

BONNY GOLD.

When I was quite a little boy I dearly prized a  
"brown,"  
Felt wealthy with a "tizzy," and went mad o'er half-a-  
crown;  
There was music in their jingle to please my boyish  
heart.  
For well I knew that every "brown" would buy an  
apple tart.  
But now for childish tastes like these I've grown too  
stiff and old,  
And care little for any sound save that of bonny gold.

Talk not to me of music; it has charms, I know them  
well;  
For I've heard the deep-voiced organ through majestic  
arches swell;  
And in aylvan still recesses I have heard the summer's  
hum  
Like the murmur of a fountain through the leafy forest  
come.  
O'er my sickened wearied senses all this sweetness softly  
rolled;  
But I longed for other music—'twas the chink of bonny  
gold.

I've heard the trumpet's martial note, that called upon  
the brave  
To wreath their brows with glory's crown or seek a  
soldier's grave;  
Alone I've heard on Alpine heights the echoing thunder  
roll,  
Alone I've heard the angry waves boom heartless on  
the shore;  
Yet what were these but thrilling sounds whose music  
little told,  
Compared to volumes spoken by the chink of bonny  
gold!

If I should hear an organ grind a waltz before my door,  
It makes me dream I sail again along the polished floor;  
But as I coax my pipe and watch the curling smoke  
arise,  
My smiling fancy half recalls a laughing pair of eyes—  
Of heartless eyes that years ago declared my own too  
old.  
Because I could not dazzle them with bright and bonny  
gold.

There's music in my dear one's voice, I love her words  
to hear,  
For softly and caressingly they fall upon my ear;  
I love the patter of her feet, the tremor of her sighs,  
The rustle of her silken dress, her greetings and good-  
byes;  
But yet I love my money more, nor deem my bosom  
cold,  
For how shall we be wed without the help of bonny  
gold!

'Tis said that gold is evil's root, and preachers all  
declare  
That wealth is a delusion, all a vanity, a snare.  
"Sweet, sweet is humble poverty," these gentlemen  
will say,  
"The virtues of humility will never pass away;"  
Nor must pale Poverty to them her piteous tale unfold.  
For persons hate the jingling sound of their departing  
gold.

'Tis true that youth and health and love can ne'er be  
bought  
Yet want of these has oftentimes by want of gold been  
wrought.  
The withered cheek, the wasted form, the wrinkled brow  
of care,  
The broken heart, the rayless eye, the silver-threaded  
hair,  
All tell a tale, and sadly prove life's blessings must be  
sold.  
Ere some may hear the merry chink of bright and bonny  
gold.

"Can this be life?" I murmured, "this the object of  
man's soul?  
The stormy sea beneath him, and gold his only goal?  
Can this be life?" I murmured, as I gazed upon the  
weal,  
And saw it in the glory of its evening beauty dressed.  
"Ah, no; beyond life's ocean the weary may behold  
A fabled land whose portal gleams more bright than  
bonny gold."

Cecil Maxwell-Lytle.

MEDICAL USE OF WINES.

The enormous number and variety of true red wines from the Gironde, most of which are now freely imported into this country, make it a task of no small difficulty to discuss their medical value and uses. This wide range of selection has recently been brought before us in a most striking manner, by contrasting the price of a *vin ordinaire* of the cheapest and commonest type (10l. or 1s. per bottle), with the sums that well-matured wines of the best vintages may command. At a sale by public auction during the present month, Leoville Lascases' (1864 vintage) was sold at £10 per dozen, whilst Château Latour (1855 vintage) reached the almost fabulous price of £12. The patient's daily question, "What shall I drink?" requires more consideration than is usually devoted to it before the medical adviser gives the stereotyped reply, "Oh, you can take a little claret." For more than a century the various vineyards on the different estates of the Médoc district have been classified in five great classes. The first-class comprises only the three great vineyards, Château Lafite, Château Margaux, and Château Latour. To the general public the mere name of these vineyards is of scarcely any value, even if the accuracy of the label on the bottle can be assured, for much depends on the year in which the wine is produced and the period at which it has been bottled. Besides the wines admitted into the great classes, there are many others produced on estates in the Médoc district, cultivated by the *bourgeois* proprietors; and although these take a lower rank in the estimation of the wine-importer, they are, especially in good years, often as sound and good as those which have been fortunate enough to secure an entrance into the classified lists. Still cheaper clarets are bought from the peasant-proprietors, and these form the *vin ordinaire* or Médoc which is supplied to every one with his meals at the French restaurants. It has been estimated that of the total yield of wines in an average year, the classed wines form only 2 per cent., the superior table wines 12 per cent., the medium

