

meadows by the river come the sounds of laughing and shouting, for the village boys are down there playing cricket, many of the cottage doors are open, and the villagers are standing to enjoy the evening air and a little friendly gossip with their neighbours. But Mary Hayes is all alone. Somehow she seems rather to have withdrawn herself from gossip and social intercourse of late years; she had no time for them, she would have said, and no money to entertain her friends, even in the simple style that obtained in Cleasthorpe, and in fact her busy life for the last twelve years had left her little or no time for social duties.

But this evening she was sitting, for a marvel, idle; absolutely doing nothing, except watching the changing effects of the sunset sky, and listening to the sleepy cawing of the rooks sailing home to their nests in the fir-tree tops and the distant sounds of mirth coming up from the meadows.

The fiery red was dying out of the sky, and soft opal shades were creeping up; the gorgeous orange clouds were giving place to soft emerald and palest gold, and a few stars were beginning to twinkle faintly in the darkening blue of the sky.

Twilight was creeping on and would soon deepen into the gloom of the summer's night. Mary waited a little longer and then rose suddenly; she put a little shawl over her shoulders, and, closing the door, slipped out bareheaded, past the next three houses and into the little churchyard. All was very quiet there; no one was about at that hour, and Mary made her way down the carefully kept pathway to a quiet corner, where, under a simple little headstone, bearing his name and the dates of his birth and death, lay her father.

Flowers of his daughter's planting and rearing adorned the grave, and Mary knelt down to pluck up one or two obtrusive weeds and to gather one white rose blooming there. Then she patted the inanimate stone softly, and whispered, with a little sob catching her voice, "Father, do you hear me? Do you know I've done what you wanted me to do? Do you know your name is clear now, and that every penny of that terrible debt has been paid—the very last to-day? Father, it's taken a weary while to do; can you look down from heaven and see what I've done? I know you'd bless poor Mary if you could. And, oh, father, it's been such hard work sometimes!"

The remembrance of the past twelve years with all their trials and struggles came over her as she knelt there, and partly the thought of all she had undergone, mingled with the relief she felt now that the burden had rolled away, broke her composure, and she began to weep tears that wonderfully relieved her heart, and seemed like the last shower after a long-continued storm.

She raised her head at last, and started to find she was not alone. Tom Altham was standing by her side, watching her with a face of great concern.

"I didn't mean to startle you," he

said, apologetically, "but I came to speak to you this evening. Mother wanted some yarn or wool or something, you know, and I found the door shut, and Mrs. Eastwood told me she had seen you slip away here. There's nothing wrong, Mary, is there?"

"Oh, no, thank you," she said, drying her eyes and trying to speak in an unconcerned tone.

"You keep his grave beautifully," Tom said next, *à propos* of nothing.

"I like to see it bright," she answered. "It may be foolish, but I like to think he sees it and is pleased."

Tom seated himself on a corner of a near tombstone, and seemed in no hurry to go away.

"You told me you were going to take stock this week, Mary," he said, at last, hesitatingly; "did it do as well as you expected?"

Tom had kept himself tolerably *au courant* with her business affairs.

"Yes, thank you kindly," she answered.

"Then, Mary, you must be about free now; you know the score was nearly cleared off last Christmas."

"It's all off now," she answered, simply; "and I'd come here to tell father. I thought somehow he'd know better if I told him just here. He'd be so glad, poor father."

"Then, Mary," he cried, joyfully, seizing her hand; "you'll let me ask the question now that you put off twelve years ago. I've waited very patiently, my dear."

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, trying to withdraw her hand. "You mustn't ask me now."

"Why?" he asked, still keeping firm hold of her hand. "Have you given up caring for me?"

"Oh, it isn't that, Tom; it isn't that, but you oughtn't to come back to me. I'm so old and ugly now, and you could do so much better for yourself, and you know it."

"I'll go away if you tell me honestly you've given up caring about me, and for nothing else," he replied, firmly. "And I do not want to do better for myself, even if I could, which I beg leave to say I can't, and I think I'm likely to know, when I've never changed my mind for twelve years. I'll go away if you tell me you've changed yours."

