

SOME USEFUL HINTS ON SURGERY.

BY MEDICUS.



WHEN I was a little boy at my first school the Bible was one of our text-books. It was the first history ever I had read, and I was naturally much interested in its heroes and heroines. David, I know, seemed to my mind just the beautiful of all a boy should be, and when I read of the brave and undaunted manner in which he attacked and slew Goliath, I determined to emulate him, at least, so far as the sling and the stone went, and I succeeded so well that in three weeks after I first commenced practice, I smashed my poor sister's arm. Of course, I was not aiming at Nellie, and the greater the pity, because I never did hit anything that I aimed at. On this particular occasion I was aiming at a farmer's ox in a distant field; this was very wicked, but when I saw Nellie drop down and faint with the pain, I thought she was dead, and wrung my hands and wept aloud and danced frantically around her. This probably relieved my own feelings, but it could not have done Nellie much good, and had I known then only a very little of what I know now, I would have acted differently. But what I did then is just precisely what nine out of every ten young people do daily, when an accident occurs to a brother, sister, or playmate. To render assistance promptly hardly ever occurs to them.

"Oh! but," some of my readers may exclaim, "we don't know what to do in cases of emergency."

You are quite right; and therefore I am going to tell you in this paper and in the next what is the best and safest way to deal with little accidents, and I am quite sure you will listen to what I have to say with pleasure and derive some profit therefrom as well.

Now the most alarming of all little accidents, in the eyes of young folks, are those that are accompanied by the effusion of blood, so I will take them first. The simplest of these is bleeding at the nose. Sometimes, in the case of stout, rosy-faced children, this is salutary, but it proves that they are making blood too quickly, that they are in reality not strong, so the general health should be seen to, and plenty of exercise taken. As to medicine, laxatives should be given and some simple tonic. When bleeding at the nose occurs from a blow, or if it be excessive from whatever cause, means must be taken to stop it. The sufferer must not remain in a warm room; going out into the cool fresh air will often of itself suffice to stop the bleeding. If it does not, then the nose and brow ought to be bathed in the coldest water procurable. The upright position should be maintained, the head thrown well back, the arms raised, and either ice or a cold piece of iron or steel applied to the spine.

Cuts or wounds, as a rule, require very simple treatment. First and foremost, do not be alarmed at the sight of a little blood; there is no danger, unless it be of a very bright red colour and spurts out in jets; that would show that an artery had been cut; but even then you must not give way to fear. All you have to do is to apply pressure on the wound by means of your thumbs, and send for a medical man or surgeon. If a simple cut or wound is torn and lacerated, it must be washed with cold water and a bit of sponge before it is done up, and if any dirt or foreign matter,

such as sand or glass, be in it, that must be very carefully removed; then cut two or three pieces of sticking plaster, about as long as your little finger, and no wider, heat them one by one before the fire, and one by one apply them over the wound, just to keep the edges gently together. After you have applied one, you must not put the next close to it; you have to leave room between every piece, for any matter that may form, to afterwards find vent. Apply over this a little lint, made by stretching a piece of old, cleanly washed linen tight, and scraping it with a knife; over all a bandage must be put, and you must keep a wound like this clean, but do not disturb the dressing more than is actually required. If it seems angry, a bit of clean surgeon's lint dipped in water, with a piece of oiled silk over it, makes a very soothing dressing. A simple even cut may be bound up with the blood, which, by keeping the air from it, hermetically seals it, and it will heal thus without further trouble.

A bitten tongue often bleeds profusely, and gives great pain. Wash the mouth with the coldest water, in which some powdered alum has been mixed, and continue doing so until the bleeding stops.

When the skin has been torn or grazed off any part of the hands, arms, or legs, the bleeding is sometimes difficult to stop. Cold water may be sufficient to do this, if not, tincture of iron should be applied. This tincture of iron is the same tonic (called steel drops) which I so often recommend pale and delicate girls to use, in the proportion of ten to fifteen drops three times a day in a little cold water. So you see it is a handy thing to have in the house for more reasons than one. Scalp-wounds, or wounds in the head, require somewhat different treatment. If in the forehead, the usual sticking plaster dressing and a bandage will suffice to mend matters; if in the scalp among the hair, the latter must be cut off all around the wound to admit of the application of the plaster; the bleeding in either case must be stopped by pressure, cold water, or ice.

