

hesitated Ruth; "but there is one thing I am sure of, she is very proud of you, and anxious for your welfare."

"Oh dear, Ruth, I do hope you are not dreadfully sober; that sounded just like one of grandmamma's sentences. I think life ought to be happy. 'Youth at the helm and pleasure at the prow,' you know; but grandmamma is always lecturing about duty. Now I want to enlist you on my side (of course I don't want you to do anything wrong), and you can help me, for grandmamma has taken a great fancy to you, you know."

"Really?" asked Ruth, with some surprise, "I should not have thought so—at least—" with a sudden flush, "I—"

"Bravo, Ruth," cried Cissy, with a ripple of silvery laughter, "I quite understand, so don't try to explain. You think her manner to you brusque and dictatorial, and altogether odd."

"I never said so," replied Ruth, laughing and slightly embarrassed by this shrewd guess at her thoughts.

"Naturally, you would not, but you cannot help thinking so, for it is so, even to people she likes. Anyone she dislikes she simply ignores. What do you think she said about you when I asked her what you were like? I was curious to know, for we were both charmed with your letter. She said, Miss Dalrymple is good-tempered, intelligent, and a gentlewoman, and I don't think she's a hypocrite."

"I hope not," said Ruth, laughing and colouring a little.

"Oh, don't feel hurt!" said Cissy. "That is quite a flattering speech for her. Oh, dear! there's the gong, and I have heard nothing about you. Never mind, we must finish our talk to-night, when grandmamma has gone to bed."

Ruth wished that time had already come, she so much dreaded the ordeal before her. But when the two girls went downstairs Lady Braybrooke welcomed her very graciously. She was very silent during dinner, but Cissy kept up an unceasing flow of conversation, and was most affectionate in her manner to Ruth.

"You seem to have struck up a great friendship very quickly," Lady Braybrooke remarked, as Cissy drew her arm affectionately through Ruth's on their way to the drawing-room; "I hope it may last."

She spoke with a tone and glance full of meaning, but Ruth could not tell at whom the remark was directed.

"Oh, it will! Our style of beauty is so different, you know, grandmamma," laughed Cissy; "there is no need of jealousy."

"Ah, beauty is not everything!" said Lady Braybrooke. "Let us have some music, Cecilia. I want to talk to Miss Dalrymple."

Cissy went to the piano, and the old lady began to talk about her to Ruth under cover of the music. "She has been very badly trained, neglected, and yet spoiled," she said. "What I shall require of you, Miss Dalrymple, will be to study with her, and help her more than actually to teach her. She is too old for that."

"I should have been afraid of undertaking to teach her," said Cissy; "I had no idea she was as old as she is. We shall be more like sisters than governess and pupil."

"Not at all," said the old lady, rather stiffly. "I shall expect you to influence Cecilia a great deal more strongly than any of her sisters could, and as a perfect stranger you will have a greater chance of doing so."

"You may feel sure that I will do my best," replied Ruth, with her ready blush, for she feared Lady Braybrooke considered that she had taken a liberty.

"I am sure of it," she replied graciously. "I believe she is naturally amiable and docile. Family differences prevented our meeting till

a month or two ago, so I cannot really know her yet. I like to study people's characters before deciding about them, Miss Dalrymple."

"It needs very little study to find out that she is warm-hearted and affectionate," cried Ruth warmly. "She is so simple, too. Some girls in her position would not have told me what she did—that her father was poor."

"If you like her, your task will be the easier," was the reply, rather coldly uttered. Certainly Lady Braybrooke was odd and suspicious, Ruth thought. She would have been greatly astonished had she known of what she suspected her, and what reason she had for that suspicion.

(To be continued.)

RHEUMATISM IN THE YOUNG.

CHIEFLY ADDRESSED TO MOTHERS AND ELDER SISTERS.

By MEDICUS.

I HAVE to commence this paper with an apology to my youthful readers, because I am going to make use of a technical word or term, which, although a very expressive one, you shall seldom or never hear in ordinary conversation.