20 per cent., and the *vins ordinaires* the remaining 66 per cent. Besides names derived from the estate, other clarets are merely marked with the name of the commune in which the wine has been grown, such as St. Julien, St. Estèphe, or Margaux. As far as the classified wines are concerned, none are to be trusted without the brand of the estate; of the others with simply the name of the commune, the veracity and knowledge of the importer form the only guarantee for the purchaser. As a rule, the name of the commune is put on to indicate rather a certain class and price of wine than to show its place of growth. Too frequently for market purposes the different wines are blended, so that except under special circumstances, or by securing a classified wine, a pure growth is unobtainable. As an additional precaution, we may mention that adulterated claret is common enough in the market, and this must be particularly borne in mind when the cheaper varieties are recommended. Such mixtures are usually compounded of water, alcohol, and cheap Spanish wine, with a small quantity of sour claret added thereto. In true claret the taste is astringent and sub-acid, never really sour, and even in the roughest samples the peculiar vinous bouquet is well-marked. The date of the year of vintage, not mere age, is all-important in regard to the quality of claret; and of course this can only be known with certainty when the buyer purchases his wine on the spot from the grower, and lays it by himself for future use. Red clarets with much tannin and an average percentage of alcohol require to be kept for ten or twelve years, that they may fully develop their best qualities, and their market value increases with their age. The best vintage of late years has undoubtedly been that of 1875, and next to that of 1870, 1868, and 1865, until we go back to the exceptionally fine year of 1864.

The clinical value of red clarets is exceedingly great, and every therapist is fully aware of the marked benefit that is derived from their use in most cases in which tonics are indicated. There are few conditions in which they really disagree, if taken in ordinary quantities. Their especial value consists in the fact that when taken with the meals they are true tonics, and have neither a stimulating nor a sedative effect. Even the higher-priced red clarets are much less stimulating than the Sauternes, and of course cannot be compared for a moment in this respect to either the red or the white Burgundies. The tonic effect of claret is due most probably to the peculiar combination of tannin with a certain but low percentage of alcohol, and it is remarkable how little variation in chemical composition exists between true red clarets, although the price differs very greatly. The year of vintage, the age of the wine, and the characteristics of the vineyard, by determining the bouquet and fragrance of the wine, enhance the price, but interfere only very slightly indeed with its chief constituents as far as can be shown by chemical analysis. In cases of anemia, ordinary debility from overwork, feeble digestion, &c., a sound red claret is almost as good a prescription as most of the tonic drugs in the Pharmacopœia, and is always an advantageous adjunct to this class of remedies. Of course, it must only be taken with the meals, and in no case should more than half a bottle be permitted with the meal. In this quantity the amount of alcohol is very small, as may be seen by analysis. In addition to the tonic properties of red claret, its value in increasing the appetite and aiding digestion is of great importance. Many patients who can eat but little, and so lose strength, especially in hot weather, improve very much if they take wine with their meals, and for this purpose claret is especially suitable. The centage of grape-sugar is very small indeed; it is much less than in ordinary Sauternes, or white clarets, although not so small as in the specimens of Chablis and Meursault. Hence the diabetic patient may safely take an occasional wine-glass of red claret, and there is this special advantage—that he need not be prohibited from the more expensive wines of this class, whereas Sauternes and white Burgundies of high class would inevitably increase his malady. Clarets are generally spoken of as "sour" wines, and avoided by the gouty and rheumatic; but this is certainly a mistake. The amount of fixed acid is less than in most wines, and the low percentage of alcohol is a still further advantage in such cases. In several cases of atonic gout a glass or two of good claret daily has been taken with great benefit, although the patients may have been told that whisky, gin and brandy were the only permissible forms in which they should take alcohol. In the treatment of persons with a tendency to obesity claret, as is well known, is particularly useful, and this is doubtless also, in part at least, due to the absence of any amount of unfermented sugar. The amount of tannin sufficiently explains the astringent character of red wine, and this is of great advantage in treating cases of any tendency to relaxed or chronically congested mucous membranes. It is this astringency which clinically separates the thin red clarets from the thin white ones, and renders them available for so many more forms of disease.

