

for the staff of life, and I thought the lazy, mischievous thieves might as well have gathered for themselves instead of pilfering from my store. As I carried



"I COOKED THE HARE."

my load, and felt the weight of it rather excessive, I amused myself with wondering whether, if I could catch a young monkey, I could train him to be my porter; but I considered, though more arduous, it was less hazardous for me to bear my own burdens.

I was fearfully tired when I reached home, but very thankful to find all as I had left it; for I had once or twice had misgivings as to whether some undesirable animal might not have intruded itself into my castle during my absence. Of man I had ceased to fear, as it was scarcely likely, had the country been inhabited, I should have failed all this time to meet with any traces of its being so.

#### CHAPTER XIV. A VOYAGE.

THE next day being Sunday, I was glad of a thorough rest, very welcome after my six days' hard work, which had prepared me for a due appreciation of the blessing of a well-earned repose. As usual, I ascended the cliff, there to engage in the religious worship with which I hoped ever to keep "holy the Sabbath day" in my solitary island home.

In the evening I cooked the hare and boiled some ears of maize. I found the great deficiency in my castle was the want of a fireplace. Having made a fire as near as possible to one of the openings boasting the name of windows, I hoped the smoke would find ready exit; but it proved most obstinate and declined altogether to vanish in this way, filling the cave until I felt most unpleasantly stifled. Hence, standing my two pots on the embers and a bread-fruit close by to roast, I went outside to enjoy the purer air and to plan a fireplace.

In spite of the smoke, which, however, cleared off as the flames got the upper

hand, I enjoyed my dinner—indeed, I was in a happy mood that day, feeling in some measure reconciled to my lot; though as I glanced around I saw that there were many days' work yet needed to make my residence really comfortable, but this it would be better to postpone until the rainy season, common to tropical regions, set in, for I knew I should then be obliged to remain almost constantly indoors. My present occupation must be that of getting in some stores for future use, for I should not be able always to live from "hand to mouth." I therefore employed several days in carrying home supplies of maize and bread-fruit, which I stowed away in casks. I also began to enlarge and widen a little some natural ledges and fissures in the walls of my cave, and thus succeeded in forming shelves, upon which I arranged a few utensils I had rescued from the wreck. At length a day arrived which I considered a favourable one for commencing the sea voyage I had planned to take, so I descended to the water cave where my boat lay, and commenced lading it with necessities for an absence of several days.

I took with me a small cask of water and one or two bottles of wine, from which, although minus a corkscrew, I managed with some little exercise of patience to extract the corks without breaking the bottles, as I looked upon these as possibly becoming useful in some way or another. I also provided myself with a store of roasted bread-fruits and boiled maize. I limited myself to one spoon and plate, and the hunting knife which I carried in my belt, my object being to keep my boat as light as possible, so as to leave room for the great number of things I hoped to return with. To the articles already mentioned I added two guns, a supply of ammunition, and a blanket for the night.

All being prepared, I pushed the boat out from its hiding-place, rowed out of the rock-bound bay, and, when on the sea, hoisted the sail, thus proceeding safely in the direction of Cliff Nest, opposite which the wreck was lying. The ill-fated vessel had heeled over, and had been so broken and washed away by the pitiless sea that little remained save the mere shell. Seeing that nothing was to be gained by remaining here, and the wind being favourable for carrying me forward, I determined to profit by it, knowing its proverbial fickleness. I therefore merely walked round the islet to see if anything had been cast up by the waves, but I found only an anchor, which I placed in the boat and then started afresh.

The coast, as far as the eye could reach, was bound by the same kind of

cliff as that near which I landed. It was not until a late hour, when the sun was sinking, that I observed I had reached the farthest extremity of the island in the direction I was taking, and that the shore then turned and the cliffs gradually diminished in height, giving place to a low pebbly beach. Here I, running the boat near shore, cast anchor, having resolved to pass the night in her.

(To be continued.)

## EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE.

BY MEDICUS.

"BE kind and considerate," whispered my good angel to me as I drew my chair towards my writing-table to commence this paper. "Be kind and considerate; do not give any advice that may seem hard or difficult for your readers to follow."

This made me pause and think for a short time, and nibble the end of my quill in a meditative sort of a manner. I repeated to myself ten times at least, the words of my title—

"Early to bed and early to rise."  
"Early to bed and early to rise."