I make my apology, and now for the word; here it is: *diathesis*. It is a Greek compound, and any girl who has a brother older than ten, has only to ask him, and he will at once tell her what the roots of the word are. But failing the brother, there is the dictionary, and that will inform you that diathesis means a particular function or state of body which predisposes to diseases of any kind, especially blood diseases. We have, for instance, the consumptive diathesis, and many others, and among them, unhappily for suffering humanity, we have the rheumatic diathesis. Mothers know only too well what rheumatism in a child means, but few perhaps know that there are many degrees of this terrible complaint, and that oftentimes children suffer from it in a mild form without their parents even suspecting what it is that ails them.

Well now, I write a good deal about rheumatism in grown up people, and I am bound to say that I never do so with much pleasure, for I cannot help feeling that in nine cases out of ten the ailment is all but incurable.

Why is it so? you may ask me. Then mark my reply; the reason is that a diathesis once fairly established is all but impossible to eradicate or change.

In children it is different. Their cases of rheumatism are not only more easy and satisfactory to treat, but, as there are years and years before them in which to grow, they have a far better chance of getting clear of the diathesis.

I am of the opinion, too, that when called upon to treat or cure a case of rheumatism, it is the duty of the medical attendant not to rest satisfied with bringing the case, for the time being, to a happy termination, but to give such directions for the diet and conduct of living, so to speak, of his little patient after her cure, as shall tend to prevent the recurrence of the disease, if not change the diathesis entirely.

In this paper I mean to practise what I preach, and to give hints for the guidance on the straight paths of health to those who have once been the victims of rheumatism.

Now for the causes of this painful complaint. To commence with, rheumatism, whether in its acute or its chronic stage, may occur owing to the little patient having a natural tendency thereto. In other words, rheumatism is hereditary.

"It is in the blood," some would say. But

as far as the ailment under consideration is concerned, that saying, although we very often hear it, is simply all nonsense. It is *not* in the blood; there is no disease germ afloat in the vital fluid waiting for a chance to sow itself and breed terrible mischief. The state of the blood, whether pure or the reverse, depends almost entirely on the food one eats, or the air she breathes, and the blood that courses through the veins and arteries of a person with the rheumatic diathesis may be as pure as mountain air, and for the most part it is. No, the diathesis does not depend upon the blood—a fluid, by the way, which is changed every week at the furthest—but on a peculiar formation of body internally. Probably the nervous system itself has a good deal to do with the mischief: the heart may not be strong, or it may be strong and still be irritable, the liver is also irritable, and the coats of the stomach singularly so. This last statement must be borne in mind, not only while we are prescribing for a young patient suffering from rheumatism, but in laying down rules for the subsequent regimen, which shall have for its object the prevention of the recurrence of the disorder, and the getting rid to a great extent of the diathesis itself.

Well, the stomach is not only extremely irritable during an attack of rheumatism, and constantly secreting large quantities of acid, but the converse is also true, and in a person predisposed to the disease, whatsoever irritates the stomach is apt to bring it on. Thus over-eating, or eating what does not agree, induces a congested state of the stomach; the gastric juice or lactic acid fluid, which in small quantities is necessary for healthful digestion, is poured out in larger quantities than can be used; it passes out of the stomach and sets up mischief there; it passes with the food into the blood itself, and renders it acid and unfit to properly and healthfully nourish the body; it irritates the brain and heart, and produces feverish symptoms, which rest on the stomach and keep up the mischief, and in bad cases the over-abundance of acid in the blood even acts in quite a chemical way, and throws down a deposit of the salts therein, and this precipitate behaves like a foreign body and produces pain and inflammation of the joints. The reason why this deposit generally takes place about the ligaments of joints and the tendons of muscles is doubtless owing to their more dependent position and the slower circulation through them, just as it is we find deposits of mud and sand, not in the running part of rivers, but in the reaches and bends where the current is less strong.

