

apparently seventeen or eighteen years of age, tall and slight in form, of fair complexion, and with an expression of mingled nobleness and gentleness in his pleasing face.

I tried to hide the emotion I felt as I silently thanked God who had made me the instrument of saving this young life. Staying him as he continued to pour out his thanks, I said, smiling, "Young man, I am but the guardian of this palace. Follow me, and I will introduce you to the Queen," and so saying I led the way into the interior hall.

CHAPTER XXXVII.
HENRY'S HISTORY.

WE found Undine anxiously awaiting my return; she had prepared a supper as a welcome, and now arose eagerly at the sound of my approaching footsteps. Alarm seized her for the moment on hearing I was not alone, and at our entrance she stood hesitating, her head bent forward in a listening attitude, looking like some lovely bronzed statue. The youth may indeed have fancied a vision had again appeared, as he uttered a half-suppressed cry of admiration at the sight of this beautiful Queen of the Castle.

"Undine," I said, "I have brought you a new acquaintance; he has been in distress and danger to-night. Show him now that he is amongst friends."

Quickly the table was re-arranged for our unexpected guest, and all the best our larder offered, produced, whilst the said guest watched the graceful girl with approving eyes. After he had yielded to my persuasion to try and take some refreshment, which I could see the terrible events of the day little inclined him to do, he gave the following account:—

He was the son of the captain of the merchant vessel we had seen, and was apprenticed to his father. It appeared that property in jewellery had been *committed to their care* by a personal friend to take to some relatives abroad, and Captain Davis, feeling an extra interest in the charge of this, had concealed it in a place known only to himself and son. Several of the sailors happened to be of a very lawless and riotous disposition, and the captain being a strict disciplinarian, they had more than once shown resistance to rule. By some means or other one of these had got knowledge that there was hidden treasure on board, the value of which was doubtless much exaggerated as they talked over it, and in a drunken folly some of the more daring had determined to find the hiding-place, and on their demand for its discovery being treated with the severity it deserved, they mutinied, intimidating the better inclined, and ending the disgraceful scene as I had at a distance witnessed. Slightly sobered by the fearful effects of their violence, they had at first promised Henry they would spare his life if he would consent to accompany them to some distant colony, the chief mate being capable of taking the command; but with the proviso that an

oath should be taken by all, that not one would ever reveal the dark deeds just perpetrated. This, as may be supposed, Henry emphatically refused. It was then counselled that he should be put to death at once; but a few suggested that as they had failed as yet to find the hidden valuables, they might as well try and make him confess the secret of their hiding-place first. This they also failed to do; but, determining to land and have a carouse, they brought him with them, intending to stupefy him with drink, and then worm the secret from him. This, however, was also unsuccessful, as we have seen, and the wretch who in this instance had only spared the young man's life for his own selfish purposes had met with righteous judgment.

"What they will do," said Henry Davis, as he concluded the recital of these terrible occurrences, "when on awakening they find I have disappeared, and that their comrade lies dead, I cannot imagine."

"Whatever they may do, you are safe in this impregnable cavern," I replied. "My idea is that, finding this man has been killed by an arrow, evidently manufactured by savages, they will conclude the island is inhabited by such, and that you have fallen into their hands. Possibly they may make a search for you, but when they have found this a hopeless one they will most likely take their departure. Your wisest plan is to remain here, in the meantime."

"And thus probably expose you to danger on my account," said Henry, in a deprecatory tone.

"You would scarcely fear did you know the resources of our wonderful cavern," answered I; "but it is too late for me to introduce you to all its wonders, and I am sure you need rest." And leading him to my own little bedroom, I bade him try and take repose, making myself a bed by Undine's side, who was full of curiosity concerning the new inmate of our establishment.

(To be continued.)

WHAT A HOUSE OUGHT TO BE TO BE HEALTHY.

By MEDICUS.