"Early to bed"—yes—"and early to rise"—certainly—"makes a man"—"Oh! bother men! I'm not writing for men. Well, but "early to bed and early to rise is good for anybody." Granted, but not too much of it, not too much early either way. It is not nice at all to have to go off to bed while the evening is still young, and everybody just getting pleasant, with music and merriment inside perhaps, and moonshine out of doors. Nor is it particularly agreeable to have to turn out of bed over early in the morning. I myself once made up my mind to become an early riser, and I mentally tabulated a resolution to that effect, and carried it out too, right bravely, for—three mornings.



THE WRECK.



Very early rising did not seem to suit me somehow. Dressing was a task to be hurried through, for the room felt chilly, or I was, which is much the same thing. I did everything awkwardly, as if my fingers had all been changed into thumbs. However, I should be all right I thought when I got down stairs, but even then I did not know what to do with myself. The servants were up, that was a blessing, so I resolved to go into the breakfast-room and sit by the fire. I found that the fire was not quite awake yet. It had probably only been lighted about five minutes before, and if there be anything more cheerful than a newly lighted fire in a cold grate, I do not know what it is. The wavering flames were struggling with the damp wood, and the coals on top had no more life in them than as many pieces of broken brick.

Well, I would go into the study and read one of my favourite poets. But lo! there was a party there before me, who was by no means a poet, judging from the little I could see of her, for dust. She wore—no, not a wreath of roses, but a towel of some kind over her head, the ends of which she grasped in her teeth. She also wore a tall-handled broom in her hand, and I do not know what else. I fled. Out of doors, things did not improve with me. Everything was damp and dewy; it seemed to me that the world had not been properly aired, the tall hills in the west had not taken off their night-caps of mist, and the sea itself was asleep with the grey clouds all lying along flat on top of it. To be sure there was the sunrise, but there was small comfort even in that.

By-and-by I began to feel most unromantically hungry; I thought the breakfast hour would never, never arrive. The whole day indeed seemed interminably long, but the worst of it was that when evening passed away, and bed-time came at last, I was not a bit sleepy. It was surely no more than reasonable to expect that, having been astir so early, slumber would seal my eyelids as soon as my head was on the pillow, that, lulled in the lap of Morpheus, I should sleep, I should dream. Not a wink, never a dream, till long past twelve o'clock.

Next day was an improvement on the first, and the day after an improvement on that, and perhaps if I had stuck to my resolution I should be healthier, wealthier, and a deal wiser than I am to-day.

So, all things considered, it is very unlikely that I shall give the reader any exaggerated notion of the benefits that accrue from early rising. I do not forget either that some of our older poets used to write odes "On Sunrise." They used, as a rule, to write these odes, not on the mountain tops at dawn of morn, but in cosy rooms at midnight, the usual accessories being dressing-gowns and slippers, bright lamps and blazing coals.

But do not imagine from this prelude to my present article that I wish to undervalue the advantages of keeping seasonable hours. What I want to state is, that a habit of getting up at unreasonably early hours should not be forced upon our young folks, for they require longer rest and more sleep than their elders do.

On the other hand, over indulgence in bed in the mornings is enervating, and late hours of retiring have caused ruin to many a promising youthful constitution.

Let us see now how this may be.

Sleep is quite as necessary for all of us, no matter what our age may be, as food and drink, if we would have healthy bodies and happy minds, with some expectation of long life. For by the tear and toil of the day's work, or even from the excitement that is inseparable from a day's pleasure, both brain and nerves get for the time being worn out, and nothing on earth except sound refreshing

sleep will enable them to renew their life and vigour.

I cannot quite explain to you how sleep does this, physiologists are hardly agreed upon the point. We know, however, that during the activity of our working moments the brain is copiously supplied with blood, and that during sleep this to a great extent deserts it, thus giving it time to rest. This rest is sleep, and the more complete it is the more it refreshes us, and the better and more comfortable will be our feelings next day.

If the blood does not leave the brain, sleep becomes an impossibility, if not enough blood leaves the brain, the sleep is only partial and dreams are the result. The character of these dreams will depend upon the state of the blood itself. If that be pure and fresh our dreams will be pleasant, if it be poor and watery they will be wearying, harassing, worrying dreams, probably continuing throughout all the live-long night, till we awake in the morning, feeling chilly and uncomfortable, feeling as if we might as well have stayed up all night. If, again, our blood is poisoned for the time being by something that we have partaken of, and that has caused acidity, or if we have indulged too much in the pleasures of the table, our dreams will approach the terrible in character, nightmares may be the result, and visions of a very unpleasant kind.

