the water. What is called the cold bath ranges from freezing point or a little over up to 65 deg., over that and up to 80 deg. would be a cool or temperate bath, 85 deg. would be tepid, 95 deg. warm, and about 100 deg. a hot bath.

I may here mention, parenthetically, that peat-water has been tried as a bath—temperature about 85 deg.; it is simply the brown stagnant water of our moors and mosses.

Of the *pine balsam* bath I cannot speak from personal observation, but I have it on very good authority that it is very soothing and beneficial in cases of chronic rheumatism, as well as in cases of excitable nervousness. The balsam is distilled from the tender green leaves of the pines, and the distillation is added to the warm bath, the quantity being increased daily. I do not need methinks to apologise for mentioning either of these baths, knowing from experience that long-suffering invalids are always glad to hear of anything that is even likely to do good, if they are at the same time assured that the remedy recommended cannot do harm.

People with tender skins often suffer, especially during the warm months of summer, with irritating rashes on the skin, akin to the prickly heat of tropical countries; the shoulders and arms are very commonly the seat of the annoyance. The *starch-bath* will be very soothing in such cases: to a couple of pailfuls of tepid water add about two ounces of powdered starch, previously well mixed with boiling water. The skin should be dried with a soft towel, and during the time the irritation continues, care should be taken to avoid all excess in eating or drinking, to wear the lightest of clothing consistent with warmth and comfort, to avoid exercise in the heat of the day, or anything likely to bring out perspiration, such as the drinking of hot tea or coffee; an occasional matutinal aperient will also do good.

The mustard foot-bath is supposed to be something that everybody knows all about, but why is it not more commonly used then? A bucketful of hot water is all that you want for a foot-bath, and into this is thrown a couple of ounces of the best mustard. It is then ready, and it is to be hoped that the patient who has taken it is also ready to jump into bed immediately after it. It is useful in cases of incipient colds, or headache, or sleeplessness from congestion of the head, or generally when one does not feel particularly well and would like a good night's rest. But let me warn you against the habit of taking what is called a "nightcap," after the mustard foot-bath, if you would not have the former counteract the effects of the latter.

When the skin is hot, and the patient fevered and weak, sponging the face, arms, legs, or chest with water in which vinegar has been mixed in the proportion of—vinegar, one part—water, five, is often extremely refreshing and grateful to the feelings. Bathing the hands, arms, and face alone will do good in many cases. People need not be afraid of this simple bath. I may add that toilet vinegar is better than that in common use.

As a morning tonic bath for children or weakly people generally, the *oak-bark* bath may be tried, with hopes of good results. The very name of this bath is a recommendation in itself. If you wish to try it, prepare the decoction the night before, so that you may add it to the bath in the morning. Add then a pound of bruised oak-bark to a quart of cold water and boil for half an hour. Supposing that your morning tub contains two gallons of tepid water, this quantity of decoction will do for two baths.

IN THE GLASS.

