

yield to washing, and will need to be otherwise dealt with. A little spirits of turpentine dropped on each spot from a pointed stick, a pen, or a pencil, and allowed to remain for some hours undisturbed, will generally take out the fresher stains. Perhaps several applications may be needed. Wet paint spots may be taken out at once with turpentine, and

I may also add that sulphuric ether will also remove them.

The following, from the *Builder*, may be useful in connection with my subject; it is a recipe for taking out glass from window-sashes without trouble:—American potash three parts, unslacked lime one part. Mix, lay it on both sides with a stick, and let it

remain for twenty-four hours; the putty will then be soft enough to cut out easily.

And as a last hint on the subject, I will say that the mistress may avoid many colds and coughs if she will see that, when the maids clean the windows, they keep the doors shut and put on a warm jacket themselves, and tie a muffler over their heads.

"I'VE GOT NOTHING ON THAT'LL SPOIL."

By "MEDICUS."



ON'T you worry, Willie," said Nora; "I've got nothing on that'll spoil."

"What!" exclaimed; "not that saucy bonnet—or is it a hat?—which your pretty sunshade will hardly protect; not all those fluffy faldarals and gauzy fandangos, yak face and furbe-

lows?" Nora laughed.

"A capital hand you are," she said, "at describing a lady's dress. Why don't you write for the *Journal des Modes*? Your contributions would at least possess the merit of originality."

"Nothing on to spoil!" I added. "Why, my dainty cousin, you'd spoil yourself if exposed to the violence of a Highland thunder-storm."

"If you worry I'll go back," she said with decision.

Well, that was putting her foot down on me with a vengeance. But it was a way that Nora had, and I knew better than to say another word.

The facts of the case, reader, are soon explained. A poor old woman in the glen beneath us, while lying ill, had dreamt she was eating cloudberry, and next morning was superstitiously impressed with the notion that if she could only get some of this delightful fruit she would soon be well, and, as she expressed it, "make an *omadhaun* (fool) of the doctor."

Well, my cousin Nora and I were then on our way to get some—that is all. The cloudberry is a kind of delicious Alpine strawberry, found growing high up on Scottish mountains where the clouds rest; hence the name. It is said the fairies hide them from all but good people; but Nora and I thought ourselves good enough to find a lot.

But if Nora had a fault, it was that she was a trifle self-willed. The morning had been still and sultry, and she would not be advised by me to "rig out," as sailors say, in cloth or serge.

"You are not going to a garden-party, you know, Nora," I had said.

"I know I'm not."

"And that mountain yonder is five miles to the top, and in height just half a mile above the sea-level, and if a storm should come on and the temperature rush down to thirty-two degrees, where will we be?"

"Why, on the mountain, of course!"

And yonder now the storm was coming, and we were barely half-way up. Shapeless masses of cloud were gathering and banking up in the

horizon, though but dimly seen through a kind of sulphurous haze; thunder was muttering and growling in the distance, and every now and then a streak of lightning told me that the storm was making rapid strides towards us.

There wasn't a bit of shelter anywhere—only bare bluffs covered with stunted heath and Alpine flora, with here and there a plateau in which were pools of water as dark as porter.

But all at once we reached a splendid patch of the delicious fruit we had climbed to seek. I held my peace. I was wondering what Nora would do. She was looking nervous and uneasy. Nearer and nearer came the storm. Already all was gloom in the glen far beneath. Then a few drops of rain were blown in our faces by some mysterious wind or another.

"I say," said Nora, suddenly placing one hand on my arm, "Can't we mount above it?"

Why, as she spoke she positively looked inspired.

Next minute we were hurrying higher and higher towards the mountain's summit. Says Longfellow—

"The shades of night were falling fast,
As thro' an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,
A banner, with a strange device—
'Excelsior!'"

But I do believe that had the bold youth been with Nora and me now, we should have taught him a lesson in hill-climbing.

In less than half an hour we had reached the summit, and stood high above the storm, which was now raging in all its fury along the glen—as solemn and impressive a scene as any I ever have beheld, to say nothing of the wild grandeur of the view all around us, hill piled on hill, with loch, and moor, and stream.

We stayed here until the storm had entirely cleared away, and the sun was once more mirrored in the lake below. Then we descended to the brow of the hill, and filled the basket with the tawny cloudberry.

The story stops here. But it furnishes me with two texts on which to found my little health-sermon.

"I've got nothing on that'll spoil." Nora and I were fortunate that day in escaping the storm. Had it come on half an hour before, we should have been in it shelterless and unprotected. For myself it would have mattered little or nothing, being inured to changes, but even many a strong girl has caught her death from exposure to weather not half so inclement as the drenching rain, the cold hail, and sleet, of a thunderstorm on a bare hillside.

