

have had me after all, if I had asked her again. What a brute I was never to go near her all those years we were in Ireland! What a fool I have been!" Certainly Colonel Stevenson would not have been recognised by his friends in India, who declared that he never willingly as much as looked at a woman.

Eleanor was at her piano one bright spring afternoon, when her maid brought in a card—"Colonel Stevenson, R.A.," and then a Bombay address. "Jack's friend, I suppose," was her thought as she rose to meet a grey-haired, bronzed, elderly man, whose general appearance was strangely familiar, and whose manner was remarkably nervous.

"I—I—came down to bring a parcel for young Fraser, and I thought you—I mean, I thought I—in

short, that I might call," he concluded, after various unsuccessful efforts.

Eleanor had entirely recognised him now, and came forward with both hands outstretched.

"I am so glad to see you!" she cried. "I was almost afraid you were dead, it is so long since I heard of you."

"I have been in India twelve years, and now I have neither kith nor kin left. Nell, my darling, will you take pity on a lonely old man?"

"And they certainly lost no time about it," wrote Madge to her lover, "for he landed at Southampton on Wednesday morning and they were engaged on Thursday afternoon. Aunt Eleanor looks absolutely happy; and as to your colonel, he is quite the most charming man I ever met."

CLIMATE AND CLOTHING.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



Y friend Roberts came rushing into my garden-study one fine day, some ten or eleven years ago. Roberts always does rush; he is one of those high-mettled, nervous individuals who do everything by fits and starts, and most things in a hurry. Upon this particular

occasion, however, there seemed to be something more than usual on the cards.

He sat down in an easy-chair, and at once broached the subject uppermost in his thoughts.

"I'm going," he said, "on a long cruise round the Cape, up the coast, and right on to India, back by Australia, and all that sort of thing, you know, and I want you to tell me what to take with me in the shape of clothing."

"Togs" was really the word Roberts used instead of "clothing;" for in his manner he was somewhat off-hand.

"Now," I replied, "I am not going to make you out a list, as if I were a furnishing tailor; but if you stay to lunch we will have a quiet talk about the matter, and I suppose I shall be able to give you some common-sense advice."

The hints I gave Roberts, reader, I will, in this paper, give you; but let me tell you, first, that in one particular my friend erred grievously in not taking my advice. And he suffered for it, in consequence.

All went right with him till he had rounded the Cape of Good Hope and got well up the Mozambique Channel. On the coast here little shooting and exploring parties were arranged, and considerable time was spent on shore among the beautiful woods. But in these same woods, with all their indescribable beauty and charm, there lies low, in the mornings and evenings, a deadly miasma, from which it is difficult

for the white man to guard himself. Roberts caught jungle fever, only slightly, but it was enough to confine him for days to his hammock on deck. The weather was hot, the breeze from the sails cooling and grateful; and had my friend worn light woollen under-clothing, his long voyage might have had a happier termination.

Alas! for the cool and grateful breeze, it detracted from the body-heat of the patient, just as a wet rag round a tumbler of water cools it. Roberts's digestive organs were weak, and inclined to the formation of acid, and rheumatism was the result, ending with a three months' sojourn in a hospital at Calcutta. There is a lesson to be learned from this case.

Now, the good that is often accomplished by long sea-voyages in a number of chronic illnesses is incalculable; and a residence of months in some far-off foreign land sometimes means complete restoration to health—absolute rejuvenation, in fact.

Yet I do not advise any semi-invalid to make a tour round the world in the hurry-scurry fashion so common nowadays. Absolute rest and quiet is what is needed, and this cannot be got if a lot of sight-seeing has to be crammed or fitted into a limited amount of time. A sailing-ship is infinitely better than a steamer; the constant noise and rattle of the latter is terribly trying to the nerves of even a strong landsman, to say nothing of the grime and dust from cinders, coal, and smoke.

Is a steamer safer? I very much doubt it. A steamer gets through the water at a quicker rate, to be sure; but time should be no object to the health-seeker. On the other hand, a steamboat with a broken screw or shaft, whether outward or homeward bound, is a very pitiable object indeed.

Let us, then, take together an imaginary voyage for health's sake, or health and pleasure combined; but before overhauling our sea-chests and stores of

clothing, I must mention a few of the ailments that so thorough a change is likely to benefit.

Debility and *ennui* are among the first to be noticed. Both are usually associated in the same individual, for very seldom indeed is the body below par without the spirits being affected as well.

