VICAR'S GOVERN

CHAPTER XXVII.-(Cont'd.)

thinking of? Do remember how warm the weather is."

"Well, so it is,-grilling," says Mr. Branscombe, nobly confessing his fault. "Do you like me in that olive silk?" asks she, hopefully, gazing at him with earnest, intense eyes.

"Don't I just?" returns he, fervently, rising to enforce his words.

"Now, don't be sillier than you can help," murmurs she, with a lovely smile. "Dont'! I like that gown mysmile. "Don't! I like that gown mynice and old, and that."

"If I were a little girl like you," says Mr. Branscombe, "I should rather hanker after looking nice and young."

"But not too much so: it is frivolous when one is once married." This pensively, and with all the air of one who has long studied the subject.

"Is it? Of course you know best, your experience being greater thanmine," says Dorian, meekly, "but, just for choice, I prefer youth to anything else."

"Do you? Then I suppose I had better wear white."

"Yes do. One evening, in Paris, you afterward."

"Very well. I shall give you a chance of dreaming of me again," says Georgie, with a carefully suppressed sight, that is surely meant for the beloved olive gown.

The sigh is wasted. When she does don the white gown so despised, she is so perfect a picture that one might feel it my duty to interfere." well be excused for wasting seven long nights in airy visions filled all with her. Some wild artistic marguerites are in her bosom (she plucked them herself ing indeed every now and then, but fitfrom out the meadow an hour agone); her lips are red and parted; her hair, that is loosely knotted, and hangs low down, betraying the perfect shape of her small head, is "yellow, like ripe corn." She smiles as she places her hand in Dorian's and asks him how she looks; while he, being all too glad of i her excessive beauty, is very slow to answer her. In truth, she is "like the snowdrop fair, and like the primrose sweet."

At the castle she creates rather a sensation. Many, as yet, have not seen her; and these stare at her placidly, indifferent to the fact that breeding would have it otherwise.

"What a peculiarly pretty young woman," says the duke, half an hour after her arrival, staring at her through his glasses. He had been absent when she came, and so is only just now awakened to a sense of her charms.

"Who?—what?" said the duchess, vaguely, she being the person he has rashly addressed. She is very fat, very unimpressionable, and very fond of argument. "Oh! over there. I quite forget who she is. But I do see that Alfred is with her. With all his affected devotion to Helen, he runs after trays itself on either cheek. His tone every fresh face he sees."

"'There's nothing like a plenty," so full of loving kindness. his own wit; indeed, he prides himself looking well; and I am tired, too. They upon having been rather a "card" in say,his day, and anything but a "k'rect" one, either.

"Yes, there is,-there is propriety," responds the duchess, in an awful tone. That wouldn't be a bit like it," says the duke, with a dry chuckle at his own humor; after which-thinking it, perhaps, safer to withdraw while there is yet time—he saunters off to the left, and, as he has a trick of looking over his shoulder while walking, nearly falls into Dorian's arms at the next turn. "Ho, hah!" says his Grace, pulling himself up very shortly, and glancing at his stumbling-block to see if he can

"Why, it is you, Branscombe," he says, in his usual cheerful, if rather fussy fashion. "So glad to see you!so glad!" He has made exactly this remark to Dorian every time he has come in contact with him during the past twenty years and more "By the bye, I dare say you can tell me-who is that pretty child over there, with the white frock and the blue eyes?"

identify him.

"That pretty child in the frock is my wife," says Branscombe, laughing. "Indeed! Dear me! dear me! I beg your pardon. My dear boy, I congratulate you. Such a face-like a Greuze; or -h'm-yes." Here he grows slightly mixed. "You must introduce me, you know. One likes to do homage to beauty. Why, where could you have met her in this exceedingly deficient county, eh? But you were always a sly dog,

The old gentleman gives him a playful slap on his shoulder, and then, taking his arm, goes with him across the lawn to where Georgie is standing talk-

ing gayly to Lord Alfred. The introduction is gone through, and Georgie makes her very best bow, and blushes her very choicest blush; but the duke will insist upon shaking hands wit hher , whereupon, being pleas-

"So glad to make your acquaintance. Missed you on your arrival," says the always kind, and sweet, and thoughtful! duke, genially. "Was toiling through Even if he does understand he is quite the conservatories, I think, with Lady safe to look as if he didn't. And that Loftus. Know her ! Stout old lady, with is always such a comfort feathers over her nose. She always will go to hot places on hot days."

place, as she affects them so much," to succor her, and to go forth-if needs as though for the first time alive to the says Lord Alfred, gloomily. "I can't be-and fight for her as did the knights bear her; she is always coming here of old for those they loved, until "just bothering me about that abominable and mightie death, whom none can adboy of hers in the Guards, and I never | vise," infolded him in his arms. know what to say to her,"

"Why don't you learn it up at night has lived with only her image in his and say it to her in the morning?" heart. Yet what has his devotion gain-

"Oh! I care say," says Lord Alfred. ful heart. Regard, however deep, is shouldn't let my face out of sight." I Mr. Gruffy-Remorse, likely,

"Only that doesn't help me, you know, because I don't."

