

who accepted it graciously, bestowing only a half condescending kindness in return. It enhanced her importance among the other girls, and it was pleasant and convenient to be plied with the small offerings that schoolgirls love.

One warm spring half-holiday Isabel and Honor were sitting out in the garden in a sheltered spot, where evergreens were cut so as to form an arbour. Isabel had been delighting her votary by thrumming an air on the guitar; when she had finished Honor reluctantly remembered that she had still half an hour to practise on the piano.

"Very well," returned Isabel in French, "I shall read while you are gone, and you can come back here afterwards if you like."

Honor felt a little astonished as she retired to see Isabel deliberately pull a folded English magazine from her pocket and begin to read. The law as to never speaking or reading English save on Sunday was most strictly observed at "Les Églantiers," and compliance with it was made a point of honour. Had it been otherwise, the efficiency of the school as a medium of learning foreign languages would of course have been injured, and the matter was therefore no trifle. The girls were not spied upon, but Miss Arundel trusted in their honour, and was scarcely ever disappointed.

Honor, who laid immense stress upon the virtue she connected with her name, and who was, according to her light, the most conscientious of girls, felt sorely disturbed as she went to her practising. Perhaps Isabel had only meant to glance

at some passage for an instant. So perfect a being could not mean to do a dishonourable act with deliberation. She counted the minutes till she could return and prove her own suspicions groundless.

Alas! Isabel was still reading.

"Oh! this is such an interesting story—all about a girl who went to Switzerland and a German musical professor," she observed in French as Honor approached. "Wait a minute—I shall soon have done this chapter."

"But, Isabel, it is English," Honor ventured to protest.

"*Eh bien! cela ne te regarde pas,*" retorted Isabel, startled to see the devotee exhibit the tendencies of a critic, but contemptuous of any suggestion from Honor. Suddenly a step close at hand and the voice of Miss Arundel behind the shrubbery startled the girls. In an instant Isabel had leapt to her feet, slipped the paper well out of sight among the bushes, and stood with a smiling countenance ready to greet her governess. Honor looked and felt much disturbed.

"*Eh bien, mes enfants!*" exclaimed Miss Arundel as she came upon them, with a lady friend. "Be careful; this is not summer, to sit out of doors all the afternoon."

"But it is beautifully warm, isn't it, for March?" put in the lady, Mrs. Winstanley, the wife of the English consul in Belle-Rive. "Who would suppose that we may have snow by-and-by?"

"Mrs. Winstanley has brought me some good news; you two children shall

be the first to hear of it," said Miss Arundel, who dearly loved to give pleasure. "We are all invited to Pré-Fleuri on the evening of the 25th, and I have accepted, though I tell Mrs. Winstanley we shall take her by storm."

"Nothing of the sort—nothing of the sort!" protested the hospitable matron. "Why, Mr. Winstanley always declares that our rooms would look very bare without the English flowers from 'Les Églantiers.' Mind you *all* come, or I shall never forgive you."

The parties at the English consul's were deservedly famed throughout Belle-Rive. All the notabilities of the Swiss town were to be found in Mrs. Winstanley's spacious rooms and conservatories, listening to her good music and eating her ices on these occasions. It may easily be imagined that it was a matter of great amusement for the schoolgirls to put on their prettiest dresses and peep out at their little world from under Miss Arundel's wing.

Isabel was profuse in her thanks, while Honor sat still and uncomfortable till the ladies had passed on.

"Well, what is the matter now?" enquired Isabel sharply. "Really, Honor, I must say I don't wonder at Miss Arundel scolding you if you sit looking like an escaped convict or a deaf mute when visitors chance to see you and give you invitations."

"I cannot help it," was all Honor said, as she rose to return to the house. Isabel stared at her, but there was something in the other's face which did not encourage further conversation.

(To be continued.)

HEALTH FOR TROPICAL TRAVELLERS.

By "MEDICUS."