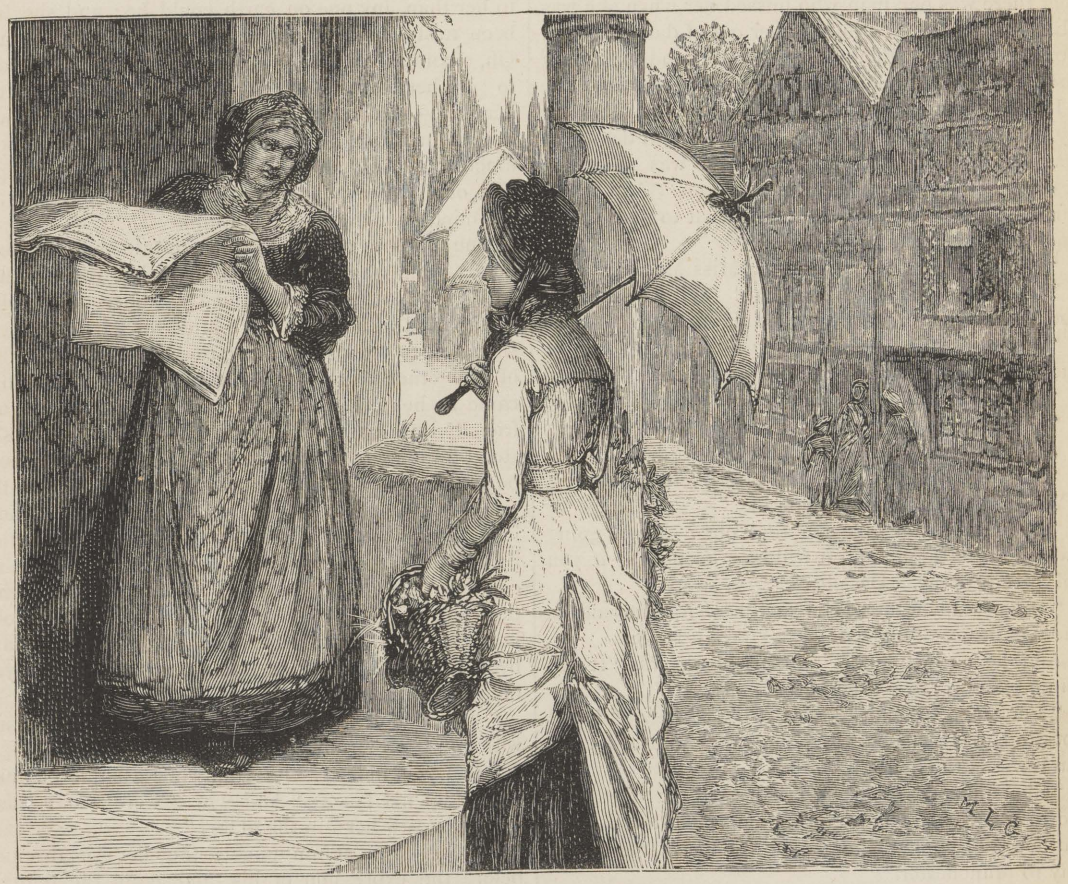
THE village of Slapton was as quiet a village as can be. There were few houses in it; and the congregation that gathered every Sunday at the parish church came chiefly from the farms that were scattered broad-cast over the surrounding country. The vicar was the Rev. Herbert Gardner, and he was the happy father of some half a dozen children, the eldest of whom, Mattie, was a charming girl of twenty. There was little society in the village, and Mattie's chief ideas of the world at large were drawn from the occasional visits she made to a relative who lived in the neighbouring county town. Still, though she was homely and unsophisticated, there was none of that affected simplicity you so often see in girls. She was a frank, fearless, outspoken girl, full of life and spirits, and never so happy as when rambling about the old Vicarage garden, picking basketfuls of roses for some sick boy or girl, and carrying with them sunshine into some darkened home. And in such works of real love and charity the last few years of her life had been mainly spent. Her father called her "his curate"—and as the living was a small one, she was the only curate he had. Mattie had been free as yet from "heart disease," though a neighbouring squire's son had made several awkward attempts at love-making; and though Mattie quite recognised the compliment he paid her, she never for a moment regarded him in any other light than as a friend, and remained herself

perfectly heart-whole. This had happened when she was eighteen, and time had gone on smoothly enough, and at twenty she was still happy in her uneventful lot.

But the smooth run of life's wheels was interrupted at last, and the wheels were jolted out of their usual track; for about this time there came to the village a young surgeon who was looking out for a good opening for practice, and had determined to settle down here. As a matter of course, he and Mattie often met in the fever. They are very poor, and any help you could give them would be of more use than medicine."

"Papa is from home," she said, "and will not return till to-morrow. But I will take them some beef-tea and port, if you think that would be good for him."

"Nothing could be better," said the doctor. "But you must not go there yourself for fear of infection. I am going past the house, and will take them myself, if you will give them to me."



"THE DOCTOR'S HOUSEKEEPER WAS STANDING AT THE DOOR WITH A PAPER IN HER HAND" (*p.* 346).

houses of the poor, and although not a word of love passed between them, people began to associate their names together, and to speak of what *might* happen as a certainty.

One day when Mattie was, as usual, amongst her roses, a servant came to say that Dr. Robertson had asked for her father, and, as he was from home, for her. When she entered the room with her basket of roses on her arm, the doctor might well be excused if he wondered which was fairer—the rose in the basket, or the rose with the basket. If such thoughts passed through his mind he quickly put them aside, for he said, "I came to ask Mr. Gardner if he would step down to old Silas Jones, who is very ill with

"No, thank you, doctor," said Miss Mattie. "I never shirk my duty nor delegate it to others, so I will take them myself."

"Anyway, let me walk with you, if you are going now, and we can talk about the case as we go."

In a few minutes the beef-tea and the wine were ready, and Mattie sallied forth with the doctor. And this was the way they talked about the case:—

"It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Glorious," said Mattie.

"What has become of you in the evenings lately? I used to see you frequently, but now you are never to be seen."

"Minnie has not been well lately, so I have stayed

at home on her account. It is pleasant to know that some one misses me," she said, laughing.

