

valance of black and gold brocaded rep (such as is used for furniture), edged with black fringe. The Christmas cards on the top brightened it up, and altogether the tables were a great success, being much admired; they also sold for a good price. I must now close, and with very many good wishes for your paper, I remain, yours truly,

RIVER MURRAY BUSH GIRL
(Australia), No. 2. (aged 15).

ANOTHER FEMALE CRUSOE.



THE San Francisco *Call* contains an interesting account of an Indian woman who was accidentally abandoned on

San Nicholas Island, off the coast of Southern California, and spent 18 years alone there before she was rescued. The fact of her existence was discovered by a man who went from the mainland to hunt for otters, and who found footprints sunk deeply in the ground. He was unable to follow up these indications for nearly three years, when one of the party who accompanied him came suddenly upon the object of their search. She was in a small circular enclosure made of brushwood, about 5 ft. high and 6 ft. in diameter, with a small opening on one side. She was clothed with a garment made of skins of the shag, a species of duck that can neither walk nor fly. This garment reached almost to her ankles when she stood erect. She was sitting cross-legged, skinning seal blubber with a rude knife made of a piece of hoop iron driven into a piece of wood. There was no covering on her head, except a thick matted mass of hair of yellowish brown colour, probably owing to exposure to the sun and the weather; it was short, as if the ends had rotted off. There were some wild dogs on the island, a few of which kept near her, and seem to regard her as a mistress. She had lived on a plant resembling cabbage, called by Californians *palo santo*, and a root known by the name of *corcomite*, also blubber of the various kinds of seals, etc. She had a rude apparatus for catching shell-fish, and strong fishing lines made of seal sinews, which seemed to indicate that she fished in the ocean. The expression of her face was pleasing, her features were regular, her complexion much fairer and her form more symmetrical than that of the Indian women on the adjoining mainland. Some suspect that she belonged to a tribe much farther north. She could not understand anything that was said to her in any of the Indian dialects of South California, but she had a wonderful capacity for conversing by

signs. She retained all her teeth, but they were worn low, supposed to be due to her chewing tough and hard articles of food. Her age appeared to be about 50 years. She bowed to all who came near her, greeting them with a smile. She freely accompanied her discoverers to their vessel, but her conduct at once convinced them that she retained the virtue of female modesty. She showed singular dexterity for making water vessels from grass and asphaltum, a substance which is plentiful both on the island and the mainland. She seemed to recognise several of the appliances of civilisation. She died about seven weeks after reaching the mainland, partly from the effects of a fall, partly from dysentery, brought on by eating fruits and vegetables. Padre Gonzalez, the superior of the mission of Santa Barbara, has sent her dress of shag-skins, her baskets and implements, to Rome, to the Museum of the Propaganda.

SLEEP.

By MEDICUS.

"SURELY," I said to myself, "I must be dreaming, and yet it hardly seems or feels like a dream. Here I sit in my study chair pen in—no, the pen has fallen on the floor. But I'm in the room that I entered but a short half hour ago. I had no companions then, all was as still as summer evenings ever are in the country; there was the rustling of the west wind through the rose bushes, that trail over the verandah, the fluting of the blackbird and the wild joyous notes of the nightingale. There was one large bright-winged butterfly in the room, who had lost himself, and a great velvety bee who had come in through the French window, and was examining, with his thousand eyes, the pattern of the carpet. "Dead sea fruit," he was singing, "flowers without perfume! blossoms without honey!"

But now what a change! No wonder that I rubbed my eyes and looked, and rubbed my eyes and looked again. Had my study, which as a rule bears an aspect of almost austere respectability, been suddenly crowded with lovely little elves, male and female sprites? Some seemed to be sitting, some lounging, some promenading about, but all apparently perfectly at home and on the very best of terms with themselves. They used my books as chairs or lounges with the utmost sang froid; one little imp had got astride of the guitar to play, half a dozen were chasing the butterfly, another half dozen had got the big bee on his back, and were tickling him to make him laugh.

"In the name of mystery," I exclaimed at last, "what means this—this—?"

I did not like to say "intrusion," so hesitated.