Good sound red Bordeaux wines evidently differ very little in rough analysis, and a patient may take either the cheaper or the more expensive varieties without running any risk of their having different medicinal effects, provided he is satisfied that he is dealing with a true and not a manufactured claret. Seven analyses of typical wines of different degree, from the high-priced classified samples to

the cheapest *vin ordinaire*, show a difference of only 1.3 per cent. by volume of absolute alcohol (from 10.21 volumes to 11.52), of .1 per cent. in tannin, of .95 per cent. of grape-sugar, and .7 per cent. of fixed acid, whilst the sum of total solids only varies from 1.64 to 2.14 parts in 100 volumes.

The importance of this constancy in chemical composition is the more striking if we compare it with the great variability that is shown by the different typical samples of the white Bordeaux and white Burgundy wines. It is obvious that in choosing a red claret, diabetic, gouty, rheumatic, dyspeptic, or anæmic patients have a much more extensive range, with perfect safety, than they possess if the white wines have been ordered for their malady.

It is generally considered that the wines from the Château Haut Brion and from the St. Emilion district contain more alcohol and tannin than red clarets in general, but we had no certified specimens submitted to us for analysis.

THE ELDERLY MALE FLIRT.

This fascinating creature is not married. He has been too clever to fall into the toils of matrimony. He was born to keep perpetual holiday, not to become the slave of any woman. So he has roamed from flower to flower, sipping the sweets of each. Probably he has made love some hundreds—we might, perhaps, be justified in writing thousands—of times; but nothing has resulted from his devotion to the fair sex except legions of kisses, myriads of surreptitious squeezes, and hosts of hopes never to be realized. Glorifying in the fact that he is a regular "killer" of the fair sex, he has stormed many a virgin heart, not with any serious object, but simply in order to gratify his inordinate vanity and minister to his perverted taste. He is like a true conqueror. His conquests do not satisfy him long. Having carried the citadel of some fair maiden's affections, and thoroughly laid it waste, he rejoices to leave it in its desolation, while he "seeks fresh fields and pastures new" to ravage and destroy. It does not occur to him to look behind and contemplate the wrecks that he has made. *Blasé* and not too moral—sometimes he varies what may be termed his respectable flirtations by amours of a not very respectable character—he considers that the game of love is one which may be played many times and with many partners, and that no well-constituted mind will grieve over the forfeits incidental to the fascinating diversion. He knows that when he has to perform on the second fiddle in the presence of a more successful rival he feels deeply mortified, and that the charms of the fair enslaver in question increase a hundredfold in his eyes. But he would, possibly, feel equally mortified if he got thoroughly beaten in a billiard match or was bowled for "a duck" while playing at cricket. The element of genuine affection does not enter into the matter at all, and he is ready to console himself on the first opportunity and will, in his next triumph, forget about his present humiliation. Thus, it will readily be seen that the terms on which he plays with innocent girls, whose principal characteristics are their thoughtlessness, their giddiness, their impulsiveness, and their readiness to believe anything which a well-favoured man may say to them, are unequal, and that it would, in many cases, be a good thing if he could now and then be placed under a pump and have the graceful contour of his curled locks destroyed by a liberal application of cold water.

Up to a certain point the career of the Elderly Male Flirt is composed of a series of successes. An ordinary every-day sort of lover, who blushes, and stumbles, and blunders in the conventional, stereotyped way, and whose great characteristic is that he is very much in earnest, frequently has very little chance against him. He is full of neat compliment and fine phrases, he is quick to seize opportunities, he is gallant in his bearing, and there is about him a certain audacity which is not without its charm to the feminine mind. So it is not surprising that he becomes the burning and shining light of many a picnic and the beau of many a ball-room. But, even when such a happy lot befalls him, he will be careful that the general company shall not see his grandest performances. His principal feats will be performed in shady corners, and in cool retreats away from the glare and the glitter of the gaslights.

But a day of reckoning comes for the Elderly Male Flirt as it does for all other offenders against good taste and propriety. He loses, in a large measure, his power to charm. He becomes stiff about the joints, and slow and inelegant in action. Lines develop themselves on his face in such a way that when he attempts to ogle a girl his countenance assumes a grotesque, if not positively malevolent, appearance. Grey hairs display themselves among his carefully-trimmed locks and whiskers, a bald patch exhibits itself on the top of his head, and one of his front teeth wickedly takes its departure. The extreme juvenility of the raiment which he affects seems to render still clearer the fact that he has passed into the period of the sere and yellow leaf. But though when he is "got up" his appearance is calculated to excite ridicule rather than admiration, he still affects the gaieties and the love-makings of his youth. When he goes a merry-making with parties of bachelors and spinsters, there is something extremely incongruous in his appearance. The general impression is that he has had his day, that he is only doing again what he has done hundreds of times before, and that if he were well advised he would devote himself to more sensible oc-

cupations. Many of those whom he essays to charm laugh at him; others good-naturedly tolerate him, but leave his side on the first opportunity; others cruelly snub him; and others do not disguise that they regard his polite advances as so many impertinences which they would feel thankful to be spared. One moment fair hands, instigated by masculine tempters, will pet him with missiles; the next they will hide his hat; and in a variety of other ways he will be made the object of small persecutions. The wonderful part of the matter is that he is not taught wisdom. But he is unworthy of pity, and it would not be worth while to give him advice.