The youngest of my readers should know how to treat simple scalds and burns, for, small though they may be, they are exceedingly painful, and it is a gaining of half the battle if you can give relief. A burn or scald in the hands, or wrist, or fingers, if the skin be not blistered or broken, is relieved in a surprisingly short time by the application of a rag or morsel of lint wetted in turpentine. Soap applied to a slight burn is likewise a good application to remove pain. Water-dressing is also effective, and after the pain has been removed, the place may be dressed with simple ointment, cold cream, or glycerine. Another excellent application to a burned surface is what is called "carron oil," it is composed of equal parts of lime water and olive oil, with a small quantity of turpentine. In all cases of severe burning medical aid should be summoned as soon as possible.

If a child's clothes catch fire, she ought to be thrown down at once, and a hearth-rug, blanket, or whatever comes handiest, rolled around her to extinguish the flames. When anyone has the misfortune to catch fire, she ought at once to throw herself on the floor and roll about; if this plan be resorted to, the fire cannot spread upwards over the head, and life may be saved, to say nothing of terrible deformity.

Children sometimes swallow boiling water, from a kettle for instance. In a case of this

kind all you can do is to keep the sufferer perfectly quiet, and give him ice to suck if you can procure any, and meanwhile send at once for a surgeon.

Bruises are the result of direct violence; in these cases, although no bones are broken and the skin is left intact, the small veins in the flesh are lacerated and blood thrown out under the skin, discolouration being the result. A black-eye is one of the simplest examples of a bruise, and probably one of the commonest; a blow on the forehead from running against something hard is another; and both, simple though I call them, are very disfiguring, especially in a young girl. When, then, anyone receives a blow which she is afraid may lead to discolouration of the skin, either arnica lotion or spirit lotion should be applied immediately and constantly for some considerable time. The arnica lotion is easily made; it is simply a tablespoonful of tincture of arnica in a small tumblerful of water; it is a useful application to sprains as well. Vinegar and water is also a very cooling lotion, in the proportion of one part of the former to three of the latter.

A jammed finger is a most painful accident. Steeping the finger in very hot water is the most effectual method of giving relief. I may mention here that an incipient whitlow may sometimes be dispersed in the same way, provided matter has not already formed; but when once this begins to burrow under the tendons, poultices and free lancing will bring the first relief.

A blister of the skin, whether in the foot or hand, seems a very simple thing indeed. Yet nine persons out of every ten do not know how properly to treat it. It may be caused by friction of any kind—friction from a tight or too loose fitting shoe, or friction of the hand from rowing, drilling, or using tools of any kind. The first thing to do is to pass a needle with a loose cotton thread through it. Cut off this thread at each side of the blister, and thus allow the water to run or drain out of the bleb; it will afterwards heal up nicely, but rest must be given. Now I do not know that any young lady wants to harden her hands, even for the sake of drilling; for a soft hand is certainly a point of beauty in a girl. But if, notwithstanding this, she objects to have hands easily blistered let her bathe them morning and night for ten minutes in a quart of soft spring water, in which a little toilet vinegar and a teaspoonful of alum have been mixed. This bath also does good in cases of clammy hands; but, mind you, I am not putting it forward as a specific, either for clamminess or blisters, but I do happen to know that it often does good.

Blisters, or blebs, that contain blood may occur on the legs or arms; they are not due to friction, but, on the other hand, they point to a vitiated state of the blood, and the remedies for them should be internal or constitutional ones. The blood is impoverished, and the steel-drop tonic will do good. Plenty of milk is almost a certain remedy, but it must be new milk and, if possible, drunk fresh and warm from the cow. Exercise in the open air will provoke an appetite and enable the girl who suffers from these signs of impoverished blood to eat well and heartily, which is exactly what nature displays those blisters to entice her to do. They are to be looked upon as small flags of distress.