But the blood may be impure from other causes. There are in the blood what I may term natural impurities and poisons generated from the effete matters of the tissues themselves, which, be it remembered, are continually undergoing change. This is physiology, I know, and girls do not like "ologies." Well, pray forgive me, and I will use no more big words. Read on. To get rid of these self-developed poisons, nature has placed in our bodies many great glands and organs, whose duty it is to purify and sweeten the blood; the liver is one of these, the lungs are two others. In addition to these there is the outward covering of the body—the skin. Well then, I wish to ask you this question, and I'll say little more about sleep at present: If during the day you have taken no exercise to encourage liver and skin to act, and very little fresh air to enable the lungs to burn off—that is precisely what they do—the impurities of the blood, can you expect that your sleep will be very soothing, or that it will be otherwise than disturbed by disagreeable dreams? Think of it, please.

Now, I maintain that no girl who does not make a habit of retiring early at night, no matter whether she stays up for pleasure or for hard work, can hope to enjoy perfect health for any length of time. And if she has not health, if she loses that blessing, she will most assuredly get old long before her time.

Thousands or thousands of old young girls, if you will pardon the expression, crowd our busy streets every day. Aye, and they do not all walk on the side path either; numbers of them ride in carriages; the former you meet morning, noon, and at eventide, the latter you never see in the morning; the former must get up and go about their duties, the latter are by no means early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise birds. How could they be? They are the devotees of pleasure, they are "fashionable," it might not be the correct thing to be seen abroad too early. Much better lose health, lose looks, lose life itself, than offend against the rules of "good" society!

But let me now tell you one or two of the commoner evils that result from keeping late hours. By so doing one turns night into day to begin with; this is a sin against nature. Why, the very birds and beasts of the field know better than to do any such thing. Again, one seldom sits up late without eating and drinking more or less. This is undoubtedly wrong, the stomach needs rest as much as

any other part of the body, and to make a constant habit of going to bed with a loaded stomach is to court indigestion and chronic dyspepsia, which must come sooner or later, and terrible and seemingly innumerable are the evils that may follow in the train of that insidious complaint. Your heavy supper-eater seldom enjoys a breakfast. Her sleep has not been refreshing, first and foremost—how could it have been?—and the stomach has been at work all night and now craves a rest. It has lost all tone, and if its owner can trifle for a few minutes with a morsel of toast and butter it is about all she can do, with the exception of swallowing a mouthful of tea.

What is the result? Why this, that she begins the day with weakened nerves, and nothing to fall back upon in the shape of food to stay and support the system. Is it any wonder that things do not go well with her all the forenoon, that she is nervous and impatient, easily excited, probably even quick or cross-tempered, or at all events peevish? She will probably put this all down to anything rather than the true cause—sitting up too long.

But it may be that a girl sits up late and neither eats nor drinks anything to speak of. Notwithstanding, I say that her sleep will not be so refreshing as if she had retired early. The little tiny bloodvessels of the brain are supplied by nerves far tinier than themselves, which assist them to contract and expel the blood from the brain, when we lay our heads on the pillow; but if these tiny bloodvessels are kept too long on the stretch, they lose their elasticity or power to contract, and their tiny nervelets get tired and so sleep is banished. This state of the brain is well known to those who are kept for a long time together at work or on the watch, and is generally called "being past sleep." Beware of such a state: it is dangerous.

Late hours very often bring on the ailment which goes by the name of nervousness. But in this case it is not the nerves only that are at fault, indeed I hardly know an organ or tissue of the body that is not weakened; therefore, it might as well be called general debility at once. Even the heart is weakened, and the results of a weak heart, apart from all disease, are too painful to think about. I have before written on the subject of nervousness, so must refer anyone who suffers therefrom back to that article.