He was looking eagerly into her downcast face, which was now suffused with burning blushes, and her voice was low and faltering as she answered, "No, I haven't."

"Then will you come and be my wife, Mary? I've waited a long time."

"But I've grown so old and ugly, Tom; it isn't fair to you," she repeated; but his only answer was to draw her close to his side and put his arm round her.

"Oh, my dear," he cried; "just as if your dear face wasn't more beautiful to me than the loveliest girl's in the land. Will you have me, Mary?"

"If you think I'm worth taking," she answered, shyly. Then with a little gush of irrepressible feeling, "Oh, Tom, I've loved you faithfully all these years."

There was a wedding in the little village church that summer before the harvest was gathered in. Tom was impatient, and hurried matters on. He had waited twelve years, and could not afford to wait any longer, he said. Besides, his mother was old, feeble, and wanted a daughter to take care of her, so Mary must hurry her preparations.

And Mary consented. Surely there had been delay enough, and she and Tom had known their own hearts all this time. Relief and happiness seemed to have brought back her youth, and on the day that Tom Altham led his bride to the altar, there were plenty there to affirm that never had a bonnier bride been seen in the village.

There were several thoughtless young girls in their teens, who were not slow to declare that though they liked Mary with all their hearts, it wasn't an interesting wedding when "the bride was thirty-seven if she was a day; and for their parts if they weren't married long before they arrived at such a venerable age, they would not care to marry at all." Perhaps they did not know the story of long-tried constancy which lent such a halo of romance to the simple village wedding; but even had their careless remarks reached the bride's ear they would not have disturbed her calm joy and contentment. After long weary struggling she had reached the haven at last, and was enjoying the bright promise of a happy future, lighted by the knowledge of a long and wearisome task faithfully performed, and by "the smile of duty done."

THE END.

## HOW TO BE HEALTHY, HAPPY, AND BEAUTIFUL.

By MEDICUS.



ONCE upon a time—a fairy tale commences—once upon a time, long before either you or I was born, a medical man, or "leech" as he was then called, was looked upon as a very mysterious being indeed. He

was possessed of, or supposed to be possessed of, a large amount of ancient lore and knowledge, the fruits of which anyone who cared to consult him might freely partake of, but never dare he touch or taste of the physician's tree of knowledge itself. This man, this leech, used to dress like a wizard, and surrounded himself with strange-shaped bottles and vases, inscribed with cabalistic characters and devices, and perhaps filled with ghastly and "uncanny" looking reptiles. He dabbled in alchemy, did not deny the study of the darker sciences, his prescriptions were shrouded in the gloom of dog-Latin, and his



physic was nasty to look at and nauseous to taste; while the older and uglier the man was the more he seemed to be respected.

But these days are past and gone for ever; medical science is now no longer darkened by superstition nor shaded in ignorance. It stalks into the open, where the sun shines, and courts investigation and challenges enquiry.

And the physician of the present day is quite a different individual from the mysterious medical man of the past. Children do not fear him, young folks like him, he dresses like a modern, talks like a human being and not like a ghoul, and makes a very good addition to an evening party or conversazione, and often comes in exceedingly handy for lawn tennis.

And no doctor nowadays treats a case at hap-hazard or blindfolded; he prescribes, too, only the medicines with the properties of which he is thoroughly well acquainted. His aim is to be exact, and exactness and simplicity are always combined.

Before, then, you read another line, I wish you to take my word for it, if you will, that the study of medicine is by no means a dry one; it is the reverse, it is a most fascinating one. I do not positively recommend it to girls, but I am very much mistaken indeed if it will do them any harm to learn the few and simple facts about medicine which I will lay before them in these short and simple papers. They will not overburden the memory, and it is just possible the knowledge of them may come in very handy some day, and help to raise from a bed of sickness some dear relation or friend.