Britain in general, but possibly England more than Scotland, possesses the most uncertain climate of any country in the world, and girls would consult their own safety, even in summer, and especially if at the seaside, by never going from home unprepared for consequences. Sauntering about the parade or

sands, it does not signify; but near to all seaside resorts there are what are called places of interest; thither you will drive, usually in a brake or *char-a-banc*. It may be warm, and clear, and fine before you start, but towards mid-day, or afterwards, a summer storm may come on; and down rushes the temperature, and before you are aware what has happened you are chilled to the bone. Perhaps no amount of after care or attention will enable you to shake off the effects of that chill, till you have passed through a long dark cloud of sickness, and emerged a sadder and a wiser girl—but looking years older. You had "nothing on to spoil," had you? That is what you said before you started;—and it wouldn't be rain, and an umbrella looked ridiculous, and a cloak was cumbersome, and so on, and so forth. Besides, you had been in the habit of thinking yourself so strong and robust, and possessed of such a constitution. Believe me, girls, it is often people who boast thus who go down first, and have even more difficulty in getting up again than your thinner, more fragile, but "nerveful" girls. I coin the word "nerveful" in contradistinction to "nervous," which is generally understood to mean the possession of nerves that are weak and shaken.

A girl then should remember that, although she may have no dress on that will spoil, she has health, and she may spoil that.

Many people catch cold soon through the feet and legs. And it is a fact that, if these are well protected by warm, thick stockings—on a journey or pleasure trip, the wearer can weather almost anything. The reason is this: the feet and lower parts of the legs are but sparsely protected by muscle, yet all the blood in the body passes through these about once in every three minutes. If these portions of the body therefore are ice-cold, and you are sitting still in a *char-a-banc* or boat, the blood is bound to get chilled, and to pass upwards towards the heart in this cold condition. In a lesser degree the same holds good—or bad—as regards the hands.

If I can but succeed in getting my girl readers, or their mothers either, to remember and profit by these wholesome truths, this paper will not have been written in vain.

I should add, that there is often more danger of a chill while going out for a sail or row than in taking a drive. It may feel warm and balmy on shore, but your boat has no sooner made a bit of offing than the wind blows round your waist, and seems trying to cut you in two. In going, therefore, for either a sail or drive, do not forget your mackintosh; and should you expect to be out after sunset, take your feather boa also. You are even better provided thus than you would be with an umbrella. I myself have all a Scotchman's prejudice against an umbrella, much preferring a plaid in all weathers, and I am not going to recommend the umbrella to my readers. The girls of any other ladies' magazine may look like dowdies if they choose, but I should be sorry to have our girls look like that.

"I've got nothing on that will spoil." Yes, you have, miss. You have your complexion. Many a girl has had her complexion ruined by a chill. I don't refer to the effects of the wind or rain beating in the face—that may even do good; but to derangement of the functions of the liver, the stomach, and circulation. And from a derangement of this sort—neglected perhaps—oftentimes date very many ruined complexions.

As to the liver, a chill throws it out of gear by congesting it with blood; for the cold sends the blood away from the surface of the body, and it must go somewhere. No serious mischief may occur to the liver, but for a time, at all events, it is less able to perform its duties cheerfully, and a slight degree of biliousness is the result, with lowness of spirits, and probably dyspepsia. The bile is not properly eliminated from the blood. The eye is less clear—in some cases it is muddy—and the bile lies on the under skin of the face; sometimes, indeed, if you tighten the skin, say, of the cheek, with the fingers of both hands, before the glass, you will note that it is not so white as it was wont to be.

Some antibilious medicine would help to remedy this defect, if taken at once; then the morning cold or tepid tub, and plenty of fresh air, would carry off all the bad effects.

But the chill may produce disturbance in the circulation, with or without some degree of indigestion; and this in its turn may cause the disfiguring mischief commonly known as pimples. Why, even one or two of these is sufficient to spoil the fair face of beauty. But independent of this, some girls have a tendency to *acne*—the doctor's name for this trouble. It may be produced from a too watery condition of the blood, or from indigestion, worry, excitement, etc. In such cases the cure must consist in restoring the balance of the nervous system, and getting rid of the dyspepsia. Plenty of ripe fruit should be taken, especially in the morning, good tomatoes—English—and any not too ripe fruit that happens to be in season.

Sea-bathing, if it can be had, has an excellent

action for good on the skin and blood, and therefore tends to cure *acne*. Great care must be taken with the diet while dyspepsia lasts. The same kind of food will not suit everyone, but it may be taken as a general rule that sloppy food is injurious to people with weak stomachs. Even soup itself had often better be avoided. A little good, tender, solid food is preferable, time of course being taken to eat it. But if you determine to regulate the diet, your living by rule must be boldly maintained day after day for many weeks, and strict attention given to the rules of hygiene which in these papers I have so often laid down.

Next comes cod liver oil. This sometimes has a magical effect in the cure of *acne*. If it really cannot be borne, however—after a week's trial—then you must substitute the Kepler Extract of Malt. Begin either the oil or the malt by taking a dessertspoonful twice or thrice daily after meals, and increasing to a tablespoonful. It should be kept up for a month or six weeks. If the appetite is not good, ten drops of dilute nitro-muriatic acid in an ounce of chiretta bitter taken two or three minutes before meals will improve it, and tone the nerves also. Pepsalia may be used instead of table-salt, or a pepsin pill taken.