Boils are also a sign of impure and impoverished blood. Some girls constantly suffer from them, crop after crop appearing

and causing great distress, because they are not only disfiguring, especially if in the face, but very painful as well. These boils also point to a state of the blood which sadly needs reform; indeed, the general health of girls who suffer in this way is at a very low ebb. Everything, then, should be done that tends to increase the strength and purify the blood. Simple laxatives, such as cream of tartar or Gregory's powder, should be taken twice or thrice a week. The digestion should be carefully attended to, nothing being eaten that is in the least likely to disagree, and not too much of anything eaten at one time. Exercise in the open air should be abundant, but not fatiguing, and the soap bath taken every day. (I have already described the method of taking this bath in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.) Tonic medicines should be taken also, say a teaspoonful or more of quinine wine three times a day and ten drops of the tincture of iron.

Touching the little boils three or four times a day with a drop or two of Goulard water, and suffering it to dry on, may tend to keep them back, or hot water may be tried.

A sty is simply a small painful boil on the eyelid; it should be bathed three or four times a day with warm milk and water, and a poultice applied at night. As soon as it points, great relief will be gained by pricking it with a fine but perfectly new sewing needle.

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY.

"Is there any moral shut within the bosom of the rose?"—*Tennyson.*



YOU may look at flowers in two ways—botanically, which is very interesting, or sentimentally and poetically, which is

more interesting still. They are almost all surrounded by a halo

of human thought, and we find in them—or fancy we find in them, which is much the same thing—an approach to human expression. We speak of them as possessing pride, modesty, boldness, delicacy, as *inspired* by joy, sorrow, and ambition. We give them a voice and a language.

We do not, of course, always know what they say. You remember the man in the fairy tale who had the gift of understanding the speech of animals, but lost it through telling the secret to his wife. Now it is not unlikely that the exact language spoken by the flowers, if ever it was known, has been lost in some such fashion. We comprehend it very imperfectly, guessing at it as we might guess at the speech of our dogs and cats.

Some people can never understand its meaning, any more than they can make out what is told by any of the other wonders of nature. Such are not desirable acquaintances at all. Keep far away, says a wise man, from those who have no sympathy for flowers.

The great thing requisite is to be in love with what is beautiful, and to have an open

and tender heart. To all happy natures of whom this is the description flowers say strange things, and birds and beasts make surprising revelations.

The object of this article is to speak of the language of flowers as it is at present understood. By the matter-of-fact this language has been held of small account, and has often been sadly misrepresented, but, girls, to speak



THE MOSS ROSE.

seriously, it contains a genuine truth to which good sense will not refuse attention. The more the things of nature are mixed up with our own spiritual being the more interesting, the more enjoyable, the more beautiful the world will appear. Connect things with thoughts, then things are truly valuable.

If the study of the language of flowers did nothing more than send you to the garden and the fields, it would not be an unsatisfactory result. The value of the open air is not half understood, and how few, after all these years, have discovered that there is more genuine happiness to be obtained in the healthy round of rural life than amidst all the bustle of society.

There is a great deal of poetry still left in the country, though perhaps not quite so much—and the more's the pity—as in the olden time, when "the elves danced full oft in many a green mead," and the cowslips were the pensioners of the fairy queen.

Flowers are in a special manner connected with the romance of life. They are mixed up with all our remembrances, and the older we grow the most quiet nooks they occupy in our hearts. It would be a curious calculation how many withered flowers there are in the world treasured as relics beyond price, and forming the links that connect us with a happy past. It is, therefore, of great interest to know the sentiments connected with different flowers, and the human attributes and human passions which they are held to denote and express.

There can be no doubt that the language of flowers came originally from the East, the home of so many marvels. It received a great deal of attention in Europe in the Middle Ages, and was of good service to lords and ladies, who in those times knew as little how to write as how to read. We have not the only example of its utility in the case of the fair prisoner who, having no opportunity of speaking to her lover, informed him of her captivity by throwing from a lofty tower a rose bathed in her tears.