I have before spoken about *fresh air* as a means for keeping the body healthy and vigorous; let me just say one word regarding it as a curative agent. Although pure air, as I told you in my article on nursing the sick, should be admitted most plentifully into the chambers of the invalid, it is, perhaps, in long lingering cases of illness where the benefits derivable from it are most noticeable, while on those just recovering from recent illness the good effects of fresh air seem little short of marvellous. And the reason for this is not far to seek. There are two sets of blood vessels in the body. One set comprises the arteries, and they flow *from* the heart, taking pure blood for the nourishment of every part of the body; the veins comprise the other set, and they flow *back* from every part of the body to the heart and lungs, and they bring there the impure blood or used-up blood, in order that it may pass through the lungs and be therein once more rendered pure. And what does this impure blood contain which requires separation? It contains various matters taken up from the body, and which nature must get rid of, among others carbon.

Now this carbon, if left in the blood, acts more or less as a poison, but see what happens to it when it comes in contact with the fresh air which we breathe; it is united with oxygen, one of the component parts of the air, without which no life could exist in the world. It unites with this gas, and becomes a gas itself (carbonic acid gas), and flies off in the air we expel from our lungs. Fresh air, then, is needed to burn off, as it were, all the deleterious matter that exists in our blood, and which, if only even partially retained, renders one dull, drowsy, apathetic, and peevish, if not decidedly ill.

So pure air is the beauty of health, and the quintessence of comfort and happiness. But if people who are well have need of this great physician of nature, does it not stand to reason

that those who are sick, or convalescent, and whose blood is more impure than yours or mine, need pure air more? Let those testify to the beneficial effects of this medicine of medicines, who, on recovering from some severe illness, have taken a drive along some breezy cliff or headland on a summer's day. Did not appetite revive? Did not all the world seem brighter and clearer than before, and the morbid and melancholy forebodings of the sick chamber give place to a feeling of newness of life, causing you to feel so quietly contentedly happy and comfortable that you would not have cared to exchange places with a queen?

Now, averse as I am to the use of proverbs, more especially hackneyed ones, I cannot here refrain from repeating one to which, as regards medicine, a good deal of truth is attached: namely, "prevention is better than cure." If people knew what the things are which usually bring about illness or disease, methinks they would do the best they could to avoid them. If I tell you some of these, and try in simple language to explain their "why" and their "wherefore," and if you remember what I say, you will indeed have read this paper with much profit.

Here is something worth knowing. If, say fifty people are shipwrecked on an almost desert and very unhealthy island, and all are exposed to the *same* disease-producing causes, exposure to wet, to obnoxious vapours, and to cold and privation, and forty of these fifty fall sick, it does not by any means follow that they will suffer from the same complaints. Indeed, hardly any three of their illnesses will be the same, and ten out of the fifty, as we have seen, escape scot-free. And why, you may ask, is this? It is simply because the causes of disease to which they were each and all exposed have a habit of seeking out the weakest part in each individual and attacking that. Thus exposure to cold, which might produce inflammation in the lungs in one person, would bring on an attack of rheumatism in another.

We learn from this that the best plan to avoid illness, and pass unscathed through the midst of spreading sickness is to keep the body healthy and the mind cheerful. You have heard what a happy immunity medical men and kind district visitors have from many diseases, how they can mingle freely with fever-stricken patients, and pass unharmed through wards polluted with plague and pestilence. Is it, think you, because they bear charmed lives or carry about them some prophylactic that protects them, amulet that shields them from the daggers of death? Yes; but the prophylactic is attention to all the ordinary rules of health; the amulet is a hardy constitution engendered by so doing. When medical men do fall victims to the disorders they have been fighting against on behalf of others it is generally after they have been thoroughly worn out and their systems weakened by fatigue and long-watching. And from this fact again we may learn a lesson.

What are the things which, taken together,

tend to keep an individual up to par, up to her or his best, in body and mind? This question is easily answered. They are chiefly these: *early rising, the bath, exercise, pure air, and good water, temperance* in eating and drinking, *work* to keep mind and body employed, a *contented mind* and *sound sleep*, which latter is the invariable reward of a day well spent.

Fortify your bodies, then, strengthen your systems by regularity of living, and your guerdon will be this—strength and beauty, that true beauty which is born of health and is independent of the allurements of a well-furnished toilet table.

