

# l Troubles.

country at least, brings to which Tanner, lately the elucidation of the great extent to which must have caused themselves the more food and in our bodies in one that can be, for, as a requisition their ten during the

re more healthy ousness is con- many considered ots, who live on Arabs, who will tes, are sinewy, depend upon it, true as regards

to be lifted up er-indulgence in table; but just and the admisc- men of my pro- out just as many humanity as does ay be mentioned gout, liver com- digestion, which in enfeblement, n. Much evil is ed cookery. The e better, and the e of the table. A ut you, glittering ut its tempting ers may generally n. A craving for dishes is a sure rgans, which is f rapidly-advanc- age.

it; but I want to e can eat and the e healthier and. This belief does it becomes a still adly one during s. Think you it atient's throat, at dainties to tempt is evidently out of ten and often a uld be greatly in- pitched out of the tle sent after to ht be learned from Topsy was lap- ut lo! and behold, essed half the brief canine race, Topsy ese to a degree, it age exercise, its est foods were re- its happiness and t gone too was its nee was called in, l at the house of a urgeon—since dead.

And what do you judicious starving. epepsia from errors and partially embrane, that deli- ll the air-passages oughout its whole ed in the morning, and lacks appetite, and dryness of the e perhaps constipation. y prescribe a little ach needs a rest, n, aerated, or iced, ave one from the ts from the incon- ll then have time it and the stomach e blood will have

time to get clear of its poisonous properties, whether acid or bile, and a newness of life and general freshness will be the happy result.

Many people lack the moral courage to go in for a day now and again of extreme abstemiousness. Such people, then, would do well to get away to sea for twelve hours or more: if they suffer from the motion all the better, they will not think of eating much.

Could the throat keep day by day a list of the various articles of diet and drink which pass it, their quantity, quality, and times of passing, and present it to its owner at the end of the week, many of us, I trow, would have no cause to wonder that we sometimes feel somewhat "out of sorts."

But I must now say a word about the throat in other senses of the word, as it comprises not only the gullet, but the uvula and tonsils, as well as the organ of voice, and it is intimately connected, as will presently be seen, with the internal ear. Children that have been exposed to wet, damp, or cold winds are very subject to sore throats. There is usually much pain, swelling, and difficulty of swallowing. The disease, like most children's ailments, requires prompt treatment, the object being to prevent suppuration. You must keep the child in-doors, if not in bed, and give a cooling aperient. Children are frequently very persistent in their refusal to take medicine of any kind, and it is always better to coax than to force them. Indian senna tea, with a little Epsom or Rochelle salts in it, makes a nice easily-administered laxative. About a quarter of an ounce, or rather less, of the senna-leaves is infused in a wine-glassful of boiling water for half an hour, a pinch or two of salts added, the clear liquor is poured off, and coffee may then be added to help disguise the flavor. It should be served up from a small coffee or tea-pot, and sugar and milk added, when it will seldom be refused. Cool soothing drinks should be given, and about twenty drops of the wine of Ipecacuanha every four hours. Hartshorn liniment should be used on the neck and a strip of flannel worn. If this simple treatment should fail to remove the disease, it will be advisable to call in a physician.

The swelling may go away, and the pain externally, and the tonsils remain hard and big. In this case give the child from a tea-spoonful to a dessert-spoonful of cod-liver oil three times a day, and apply iodine liniment once a day externally. Just one hint here to mothers: the value of fresh air and exercise to young children who are unable to walk far cannot easily be over-rated, and the so-called perambulator is a blessing to thousands; but the danger of a child catching cold therein is very great indeed. See, then, that your infants are well wrapped up before they are sent out, and especially that their hands and feet be snug, and you will be well rewarded by having fewer medicines to use in the nursery.

Some people are very subject to elongation of the uvula, that little tongue-like thing that you see hanging down in the centre of the back part of the throat. Although not a dangerous, it is a troublesome complaint, from the disagreeable tickling cough to which it gives rise, with sometimes an inclination to retch. There is usually relaxation of the throat along with it, and often the whole system wants bracing up. At the same time, therefore, that astringent gargles—say alum or chlorate of potash—are used, tonics should be taken; the best are those composed of iron, or iron and quinine, in some bitter infusion.

When the tonsils are ulcerated strong applications may be required, probably the solution of nitrate of silver, or solid caustic itself, and in these cases—and indeed I might say in nearly all cases of sore throat—great relief is obtained by inhaling the vapor of either plain or medicated hot water. The inhaler is a very simple contrivance, and can be bought for a few shillings. No family, in my opinion, should be without one in this uncertain climate.

It is often a sad affliction when public speakers, actors, clergymen, and others are suddenly attacked with sore throat. To such as these the inhaler would indeed be a boon, by its use. Hoarseness of voice is a disagreeable ailment for either speaker or singer to have. Those that are subject to it should never permit the state of their health to sink below par. Plenty of exercise in the open air is essential, good food, and the use of tonics, ferruginous or otherwise, according to the state of the blood.

