teeth if you do not brush them afterwards. This medicine does good too if the system is rather open. If this state does not exist, the dialysed iron of the shops will do better.

The fault of iron is that it heats the body and causes uneasy sensations. But these will hardly exist if a bath is taken every day, and as much open air exercise as is possible.

The bitter tonics always do good when there is loss of appetite. Quassia or colomba is about the best and safest.

Then we have the citrate of iron and quinine—a capital tonic, especially in the tabloid form—procurable everywhere. I could recommend this where big doses of quinine disagreed.

Quinine affects the head somewhat. It causes noises in the ears, showing that it interferes with the calm circulation of the blood through the brain.

I think that these simple tonics will be all that is wanted. Only I should advise a rhubarb pill now and then at night, and that excellent half-lemon night and morning. O, you have no idea what a lot of good it does!

Now about toning. This is done by taking more exercise, more fresh air, and the daily bath.

You see that, what with the cold and one thing or another, you have made yourself almost a hot-house plant; and now that June has come, you want to harden off a bit. Talking horticulturally, a hot-house plant is not half so happy as Highland heather, for the simple reason that Highland heather is hardier, and can stand being tossed about by every wind that blows, and being all the better for it too. But the heather loves the sunshine quite as much as an orchid does. And there is nothing better in the world for either the girl or the heather than sunshine.

The bath in some form or other—best cold if it can be taken—should be used daily; and once a week, especially if inclined to *embonpoint*, a Turkish bath.

Food while taking tonics should be nutritious but easy of digestion, and stimulants, or spices, or rich fatty foods, must not be taken, else biliousness will ensue.

Perhaps there is still a little cough. Well, it would yield to cod liver oil sooner than to anything else. But the probability is, it goes against your stomach. I really never could quite see the use of taking cod liver oil if it prevents one from eating or digesting solid food. However, we have an excellent substitute in the Kepler extract of malt, beginning with a dessert-spoonful twice a day, and going on to a tablespoonful.

Very likely my invalid or delicate reader wants a change of some kind. Let it be a good long holiday if at all. I don't think going to the seaside for a week does much good: you are no sooner settled than it is time to be off again. Sea air is a tonic, and, like all tonics, it must be used for a considerable time to be of any very lasting benefit.

As far as I myself am concerned, I should rather stay at home and work in the garden for a week than spend so brief a time by the sad sea wave. So go for a month or five weeks if you go at all. Travel by the quickest, easiest route, and the fastest trains. It is precious poor economy to tire oneself out for the sake of saving a few shillings.

One other hint: if you *do* go to the sea-side, wear a chest protector even in June. Take *warm* salt-water baths if you are at all nervous and want calming: they are so soothing.

At most seaside places you can get these baths more cheaply if you take a ticket for a course. The best time of the day would be two hours before luncheon or dinner. Perhaps a sponge all over with cold water after the warm bath will do good. But as to this point I would rather you consulted your own doctor, as one cannot advise individually in a magazine article.

A RIGHT NOBLE LADY.

"I HAVE been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a Court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shall not stand. Yours, &c., ANNE DORSET, PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY." Such was the haughty and spirited reply sent by the Lady Anne Clifford, in the reign of Charles II., to Sir Joseph Williamson, one of the Secretaries of State, who had written to her asking "the favour of her vote and interest" on behalf of some friend of the Government who wished to sit in Parliament for her "pocket" borough of Appleby, in Westmoreland.

And who was the writer of this famous epistle, which has been often quoted as a specimen of what really ought to have appeared in a *Polite Letter Writer* of the Stuart era? According to the inscription on her tomb in the parish church of Appleby, she was "daughter and eventually sole heir to George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland, by his blessed wife, Margaret Russell, youngest child to Francis Russell, second Earl of Bedford." She was born at the castle of Skipton, in Craven, on the 13th of January 1590; and from the same monument it appears that, besides her other titles, she was "Baroness Clifford, Westmoreland, and Vesey, High Sheriffess of the county of Westmoreland, and Lady of the honour of Skipton in Craven aforesaid." She was twice married, firstly to Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset, and secondly to Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. The other facts of her life are, that she had only two daughters who survived infancy—Margaret, Countess of Thanet, and Isabella, Countess of Northampton, and that she herself died at the age of eighty-five, on the 22nd of March, 1675, as her monument says, "Christianly, willingly, and quietly, having seen a plentiful issue of thirteen grandchildren."