Extremes of heat or cold are very likely to produce illnesses of many kinds, and both should be guarded against to the best of one's ability. Heat causes languor, depression, and faintness, feelings with which we were all pretty well acquainted during some days of the summer that has fled. Exposure to the sun's rays is not only dangerous, but at times fatal. It is far better, however, if shade can be obtained, to be out of doors than in on a sultry day, because while heat depresses one, the fresh air counteracts its evil effects and keeps the body in tone.

Exposure to cold and damp or wet is even more dangerous, for this reason, the surface of the body gets chilled, and the blood leaves it, and is driven in upon the internal and vital organs, interfering with the performance of their duties, and sometimes causing inflammation itself.

Let us take the familiar instance of a common cold; the lungs are lined throughout the immense extent of their surface with exactly the same kind of moist skin or membrane that covers the inside of the lips and cheeks. When on account of exposure to cold the blood is driven in upon this surface, it becomes reddened and irritable, and more moisture is exuded than is needed; it is the accumulation of this moisture which makes one cough. Wet or damp feet are injurious as far as they cause the blood to be chilled, for all the blood of the body passes through the feet once in about three minutes or less; if then the feet are damp or wet or cold, does it not seem just like running your blood through a refrigerator.

Cold applied to the whole body at one time is not so dangerous as sitting in a draught and chilling one portion of it, for in the former case there is a general and uniform lowering of the system, which will be followed by a reaction; in the latter the balance of healthy circulation is lost.

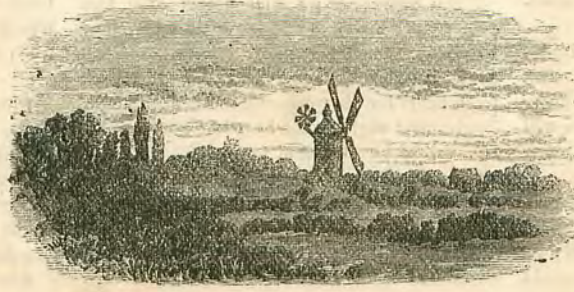
Want of exercise is a fruitful source of ill-health. Without it the wheels of life seem to clog, no organ does its duty properly, and if the seeds of disease are sown or breathed into a body weakened for want of exercise, it will find plenty to feed upon.

The want of good refreshing sleep tells woefully upon the constitutions of both young and old, for it is during sleep that the nerves get recruited and that new life and energy is instilled into blood and brain and sinew.

Too much hard work and over-study are both sure to weaken the body and prepare it for the reception of any infection or passing ailment. Anxiety and anger, and grief, and violent emotions of all kinds cause the body to lose tone.

As to intemperance in eating, it keeps the body in a constant fever, banishes dreamless sleep, blanches the cheeks, impoverishes the blood, destroys beauty, and ages one before her time. I speak strongly on this subject, because I feel convinced that over-eating is the cause of tens of thousands of the illnesses from which we suffer.

(To be concluded.)





"It's very odd," she said aloud, as she jumped down from the stile and prepared to put the necessary question.

"What's very odd, missy?" cried a cheery but respectful voice.

"O, sir, I did not know you could hear me!"

"But I did, you see. Come now, tell me what is very odd. Do you mean me?"

Hetty—for her name was Hetty Bradford—coloured up very much, which, by the way, only served to make her look prettier, as she replied—

"Of course not, sir; I should not be so rude. I was only thinking."

"Thinking aloud! Now, that *is* odd, if you like," he said, with a smile. "But what are you doing here all alone? There is not a house for miles and miles, so far as I am aware."

"That's just it, sir," she replied, simply; "I wish I *could* see a house. I fear I must have lost my way. I left the train at Sunniton station, intending to walk to my home, which the guard told me was about six miles off, across country." Then suddenly remembering that it was not at all advisable to enter into a conversation with one of whom she knew nothing, she said, rather abruptly it must be admitted, "But do not let me detain you, sir. If you could kindly

"Tell me the road to Banbury Cross"

I should feel very much obliged, for I am late as it is, and my parents at home will

"Wonder what's happen'd to me!"

"Why, Banbury Cross, pretty maiden," he said, "is many a mile ahead. But I'll show you the way—that is if I may?"