It does not matter in the least what the debility has been caused by, so long as it is not too extreme. Hardly will the patient be a week at sea before he finds himself rallying, under the benign influence of ozone-laden air, fresh and free from all impurities. Calmness of nerve will soon succeed, good sleep will be obtained at night—the very motion of the ship will tend to this—and ere long real health will come, and with it real happiness and enjoyment.

Indigestion.—Change of climate and mode of life has a wonderful effect for good on this complaint in all its many phases.

Nervousness also yields to the sedative action of the sea-air, the change of diet, and complete rest obtained on board a sailing vessel.

Chronic lung complaints, of all kinds, including even consumption in its earlier stages, are benefited in the same way; and a host of other ailments that I have no space even to name.

It is a good plan while at sea to keep a meteorological log. Note down each day the sailings, the latitude and longitude, the highest and lowest temperatures of the air during the twenty-four hours, the temperature of the sea at noon, the direction and force of the wind, the state of the atmosphere, clouds, fogs, rainfall, &c. This is all very easy work, and it keeps the mind employed and gives zest to sea-life. Many other odds and ends may be written in this log, such as descriptions of the people on board and the creatures overboard, whether in sky or sea: and these latter are very nice subjects for study, I can assure you.

While we are still staggering down Channel, on a roaring beam wind perhaps, and stretching away across the Bay of Biscay, with the waves around us foam-capped and curling, we will not dream of doffing our warm woollen clothing.

Let us see what we men-folks are wearing. It is early morning. The steward's bell has not yet rung for breakfast, but we have had our baths, and are hurriedly pacing the snow-white quarter-deck, partly for the sake of exercise, and partly to get up as perfect and wholesome an appetite as we possibly can.

We are not encumbered with top-coats. We do possess such articles, but they are stowed away in the bottom of our biggest chest, and stored below. But this thick pilot-cloth jacket, so loose and easy, is wind and weather defiant. The jacket is soft as well, for nothing hard or clumsy should be worn at sea. We have more than one of the same, because clothes are dear in foreign countries.

It is not too warm yet to dispense with woollen gloves; of gloves, indeed, we have a goodly store below.

Our waistcoats are warm, but not lined, and we wear flannel shirts, and drawers of wool.

I know that many people have an antipathy to

paper fronts, collars, and cuffs; at the same time, these are invaluable at sea, and the front really forms one of the best chest-protectors that can be worn.

We are wearing strong boots or shoes, and we have several pairs of these; and this leads me to say a word or two about the comfort of the feet when travelling by sea.

Wear socks or stockings suitable to the temperature, but let them be of wool, however thin. Wash the feet every night with cold water and soap, and be careful to keep the nails well trimmed. Sea-boots, so-called, are unnecessary, unless you determine to walk the decks when green seas are rolling across it, which I do not advise you to try.

Canvas shoes I dislike, either for sea or sand; the faults of these are many; for instance: if you are sitting in the sunshine, you have your toes roasted; if you walk in damp, you get wet feet; they are too hot for day and too cold for night. Better by far have kid or common leather; the former are delightfully soft and easy for deck-walking.

About the shoes or boots you wear on board there should be no iron-work, either in the shape of toe-pieces or tacks; but by all means possess yourself of a box or two of those handy little pieces of iron that are nailed nowadays on the soles of shoes, to give support where it is most wanted.

But we soon find ourselves nearing Madeira, and a change of raiment will be a necessity. Heavy warm clothes are therefore stowed away; and I have only one word of warning to give—whatever you wear externally, whether a lady or gentleman, let the under-clothing be of thin wool. Beware of linen: it is not only most uncomfortable, it is dangerous.

We are crossing the tropics now, and the weather is hot indeed, while probably we may be becalmed for weeks. Awnings will be on the decks, and straw hats and parasols or light umbrellas will be a comfort. We shall be glad now if we have not forgotten fans.

At night in the tropics, pyjama sleeping-dresses are a very great comfort; and, on shore, so too is a mosquito-curtain. Without this latter, indeed, life to the average Englishman would simply be insupportable.

Of handkerchiefs and towels, I may add, we can hardly have too large a supply; and brushes of all kinds, sponges, &c., must find room in our cabins.

But the ship has got far away south now, and we are doubling the Cape. Our over-coats and warmer clothing will now be needed, and also our waterproof suits. These should be the best that money will buy, else, if of india-rubber, they will be of little use, except to throw overboard to the sharks.

And so our ship stretches away across the ocean; and Australia, that land of wonders, is reached at last.

The same remarks about clothing at sea hold good for the land; and let your motto for under-clothing in all weathers and climes abroad be, "Wool, all wool;" or, as a Scotchman would put it, "A' 'oo'." Thus: "A' 'oo'; aye, aye, a' 'oo'."