Let us, however, look a little more closely into the personal character of this high-souled lady. She bravely held her castle of Appleby for King Charles I. on the outburst of the Great Rebellion, and placed its government in the hands of Sir Philip Musgrave. Its size, and the strength of the force at her disposal, may be gathered from the fact that when it was dismantled and partly destroyed in 1648, the enclosure of its walls was sufficient to contain 1200 horsemen. At the age of nineteen she was married from her mother's house in Austin Friars, London, to Richard Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, who a few weeks later succeeded his father as Earl of Dorset. He was a firm friend and constant companion of Henry, Prince of Wales, King Charles's elder brother, and a courtier and celebrated knight in the tilt-yard; and his death left her a widow at her own disposal at little more than thirty, with two daughters, her sons having died in childhood. She now made (as ladies will) a vow never to marry again; but she seems in time to have thought better of this resolve, for, after six years of widowhood, she became the wife of Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, Knight of the Garter, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and Chamberlain to Charles I., her marriage taking place at Chenies, in Buckinghamshire, the seat of her uncle, the Earl of Bedford. But this second union did not turn out a happy one. The Earl and his lady lived for the most part in separate houses, and it appears, from a letter to her uncle at Chenies, that once at least he had turned her out of his house at Whitehall. But she was not troubled with him for very long, though perhaps rather longer than she cared, for it was only in 1655 that his death left her a second time free. It is no wonder, however, that they did not get on well together, for she was a hearty Royalist, while her spouse ranged himself on the side of the Roundheads, and all her castles in the north—where she owned Brough, Skipton, Appleby, and Brougham—suffered severely at the hands of the Parliamentary soldiers. While her husband was supposed to be living a wild life in London, and sitting in the lower House of Parliament by grace of the Cromwellian party, she passed her life almost wholly in the north in the company of her daughters and her grandchildren, spending a month in one and then a month in another of her castles, and performing all the duties of a wealthy landowner among her neighbours, rich and poor. In spite of being a great sufferer in the cause of royalty and loyalty, and being troubled with lawsuits brought against her by those who envied her wealth, she

enjoyed a splendid inheritance, having succeeded on her brother's death to the broad acres of the Earl of Cumberland, her father. She knew well, also, how to manage her estates, and spent their income in repairing and restoring her castles and the churches which were in her patronage, as is shown by inscriptions still remaining on their walls and towers. At Appleby, too, she laid the foundations of an almshouse or hospital for twelve poor widows, which still stands in the street leading up to the Castle gates. She kept a state which in the northern counties at least was almost queen-like, and her "progresses" from one castle to another were almost royal also. Much of her dignity and grandeur was an inheritance from her mother, Margaret Russell, whose family pride was great, and who taught her to collect and treasure up the records of all the high families to whom she stood related.

Her private secretary, a man named Sedgwick, who was a scholar and a man of literary tastes, bears witness to many generous traits in her character, and has handed down many interesting particulars of her personal manners and habits. Brailsford, who carefully perused what Mr. Sedgwick wrote, tells us that "she wore very plain apparel, such as a petticoat and waistcoat of black serge, that she never took physic, and never drank wine after she had attained the age of eighty." He also says that on every Monday morning, at whichever of her castles she happened to be staying, she gave twenty shillings to be divided amongst as many poor persons, and that over £40,000—a large sum in those days—was expended by her in the repairs of her castles. She was highly educated, not only for her time, but for a later age. She had a poet for her tutor, and knew not only French, but Italian and Latin, and she employed competent men to collect everything that bore on the family history of her ancestors, the Cliffords, the Veseys, the Russells, and the De Viponts, gleaning every scrap that she could get out of the records in the Tower of London and other storehouses. Three volumes of these family records, preserved at Appleby, attest her zeal for genealogical history.

But the best proof of her taste and skill is the noble monument erected, and to a very great extent designed, by her in memory of her mother in the parish church of Appleby, in which (true to her resolute and independent character) she chose to be buried rather than at Skipton, in the gorgeous Chantry vault of the Cliffords, where she knew that she would be laid "among rivals and enemies," as Whitaker writes in his *History of Craven*.

In 1628, in the interval of her widowhood, she preferred a claim to the ancient title of Clifford, as being a barony in fee, and therefore descendible to her daughters. And, though the House of Lords came to no decision on it in her lifetime, yet, after her death it was adjudged to her grandson, the Earl of Thanet, and when it passed into what is called abeyance, after many years of suspense, it was revived almost in our own days in favour of the Southwell Russells, now Lords de Clifford. It may be added that another Barony of Clifford, conferred in 1628 on her nephew Henry, is still in abeyance between the Earls of Carlisle and Granville, as co-heirs of William, late Duke of Devonshire, and Baron Clifford.