The iodide of sulphur ointment may be used for the cure of the pimples; or if you ask your chemist for a bottle of almond emulsion containing half a grain of corrosive sublimate to the ounce, this may prove a very useful application. Remember, however, that corrosive sublimate is a highly dangerous poison. For the cure of *acne*, therefore, I would have you to trust more to hygienic means and constitutional remedies than to face applications.

Those little black specks or dots, called by some worms in the face, may sometimes be cured by rubbing in every night a little calomel.

When there is anything the matter with the face, I warn you to beware of face powders; for if you clog up the sweat glands, or sebaceous glands, a pimple is almost sure to come on. A cooling face lotion for ordinary purposes may be made as follows—Elderflower water eight ounces, glycerine water one ounce,

Californian borax one quarter of an ounce, and a little oil of lavender to suit taste. Cold cream or rose cream are both equally cooling.

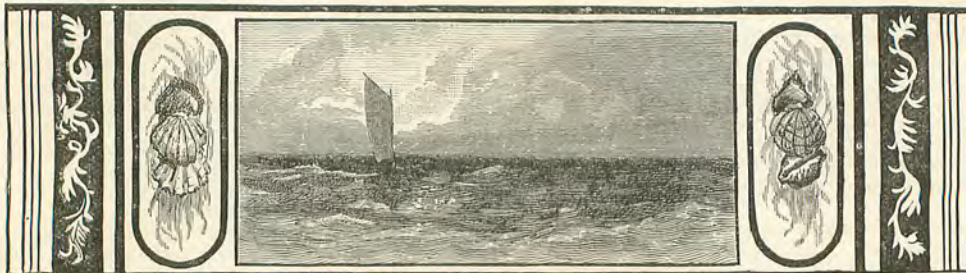
Now, there is a trouble called *Acne rosacea*, and this is really the technical term for red nose. All that I have said above concerning the constitutional treatment of pimples holds good in that of red nose. I am sorry to say it is often most obstinate, and is frequently caused by liver ailment. Those afflicted in this way may be much better in fine weather; but an east wind or exposure of any kind makes them bad again. So does any excess of diet. This should be restricted, and stimulating sauces, or stimulants of any kind, carefully avoided.

I am sorry I have no panacea for the trouble; but I may tell you that I have done good—especially in cases where there were pimples as well as the redness—with a lotion of eau de Cologne one ounce, corrosive sublimate one grain. The parts should be damped with this about three times a day. This is also *poison*, and probably your chemist will not let you have it. The redness from the nose sometimes extends over one side of the face. In all bad cases you ought to put yourself under the treatment of your family doctor, and the sooner the better.

To clear a complexion from "muddiness," an old-fashioned but good remedy is as follows:—To a pint of filtered rain-water add a wineglassful of lime juice and a few drops of attar of roses. Shake well. To use it you simply damp the face and hands with it, and let it stay on for a few minutes. This may be done three times a day. The lotion is a cooling one, easily made, and safe.

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"Can't we mount above it?" That was what Nora said to me on the mountain-side. A man would hardly have thought about such a plan. He would simply have sat down and—and smoked. But really I think the simple saying, "Can't we mount above it?" is worthy of being remembered. At any rate, in all our trials, and even sicknesses, it is always best to—*look up*.



THE IDYL OF A SEA-MOSS.

By ADA M. TROTTER.

On the horizon the dancing flames of light proclaimed the rising sun. The laughing waves splashed the crimson rays, scattering them in dazzling refulgence, to spread over the bay, in and out the eddies ebbing on the reef, downwards through the clear water stretching, until the paradise of mosses, swaying with the ebb and flow, caught the radiance, and glanced up, golden-tipped and tinted.

The blue and gold went drifting on from horizon to shore, as the sun, cloudless, sent forth its myriad rays, to play in and out the depths with rainbow hues, until recalled by the last flames of the sunset.

The sunbeams were great talkers. "Why not?" asked the mosses, laughing at the mirthful babble around. "Such travellers as they are, with the whole world lying at their feet! More—more!" was their genial cry.

Sea urchins awoke, and crawled along the ledges of the rocks; crabs put on their utmost speed, lest the ebbing tide should leave them stranded. The star-fishes, creeping over the opening mussels, made their morning meal, while the rose-tinted anemone swept the sunlit tide with its fragile tentacles, seeking some victim worth assimilating.

The sea-mosses grew from some coarse

dulse, which clung to the rocks always in deep water. The sun was scarcely up, when overhead drifted a shadow. The beams thus pushed aside cried in warning chorus, "A boat—a boat!"

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried a young girl. A sonorous voice replied, "Let me reach it with my oar?"

"You cannot, professor. What a pity!"

The sea-moss, looking up, saw two eager faces gazing at her swaying, perfect form.

"Can't you get it?"

"Impossible!"

"What is it?"