"Most learned sir," said one little sprite, strutting towards me and twirling an imaginary moustache. He was dressed like a midshipman or a midshipmite, and toyed with his dirk as he gazed audaciously up into my face—"Most learned sir. We are a band of quotations from the poets."

"Oh! indeed," I answered, "are you now?"

"Yes, we heard you were going to write a paper for your fair readers on the subject of 'Sleep.'"

"I am," said I; "that is my present intention."

"And no doubt," said the sprite, "it will, like all your other lucubrations, scintillate with wit, and sparkle with genius."

I here stretched out my hand to seize this sailor elf, with the intention of throwing him out at the window, but he stepped nimbly back.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "but we know

what girls are—at least I do;" here he stroked his upper lip. "They must have poetry, sir, and in a paper on 'sleep,' you must have quotations. Now, sir, I am the sailor boy who sleeps on the 'giddy topmast,' you must have me to begin with. Step forward, ladies and gentlemen, and let me introduce you to the erudite doctor.

"There," he continued, presenting a pretty little female fairy, "is a quotation from Young, 'Nature's sweet restorer'—you know you can't do without her. And here," handing up another, "is a gentle thing from Coleridge, and here is the 'Balm of hurt minds,' and here, 'The chief nourisher of life's feast,' a very pretty pair from Shakespeare, they will come in handy. There is a quotation from Thomson, and here is one from Tupper. This gentleman is 'The Scarlet Prince of Poppies,' this is the 'Lady of the Lotus Leaf,' and here is 'Dreamland's Queen,' and here—"

"Stop, stop!" I cried. "Beautiful you are, every one of you; but I cannot have you—practicability, not poetry, must be my motto to-day. Fly, elves, vanish, avaunt, evaporate!"

Next moment I was alone. But my pen had fallen on the floor—that was true enough—so I might have been dreaming, you know, and

"It is a happy thing to dream

When rosy thoughts and visions bright
Pour on the soul a golden stream
Of rich, luxurious delight."

In writing to-day, then, I shall try, as I have hinted above, to be really practical, so that my discourse may be useful to all my readers, old as well as young, strong as well as weakly. I shall keep the latter, however, more particularly in my mind's eye.

I should like to begin by saying a few words about the physiology of sleep. They will be few, for no one without the assistance of an able artist could give to the uninitiated anything like an intelligible description of the brain and its anatomy. Suffice it for me to say that the brain is the centre of the whole nervous system, as well as the seat of mind. In the shape of vital electricity it is in the brain that strength of both body and mind is stored, strength of muscle and strength of will. For the simple reason that we medical men cannot actually see the changes that go on in the brain during the activity of the waking moments, or in the quiet and restful hours of sleep, we do not know for certain what takes place. But from experiments of many kinds, that it is needless to describe to you, we do know to a large extent, quite enough, at all events, for every practical purpose. My readers have all seen brain matter, it is the same, or looks the same in man as in the sheep, though it is more highly organised in the former than in the latter, therefore man ranks above the sheep, as a rule. But the brain must be supplied with blood, and it is so filled with the branches of small arteries, that were all the purely brain matter to be taken away, leaving only the blood-vessels, they would seem as dense and close as a bunch of hair you might hold in your hand. About six per cent., if my memory serves me aright, of the blood of the whole body is contained in the brain in its waking moments.

The bearing of this upon the subject I am discussing—namely, sleep—you will presently see, when I tell you that most physiologists are agreed that during the state of sound and healthful slumbers the blood escapes from the brain, and probably leaves the nerves of the body as well. I do not say that the blood-vessels are left empty, the pressure on their walls is very considerably lessened, the stress and strain and pressure are taken off them, and con-

sequently all activity of body and mind is for the time being suspended, and it is during this time that the brain matter finds time to refresh, recruit, and strengthen itself for the onerous duties to be performed by it during the state of wakefulness.

In imperfect sleep less blood is removed from the brain, it therefore still goes on working, though not so hard as if the person were fully awake; but while trying to gain refreshment and renewed vigour the brain in imperfect sleeps goes on expending its strength in tiresome dreams. Pleasant happy dreams on the other hand do not waste so much brain-tissue, because, in my humble opinion, and I have thought a good deal about the matter, they do not last so long, else they would be quite as fatiguing, and the person who has spent the livelong night in pleasant delusions would awake in the morning as unrefreshed, eye-sore, and brain-weary as one who had dozed uncomfortably all the night. Further into the subjects of dreams I do not at present mean to go; it may, or it may not, be followed out some other day.