"The pride of pageantry, the pomp of power,
And all that fortune, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

But in the noble houses of the Cliffords, the Cavendishes, the Boyles, the Russells, the Wentworths, and the Cliftons, few names are better remembered or held in higher honour, after an interval of more than two centuries, than that of "Anne, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery," though the old town of Appleby no longer returns members to Parliament, so that her "Your man shall not stand" has long ceased to bear any meaning when a General Election is approaching.

E. WALFORD.

THE SECRET OF ROUGEMONT.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER IX.

"CITOYENNE Valentine, I have your father's permission to speak to you."

Alcibiade Leforêt thus introduced himself to Valentine de Lemprière on the following morning.

She was attired in black, and looked very pale as she stood confronting the man who called himself her lover, while her father cowered feebly in a chair near the stove.

"I am here to listen to what you have to say, monsieur," she answered haughtily.

"I am brusque by nature, and apt to come to the point hastily," said Alcibiade, awed in spite of himself by the stately dignity of her rigid attitude. "I claim your indulgence. You are, I understand, interested in your former neighbours at Quimperlon?"

Valentine started, the dignity relaxed, the colour rushed into her marble cheeks.

"You have news?" she cried.

"News? Assuredly! I am the headquarters for news. You have but to ask me; Alcibiade Leforêt knows all."

She schooled herself to patience, her hungry eyes fixed on his face.

"*Peste!* but she is beautiful!" he exclaimed to himself. "Come, I will tell you. The old St. Eustache is said to have perished in the burning of Riancourt. Hardly a pleasant death that! The guillotine would have been the quicker of the two. The son"—his cruel eyes, fixed on her face, marked the receding of all colour, leaving her white as snow—"the son is safe in the Conciergerie. In the best society—eh?"

"Ah!" The groan came from de Lemprière.

Alcibiade turned fiercely upon him. "So this is the way in which you show your sympathies, is it? And you expect me to protect you! Bah! you are no friend to the Republic. You are as false to her as you were to the vile blacksmith you called your king."

"Monsieur," said Valentine, "it is with me that you have to deal, not with my father. Say what it is your pleasure to say to me, and leave him alone. He is an old man."

He turned to her in admiration of her spirit.

"You are right," he said; "and we must come to the point sooner or later. I, Alcibiade Leforêt, am a suitor for your hand. And see, I am willing to bid for it."

"What do you offer?"

"Your father's life and safety."

"That is a matter of course; it is a family affair. I want more than that."

"You are unreasonable," he said.

The situation was affording him a kind of amusement. "She will drive a hard bargain," he thought, and chuckled over it inwardly. There was a thrill of excitement in the curious, quick, toneless voice in which she spoke.

"I want more than that."

"What do you ask? I am disposed to be generous. You shall have Indian shawls and diamonds and men's lives in your *corbeille*."

"His life—Adrien de Riancourt."

"Yes. The Republic is a tender mother; she does not shed her children's blood when they cease to be mischievous. He shall go free. Is it not enough yet?"

"Not yet. Before I—before we——"

"Before our marriage? Yes? What is coming now? See, sweetest one, I am disposed to be a most loving, most indulgent spouse."

"I have not done," she went on, in the same strained tone. "Let go my hand—let go, I say!"

He drew back, muttering angrily, "What more do you want?"

"I must see Monsieur de Riancourt, anywhere—in the Conciergerie if you will. I must see him once more."

Alcibiade ground his teeth savagely and said, "This is asking too much. Is the prize worth all this bargaining?"

She did not answer; she stood before him motionless.

"I must see him," she murmured. She looked so beautiful even in that strain of agony that a kind of rough pity touched him.

"There," he exclaimed, "shall I not make an indulgent spouse? You shall see him; he shall be saved. And see, I will throw in as thirteen to the dozen this trifle also: you shall be married by a priest."

He held out his hand. Slowly, as if acting under some horrible fascination, she held out hers. She could not help it; it was part of the bargain.

When the two hands met, hers was so cold, so icy cold, that it sent a chill through his frame. He shivered and drew back, and she was gone.

Alcibiade brushed away drops from his brow. Was this happiness? He