ALTHOUGH I am no advocate for invalids going far away to tropical climates, for the cure of any ailment that can possibly be benefited by a residence at one or other of our own sea-side or inland health resorts, still a

great many of our readers do go or have to go, and it is on their account I am giving the hints contained in this paper.

There are indeed a large number of cases of illness that may be cured even before one reaches one's destination—cured by the rest and quiet of months of life on the ocean wave. What is called insomnia, or sleeplessness, is one of these. This insomnia is a disease brought about usually by hard work, anxiety, and worry; and although I do not mean to describe its symptoms or physiology at present, I may just say that it is all too apt to become chronic, and then it is almost, if not quite, incurable. It is usual for the sufferer to go to the seaside for a time in order to get rid of it. She needs in such a case to be very careful in the choice of a place of residence.

There is no model watering-place in this country, such as there are in some parts of,

Germany, where bad music and street cries are vigorously interdicted.

I myself lately suffered from a kind of nerve prostration, with sleeplessness, caused by the pain of lumbago-sciatica, a complaint from which I sincerely trust none of our readers will ever suffer much. I had always liked Brighton rather—it is bracing, anyhow; and although lower in caste than Scarborough, one can find amusement in it. I am here now, and despite the dreadful noises with which the Corporation of Hove permits the streets to ring from morn till dewy eve, I must say I am better.

But, O! the first nights and days! I hardly know anything more trying to the nerves than to be racked with pain, and feeling wretchedly tired and sleepy, without the chance of getting even forty winks, owing to the yelping and yelling of quadrupeds and bipeds on the street beneath. I ought to have gone further afield—away down in Cornwall or on the Welsh coast. There is many a beautiful, dreamy, drowsy wee place that positively can woo one to sweetest slumber. But I feared the long journey. Well, here at Brighton, or rather Hove, the first week was a terrible one. Probably I had not slept two consecutive half-hours the night before, but well I knew there could be no rest till after twelve. There was nothing for it but to lie till then and read, with hot and weary eyes. A political meeting

dismissed itself at ten, and the young people played games and chased each other, shrieking up and down the street for half-an-hour after. There might be a semi-lull after this, broken only by a yelping fox-terrier that made periodical rushes at anything or anybody passing. Then the people from the Alhambra came along, laughing, talking, screaming, whistling, and singing snatches of the songs they had been listening to. Then perhaps a couple of inebriate individuals would stop beneath the window to have a long and stupid argument. Perhaps they fought, and the policeman came, and of course the fox-terrier. But when twelve tolled out from the belfry there was comparative quiet, broken only by the tireless voice of that fox-terrier—comparative but certainly not complete silence. The walls of many of the houses in Brighton are hardly a brick thick. The town is to a great extent jerry-built, and the tail-end of an earthquake would be the worst thing that could happen to it. So not only does the old lady next door begin to cough, but the spoiled baby begins to cry, not from illness apparently, but from ill-nature; and his mother-in-law—no, I mean his father's mother-in-law, that would be his grandmother—instead of spanking him, wheedles and kisses and cuddles him (I could hear her), and that makes him worse. He keeps it up grimly till one o'clock strikes, then all is

hushed except the bronchitic old lady's cough. Some insane idea of putting on my dressing-gown and going in next door with a bottle of paregoric for her comes into my mind; and I might kill two birds with one stone, I might tackle the baby, I might knock at the bedroom door and say to the granny, "Is your rest broken by a sick child? Here is a bottle of Mother Quackinbosh's Syrup; it is 'grateful, comforting, and warranted to strike only on the box.'" I have nearly fallen asleep when a puff of wind makes the windows rattle in the frames, and I get up to stick bits of paste-board in the sashes; and as soon as my head is once more on the pillow the fox-terrier has another eruption. In despair I read again, and two o'clock strikes. It is a bright moonlight night, and the Cochin China cock in an adjoining yard thinks it is morning and begins to hullo, and starts all the other cocks within a mile of him. Three o'clock strikes. I put out my candle and lie round on my other side. I'm nearly off. A cat's concert begins just under the window, and is kept up nearly an hour. I open the window and say "Shoo!" They don't mind that. I get the water jug and commence to empty water down into the area. The thing slips out of my hand and falls down with a terrible and startling crash. There is an end to the concert. Perhaps I've killed a cat. I won't go into mourning. But a window is thrown open over the way, the fox-terrier yelps again, four o'clock strikes, and a policeman comes hurrying up the street as wide awake as any policeman ever is. It is broad daylight now, and I am going to try to sleep. The jackdaws are making a terrible row though, and I lie and toss till a quarter to five. I know it is a quarter to five because there is a cockatoo who, precisely at that time every morning, arouses the neighbourhood with his ear-splitting yells.