Those who have tried to reduce the language of flowers to a system have laid down several rules for its use. The first of these is that a flower presented in an upright position ex-

presses a certain thought, but given with its head hanging downwards utters just the contrary sentiment. You may also, they say, vary the expression of flowers by altering their position. The marigold placed on the head, for example, signifies sorrow of mind; above the heart, pangs of love; resting on the breast, *ennui*. It makes a difference, too, if you present a flower with or without its leaves or without its thorns, if it happens to have any thorns. A rosebud, with all its thorns and leaves, means, "I fear, but I hope;" stripped of its thorns, "There is everything to hope for;" stripped of its leaves, "There is everything to fear."

But all this is too elaborate for most people, and we must always bear in mind that the poetry of nature may be ruined by indulgence in fantastic whims.

Let us speak first of the rose, the flower of love and beauty. No other has been more highly praised by poets in every country and in all past times. It has had the most high-sounding names given to it: Queen of Flowers, Daughter of the Sky, Glory of Spring, and Ornament of the Earth show the depth of enthusiasm it has excited. We therefore naturally expect it to take a leading place in speaking the language of flowers. And so it does.

Roses represent a different sentiment according to their colour. The white rose indicates "candour;" the musk rose "affectation;" the single rose "simplicity;" the damask rose "freshness;" the cabbage rose goes forth as "an ambassador of love;" and a white and red rose together form a symbol of unity.

A yellow rose means "decrease of love" or "jealousy," yellow, according to one of the articles of folk-lore, being a jealous colour. If you wish to indicate "charming grace and beauty," you must select a China rose. That



THE LILY.

must have been the flower sent by the poet with the famous verses—

"Go, lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be."

In the East, the rose is above all others the flower of affection. There is a beautiful story which represents the bulbul—so the Armenians call the nightingale—as falling in love with the rose, and as only beginning to

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devotion you showed when I was so ill I scarcely knew what was going on; and I can speak for myself of what it has been since. So I partly owe this recovered life to you. Yes; don't interrupt me—let me have my say out. I had not deserved this at your hands, for I see now how cold and hard and unloving I have always been. It must have been a strange life for you, poor child! shut up as you have been with me, for my pride and selfishness led me to keep you from forming any intimacies or friendships, even if you had had the opportunity. I see it all in its true light now, though I never did before; for I thought I was doing my duty by you, and never paused to look at anything from your point of view. It is very humbling to perceive that my whole life has been one long mistake and course of self-delusion. But I trust for the future it will be very different. Can you forgive me all the past, Miriam?"

"Aunt, don't—please don't talk like this," cried Miriam, quite distressed.

"It is all true, my dear; there is no gainsaying it. But, as regards you, now that I long to make amends the opportunity seems past. Now I have learnt what a treasure I have in you I must give you up;" and an expression of unfeigned regret and sadness rested on Miss Rebecca's face.

"What do you mean, aunt?" exclaimed her niece, in astonishment. "How are you going to give me up? Are you going to send me away?" and a feeling of dismay crept into the girl's mind at the bare thought. For to leave Heatherdale now would be to go away from the Forrests.

"You need not be alarmed," returned Miss Rebecca, with a quiet smile, which was reassuring, and, indeed, had a faint gleam of mischief in it. "And you shall not go unless you wish it. You shall remain here if you prefer it; for I shall be very sorry to part with you. Only I won't put any obstacles in the way of it."

"But where am I to go?" asked Miriam, in bewilderment.

"If you like it, to a home of your own."

"I don't understand you, aunt."

"Then I must speak out, plainly. Mr. Forrest—Robert Forrest, I mean—wants to rob me of you, that he may make you his wife; and he has asked permission to speak to you himself when he comes here this afternoon. Of course, you are at liberty to give him what answer you think proper."

Miriam's face flushed crimson to the very roots of her hair, and then she hid her face in her hands. A tumult of mingled feelings swept over her, such utter surprise and such exquisite joy that her heart seemed hardly able to contain it all. In her simplicity she had looked up to Robert Forrest as one so far above her in every respect as to stand on a different level altogether—as far removed from her by his talents and goodness as by his age, which she had fancied entitled him to respect on that score alone. To have such an honour put upon her as to be chosen to be his wife seemed altogether incredible. It quite took

away her breath. Ah, there need be no deliberation as to what her answer to him should be. Until her aunt had spoken those very plain words she had never dreamt of such a thing as love or marriage between herself and Mr. Forrest; but now, as with a lightning flash, the state of her feelings had been revealed to her, and she found that she did indeed love him with all her heart.