"Didn't know who you were at "Oh, Dorian, dear! What are you first, Mrs. Branscombe," breaks in the duke. "Thought you were a little girl -eh?-eh?" chuckling again. "Asked your husband who you were, and so on. I hope you are enjoying yourself. Seen everything, eh? The houses are pretty good this year.'

"Lord Alfred has just shown them to me. They are quite too exquisite,' says Georgie.

And the lake, and my new swans?" " No! not the swans."

see them, you know.' them to me," says the little hypocrite, a smile here, a gentle word there; a with the very faintest, but the most kindly pressure of the hand to-day, a successful, emphasis on the pronoun, look of welcome to-morrow. These are which is wine to the heart of the old liberally given, but nothing more. Ever beau; and, offering her his arm, he since her engagement to Horace Branstakes her across the lawn and through | combe, he has, of course, relinquished the shrubberies to the sheet of water | hope; but the surrender of all expectabeyond, that gleams sweet and cool tion has not killed his love. He is silthrough the foliage. As they go, the ent because he must be so, but his heart county turns to regard them; and men | wakes, and wonder who the pretty woman is the old fellow has picked up; and women! wonder what on earth the duke can see in that silly little Mrs. Branscombe. Sir James, who has been watching the duke's evident admiration for his pret-

ty guest, is openly amused. Your training!" he says to Clarissa, over whose chair he is leaning. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself and your pupil. Such a disgraceful little cowore a white gown of some sort, and quette I never saw. I really pity that I dreamt of you every night for a week poor duchess; see there, how miserably unhappy she is looking, and how-er

> "Don't be unkind; your hesitation was positively cruel. The word 'red' is unmistakably the word for the poor duchess to-day."

> "Well, yes, and yesterday, and the day before, and probably to-morrow,' says Sir James, mildly. "But I really wonder at the duke,-at this time of life, too! If I were Branscombe I should

He is talking gayly, unceasingly, but always with his grave eyes fixed upon Clarissa, as she leans back languidly on the comfortable garden-chair, smilfully, and without the gladness that generally lights up her charming face. Horace had promised to be here to-

day,—had faithfully promised to come with her and her father to this gardenparty; and where is he now? A little chill of disappointment has fallen upon her, and made dull her day. No smallest doubt of this truth finds harbor in her gentle bosom, yet grief sits heavy on her, "as the mildews hang upon the bells of flowers to blight their bloom!"

Sir James, half divining the cause of discontent, seeks carefully, tenderly to draw her from her sad thoughts in every way that occurs to him; and his! efforts, though not altogether crowned with success, are at least so far happy grievance for the time being, and keeps staying in the country." her from dwelling too closely upon the vexed question of her recreant lover. Molly asked me down last month."

To be with Sir James is, too, in itself a relief to her. With him she need not converse unless it so pleases her; her silence will neither surprise or trouble you here to-day." him; but with all the others it would be so different; they would claim her sation just at this moment would be!

her face. A sigh replaces it. "How well you are looking to-day!" says Scrope, lightly, thinking this will please her. She is extremely pale, but a little hectic spot, born of weariness and fruitless hoping against hope, beif not the words, does please her, it is

'A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad tires in a mile-a:

I doubt mine is a sad one, I feel so worn out. Though," hastily, and with a vivid flush that changes all her pallor into warmth,-" if I were put to it, I couldn't tell you why."

"No? Do you know I have often felt like that," says Scrope, carelessly. "It is both strange and natural. One has fits of depression that come and go at will, and that one cannot account for; belonging to any other fellow. It isn't at least, I have, frequently. But you, Clarissa, you should not know what depression means."

"I know to-day." For the moment her courage fails her. She feels weak; a craving for sympathy overcomes her and, turning she lifts her large sorrow-

ful eyes to his. She would, perhaps, have spoken; but now a sense of shame and a sharp pang that means pride comes to her, and, by a supreme effort, she conquers emotion, and lets her heavily-lashed lids fall over her suffused eyes, as though to conceal the tell-tale drops within from his searching gaze.

"So you see,"-she says, with a rather artificial laugh,-" your flattery falls through; with all this weight of imaginary woe upon my shoulders, I can hardly be looking my best."