"I miss you a great deal, Miss Mattie—almost as much, if not quite as much, as your own people do. This is Jones's cottage: so now let me take the things in."

"No, indeed; I shall go in myself," said Mattie.

"No, decidedly no," said the doctor. "It can never be your duty to rush into uncalled-for danger. I am *obliged* to see these people, so let me take the basket in."

From that day it began to dawn on Mattie's heart that there was one man who missed her when she was absent, and who tried to keep her out of danger. And little by little this thought grew bigger and took more root, until there came a sort of echo to it, which said, "I miss him, too. I wish he had not to risk his life by going to see fever cases." And from that day there was less cordial friendship, and there was more shy reserve in her intercourse with the doctor. And sometimes Dr. Robertson did not know what to make of it, and one evening he said—

"What have I done to vex you, Miss Mattie?"

To which she replied, "Vex me! Why, nothing, of course. Whatever made you think you had?"

"My own stupidity, I suppose," replied he. "I should be very sorry to vex you, Miss Mattie."

"Then don't talk about it, else you will," she said.

"What a lovely rose that is! Would you mind giving it me to show me you are not vexed?" said the doctor.

"There are plenty on that bush," she answered. "You can take as many as you like."

"But won't you give me that one? I am going away for a fortnight, and it will be a keepsake—if you will give it to me. Do, please."

"If you really want it, you shall have it," she said, as she took it out of her bosom and gave it to him.

And he, as he pinned it in his coat, said, "It will remind me of a rose even fairer than itself."

"For shame, doctor!" said Miss Mattie. "I will not stop to hear such gross flattery;" and away she ran towards the house.

"Shake hands first," he cried. "I am going to-morrow, early. One may get smashed up on the journey, so I should like to part friends. It is a long way to Manchester."

She gave him her hand, saying, "Good-bye, Dr. Robertson; I wish you a pleasant journey."

He had been gone about a week when, as Mattie was coming down the street (if street it could be called), the doctor's housekeeper was standing at the door with a paper in her hand. When Mattie drew near, the old woman cried out, "Laws a mussy, Miss Mattie, but do'ee just read this paper. My owd eyes binna so good as they oncest was;" and the old lady held out a crumpled newspaper.

And Mattie read: "On the 24th inst., at the parish church, Manchester, James Robertson, M.D., only son of Peter Robertson, M.R.C.S. and L.S.A., of Manchester, to Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of the late Isaac Jefferson, of Bolton."

For a moment Mattie was speechless with mingled feelings. Then came the reflection that this garrulous old woman must not see her pain. And summoning up all her resolution, she said, "If you write to him, wish him much happiness for me."

In the solitude of her chamber, she looked into her heart, and learned her secret. This man, who was another's husband, had made himself dearer to her than any one on earth could be; and she had been mistaken in supposing that he cared for her. Oh, shame, shame, to love where she was not loved—to give her heart unasked! Still, she had never told her love—the secret was her own, and she could keep it inviolate, and meet him on his return without flinching. And although she had no power to put him out of her heart, she could and would prevent her mind from dwelling upon him.

One morning she heard that the doctor had come home. She was standing amongst her roses with a very sad heart, when she saw Dr. Robertson passing up the road with a lady. He lifted his hat to her, and she tried to return his salutation as she would that of any other friend, but somehow the warm blood came to her cheeks, and it was but a stiff and unfriendly little bow that she gave him. And while she stood thinking of it all, and wondering why she should be so unhappy, she heard footsteps behind her on the gravel walk, and turning, saw Dr. Robertson advancing eagerly to greet her. Again the crimson tide flooded her face, making her look very lovely in her confusion. But she managed to stammer out something about "glad to see you," when the doctor broke in with, "Not half so glad as I am to see you. I have been to a wedding since I left Slapton, and enjoyed my holiday immensely."

"Yes, I know," she said; "I saw your wife walking with you this morning."

"Did you, indeed?" he said, while a smile of quiet joy lit up his face. "And where were you looking when you saw her—in the glass?"

She looked up at him quickly, then her eyes dropped before the expression of his, and again the tell-tale blush overspread face and neck.

"Where did you see my wife, Mattie?"

"In the road," said Mattie.

"No, that was my sister," he replied.

"In the newspaper," she urged.

"That was my cousin," he explained. "Come here. Did you look in the glass this morning?"

"Yes," whispered Mattie.

"Then that's where you saw my wife—if you saw her anywhere."

And, of course, that settled it; and you all know what happened as well as I can tell you.

J. H.