In hoarseness after long speaking, I would sug-

gest the following treatment:—Keep quiet, to give rest to the organ of voice; well redden the lower part of the front of the neck with hartshorn and oil liniment; take an aperient pill or two before retiring, and place the feet and legs in a mustard bath, about three ounces of mustard to a pail of hot water. People who speak or sing much in public should well exercise the vocal organs by daily singing or reading aloud in private. I dare say every great singer who ever lived has had her or his own way of clearing the voice, and keeping it clear during a long performance. Everything that can be chewed or swallowed has been tried, from a beef-steak to a bit of borax. The beef-steak would do good by strengthening the body, the borax lozenge sucked and the juice swallowed would act beneficially by removing or preventing relaxation of the throat and glottis.

Inflammation of the tonsils often becomes chronic, or enlargement continues after inflammation has ceased, or the organs become hard and hypertrophied without any inflammation, and this state is a frequent cause of deafness. The rationale of this is that the tumours have a tendency to grow upwards and encroach upon the mouth of the eustachian tube. This tube it is that communicates with the drum of the ear and supplies it with air. It can easily be understood, then, that if it is not patent, if it is occluded in any way, either by slight inflammation, as during a cold, or by being pressed upon by a tumor, deafness may be the result. I do not mean to go into the subject of deafness in this paper, further than to say that the kind of enlarged tonsil which produces deafness is not usually visible to the sufferer himself, who may examine his throat at a looking-glass, nor even to the surgeon who merely trusts to inspection by eye alone, and not by finger. This fact ought, I think, to lead many, who have the misfortune to be deaf, instead of settling quietly down to the burden of so great an affliction, to visit some eminent aurist for examination, and mayhap for an operation which will bring relief.

## Family Circle.

### A Brave Deed.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LOST KEY," ETC., ETC.

I.

ADA CARFIT was decidedly the belle of Sharborough; and as that small but bustling Midland town had a reputation amongst its neighbours for lovely lasses, the distinction was a great one. In figure, the girl was somewhat small and slight; but in feature she had attained almost to perfection, both of outline and of tint. She had a lofty, well-proportioned brow, around which rippled rich waves of auburn hair. She had eyes of dreamy blue, cheeks just sufficiently tinged with delicate carnine to throw into relief the pearly whiteness of her teeth. The worst of it was, she knew that she was beautiful, and the knowledge spoiled her.

Ada was the only child of a wealthy Sharborough manufacturer, and added to her other charms that of being a very considerable heiress. Naturally she had of suitors not a few. But Ladies Clara Vere de Vere can exist in much lower circles than that of the poet's faulty heroine, and Ada Carfit had caught the vice of a proud coquetry. She relished her power over susceptible hearts, and did her best to extend it. The breath of homage was as life to her. She led her wooers gently on till the coils were all about them, and then, of a sudden, they found an impassable barrier erected, and Ada's smiles were for newer comers. It was an amusement, half the zest of being, to her; she never wasted an anxious thought on what it might mean to her victims. Men were strong, and must protect themselves.

The last to enter the charmed circle had been a youth from the North, who in appearance and manners was certainly at a disadvantage with those whom he quickly came to consider his rivals.

Roger Herlestone was two-and-twenty; but his thick-set, burly figure, and his abundance of beard, made him look years older. He was heavy in feature, uncertain in movement, and awkward in address. As the nephew of Mr. Marston, of Marston and Marsh, cotton mill owners, his prospects were very good. But the knowledge of this fact somehow failed to give him the needed self-confidence.

Roger's many blunders made him to a large extent the butt of his male acquaintance, and it was probably this that caused Ada Carfit, out of sheer opposition, to treat him with marked favour. Philip Dare, the lawyer, had likened Roger to the proverbial "bull in a china shop;" and Philip Dare should be made to bite his lip with vexation at her deference to the despised one. But once again she was kind only to be cruel.

"I cannot tell whether she cares for me, or whether she does not," said Roger Herlestone to his younger brother, Martin. "Sometimes I think one thing, and sometimes another. But this I am sure of, she is all the world to me."

"Then I'd ask her, old fellow."

"But—but—she has always so many round her. Ada Carfit is the queen of a large circle, and I—"

"Have been the best of sons, the best of brothers, and, I have no doubt, would make the best of husbands."

"And I," said Roger, resuming slowly, and paying no heed to this enthusiastic praise, "am a rough and homely man, who has almost as good a right to dream of becoming Prime Minister as of winning such a wife."

"Nonsense, Roger! Don't be so unnecessarily modest. You are as good as she, and the girl must know it."

"Then," and the elder's tone changed suddenly, "I'll put

it to the test—and see. If Ada refuses me it will be just another dream dispelled, and I shall face the worst."

The opportunity soon came. The two were thrown much together at a summer picnic party, and some malign genius made Ada more than ever gracious. It seemed to her that she had at last succeeded in thawing the ice of her admirer's awkwardness, and the studied compliments he paid her awoke the gleam of a sunny, satisfied smile. She little suspected the commotion that was working beneath the surface. They had wandered out of sight and hearing of the rest, on pretence of examining some curiously-shaped rocks.