WE do not, as a rule, have the houses in which we live built specially for us. If there be any truth in the old proverb that fools build houses and wise men live in them, it is probably just as well that we do not. The fools referred to are certainly not the architects. No; these gentlemen are never fools, whatever else they may be. But I think the proverb, which is a very ancient one, must have arisen from people observing that when men advanced in years make fortunes and build houses and lay out gardens, as if certain of living for fifty years to come, they are but working for others, and seldom live long to enjoy the blessings and comforts they have promised themselves. Like the rich man in the parable, they say to themselves, "I will pull down my barns and build greater. And I will say to my soul, Thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry."

We all know what followed.

It is generally the case that anything we set our heart too much upon in this world is almost certain to be taken from us.

But although elderly people should think more of "the house not made with hands" than on an earthly habitation, it is as natural for young people to wish to have homes of their own as it is for the birds to build their nests in spring-time. It may not be the good fortune of many of my readers to have houses built for them, but, for all that, there is no reason why they should not know what a house ought to be, to be healthy.

Said the poet—

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more!"

It is pretty evident that this bard, whose name, by the way, was Cowper, thought he could live happily enough without ever getting a glance at a morning paper. This longing, however, for boundless contiguity of shade shows he had not studied the laws of hygiene with much profit; for light is as essential to a healthful existence as pure air or fresh water. Very likely Cowper, had he found a lodge or lodgings in some vast wilderness, would have soon tired of it, and three months might have found him back again in his city club reading the *Times*.

But now we want to find or build a healthy house, or rather you do, and are willing to have my advice about the choosing or building of it. The first thing to be thought about, then, is its site or situation. We will not go so far into the country as Cowper wished to. We live in an age of civilisation, and though we rail at the city, the city's din, the city's smoke and vanity, we like to run into it once in a way at all events, and so we do not care to bury ourselves alive miles and miles from a station.

The more healthy the actual site on which the house is built and the neighbourhood around it are the greater will be the chance of those who dwell therein, not only of living long, but of enjoying freedom from sicknesses while they do live.

Well, your house should be built, if possible, on somewhat elevated ground; and if it be shaded, or rather protected, from north and east winds by a hill or tall trees, so much the better. The soil should be a porous one. This stands to reason; because, if it be clay, for instance, instead of gravel or sandstone, the surface-water cannot get away, vegetable matters, &c., rot and decay, and give off obnoxious vapours that poison the atmosphere and may even breed fevers.

A healthy house should be well removed from low-lying, marshy ground, canals, or even from the banks of streams whose sluggish flow shows them to be not over-wholesome.

If the house is to be in the city itself, a good elevation is still to be chosen, and it ought to be built in an open situation and in the neighbourhood of trees; but care should be taken that the site has not been made up of old rubbish—as the ground on which so many town houses stand so often is. Such a foundation will throw up unwholesome gases for years and years to come.

When a person builds a house, it seems pretty evident that he means to make it his home for some time to come. Well, he may be fortunate enough to get the most healthy and salubrious site possible, the country all round may be charming, and the air bracing and every breeze laden with the balm of health; but, for all that, it may not be altogether a desirable place of abode. It may be perfect as regards everything necessary for the

body's health, but not for that of the mind. It may be far too reclusive—I say *may be*, for there are some people who seem to be born hermits; but, generally speaking, man is a gregarious animal, and genial neighbours, human beings within reach, with whom one may exchange ideas, and in whose company one may often while away an otherwise irksome hour, are part and parcel of a healthful existence. So there is a deal to be said in favour of a city life in a healthy house.

“And Charles Lamb, the wise and witty,
Gentle lover of the city,
Sensibly he spoke,
When he dealt his pungent pity
To us poor country folk.”

But, on the other hand, we must not

“ . . . Rail at country pleasure,
For there is unminted treasure
In its quiet calm;
In its garden-loving leisure,
Gilead's very balm!
In its duties, peace-bestowing,
In its beauties overflowing;
Rides and rambles, sports and farming,
Home, the heart for ever warming,
Books and friends and ease;
Life must, after all, be charming,
Full of joys like these.”