Be this as it may, rheumatism is caused by an over-abundance of acid in the system; and during the time the acid is circulating in large quantities exposure to damp or to cold may set up inflammation, and fever and all its attendant dangers, pains, and miseries, which may end in a favourable or very unfavourable way.

If the reader has followed me so far—though I am really afraid my younger girls will not have been able to do so quite—she will now be in a position to understand my mode of treatment.

The main indication during an attack of rheumatism would be to get rid of the acid, would it not? Well, our plan is to deluge the system with antacids, and so neutralise the poison, not only in the stomach itself, but in the blood as well. This is called the antacid treatment. If it does any good at all it must be carried out what we might call heroically. It, however, has many drawbacks: it introduces into the system a vast quantity of the salts of soda and potash, which we may afterwards have a difficulty in getting clear of; in some cases I believe the cure is really worse than the disease; besides, remember that after all this plan aims at getting rid of symptoms in-

stead of eradicating causes. If the stomach be filled with acid, nothing is more easy than to neutralise it; a dose of bicarbonate of potash or soda will do this; but will your bicarbonate of potash or soda reduce the irritable congested state of the stomach that causes the secretion of the acid? The very reverse, it seems to me. An emetic would do as well if not better. Not that I hold with emetics, for the simple reason that they give a shock to the whole system, irritate the stomach terribly, and may injure delicate internal organs.

Well, there is the acid treatment. This it would almost seem has been successful in the hands of a good many practitioners. They give as the only medicine simply lime juice or lemon juice. This is not homœopathic treatment; it is not "like cure like," but rather the substitution of one acid for the other. I do not myself object to lime juice being taken in small quantities during an attack of rheumatism—as a drink, if it be appreciated by the patient. But I should not depend upon it as a cure.

It will be noticed that during an attack of rheumatism the perspiration smells sour, and it is also more profuse than in health. This is nothing more *nor less* than an effort of Mother Nature herself to get rid of the poison in the blood, and we cannot err in assisting her. For this purpose there is nothing better than the hot air bath and vapour bath commingled. Or failing means for carrying out the hot air bath properly, a hot bath every day to induce profuse perspiration; a little sweet spirits of nitre will help this, and should be given three times a day in half a wine-glassful of cold water.

From the very commencement of the attack, when the child complains of headache, thirst, and a *feeling of extreme* tiredness, with aching in the bones, joints, and muscles, she ought to be confined to bed. And pray mark this, the nightgown should not be linen or cotton, but flannel; she ought to lie on a blanket, and have no sheets of any kind on the bed, but the softest of blankets. (Should inflammation with pain and redness of the joints ensue, lose no time in *sending for a medical man*, and follow his instructions to the letter.)

Often medical men are not handy in the district where country people live, and it is more especially for these I write.

Well, you are endeavouring to assist nature all you can by keeping up the perspiration. The child will be thirsty; give for drink either well-made barley water or cold water alone, or lime juice and water slightly sweetened, or milk and water with a little lime water—not juice—in it.

Either cotton wool or linseed poultices, one after another, should be kept constantly around the joints if inflamed, and I have found much good done by fomenting with hot water in which a tablespoonful of carbonate of soda and a dessert-spoonful of laudanum to a pint, had been mixed. This eases the pain, and may be used three or four times a day. Aperients should be given to keep the system well open, calomel and jalap, suited to the age of the child, the first day, followed up some hours after with a good dose of salts and senna. Subsequently every morning any ordinary mild aperient should be given.

The ordinary effervescent draught of the shops, consisting of bicarbonate of potash with syrup of lemon and water in one bottle and citric acid and water in another, mixed when wanted according to directions, and given three or four or five times a day will generally do much good.

Perfect rest is imperative, and this includes not only rest for the body in bed—sometimes, alas! there can be little of that—but rest for the irritable acid-producing stomach also. The food should be of the very lightest, and no forcing should be attempted. Do not be afraid of the child dying of inanition; she will not do so. Keep the room cool, but not cold, and very well ventilated. Keep the house quiet; beware of noises of any kind. Sleep is most important, but do not attempt to insure it by giving sleeping draughts of any kind, not even spirituous, unless prescribed by your own doctor.