She thanked him for the information, and accepted his kind offer, for she saw at once that he was a gentleman, and she also knew that if left to herself she never could have reached her home before nightfall. Still she wondered what those "drumsticks" were for. Hetty was not stupid, far from it; but she was only the daughter of a small farmer, and had not seen very much of the world as yet.

"So they journeyed along towards Banbury Cross,

Through lanes that were border'd with flowers."

And Hetty told her guide, in that simple little manner she possessed, of the lanes and woods near Banbury Cross, where she was in the habit of searching for ferns and mosses.

"Don't you think, sir," she cried, with sudden fervour, "that ferns are the prettiest things in the world?"

"Well, miss," for he had not learnt her name by this time, "they are very charming, I admit, and I am a great admirer of them myself; but they are not *quite* the prettiest things in the world. The prettiest thing to my mind is a charming little country maiden, sitting on a stile pulling blackberries, and half-inclined to cry because she has missed her way home, poor little thing!"

Hetty looked at him with her big brown eyes, and for a moment or so did not appear to comprehend the drift of his remark. Then once more the colour flew up to her temples, and she could only ejaculate a surprised "O, sir!"

"But I mean it, Hetty," he said, "and I ought to be an authority, for I am an artist, you know. I had a picture in the Academy this year, and shall have one in next, on one condition."

He paused, and Hetty thereupon felt bound to say—

"And pray what is that, sir?"

"That you will let me paint your portrait, miss."

That shy "O, sir!" was again forced from

Hetty's lips, but she was too much surprised to offer any further remarks.

"May I?" continued he.

"Really, sir, I am not worth painting; I should spoil your picture. I—"

"Now you know very well that you would do nothing of the kind," he laughed, "for I would not believe the most truthful of pretty girls were she to tell me that she did not know she was pretty!"

"Then, sir, you must please ask my father. I don't know what he'll say, I'm sure; but he's certain to allow it if I wish it. O, he's such an old dear!" she exclaimed.

"And you are the little fawn, eh, Hetty?" But Hetty did not see the joke, so he continued, "What with the pretty country, the ferns, flowers, the old and the young 'dears,' not forgetting the world-renowned cakes, Banbury Cross must be a charming place.

"What happy lives must be led.

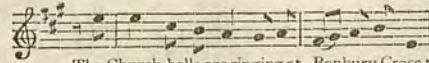
How I wish, yes I do, that I lived there too!"

The distance they had to walk was about four miles, but it seemed very short, and Hetty confessed to herself that she felt anything but pleased when her father's farmhouse came in view. Not that she did not wish to see its occupants, for she longed to do so, but she wished it had been a little further on.

"Then to-morrow morning, Hetty, I shall call and ask Mr. Bradford for his permission to put you in my picture," said the artist, as he quitted Hetty close to her gate. "Good-bye for the present!"

"Good-bye, sir, and many thanks for your kindness in having shown me the way."

Saying which she tripped off, and was soon in the midst of her family, retailing to its members the particulars of her eventful walk from Sunniton, and the obliging artist who had accompanied her on her journey.



The Church-bells are ringing at Banbury Cross;

And why? Is it difficult to guess? I think not. Mr. Bradford willingly gave his consent to the painting of Hetty's portrait, and day by day that little lady and her artist friend grew dearer and dearer to each other. After a few weeks he asked her to be his wife. He was a fine, manly, upright man; so, she, "whispering 'I'll never consent,' consented," and the wedding of the happy pair was fixed to take place in the May following. So—

"Afar and anear there rings many a cheer  
For those to be married to-day."

And the hearty wish of the writer is that they may "live happy ever after," as is the case with all people in the fairy tales, and no doubt the fair readers of this authentic little story will re-echo this wish, and think of the farmer's daughter and the roving artist whenever they eat Banbury cakes, which he trusts will be often, for they are very, very nice.

EDWARD OXENFORD.

## HOW TO BE HEALTHY.

By MEDICUS.