She stole away, out into the garden, where, alone with the dear old mountains standing around, she could examine and look at this newly found happiness. And then her thoughts flew back to Lionel. She wanted him beside her at this moment of supreme joy to share it with her, as she knew he would have done, and sadly she remembered that she could no longer have his sympathy in any of her joys or sorrows. But the next moment she realised how great must be the bliss that now was his; her happiness she knew was nothing compared with the "fulness of joy" which is at "God's right hand," and of that he was now tasting. What comfort there was in that thought! God had indeed been good to Lionel, for had He not taken him to be with Him and made him "most blessed for ever"? And how good God had been to her too: first of all giving her such a brother and now such a husband! Feelings of sweet thankfulness filled her heart: her cup seemed to run over; sunshine flooded her path. And, best of all, she felt the Giver of all this joy to be very close beside her, rejoicing with her in her gladness as He had sympathised with her in her sorrow.

No wonder that when Robert Forrest came in the afternoon he thought he had never seen her look so sweet, and felt what a prize would be his could he but win her. Of that, however, he felt very doubtful. The difference in their ages for one thing, he feared, would tell against him.

"For you must remember I am ten, nay, nearly eleven, years older than you are," he said, wishing to place everything fairly before her.

"Only that! I thought you were much older," she said naively, with a bright, amused look on her face.

"And you don't think it an insuperable objection?"

Her smile answered him; and, completely reassured, he said no more on that point.

A new life now opened up for Miriam, a life more full of deep quiet joy and useful work than any she could ever have pictured to herself. And when two or three months had flown rapidly by, she became the happy wife of Robert Forrest.



SHOULD not like to think that any of my girl readers were in the habit of teasing either dog or cat, and thus falling victims to a well-deserved bite or scratch, but I am not quite

so sure about their brothers. Well, then, if your brother has been naughty towards a dog, and the animal has retaliated, as dogs, according to Dr. Watts's hymns, have a perfect right to do, you must not for a single moment imagine there is any danger to be apprehended from the bite. Nothing is more harmless than a cut from the tooth of a dog that is not actually rabid at the time; his going mad on some future day would not have the slightest effect upon the person bitten. Nevertheless, to comfort the naughty boy and allay his fears, something should be done to the bite. If water is quite handy the bitten part should be laved in it; this, in itself, if the water were cold enough, would cause contraction of the vessels and prevent the absorption of any poison. The bite must next be sucked well, and afterwards washed in salt and water. If any other treatment is necessary, the sufferer should be taken to a chemist, in order that the wound may be cauterised with nitrate of silver. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand there is no necessity for having a dog bite cauterised, except that it warns the youth who has been teasing the animal, and teaches him not to do so again.

Scratches from cats are not poisonous, only they seldom heal very kindly, because, like a cut with a rusty nail, they leave a ragged wound. They should be carefully washed to get rid of any dirt that may lodge in them; and, if deep, bound up with a wet rag or, better still, a morsel of lint wetted in warm water with a little oiled silk placed over it. In a day or two a simple dressing with cold cream, to exclude the air, will be all that is required.

We are very fortunate in this country in one way; our climate may well be called fickle and changeable, but we are free from the swarms of noxious insects and reptiles that make life in the tropics almost unendurable to us Europeans. We have no deadly tarantulas, no dreaded scorpions, nor six-inch-long centipedes. These creatures never creep from under our pillows; nor, while walking in our gardens, do venomous snakes hiss at us as they hang from the rose trees. We have, it is true, one poisonous serpent, the lovely little viper; but he seldom appears, and when he does he is far more afraid of you than you can be of him. But in summer seasons, when plums are plentiful and the farmers talk about potatoes as "a grand crop," we have in the country wasps in millions, and few escape being stung at least once before the cold weather comes on, and one ought to know what to do when such an accident occurs. There is no getting over the fact that



