, and gentle walking all tend to strengthen the system. The seaside will increase the appetite, but beware of over-eating, because you run the risk of having a bilious attack. Keep the system gently open by some mild well-chosen aperient.

When strong enough to go in for sea-bathing, which you will not be for a time—not till you can stand a cold salt bath indoors—do not bathe till after the middle of the day, and stay but a very brief time in the water at first. Have a sleep on the sofa after returning if you feel at all drowsy.

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VARIETIES.

NOT SO WONDERFUL AFTER ALL.

"How did this happen?" asked the surgeon, as he dressed the wound in the check and applied a soothing poultice to the damaged eye.

"Got hit with a stone," replied the patient.

"Who threw that shoving?"

"My—my wife," was the reluctant answer.

"Hum— it's the first time I ever knew a woman to hit anything she aimed at," muttered the surgeon.

"She was throwing at the neighbour's hen's head," explained the sufferer. "I was behind her."

THE USE OF KNOWLEDGE.—The real use of all knowledge is this, that we should dedicate the reason God has given us to the use and advancement of our fellows.

ASSENT AND CONTRADICTION.—Never assent merely to please others for that is, besides flattery, often times untrue, and discover a mind hable to be servile and base. Neither assent to vex others, for that shows an ill-temper, and provokes but profits nobody.

THE BOUNT CHICKEN.

"No," said one chicken to another, "we don't speak to her. She wasn't hitched from the same lot of eggs that we were."

"Oh, I see; she's from a different set."

CHARADE I.

My first in easy room is placed, Yet often in a garden laid: Though formed by men with skill and taste, You'll find I am by women made.

Though charity impel your deeds, Phrases with mere giving 'll describe (Even to soothe a sufferer's needs)— And yet to keep me would be worse; My second, on uneven ground, A means of safety oft provides; In many rivers is I found, Where former custom still abides. These words, when joined together, show An English town of ancient note: Amen in its prison, long ago; His wondrous work a prisoner wrote.

XIMENA.