Change the nightdress very often, and see that the bedclothes are soft and warm without being heavy.

Let me just recapitulate briefly. We ordered the hot bath—air or water, or a combination—the keeping up of the perspiration by all legitimate means, a good aperient and daily aperients, cooling drinks, light food, no forcing, soothing applications to painful joints, and rest, rest, rest.

The earliest indication of returning health will be the restoration of the appetite, and now indeed you must be on your guard; the food must still be light, and meat forbidden for a long time. For one thing you must bear in mind during illness, convalescence and future life. The stomach must be guarded against irritation of every sort.

Cold must also be guarded against during convalescence.

Now, in conclusion, let me say a brief word or two about the after regimen of a child subject to rheumatism. I can say all I need say in a single sentence.

The child must not be over-coddled nor treated entirely like an invalid. She must come under the influence of those hygienic laws that govern the health of all children we wish to see growing up strong; but over and above this, *the diet, in quantity and quality, must be most carefully regulated, and the greatest precautions should be ever adopted to prevent her from catching cold.* The last portion of the sentence I have put in italics, to show its great importance.

Let flannel, light and soft, be worn next the skin; let plenty of exercise be taken regularly—open air driving to be avoided, as there is so much danger of catching cold attached to it. The system ought to be kept free, not by aperients, but by healthful outdoor exercise, assisted if necessary by eating ripe fruit in the morning.

Now and then a Turkish bath will be found of the greatest service, and where it can be borne the soap bath every morning followed by a cold sponge bath, or a slightly tepid one.

Tonics, cod-liver oil, *et id genus omne*, generally do more harm than good to children predisposed to rheumatism, although quinine may be taken during convalescence from an acute attack.

SEVEN YEARS FOR RACHEL;

OR, WELSH PICTURES SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BULL.

RACHEL has been nearly six months at the farm. In spite of hard work she looks much more healthy than she did when she left her father's roof, and as she stands at early morn on the top of the hill with a long, crooked stick in her hand, her face glowing with exercise, a rough, faithful cur panting by her side, and some milk-white sheep grazing around her, any observer might desire to paint or describe, or have some near interest in, a being so pure and so natural!

As it chances, one or two of her cows have wandered to the brow of the hill, and she has followed them there. The sun has just risen, and lets fly his shafts of light from a sea of gold, over and through all nature. The glowing orb sits in majestic grandeur—far, far away into the undistinguishable distance go

the green meadows with their constant flocks and herds; thick woods lie in rich patches here and there; the hedgerows never cease, but in endless variety interlace the uplands; the white-washed cottage dots the plain; at longer intervals the villages, with spire or tower, or the turrets of the old ruin, catch the sunshine; in the extreme distance, opposite the sun, the hills are of the brightest blue, whilst here and there a faint mountain is seen upon which the darker shadows still remain. Through the meadows runs the Afon, threading its mazy way, a line of burnished silver, giving us back the vivid sun. Now it wanders by a farmhouse and is lost in the trees that surround it; again it appears and makes its way towards a rustic cottage; once more it is hidden between some slight elevations, and then breaks forth anew, to gleam along the green fields. It visits

hamlet, town, and ancient castle in its course. Here and there a light bridge crosses it, and the arches cast their shades into its waters, which reflect another bridge in the sunshine. Here a solitary fisherman in his light coracle, that sole remnant of the ancient Britons, paddles along and ruffles its smooth surface; whilst his cheerful whistle, united with that of the shepherd-boy, together with the bleating of sheep, lowing of herds, and the note of the awakening birds, form a harmonious chorus.

Let it not be supposed that Rachel has been contemplating the sunrise all the time that we have been looking at the landscape. She has been busily collecting the cows, and as they are tractable beasts, with the help of the dog has almost succeeded. Cautiously they are feeling their way down the hill, and seem sometimes inwardly to debate upon the steps which they are about to take.