But "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," comes at last, and I doze. No, I cannot say "balmy sleep;" there is not much balm about it. I dream that I am once more in Africa, fighting Somali Indians, till one with a hideous yell is about to thrust a spear into me, and I awake to find it is no Indian at all, but a fiend with a milk-pail shouting "Miawk!" Worn and weary I turn out now and have my bath. But the day has begun now in earnest, and the street cries are hideous, discordant, awful. Shouts of "milk" and "mackerel," yells of "rags and bones," German bands, nigger troupes, street pianos, hurdy-gurdies, grinning Italian children with accordions, blind men with melodeons, a wretch with a cornet, a boy with a concertina, the boot-lace man, the stay-lace man, costermongers by the dozen, a Tipperary Highlander in ragged Scotch costume and bagpipes, and the little yellow dog down the street, who gets so many thrashings from the other dogs every day that I wonder he has a single bone left unbroken.

Well, that is "twice round the clock" in Brighton or Hove. Hardly suited to a nervous invalid, is it?

But now, reader, I am going to send you **a-packing over the sea** and far away, and tell you what you are going to do *en voyage*, and after you reach the foreign land.

I am presuming you are an invalid. Australia is eminently suited to a large number of cases, especially those of chest weakness. India, both East and West, is so also, and even the Cape of Good Hope.

But if time is no object, and you are at all nervous, I should advise you to go in a sailing ship, for the sake of the quiet, the almost holy calm, compared to the steam-mill rattle and din of an ocean packet. If, in one of these, your cabin happens to be amidships, you shall very likely be awakened every night by the noise of the men taking up ashes and cinders. It is a terrible noise, and it is added

to by the clatter of the fellows' tongues—sailors I could not call them.

There is of course nothing of this kind in a sailing vessel, and some of those that go southward and round the Cape are marvellously fast. Once they get hold of the trade winds they rip along in the most enjoyable way. You will not be sea-sick long in a sailing ship, because the motion is less jerky, and there are no vile smells. However, if you are sick for a few days, you must fight it. Go on deck every day, well or ill, and have a sea bath every morning. Clothe warmly for the first week, then bend your fine weather gear—I mean wear light dresses.

But listen—Have light flannels next the skin if you value your health.

I shall now suppose that you have reached port, and from port have travelled to the spot that is to be your home for some time to come.

Your health will have been greatly recruited by the long quiet voyage and the bracing ozonic breath of old ocean. Well, everything about and around you will be so fresh and new, that you may be pardoned for imagining you have received a new lease of life. And so you may have, only you must take care of it, or the exhilaration you feel on your first arrival may give way to depression, not to say despondency, after a few weeks.

I have myself considerable experience of life in tropical lands; but Stanley himself, the illustrious African traveller, bears me out in what I am now going to advise, as far as dress and dietary in hot countries are concerned.

Well, you are now in a tropical country, and not yet acclimatised. You must not think of living as you did in dear old England—not in any way, unless you want to get terrible bilious attacks, ailments of the liver, and probably even sunstroke.

The strength must be kept up; for what with the heat and the extraordinary activity of the skin, debility and exhaustion are very likely to ensue if not guarded against.

It is to be hoped you sleep well, and rise in the morning betimes well refreshed. Labour is cheap in tropical climes, and you may have had a wee black lass to keep the punkah in motion and fan you to sleep. Get up and have your coffee; then your bath. Even if the water be rather warm, you will find this most refreshing, especially if you soap all over with good soap. Dress leisurely.