THE permanganate of potash, which forms the basis of Condy's disinfecting fluid as well as Condy's ozonised water, possesses remarkable powers of purification. It is a reddish brown salt, and can be bought for a reasonable price from any respectable chemist. In cases of sickness it is invaluable as a disinfectant. Redden a quart of water by mixing a teaspoonful of the salt in it and shaking the bottle, and pour a little of this into a saucer, standing it in a room wherever the air is likely to be tainted. A little of this water may be used to slightly tinge the bath, or the water

with which you wash the hands, or rinse the mouth. When the breath is offensive, either the stomach, lungs, or teeth are in fault. If the former, a little Gregory's powder is a good thing to take every morning. And three times a day, ten drops of the following mixture should be taken in a little water: twenty grains of permanganate of potash, dissolved in five ounces of pure water. If there is reason to believe that the lungs are weakly, there is nothing in the world better than moderate exercise in the open air, especially on sunny days, and the light brown cod liver oil. Begin with a teaspoonful three times a day after meals, and gradually increase till a tablespoonful can be taken. It may not seem to agree at first, but persist in it, nevertheless. It is a grand remedy for all kinds of constitutional weaknesses.

Many girls between the ages of ten and fifteen suffer from what we medical men call *anæmia*, or, in plain English, poverty of blood. Such girls are often looked upon as merely delicate, and little that can be of any avail is attempted to be done for them. Here is a case in point, and it teaches a lesson that you will do well to lay to heart. Miss Julian A. is fourteen years of age; she is an only daughter and adored by her parents. But her mother says, expressively, "Julian won't make old bones." Her mother's words may come true, because this is the way in which she is treated: She is kept and coddled almost constantly within doors, she has always a little fire in her bedroom, and the window is seldom opened. If she goes out she is positively burdened with clothes, and, in addition to all kinds of good living, she is made to drink wine "to keep her up." She is pale and blanched in appearance, too weakly to work, and suffers from *back ache*. This case, and all others of the same kind, requires plenty of exercise in the open air, the companionship of other girls of the same age, good food, cod liver oil, and tonics of iron, of which the following is an excellent sample: twenty grains each of sulphate of quinine, dried sulphate of iron, and the extract of henbane made into fifteen pills, and one taken twice a day. With this treatment an aloe pill should be taken at night about once a week. I ought to tell you that ten drops three times a day in a little water of the tincture of iron, or "steel drops," is an excellent tonic for pale weakly girls. But they ought by all means to take plenty of open air exercise. They should not make hot-house plants of themselves. Hot-house plants are good enough to look at, but they are of no other use that I know of.

Girls of weakly habit and constitution often suffer from *fainting fits*. So, too, do older people, and everyone ought to know what to do in a case of this kind. When a person faints, then, or swoons and falls to the ground, place her prone on the floor or sofa, the head being level with the body or not raised above an inch, loosen the clothes, let her have fresh air by opening doors and windows, rub the breast with brandy or spirits, dash cold water in the face, and apply smelling salts to the nostrils. The mistakes people generally make in fainting fits are: first, crowding too much around the patient, thus excluding the fresh air; and secondly, raising the head above the level of the body. *Epilepsy* or *falling sickness* is distinguished from fainting by the convulsions, grinding of the teeth, and foaming at the mouth. Little can be done during the fit further than preventing the patient from hurting herself or biting the tongue; the clothes should be loosened, however, and fresh air admitted.

A fit of *hysterics* is usually brought on through fatigue, or by mental emotion of some kind. It is too well known to need description. I cannot lay down any general plan of treatment. During the fit, some may be



relieved by being gently soothed, others may need a soothing drink, followed by rest; but at all events, as it is only a weakly person who can be subject to hysterics, tonics should be taken in the intervals, quinine and iron &c., with good diet and moderate exercise, and the bath.