"How still the air is, under the sun!" said Ada, stopping at a low fence that crossed the hillside. For a moment her companion did not answer, and she cast a casual glance upwards at his face. What Ada saw there made her start and slightly shiver.

"Yes," he said, with a hoarse and mighty effort, "this is just the turn of the seasons, and this hush is frequent and very suggestive then. You and I have come to a turning-point too, Miss Carfit; and I must break the stillness by a very important question. Can you not guess what that is—the story I have to tell, Miss Carfit—Ada?"

"No, no. We had better return, I think. We shall be lost, Mr. Herlestone."

Ada was keeping her composure wonderfully, and she hoped that by this coldly-spoken hint the confession she feared might be averted. She did not know the speaker.

"Wait an instant, Ada," Roger cried, abandoning the last shelter of reserve, "I have this to tell, that you are more to me than any one else in the wide world can ever be. I love you, Ada—surely you must have divined it! Can you love me back again, however little? Will you some day be my wife?"

His words were coming swiftly enough now, and his beseeching eyes, gleaming within their shaggy recesses, emphasised their truth. The man was transformed, and a faint response of admiration was raised in the girl's heart. But he was—could be—no more to her than others she had rejected. This triumph she was used to and gloried in; though usually she had been better on her guard, and had stopped the deluded one before this stage was reached.

"I am sorry, Mr. Herlestone, you have said such things," she replied. "I thought you were above romance. That is partly why I trusted you. You seemed so—so sensible."

"It must surely be a sign of that to admire and to love—"

"Pray don't, Mr. Herlestone. It is all a mistake, I assure you."

"A mistake that you can ever care for me?"

"Yes, certainly."

There was a levity about the assurance that stung the young man well-nigh into madness. He had heard rumors of the girl's heartlessness, and had paid no heed, treating them as idle scandal born of envy. Now he could believe. The very reality of his own love revealed the hollowness of this maiden's smiles.

"Is it also an error that you encouraged me to think differently?" he asked; "that you accepted my advances?"

"It was your own fault; you did as you pleased. But you are forgetting yourself now, Mr. Herlestone."

"I admit it, and I apologize, Miss Carfit," he replied bitterly. "It was truly my own fault that I did not understand. I do now. You will let me see you back to our party?"

The return walk was whiled away by a very constrained conversation, and both were glad when it was over. A strange silence descended upon Ada Carfit for the rest of that afternoon. Even the mirth of other courtiers failed to do more than galvanise her into an outward semblance of interest and good-humour.

II.

It was many months later, and the storms of, perhaps, the wildest winter within living memory had descended upon these Northern Midlands. For day after day, and week after week, there was scarcely a break in the clouds or a pause in the gale. Wind and rain, wind and rain, was the dreary record; until the lakes were swollen, the streams impassable, and miles of low-lying pasture lands submerged.

Sharborough was not a pleasant place under such circumstances. Upon the very brightest heavens its huge manufacturing chimneys hung a yellow blot; and now the funeral-like pall of fog and smoke lowered overhead in a perpetual frown. Ada Carfit grew sick of it, and betook herself on a visit to an uncle at Baysditch, five miles away. There it was still, it is true, and seemed likely to rain. But Baysditch was in the open country, and behind it were the Porley Hills. The girl was better content, and could grumble there with a sense of less oppression.

Of Roger Herlestone, since her dismissal of him, she had seen very little. He was grown graver and more reticent, it appeared, than ever. And he had lately been taken in as junior partner by Marston and Marsh. That was all she knew. But somehow his face frequently haunted her. He had looked so resolute and manfully on those Porley Downs. She even sighed, thinking of it.

Ada's own image, despite his utmost efforts, was equally present with the young manufacturer.

"I think I despise and hate her as much as I once cared for her," he told his brother; "but forget her I can't."

"Fall in love with some one else," was Martin's sage recommendation. But Roger shook his head.

"Not yet," he said; "I have not sufficient confidence in female goodness since then. That was the greatest evil the girl did me. She destroyed faith at a blow."

"Stormy afternoon, Roger," said his uncle, two days later. "Do you mind driving to North Fulton to see about those missing orders? It will be best for one of the firm to go, as it is such a delicate question."

"I am perfectly willing, sir. I am not afraid of the weather in the least."

"Better start at once."

"So I will. I shall be back, then, by nightfall."

North Fulton was over the hills, ten miles off. The young man was quickly under weigh. He had to pass through Baysditch, and he was aware of Ada Carfit's presence there.

But it was nothing to him whether she saw him or not. The state of the roads was a much more serious consideration.

How high the waters were and still rising! Many houses in the valley were already isolated, and unless a speedy change took place—of which, alas! there was no symptom—the result must inevitably be grave disaster.

The wind lulled for an hour or two while Roger transacted his business. But it arose in redoubled fury as he commenced