And now, if at this moment the mantle of poesy were suddenly to fall upon me, or were I on Parnassus hill, I would pen an ode in praise of railway trains—unromantic though the subject may seem; for, with all their din and dust and danger, shriek of engine, and gride of wheel, do they not enable us to combine the pleasures of a town life with the ease and quiet and comfort of existence in the country? And for this very reason I recommend would-be house-builders to live in the country, but within a measurable distance of the highway to some city of note, for rest and change are almost synonymous terms—the dweller in the still country finds it amid the sights and sounds of a busy town, the sojourner in cities can only obtain it down in the cool, green country or by the sad sea waves.

But, now we have chosen our site, let the house itself arise. Some have a craze for houses all in one floor, with neither upstairs nor down. This may do very well if the building is situated on the slope of a hill; but if it be on the level ground, it is better it should have two stories, and even attics, or one elevated room above all, in case of sickness. The house should be built on arches, these arches to be the cellars; * there would thus be steps up to the front, or hall doors. The stairs to the upper rooms should be in a tower outside and not in the house. This is a much nicer and healthier plan, and the roof ought to be flat or nearly so, and surrounded with a bulwark. What a delicious retreat such a roof makes on a quiet summer day or evening. Here an awning or arch tent may be placed, a hammock swung, creepers may be trained over the parapets, and the whole roof indeed may easily be converted into a beautiful aerial garden; while, if the topmost branches of some lordly tree, such as the lime, or plane, or oak, be close adjoining, you cannot help feeling the romance of such a retreat. You are in leaf-land, bee-land, bird-land, any land you like to call it, but quite away from all things earthly.

About the actual construction of the house I shall say but little; it must be built of the very best materials, whether these be wood, or stone, or brick, or all combined. I should be glad to discuss this part of the subject fully if I were not afraid of wearying my girl readers. The house, however, should be as pleasant to look at outside as in. It need not be showy by any means, but it may be refined-

looking and home-like, and surrounded with pretty flower gardens and lawns, a house that makes you feel contented and happy even to gaze upon from the gate before you enter. The rooms should be large and lofty, and with plenty of big windows, not mere prison holes; they ought to descend low and rise to within a few inches of the ceiling. They should open wide, and my opinion is that they should open French fashion—casement windows. For sake of warmth and ventilation all rooms should be furnished with a fire-place.

The glass in the window should be of the first water, without either hue of green or distorting streaks and blotches. Blinds and curtains may be arranged according to taste, only we should not forget, as too many people do, that windows are looked at from the outside as well as from the inside of the house. They ought, therefore, to have as cheerful an appearance about them as possible; for, depend upon it, a gloomy house cannot be a healthy one.

I would have the furniture and furnishings of this healthy home as tasteful as good taste could make them, and I would be most careful about the kind of wall paper I put up, and of the things I hung thereon.

I have said nothing about drainage. Country houses do not need much; they should be built far from cesspools, and be supplied with plenty of good “hard and soft water,” as it is called. Great care should be taken that the drinking water be not poisoned, either from leakage through the ground from cesspools, or, as is more often the case, from surface water finding its way down into them.

Country folks who live in detached houses have, at all events, one advantage over the dwellers in cities; they do not run the risk of being poisoned by the emanations from their neighbours' drains, but even they cannot be too careful about the removal of all waste water from their dwellings. Servants are not always very particular, but they ought to be made to empty the slop-pail into its proper receptacle, and to be most particular about the cleanliness of the kitchen or scullery sink. There is a pipe to take the water away from this into a drain, and however well the entrance end of this pipe may be protected against any back draught of foul air, it will itself become clogged and filthy, and it therefore requires special care. As little greasy water as possible should be poured down it, and once a week it ought to be treated to a bucketful of boiling water, in which a little sulphate of iron has been dissolved, or a teaspoonful of the permanganate of potash.