Have my readers ever heard of a disease called *St. Vitus' Dance*? It is characterised by uncontrollable movements of the hands, or feet, or face, or even of the whole body, which greatly interfere with walking, or working, or even talking. It is far more common among young girls than among boys. Very distressing though this complaint be, both to the patient herself and to her friends, most cases can be cured by care and kind treatment. Patients who suffer from *St. Vitus' Dance* are generally irritable in temper. They ought never, therefore, to be excited, far less mimicked. They should have no worry, not even the worry of lessons to learn. The diet should be nutritious, with plenty of milk. The cold shower bath may be tried, it does great good when the shock can be borne. Or the sea-salt bath may be taken every morning before breakfast, cold if possible, if not, tepid. Two large handfuls of sea-salt should be added to each bucketful of water used. Then, exercise out of doors will be found exceedingly beneficial, if taken with regularity and judgment. Meanwhile cod liver oil must not be forgotten, and a tonic; I have great faith in a combination of zinc and steel, with an occasional aloetic pill. Take twenty grains of phosphate of zinc, one drachm of tincture of iron, one drachm of dilute phosphoric acid, and mix in eight ounces of peppermint water. Of course a chemist or druggist must compound this; the dose will be two tablespoonfuls twice a day, for a girl about fifteen; if only about ten years of age, one tablespoonful will be enough.

The old-fashioned plan of treating a *common cold* is by no means to be despised, and if taken in time is generally effectual. Warm drinks should be taken, according to this method, before going to bed, and about eight grains of Dover's powder for a girl of fourteen or fifteen. A handful of mustard should be thrown into a pailful of hot water, and used as a foot-bath, and an extra blanket should be put upon the bed to induce perspiration. Care should be taken to wrap up well next day, and to live as well as possible.

A teaspoonful of the solution of the acetate of ammonia, with fifteen to thirty drops of the spirits of sweet nitre, taken in cold water, three or four times a day, is a nice mixture to reduce the heat of body and the feverishness caused by a cold. So simple a remedy should find a place in every family medicine chest. When the cold attacks the chest, there will be at first a harsh, dry, and painful cough; the pain gets less or goes away entirely when the cough is accompanied by expectoration, which it is in the second and last stage. A mustard poultice may be applied to the front of the chest, or friction, till the lower part of the throat and upper part of the chest are well reddened, with turpentine. You apply the turpentine by pouring about a tablespoonful of it over a piece of flannel, wrung from water as hot as you can hold it. This and the same treatment as that recommended for a common cold will usually give relief.

Many young girls are greatly troubled with *indigestion*. This tiresome complaint, trifling though it may seem to some, should never on any account be neglected, because it is the forerunner, and even the cause, of many dangerous and fatal illnesses. Independent of this, no one can look well who suffers from it; the complexion of a dyspeptic girl is never clear, nor is her eye bright and full. Anyone suffering from indigestion should first and foremost find out the cause. Let her ask herself these questions: Do I take sufficient outdoor exercise? Do I practise early rising

and always take my matutinal bath? Do I eat intemperately or eat in haste? Are my studies too long and tedious? The lighter and the more easily digested the food which a dyspeptic person takes the better, too long intervals between meals are injurious, and so, of course, is overloading the stomach. Milk is the best beverage, and tea should be avoided. Ginger ale may be taken with dinner; of medicines the fewer the better, but gentian bitters will do good if taken about half-an-hour before meals, and if there be paleness of the countenance, or inside of lips and gums, iron will do good (steel drops). If the tongue be yellow or white in the morning, the liver is probably somewhat in fault, in which case dandelion tea may be taken in doses of half a wineglassful three or four times a day. The proportion is, of dandelion root sliced and bruised, one ounce boiled for a quarter of an hour in a pint of water. It is then simply strained, and enough water added to make it measure a pint. A teaspoonful or two of cream of tartar may be mixed in water, and half a teaspoonful of Howard's carbonate of soda added, and taken first thing in the morning; this medicine is very cooling and agreeable. A small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in a wineglassful of water is an instantaneous cure for *heartburn*.

I know that many of my youthful readers suffer greatly from that most dreadful complaint called *tic douloureux* or *neuralgia* of the face. The pain is usually confined to one-half of the face and head, and comes on in paroxysms of great severity; an attack may last for days or even for weeks. Then it may be absent for quite a long time, when some little irregularity in diet or accidental chill may bring it all back again. It is most common in *weakly* girls.