But what I wish you, nay, but beg earnestly of you to remember is this: that all efforts to obtain healthful sleep must be directed to getting the blood drawn away from the brain. And you will notice as you read on that all the advice I give as to the means to be used to procure good sleep, hinge on that one object. Now here, before I go a line further, I shall put a question and answer it for you. Why is it that strong, healthy men and women, or boys and girls, if you like it better, sleep more surely and sleep more soundly than the delicate or the invalid? For the reason that the walls of the arteries that contain the blood of the brain, and for that matter all arteries, are partly composed of a kind of electric tissue; in the strong, as soon as the stimulus of exertion is taken off the brain, and the head is laid upon the pillow, the tiny blood-vessels aid by the very strength of their resiliency their contents to flow away; but alas! when the body becomes weak so also do the arteries, and they lose their elasticity and so retain the blood in the brain instead of striving to empty it away.

During the time a person is awake and active these brain blood-vessels are well distended, and, if the state of distension is kept up too long they lose for a time their power to contract. This is the case after long wakefulness, when a person is heard to exclaim, "I am past sleep;" or the same may happen when the blood-vessels have been over-distended by hard work, worry, or exertion of any kind, bodily or mental, then one complains of being "too tired to sleep."

Now I have finished with physiology for a day, and those girls who have skipped it, I look upon as naughty and ungrateful.

If anyone suffers from sleeplessness, or even from a difficulty in dropping easily off to sleep, or from dreaming much during sleep, she cannot be altogether well. To get rid of this unnatural condition she must not only do her best to remove all the exciting causes of the restlessness at night that she suffers from, but set about at the same time endeavouring to restore tone to the whole system, while she ought also to do everything she can to woo the gentle goddess, sleep—short of taking drug or draught of any kind to induce sleep. Oh! let me pray of you, never to be deluded into taking anything of the kind, unless prescribed by a medical man. Mothers, do not give syrups to your children; thousands are cruelly killed annually by such horrid poisons, and well would it be if the deaths followed single doses instead of months of slow torture.

There is nothing better for the purpose of securing good sleep at night than taking plenty of healthful *happy* exercise in the

open air during the day, more especially if a cold or tepid bath has been taken first thing in the morning. Over-exercise, however, should be carefully avoided, yet the amount must not be regulated altogether by one's own feelings, for while, on the one hand, a girl should never walk or play till wearily or excitedly tired, she ought to do so until she is what I might term comfortably tired. If tiredness after exertion or exercise is felt the day after in the limbs and head, depend upon it it has been overdone. A good night's sleep should banish every feeling of fatigue after exercise.

Many healthy young people can go without sleep for two nights, or even more. It is a bad plan. No matter how well and strong a girl may be, she is apt to be peevish and easily irritated after want of proper rest, and, I have known cases where girls have quarrelled with good friends without cause, simply because peevishness has been induced by the want of sleep. Here is a bit of advice well worth remembering as long as you live: take care what you do or say when tired or sleepy.

Continued hard work or worry of any kind, day after day, has a tendency to overflow the brain with blood, to weaken the arteries and destroy their resiliency, and therefore to bring on a state of sleeplessness. Relaxation is the only cure for such a state. When wearied or worried or chafed with care, a good long walk should be taken before going to bed, and if with a good and quiet companion, so much the better, although there are instances when a lonely walk is to be preferred. A girl's own feelings must be her guide in every case. But a long walk after the cares of the day are over does a vast deal of good, the blood is purified, the internal organs, such as the liver, are stimulated to activity, and the blood is drawn from the brain towards the extremities, and thus the mind is calmed and the body predisposed to sleep.

Over-eating is prejudicial to the chance of healthful sleep, for if the stomach contains more food than it can easily digest, acidity is the result, the blood becomes for the time-being poisoned, and if sleep be obtained it is not of a very refreshing character. This leads me to the question: Are suppers hurtful? Here again a girl's own feelings and experience must be to a great extent her guide; but while heavy suppers are to be decried, a light *solid* meal taken comparatively early does good by strengthening the system and determining the blood from the brain. Slops are a mistake, corn-flour puddings, milk, or egg food, or soups were never meant to be eaten at night, of that I have long been convinced. Tea should be taken early, and not too strong.