Dress, if possible, all in woollen clothing.

This may be light enough, and it defies a chill. A chill in a hot climate is always dangerous, and nearly constantly followed by some degree of fever.

Besides, as you cannot help perspiring, it is possible you may at times *volens volens* have to sit in a draught. There is nothing more dangerous to a weakly person. But the wearing of woollen clothing will reduce the danger to a minimum.

Disorders of the alimentary canal are easily brought on in tropical countries, as well as ailments of still more important internal organs. Therefore, I counsel all to do as I do, wear a light flannel bandage round the loins next the skin. It should be changed every day in very hot weather, and is a very great protection indeed.

It may feel cool and nice to sleep between linen or cotton sheets, but to the invalid it is highly dangerous. Be warned, therefore, and adopt the woollen system. The coverings need be but light—indeed, they must be light—but they ought to be of wool.

The mattress should be very flat. Hair is best, I think. Most spring mattresses are beds of misery, owing to their disagreeable movements, and the distressing position of body they cause one to assume. A good mattress *must* be flat to be healthy, and the pressure of the body should not interfere with its flatness.

A hammock is far better than a wretched spring mattress. In India I have often been unchristian enough to wish that an elephant might lie down on top of the man who made my mattress.

I hardly know how to advise ladies as to head gear. The best form, I think, is some kind of sun hat. If a few green leaves are placed inside there will be less chance of sunstroke or distress caused by the sun.

Now as to *fruits*. I take this portion of the dietary first, because they are best eaten before breakfast; but they must be eaten sparingly even in the morning. No seed-filled fruit should be taken. Mangoes are good, so are guavas and bananas. The good old-fashioned orange is better than all; yet, I think, only the juice should be swallowed. Well, there is the pine-apple, a delightful fruit indeed, but a dangerous one. Take a slice, or even two, of a nice ripe one, but swallow only the juice.

In the cool of the morning—if there be any cool—you may take a five minutes' tour in the open air. Then have a light breakfast, with good tea or pure coffee and plenty of milk—goat's if possible. If meat is taken it should be tender and lean. What you must avoid at this meal and at all meals are fat and oily substances.

A very light but nutritious lunch may be taken about one o'clock—and dinner in the cooler part of the afternoon, say about six o'clock or after.

I do not advise for a moment that you should stint yourself in food—far from it; indeed, the enervation caused by heat demands the highest degree of nourishment. But it should be of a non-stimulating kind. Hence, too much meat should not be partaken of. Fish, mutton, goat flesh, fowl, eggs, and milk, with light nutritious puddings, are all good. The eggs may be cooked in a variety of ways. Then there is *milk*. You can hardly use too much milk. But if at all weakly, it is well to peptonise it. I don't know if Fairchild's peptonising powders can be obtained in India, though so much prescribed here. So it would be well to take out with you quite a large supply. Dilute one pint of good milk with a quarter of a pint of pure filtered water; add one powder, and place in hot water—as hot as the hand can bear it—for twenty minutes. Then let it cool. Ice it if you like, and use it as a drink. This is most excellent nourishment in any case where there is a tendency to laxity of the system.

As to *work*. Whether physical or mental, I do not think one can do the same amount as in a temperate climate. My own experience is that mental toil renders one sleepy and stupid if the weather be *very* warm, and that physical soon exhausts. But anyhow, the early morning and the evening are the times for labour, whether mental or bodily. For all reasons avoid the heat of the mid-day hours, when birds sit silent under the shade of the branches, and even the crows are waddling about with their mouths wide open.

If you are travelling, do it as early as possible, and if in a hurry, resume it again after or near to sunset.

Use an umbrella or sunshade if exposed to the sun, no matter how good your hat may be.

Beverages.—If you are travelling, carry with you a small portable filter. If at home, make a practice of having all the water both boiled and filtered before you drink it. The juice of half a lemon added to a tumblerful of water, with sugar to taste, makes a very wholesome beverage. But green limes are far better than lemons. If you can have neither, a little citric acid will do good.