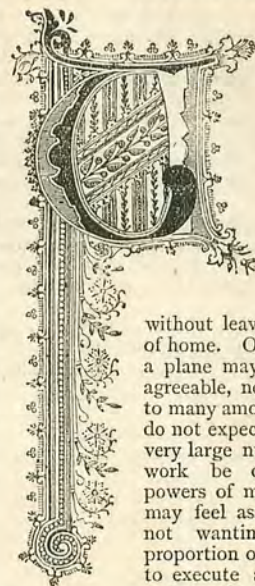
To get rid of tic, the first thing to do is to have the teeth examined by a proper dentist. The removal of a bad one will often in itself suffice to effect a cure; a mild pill of aloe and pepsine combined may be taken about once a week, but stronger medicine is objectionable. An ointment composed of one grain or a grain and a half of aconitine with sixty grains of lard may be carefully and cautiously rubbed into the painful part of the cheek in front of the ear. A skilled chemist would tell you exactly how to use this. Liniments of chloroform, belladonna, and aconite are also worthy of a trial. But there is one medicine for the relief of neuralgic pains that I must not omit mentioning, because it often—mind I do not say, always—acts like a charm; I refer to sal ammoniac. The dose for a grown up person would be twenty grains in about half a cupful of water, repeated every hour till four doses were taken. If relief is obtained, the medicine should be taken three or four times a day for a week. About half the dose would do for a girl of about twelve.

Having got rid of the torture, a great effort ought to be made to improve the general health, and so prevent its return. Quinine wine should be used three times a day, with steel drops if the patient be pale and bloodless looking. The diet should be nourishing. Milk should be substituted for coffee or tea. The clothing ought to be warm, and the feet especially kept comfortable, white flannel must be worn next the skin. The Turkish bath twice a week is worthy of a trial.

I hope my readers will get any prescriptions I may give from time to time, either in my papers or in my Answers to Correspondents, made up by a regular chemist, except indeed, the more simple of them, such as dandelion or chamomile tea, &c. I would also remind them that unless attention to the ordinary rules of health is paid, such as regulation of diet, exercise, fresh air, early hours, and the bath, medicines will not work the wonders which they ought.

## HOME TRADES.

## FRAME-MAKING.



THE art of making and gilding picture frames appears to have been much overlooked by women hitherto, as a branch of industry which might be easily accomplished by them, and this

without leaving the threshold of home. Of course, to handle a plane may not appear either agreeable, nor very practicable to many amongst them; but we do not expect to find pupils in very large numbers, and if the work be quite beyond the powers of many of our sex, we may feel assured that there is not wanting a considerable proportion of men also, unable to execute a well-constructed, and neatly-finished piece of handiwork of any description, even if it were to save their lives!

The first consideration must naturally be given to the amount of expenditure essential to the carrying on of the work. Fortunately, a good deal of labour and time is saved in frame-making in consequence of the facility of procuring strips of every variety of prepared mouldings; and even ready gilt, if desired. These may be purchased in any lengths required and suitable for making gold frames, from the handsome "Alhambra," down to the simplest "bead." There are also ornamental mouldings in the form of stars, roses and other devices to be purchased in quantities, made of some kind of composition, which may be attached to the corners or sides of flat frames, not otherwise decorated. Ovals are to be procured ready made, and nothing remains to be done save the gilding. In all the mouldings sold for picture-frames, the rabets at the inner side, into which the painting and glass are to be inserted, will be found ready prepared.

The trade of the carver and gilder naturally divides itself into two departments, as the name itself implies; and thus renders a double set of implements and materials essential at the very outset. A work-shop, also, must be found in some part of the home-dwelling for this, as for several other of our "Home Trades." Though by no means very dirty or noisy work, it would not be suitable as a drawing-room occupation.

There are three methods of gilding in reference to picture frames; the mat, or water gilding, the oil, and the burnish. Mat gilding is that dead gold style done on the flat, either applied to the inner and separate portion, immediately surrounding the picture, and frequently leaving an oval opening for it in the centre; or else to the square-made flat exterior part of the frame, the plainness of which may be relieved, if desired, by the affixing of certain decorations at the corners, which may be gilded in like manner.

The appliances absolutely required for the making of the frame itself consist of the following: a mitre-block, mitre shoot, nine-inch tenon saw, trying plane, bradawls and brads of various sizes, carpenters' measure, oil stone, hammer, two-and-a-half-inch vice, at 6s. 6d., glue-pot and brush, and emery paper.