certain people are more apt to be stung than others. I myself am a martyr to the playfulness of these yellow bees. I think they like to sting good people best, that is my way of looking at it; but I have some friends who permit wasps to alight upon and crawl upon their hands or faces. One day last summer I was prevailed upon by a lady relation, to allow one to alight on the back of my hand. This particular wasp just walked about the length of two of my knuckles, then he stopped as if some happy thought had just occurred to him. Next moment the wasp was calmly flying away through the open window, and I, the victim of misplaced confidence, was rushing frantically away for the ammonia bottle. Yes, that is the cure—ammonia, strong hartshorn: just wet the stopper of the bottle and put it on the part that has been stung. Hive bees always leave the sting, wasps only sometimes, but if they do so, it must be carefully extracted. If no hartshorn be at hand, try salt and water, or strong soda (washing soda), then rub the part with olive oil.

In wooded portions of the country, especially where the land lies low and flat, young people suffer greatly while in bed at night from the bites of gnats. These things are really second cousins to the real mosquitos, and the bite raises a swelling just as painful. Here again ammonia is the cure. I have known cases where delicate girls and children were quite fevered from the loss of rest and blood poisoning, caused by the bites of these tormenting insects. The febrile disturbance is accompanied by weakness and nervous depression; it is best relieved by the tincture of yellow bark, a small teaspoonful in water three or four times a day. Coffee also does good; it may be made in the morning and drunk cold in small quantities during the day, without either milk or sugar.

Those who walk much in grassy paddocks or orchards are often bitten by an extremely, almost invisibly, small insect called the harvest bug; touching the spot with hartshorn destroys the poison and kills the animalcule if it has burrowed. The swelling and pain occasioned by the bite is best allayed by rubbing the part with spirits of camphor.

Children sometimes, while eating fish, especially if eating hurriedly, a habit which is most prejudicial to digestion, have the misfortune to get a bone stuck in the throat. It is usually a small one, so that some attempt should be made to immediately get it down. Swallowing a morsel of bread only half chewed may do this. If not, and the bone can be seen or felt, it should be hooked out with the fingers. Choking on a piece of meat is a terrible accident. Medical aid should be at once summoned; but very often this is too late, and the victim to hurry in eating is dead ere he arrives. A smart blow or two on the back will often tend to dislodge a piece of meat or food of any kind stuck in the throat, but if any attempt at swallowing can be made, a tablespoonful of salad oil should be taken.

Talking of things sticking in the throat brings me to say a word or two about foreign bodies in other places.

In the eye, for example. While walking or riding on a summer's evening or afternoon, minute flying beetles often get into the eye. These tiny little gentlemen, as soon as they alight anywhere, immediately fold up their wings and put them away under a kind of tippet they wear over their shoulders like a policeman's cape. I suppose they do this to teach human beings always to take the greatest care of their best things. Well, if one of these little beetles gets into your eye, and you have no companion by you to remove it with the corner of a handkerchief, gentle rubbing of the eyelid in one direction will bring it to the

inner corner of the eye, from which the finger alone will be able to remove it. Or if this fails, lifting up one eyelid so as to get the other under it to sweep it will usually be effectual, but no harshness should be used.

Now, I know that any girl who can read this magazine is too old to be likely to amuse herself by poking peas or beans up her nostrils, but her tiny brother or sister may, by way of gaining new experiences. When such a thing happens the foreign substance must be dislodged somehow. A pinch of snuff—it must be a very tiny one—will often be effective by causing it to be sneezed out. And there is a right way and a wrong way of giving snuff to a child with this end in view. For the snuff must be drawn in very gently, else the pea itself may be sent farther in, as, before sneezing, the breath is drawn in; you must hold the child's nose momentarily in order that he may take *in* his breath only by the mouth. Well, if this fails, you should take the child on your knee, lay him on his back, hold the nose above the pea to prevent it from getting farther back, and with the point of a bodkin slightly bent, you must get it under the object, and try to hook it out. If you fail, medical assistance must be had recourse to.

When a pea gets into the ear, the bent end of a hair-pin may be used to dislodge it, or a stream of water thrown in with a syringe to float it out. The ear may also be syringed to get rid of a fly or earwig, the annoyance from which, if lodged in the ear, is most distressing, not to say alarming. But olive oil had better be dropped into the ear first; this will kill the insect, and very likely also dislodge it.