Soda-water iced with a dash of claret is good. But sweetened effervescing waters such as lemonade are not very wholesome.

Alcoholic beverages must be avoided, with the exception of a little of the lighter wines.

Great care must be taken to reside in a healthy locality—not anywhere near a marsh, but on ground as high as possible.

Travel away to the Indian Highlands if possible. No one who does not do so can have any idea of the richness and beauty of the country, nor even of its healthfulness.

As to *medicines*.—If you live according to wise rules, never eat or drink of anything that is too heating or stimulating; get good sleep

at night; take the morning tub regularly, and a reasonable amount of exercise combined with recreation; remembering also that work itself is of value from a health point of view; and if you keep up the strength by means of easily-digested food, you will have very little need to resort to the medicine chest. Indeed, I advise you so to live that you shall be independent of medicine unless in case of accident.

In my next health lecture I shall—if agreeable to His Serenity the Editor—give a brief account of the symptoms of some of the com-

plaints most common to European residents in tropical countries.

I believe this will make a very nice and useful paper, and I will not forget to say a word or two about how to retain a good complexion even in India. For you must know that I think it is quite possible for a young lady to return home to Britain, after a good long spell in the tropics, looking as bright and bonnie as a new shilling, instead of as yellow as an Australian sovereign or a withered dock leaf.

ELIZABETH TUDOR.

By SARAH TYTLER.

A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT.
PRINCESS ELIZABETH.—*Continued.*

It is a relief to find that Elizabeth did not spend the whole of the seven months which she passed at Woodstock in "systematically harassing" her unlucky guardian and victim. She practised, when she was in the humour, the art of embroidery. She was "a needle-woman, royal and renowned." There is still preserved in the Bodleian Library her black-letter copy of the Epistles of St. Paul, with the cover worked by her own hand, in delicate devices in gold, during her stay at Woodstock. On a blank leaf is written one of the allegorical conceits in which she took pleasure:—

"August.—I walked many times in the pleasant fields of the Holy Scriptures, where I pluck up the goodly herbs of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, chew them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memorie by gathering them together; that so, having tasted their sweetness, I may the less perceive the bitterness of this miserable life."

Elizabeth was said also to have illustrated her theory of government by what she noticed with regard to the great trees in the park, that they overshadowed and injured the underwood by depriving it of light and air. In a similar manner the nobles obstructed the growth of the people, and in her judgment the prerogatives and privileges of the higher class ought to be diminished in order to permit the rise of their social inferiors. This was the policy which had already recommended itself to Henry VIII, and in thus advocating it there spoke the future Queen of the people, the vindicator of their rights and protector of their persons, as she said of herself, "the most English woman in her kingdom."

Elizabeth's old house of bondage, together with the Castle of Woodstock, of which it was an appendage, has long ago perished; but while it remained two relics of her survived, according to eye-witnesses. On a pane of glass in a lattice window she had written with a diamond the sarcastic commentary—

"Much suspected, of me
Nothing proved can be,
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner."

And she is said to have also written with a piece of charcoal on a shutter a more ambitious and elaborate protest, beginning—

"Oh! Fortune, how thy restless, wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled lot,"

and ending with her customary vigorous denunciation of her enemies:—

"So God send to my foes all they have
brought,
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner."

The well-known epistle of the milkmaid is said to have occurred at Woodstock. The

Princess, sick with hope deferred, crushed by the intolerable irksomeness of her captivity, perhaps no longer caring to take refuge in proud sullenness and idle petulance, heard a milkmaid singing in rustic freedom and content as she carried her pails along a path behind the garden wall. Then the daughter of kings exclaimed in her weariness and soreness of heart, that she would she could change places with the peasant's daughter. It was well that the wish was not granted, for the woman who was destined to be a great Queen would have made, unless she had undergone another alteration than that of rank, but a sorry milkmaid!