I do not want to draw a very dark picture, but when I speak of indigestion, I fail to see how I can sketch a bright one. To have little or no appetite in the morning, is usually a symptom that something is radically wrong, and a girl who can eat no breakfast had better ask herself a few questions as soon as possible. These would be: Am I living aright? Am I obeying the common laws of health—laws, by the way, that the merest schoolgirl knows all about now-a-days? Do I go to bed at the proper time? Do I secure refreshing sleep? Do I take exercise, breathe fresh air, and eat what is proper with regularity, and at the right time? Unless she can answer all these questions in the affirmative she had better at once set about altering her mode of life so that she can do so, for in a case of incipient indigestion, medicine without a proper and judicious system of living is of no avail at all.

Want of good rest, which can only be procured by retiring at a seasonable hour, enervates the system, and one of the evils resulting from this lies in the fact that colds, coughs, chest complaints, and sore throats, to say nothing of fevers of any kind, are more easily caught by people whose nerves are out of tone. I have heard it expressed in times of epidemics, whether of small-pox, scarlet-fever, or cholera itself, that the medical men who were constantly in attendance on such cases, and breathing the infected air, must "take something," as people phrase it, "to keep



away the contagion." Verily, they do nothing of the sort. They simply live well and regularly, and keep their systems well up to the health mark, and lo! they can walk through pestilential wards and not be affected.

Among the minor troubles that have their origin in the habit of keeping late hours, is the loss of that clearness of complexion which every girl ought to possess. It is well if this be not simply a kind of general sallowness of skin, but there is too often evidence of a deranged state of the blood, as testified by pimples coming out here and there on the face, and these are sometimes very painful, or they may be simply disfiguring. Want of good and sufficient rest makes one's life a life of worry, it dims the once bright eye and induces wrinkles and grey hairs long, long before they ought to have appeared.

It is not pleasant to me to have to speak about these things, only it is a duty. Let me change the subject, however, and say a word or two about early rising. I have already said that young folks should not be made get up of a morning too soon. They require from eight to ten hours' good sleep to keep them in health, very young children requiring the most. But seven o'clock in summer and eight in winter are hours at which every young girl who values her health and looks should find herself out of doors. I should want more space than our Editor can afford were I to enumerate even one-half of the advantages of getting up at a proper hour in the morning.

Too much rest in bed weakens the solid portions of the body, as well as the nerves. At the same time it renders the mind dull and inactive. Presuming that one has retired pretty early, and has had a reasonably good night's sleep, to get up betimes gives her an advantage for the whole of the day that she would not otherwise have possessed. If she be her own friend she will endeavour to set to work on the duties of the day as soon as possible, she will thus be enabled to secure for herself some hours of the afternoon even in winter for healthful out-door exercise, and this will insure her a good night's sleep to follow. A good habit is easily acquired, it soon becomes a second nature, and the blessings attendant on it are innumerable.

It is a capital plan to begin the day by taking a bath. I have said so before, I know; I may say so again and not repent it. The cold bath is so bracing. Every girl cannot take it cold and ought not to, but a dash of hot water is not, as a rule, difficult to obtain even at seven in the morning. It is worth trying for at all events.

A handful of the ordinary sea-salt obtainable at any grocer's makes the bath far more bracing, and early rising followed by a bath of this kind is really delightful. A walk before breakfast should follow. The strong cannot do better than drink a glass of pure spring water before the walk, but the weakly should not indulge in much exercise in the morning, on an empty stomach. A little milk and a tiny milk biscuit should, therefore, be taken before setting out for the walk.

I am writing in January, early in the month; before these lines are perused by the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, spring will have come, or nearly so. Of all seasons of the year it is the most hopeful, and it is the best in which to begin to acquire any new habit. What say you to testing the truth of the old adage, and taking as your health motto:—

"Early to bed and early to rise."



## A FEW WORDS ON MONEY MATTERS.



IN the right use of our money depends in a large measure the happiness of ourselves and those belonging to us. On the other hand, the misuse of money is the cause of a fearful amount of the misery we see around us. This, then, is sufficient apology for daring to write on what is confessedly a touchy subject with many of us—the vast importance of beginning life with some fixed ideas, plans, and principles, without which we are almost sure to come to grief, or live haphazard, miserable, muddled, and wasteful lives, instead of wise and useful ones.

What we want at starting is to get a firm hold of the fact that our money is not ours but God's. If we believed this—not as an abstract general truth, a grand way of viewing things, something only said in sermons, but as a simple everyday reality—we should not, could not, spend our money without thought or care, as so many do. A little thought will show us that money is but lent us by God. Even if we earn it, He gives us the strength to do so, and can withhold it at His will. Yet, how many do thus think of money? "After all, my money is my own; I can do what I like with it; it matters to no one," is a common thought and expression. Many act up to the words, without a thought of their selfish untruthfulness. All who have any regard for duty or principle cannot so live, and to such it is that the following advice is addressed.