When a ring cannot be removed from the finger, it is just as much matter out of place as a pea in the nose or fly in the eye or ear. It is apt, too, to give rise to much pain and swelling. When you have tried in vain to remove the ring from your oiled or well-soaped finger, give up any further exertion for an hour or two, then after placing the hand in the coldest water for a minute or two and wiping it dry, take a long and fine thread and roll it tightly and closely round all the finger in front of the offending ring, beginning at the extreme tip, and as soon as you reach the ring, slip the end through beneath, and endeavour to work it gradually off. Failing this, it must be filed off, and this a surgeon must do.

The accident which is generally designated by the name of sprain or strain, is simply a stretching or wrenching of one of the tendons near a joint, or it may be even the laceration of one of the ligaments of the joint. There is usually much pain or tenderness and swelling. A very bad sprain may require the application of leeches to subdue the swelling. An ordinary sprain should be gently rubbed—remember the rubbing must *not* cause much pain, no "thumbing" should be permitted—it should, I say, be gently rubbed with some such stimulating embrocation as opodeldoc, and then swathed in a flannel bandage, or hot fomentations may be necessary to soothe the pain and allay the swelling and inflammation; this may be followed by the application of a soothing bran poultice at bedtime. Rest of the sprained joint must be carefully enjoined, if it be a foot, a knee, or ankle it ought to be raised on a pillow at night and on a chair by day; if it be the wrist or hand it should be carried in a sling. Make no attempt to use the sprained joint until all the pain is gone, and even then you must be careful. The stiffness which often remains, accompanied sometimes with swelling, is best removed by salt water douches, or by pouring cold water from a height on the part.

When the pain from a sprain is very severe, great relief is obtained from the laudanum fomentation. An ordinary fomentation means the application of flannels wrung from water

as hot as the hands will bear it; a laudanum fomentation is made by simply pouring a teaspoonful or two of tincture of opium on the flannel before it is applied. The mustard fomentation is used to the chest when during a cold the cough gives much pain. Here the flannels are wrung out of water in which two or three good handfuls of mustard have been mixed. It reddens the skin and gives much relief. The turpentine fomentation is also a good one in the same kind of cases; a tablespoonful of turpentine is poured upon the heated flannel and the chest well rubbed with it, or it may be simply laid upon the chest and changed for another hot flannel as soon as it begins to cool down.

TWENTY - ONE.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by J. L. MOLLOY.



E are driving to Nuneham, I and my husband, with a merry party of girls and undergraduates, he sitting on the box smoking, I in a corner of the

brake near him. It is the week just preceding Commemoration, and we try to do what we can for the young folks. Perhaps the word "try" implies that the effort is unpleasant. Let me forget that I have used it. It is no effort; it is simple pleasure. I think the girls would say, if they put their thoughts into words, "Poor old thing,

I'm sure it's very good of her to take all this trouble." While those of the young men who are inclined to speculate on nice but unanswerable questions may be wondering which likes it, or which hates it most, I or my husband. Well, girls and boys, you are both very much mistaken. We both love to see you happy and merry. Time enough for the cares and worries that must come and cloud your happy faces. Happy for you when you have passed the turmoil of middle life and have come, like us, to the eventide.

How they chatter. Talk and laughter just now. It is all so public in a brake. Whispers and smiles will come presently when we get to Nuneham, and stray so consciously unconscious up the winding paths. And as we go bowling along, I sit with my eyes shut. My next neighbour is too busily engaged with his next neighbour to notice his hostess. And I can almost fancy I am a girl again going to Nuneham as I went there one day of all the days in my life. It seems but yesterday. And yet it is five-and-twenty years ago. I open my eyes; and, seeing the girls' dresses, am reminded that "fashions alter," but my heart answers, as I relapse once more into my dreams, "love abides." Somehow, the young men's clothes don't strike me as so very different. If men would only realise how little women notice their clothes, what a difference it would make to the tailors who cut badly, and are consequently neglected. John on the box there, with his cigar in his mouth, looks to me