Outer forces were compassing Elizabeth's deliverance. Mary, in her brief married happiness, was disposed to be more favourable to her sister, especially when Philip exerted himself to plead her cause. The reason of Philip's persistent friendliness to Elizabeth at this date is totally inexplicable to modern historians. It was certainly from no innate humanity or kindness of disposition. It may have been in an ill-natured effort to thwart Renaud, who had strongly advocated Philip's detested marriage. On the other hand, there was an impression that if Philip was to find a bride in England he would have greatly preferred the handsome, high-spirited younger sister, his equal in years, to the faded, sickly, and, alas! too devoted Mary.

It has been thought that in his heartlessness he calculated on his wife's speedy death, and did not wish to prejudice his chances as Elizabeth's suitor when he should be free. Elizabeth, with her rampant personal vanity, took this view of his conduct, and upheld it in after years. But she is by no means an impartial witness, and his long-continued support of the suit of Philibbert of Savoy for the hand of Elizabeth is an argument against the idea that Philip then thought of her as a wife for himself.

Whatever its origin, Philip's maintenance of Elizabeth's claims caused her to be invited to Hampton Court for the festivals at Christmas, 1554. She was escorted to and fro by Sir Henry Bedingfield.

A very comical anecdote is preserved in the Harleian MSS. of the earlier part of their progress. "As she came to Ricot, the wind was so high that her servants had much ado to keep her clothes about her, and her hood was blown twice or thrice from her head, whereupon she desired to retire herself to a gentleman's house to dress up her head. Sir Henry would not permit this, and she was fain to alight under a hedge and trim herself as she best could." If Elizabeth had to perform her toilet "under a hedge," Sir Henry was not without his reason. Either he distrusted her motives, or he had ground for condemning the politics of the house to which she wished to repair. Unquestionably she was allowed so

much of her state as a princess that sixty of her suite were suffered to rejoin her before she arrived at Court. *Apropos* of her suite, one member to whom Dr. Dee refers a little later is "Tomasine the Dwarf." The classification sounds like a pendant to that of "Jane the Fool," who figured in Mary's household.

Elizabeth's reception was still dubious enough. She was not allowed to forget that, though a guest, she continued a prisoner. She was kept under guard, and she had repeated interviews with Gardiner and other members of the Council, who urged her to confess her wrong-doing, as a justification of their treatment of her, and as a step to receiving the Queen's pardon. Elizabeth was not to be betrayed into criminating herself. Poor Wyatt's speech on the scaffold had failed to inculpate her, and she preserved an undaunted, defiant front to her assailants. She took her stand on having suffered wrong from having been unjustly kept in durance, and utterly repudiated the notion that she had done anything to deserve imprisonment. After the lapse of a week, she was conducted one night across the garden to Mary's "lodging," as has been already described. There the two sisters had the famous interview at which Philip is rumoured to have assisted behind the arras. If so, it was the first time he saw Elizabeth. A bench of judges and bishops, nay, a headsman and his axe, would not have sufficed to shake her on her high ground of injured innocence which she chose to take up. Naturally, a gloomy, unconvinced sister, simply seeking to do right in her pain and perplexity, failed to wring anything from the unconvicted offender. Elizabeth had the victory; and though Mary would not own herself satisfied, her sister was at least partially restored to her place as Princess. She shared in the royal festivities, she sat at the Queen's table, and in the royal gallery at the joustings held in honour of Philip and Mary's marriage. She heard matins in the Queen's closet. Either out of policy or bravado, she renounced the extreme simplicity of dress, for which she had been hitherto distinguished, and appeared in the dainty magnificence of white satin and pearls. It was understood that Philibbert of Savoy, who was expected on a visit to his friend, Don Philip, had been invited with the intention of promoting the union with Elizabeth to which she was wholly disinclined; but the wooer was delayed by stress of weather and sickness, and came too late for the festivities.

It is known that Elizabeth returned to Woodstock, while it could hardly have been of her free will; but the dates of her return and of her final departure are both uncertain. Her first stay was of seven months' duration; her second could not have lasted above three months. She was in a