FASHION NOTES.

THE new coiffures are all very flat and smooth. DOTTED fabrics are growing in fashionable favour.

FANCY feathers will be worn only on Derby hats.

STRINGS of pearls in the coils of the hair are again fashionable.

PLUSH will take the place of velvet in millinery next season.

JET ornaments will be used to excess on fall hats and bonnets.

THE "hermit" polonaise is the novelty in early fall garments.

BREAKFAST caps are *de rigueur*, with a dressy morning toilet.

PLUSH and satin will be used together in trimming costumes.

MANY narrow flounces appear on the skirts of some full dresses.

BALAYEUSES of the same stuff as the costume are coming into vogue.

OLONAISES, basques, round waists and pointed bodices are all in vogue.

TRAINS are still worn for full dress, but short dresses are also admissible on ceremonious occasions.

THE fashionable coiffure is now low in the nape of the neck, but short women cling to the high hair dressing.

AT present it is the high fashion in Paris to make the corsages of evening dresses high in the neck, but with very short or no sleeves.

VERY young ladies have adopted the fashion of wearing large embroidered and lace-trimmed collars, just like those worn by small children.

JERSEY webbing of plain stockinet, and in all colours to match the grounds of plaid and damask novelties, are in the hands of manufacturers for the fall trade.

HUMOROUS.

SOME women were evidently born to blush unseen—at least they are never seen to blush.

A YOUNG man of society out making a call may wear two watches and yet not know when it is time to go home.

"A SEASIDE residence" is the last phrase invented to describe a two-roomed hut within sight of the ocean.

A NEW YORK gentleman recently got a proposal of marriage from an "unknown" lady. He replied that his wife weighed one hundred and ninety, and that she had opened the letter.

It is now claimed that the first time the expression "Eureka" was used was when Archimedes sat down on a tack for which he had been looking nearly twenty minutes.

ONE of our religious contemporaries remarks: "The editor of this paper writes his editorials on his back." We write ours on paper. It comes handier to us, and much more convenient for the printers.

"I WONDER, uncle," said a little girl, "if men will ever yet live to be 500 or 1,000 years old?" "No, my child," responded the old man, "that was tried once, and the race grew so bad that the world had to be drowned."

"I'd never have gone into parliament," says a Tory squire who, somewhat against his will, has been returned for his county. "Had I known they were going to pull out this Greek question again, I had enough of Greek questions at Eton."

THERE is a difference between land and water. A young man may be able to earn only a salary of \$12 a week, but put him in the surf, and if he has a strong arm and knows how to swim he is the king bee among the ladies, while the bloated millionaire bangs disconsolately and alone on the safety rope.

It is a good thing for Noah that he had the only ark adrift in all the universe at the time of the flood. If there had been just one more ark there would have been a collision the third day out, unless things were managed better than they are now. And probably they were not, as it seemed to be considered dangerous to send out more than one ark at a time.

THE Norwich Bicycle Club have adopted a rule in cases where horses are liable to be frightened by the bicycle. It is to have the driver of such horse raise his hand twice, when the bicycle rider will get down, put his bicycle under his coat, clasp his hands behind and appear to be looking intently in another direction as if he didn't know what was going on. This, it is thought, will give the horse confidence to go by. However, it is not the bicycle that scares the horse, but the legs of the rider.

APPROPOS of the Tanner excitement is the following anecdote of a London lady of fashion: She was walking with one she deemed a kindred spirit. The lunch bell rang. The lady was thin and æsthetic, and proud of her mental and physical etherealness. Her companion suggested a move to the dining-room. The lady said, with one of her sweetest, saddest smiles, "I have eaten half a rose, I have kept the other half for my supper."

IT IS WORTH A TRIAL.

"I was troubled for many years with Kidney Complaint, Gravel, &c.; my blood became thin; I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about, and was an old, worn-out man all over, and could get nothing to help me, until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of 30, although I am 72, and I have no doubt it will do as well for others of my age. It is worth the trial. (Father).