Not only purity of air but as equable warmth as possible should be secured all the year round. No room, however, should be kept too hot. By staying for a time in a warm room and then going suddenly into either the open air or a cold dressing-room one is very likely to get a chill, which may result in something very serious.

The temperature of the living rooms has much to do with the health of the inmates. It should be moderate, certainly at no time not over 70 deg. Fahr. But drawing-rooms and even dining-rooms in this country, especially in winter, are often kept so stuffy and hot that we can only look upon them as civilised editions of the black hole of Calcutta. Those double windows are often dangerous contrivances. I really believe they do more harm sometimes than good. They give the notion to young people that the pure air of heaven that circulates everywhere out of doors, and vivifies and rejoices every beast of the field and herb of the ground, is something dangerous to life indoors, something we should barricade ourselves against, and look upon as one of our greatest enemies. There should be no double windows in any house that I built to live in. If

they were put there unknown to me, I would soon make work for the glazier.

The bedrooms in a house should be kept warmer than the ordinary day rooms, warm but thoroughly well-ventilated, because one needs more heat when at rest, and especially when asleep. When a person is moving about, there is little or no danger of catching cold; but if he or she sits down, especially if in a draught, the shoulder ought to be immediately wrapped up, as well as the neck.

A room cannot be healthy that is heated with a petroleum stove, and to carry such a thing into a bedroom, as is sometimes done, and allow it to burn *all night*, is really to endanger life itself.

Pipes are sometimes brought through rooms for the purpose of heating them, and other times slow combustion stoves are used. Now I do not object to either plan if means are taken to secure proper ventilation on the one hand and proper hydration on the other. By hydration I mean a rendering of the air in the apartment moist or healthfully humid. This is too often forgotten. A dry heat is most obnoxious and even dangerous, therefore an utensil with water should be kept constantly on the top of a stove. Again, an iron stove, especially if it becomes too hot, gives off most deleterious vapours or fumes, and this should be borne in mind by those who make use of them.

There is another thing which people who dwell in towns and make much use of gas should not forget: the burning of it vitiates the atmosphere, and wherever *gas is used* for cooking, there should be means of escape, a kind of chimney in fact, for the products of combustion.

A word about the water tank. It should be periodically seen to, and cleaned out, and at all times a wire screen of some kind should be kept over it to prevent mice or spiders, beetles, &c., from falling into it and defiling the water.

Food should be kept in open places where plenty of free air circulates, and where there is not the slightest chance of its being contaminated by obnoxious gases or vapours. Hence the necessity of having a well-aired, well-protected pantry in every house where health is the paramount object to be desired.

No house can be healthy that is not kept perfectly clear and free from dust, for often the germs of disease float about, ay, and ripen and grow in dust. The dusting of the room ought to be supervised by the mistress of the establishment herself, for servants are too often careless in the matter; perhaps they commence operations too soon after sweeping up, before the dust has settled, or they merely whisk the dust about, driving it off one place and giving it a chance of settling on another.

All articles of furniture, especially the cushions of chairs and sofas, should be taken out and dusted regularly. Mats ought to have special attention, and carpets cleaned more often than they generally are. Therefore a carpet that is not nailed down, and probably covers only a part of the floor, is best and healthiest. The floors themselves should be frequently washed, but allowed to get thoroughly dry before the carpet is replaced. A really good carpet is the cheapest article in the house. That may seem a paradox, but it is truth nevertheless.

Just one word in conclusion: no house or home will be a healthy that is not a happy one. I need not remind my readers how much, how very much the female portion of the family have to do with the happiness of the male; and when they have done all they can to make the house bright and cheerful and homelike, all their labour will be lost unless that brightness and cheerfulness are reflected in their own faces.

* Dr. B. W. Richardson's idea, not my own.