It is necessary that the room one sleeps in should be warm without being close or stuffy. No girl ever yet slept in a close, badly ventilated apartment and awoke in the morning as fresh and happy as a lark. And no girl ever will.

Sleep in a well-ventilated bedroom then, if you wish to spend healthful happy days.

The bed and the bedclothes have a deal to do with the amount of sleep one obtains. It would be impossible to lay down rules that would suit the cases of all my readers, but I may just say that girls in good health ought to sleep on a not-too-soft mattress. The feather bed is not by any means a healthy one, nor, unless it be put under the mattress, is it one that is conducive to sleep. The bedclothes should never be heavy, but they ought to be warm. An eider-down quilt is a capital thing, but it is too hot for the summer months. Paper quilts can now be had, and they are very excellent in their way. The pillows on a bed should be particularly well arranged for comfort. One ought to be very

large, so as to quite support the shoulders, and it should be elastic and not *too yielding*; it is an uncomfortable feeling that of sinking in a pillow.

Hot water bottles or hot sand bags do good in many cases, while in others they do injury by inducing a nervous, fidgety, feverish condition of body. Young healthy girls have no business with any such luxuries. Curtains around beds are objectionable, they keep away the air.

Darkness and silence conduce to sleep. Unhappily, the latter is not always obtainable, although if one does not sit up late, sleep will be got during the stiller hours of the night, and there really is some truth in the old proverb about one hour's sleep before midnight being worth two after. Night-lights should only be used in sick rooms, and they ought to be so placed that while the rays do not fall in the sleeper's eyes, neither do they make ghostly shadows on the walls or ceiling. A dark-coloured blind should be used on the window, but care should be taken that the ventilator has full play.

A warm bath, or a tepid, or even a Turkish bath taken before going to bed, is an excellent and very safe means of procuring sleep. Both the former act by determining the blood from the brain towards the skin, and also by calming the nervous system. The Turkish bath not only acts in the same way, but also removes irritating impurities from the blood. Nervous invalids should have a portable bath in their bedrooms; the cost is only a few shillings, or a pound at the most, and the benefits that accrue from the occasional use thereof are incalculable.

Now, although I earnestly deprecate the use of sleeping drugs or draughts, I advise delicate girls who are troubled with sleeplessness to have recourse to certain kinds of medicines, always presuming they obey the ordinary laws of health at the same time, and be temperate in all things, else medicines are of no avail. Cod-liver oil, dose a teaspoonful three times a-day after meals, gradually increased to a tablespoonful, or even more, is a capital nerve tonic; phosphorus in any shape, or even iron, is somewhat dangerous. But three grain doses of the citrate of iron and quinine taken twice a day, and increased gradually within a fortnight up to five grains, often do a deal of good. Take the dose in a tiny wine-glassful of the infusion of calumba, adding twenty drops of the tincture of oranges to each dose. But tonics, remember, must not be taken—cod-liver oil excepted—longer than three weeks at a time, without a few days' intermission. The infusion of calumba, dose about two tablespoonfuls for a girl of sixteen, and the few drops of tincture of oranges above-mentioned, is a very good and safe tonic, without either quinine or iron, and it is easily made. Buy an ounce of calumba root, cut it into tiny pieces, and steep it in a covered vessel, say a tea-pot, in a pint of cold water for one hour, then strain and bottle it for use.

The mind should be as calm as possible before lying down to rest, therefore one should undress leisurely, wash the feet and hands and face, the latter with cold water, then read and contemplate for some time before lying down. The light ought to be put out immediately after, if not before lying down. Thinking must then be avoided, but if sleep for a time seems impossible, hymns or poetry of any kind that may have been learned by heart may be repeated until the eyes are sealed by slumber; and the following couplet from Keble's beautiful evening hymn has been advantageously used by many:—

"BE MY LAST THOUGHT HOW SWEET TO REST
FOR EVER ON MY SAVIOUR'S BREAST."