First, then, as our money belongs to God, it is but our plain duty to spend some in His service. We are too prone to look upon giving money for charity as a proof of goodness, instead of a clear duty like truthfulness; not as something we ought to do, but as resting entirely with our own inclination. Charity should not owe its source to impulses of the moment only. A certain portion of our income should be mentally set aside for the purpose. What this portion should be, each must decide for himself. A tenth many have given from ancient times downwards; but there might be cases where this would be too much, and some where it would be too small; only let it bear a fixed proportion to our income. If our income increase let that increase. Do not leave almsgiving to chance. Once the sum is decided upon, let us look upon it as spent. If it be a tenth, then instead of one hundred pounds per year, we have ninety pounds, and can regulate our expenditure accordingly. Once we have decided, let us rigidly adhere to our decision, never giving less than the money thus set apart. How to lay out this sum, to do the most amount of good, is a question we shall not grudge thought and care to solve. Ascertain first those things that have the most claim on one. Use common sense, so that the money may not do harm instead of good. To give to beggars is to perpetuate a growing evil. Be assured the risk of refusing one in real need is a thousand to one. Hundreds of lazy scamps live in luxury, on the foolish liberality of the poorer classes, who give to these social sharks (who are far better off than themselves) what they stand in need of. Above all, as far as possible, let not the left hand know what the right hand doeth.

Another portion of our money should be

laid aside for illness and old age. This is as plain a duty as the other, at least to those who are not provided for. To look forward, as so many do, to chance, or to being a burden on others, is both mean and selfish, and should be considered a disgrace. Would that there were more noble independence amongst us! Yet how many never give a thought to the time when they can no longer maintain themselves. It has been said that workhouses are the curse of England, and when we see so many of our artisan population and others calmly looking forward with the thought that there is always a workhouse to go to, and so never troubling about the future, and spending money so thriftlessly, we are tempted almost to think so. Surely *one moment's thought* must show us the need, as well as the duty, of providing against illness and old age. We gain instead of lose by saving. It is notable that it is those who save who are the best off and most comfortable, even before the time comes when they need their savings, and not those who lay by nothing at all. Why, then, are so many of us utterly blind and regardless of the future?

In order, however, to save or give money in alms, we must have some method in our general spending. A strict account of all we spend should be kept by all. If this were more generally done much of the world's misery would be prevented. If people could but see how small things mount up, what such and such a luxury costs, they could not spend money so recklessly. It is the not knowing where the evil lies. Unless we keep account of what we spend we are almost certain to outrun our income, to buy what we cannot afford, or at the best live hand to mouth, shiftless existences, never knowing at any time how we stand. It is useless, however, to think that just putting down what we earn and spend is of any use. This alone would be rather a witness of our extravagance should we go wrong. No, we must regularly balance and see what this and that item costs, and take averages, and compare expenses from one season to another. Only by so doing can we tell whether we can afford this, or must curtail that; only by so doing can we tell how to act in the future or gain experience from the past; only by so doing can we be sure whether we are living within our income or beyond it.

At the beginning of the year it is a good plan, as far as we can, to portion or plan out our money. We can roughly tell those things we need and will have to buy—clothes so much, board and lodging so much—and can so tell the money we really have over for smaller expenses, from what we fancied we should have. By this means we get a truer idea of how much or how little we actually have to spend on ourselves or on little things. People often buy what they cannot afford, simply because, having the money in hand, they imagine they can afford it; whereas had they planned it out, they would have known how little but was not disposed of or would be needed for other things. This habit of looking forward and of mentally setting aside the various items of expense is an invaluable one. We should endeavour to forecast expenses, so as always to know the vast difference from the money in hand and the amount we are at liberty to spend on what could be done without. It is not doing this that causes unnecessary luxuries to be bought and needful necessities to be gone without.

As a talent given to us by God, and of which we shall have to give account, it is our duty to endeavour to spend our money wisely and well—to make the best of it. To do this requires thought. It is the not thinking that causes so much misery. Management also is needed. How is it that some seem to make money go so much farther than others—