"Nevertheless, I shall not allow you to call my true sentiments flattery,' said Scrope: "I really meant what I said, whether you choose to believe me or not. Yours is a

Beauty truly blent, whose red and

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand

"What a courtier you become!" she hankered after." says, laughing bonestly for almost the first time to-day. It is so strange to hear James Scrope say anything highflown or sentimental. She is a little bit yet after all, she hardly frets over the ing. fact of his knowing. Dear Jim! he is

And Sir James, watching her, an marking the grief upon her face, feels | fancy, perhaps." "I wish she would go to a final hot a tightening at his heart, and a longing

> For a long time he has loved her .longing that leaves desolate his faith is quite out of the question now). I lit is now.

but small comfort to him whose every thought, waking and sleeping, belongs alone to her.

"Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride. What hell it is, in swing long to bide: To loose good dayes that might be bet-

ter spent. To wast long nights in pensive discon-

To speed to-day, to be put back to-To feed on hope, to pine with feare and To fret thy soul with crosses and with

To eate thy heart through comfortlesse

He is quite assured he lives in utter ignorance of his love. No word has escaped him, no smallest hint, that might "Dear me! why didn't he show you declare to her the passion that daily, those? Finest birds I ever saw. My hourly, grows stronger, and of which dear Mrs. Branscombe, you really must she is the sole object. "The noblest mind the best contentment has," and "I should like to, if you will show he contents himself as best he may on

"Silence in love bewrays more woe Than words, though ne'er so witty."

See, there they are again" he says now, alluding to Georgie and her ducal companion, as they emerge from behind some thick shrubs. Another man is with them, too,—a tall gaunt young but only in the interest of art. He is -a rather amusing sort of fellow, isn't lecturing on the "Consummate Daffo- he?" dil" and is comparing it unfavorably

to herself, "he was not an aesthete. knew a bit who the duke was, because Oh, how I wish he would go back to his he kept saying odd little things about

pristine freshness!"

ceasingly about the impossible flowers, his back: it is all the same thing," that are all very well in their way, but whose exaltedness lives only in his asks Dorian; at which piece of folly they own imagination, until the Duke, grow- both laugh as though it was the best ing weary (as well he might, poor soul), thing in the world. turns aside, and greets with unexpected cordiality a group upon his right, that, smooth lawns, and past the glowing under any other less oppressive circum- flower-beds, and past Sir John Lincoln, stances, would be abhorrent to him. But | too, who is standing in an impossible atto spend a long hour talking about one | titude, that makes him all elbows and lily is not to be borne.

Georgie follows his example, and tries man-all bone and muscle and good to escape Lincoln and the tulips by div- humor-who is plainly delighted with very successful groups do not suit aes- nothing but one vast joke. thetics,—and soon the gaunt young man takes himself and long hair, to some remote region.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Branscombe?" says a voice at her elbow, a moment face to face with Mr. Kennedy.

"Ah! you?" she says, with very flattering haste, being unmistakably pleasin that he induces her to forget her ed to see him. "I had no idea you were "I am staying with the Luttrells.

> "She is a great friend of yours, know," says Mrs. Branscombe; "yet I hadn't the faintest notion I should meet

"And you didn't care either I dare say," says Mr. Kennedy in a tone that attention whether she willed it or not, is positively sepulchral, and, considerand to make ordinary spirited conver- ing all things, very well done indeed. "I should have cared, if I had even impossible to her. The smile dies off once thought about it," says Mrs. Branscombe, cheerfully.

> Whereupon he says,— "Thank you!" in a voice that is all reproach. Georgie colors. "I didn't mean what you think," she says, anxiously. " didn't indeed."

> "Well, it sounded exactly like it," says Mr. Kennedy, with careful gloom. you ever would think of me, buhaven't seen you since that last night at Gowran, have I?"

> "I think you might have told me then you were going to be married. "I wasn't going to be married then," says Georgie, indignantly; "I hadn't a single idea of it. Never thought of it, until the next day."

> "I quite thought you were going to marry me," says Mr. Kennedy, sadly, "I had quite made up my mind to it. I never "-forlornly-" imagined you as pleasant to find that one's pet doll is stuffed with sawdust, and yet-"

"I can't think what you are talking about," says Mrs. Branscombe, coldly, and with some fine disgust; she cannot help thinking that she must be the doll in question, and to be filled with sawdust sounds anything but dignified. Kennedy, reading her like a book,

nobly suppresses a wild desire for laughter, and goes on in a tone, if possible, more depressed than the former

"My insane hope was the doll," he says: "it proved only dust. I haven't got over the shock yet that I felt on hearing of your marriage. I don't suppose I ever shall now."

"Nonsense!" says Georgie, contempt-

nously. "I never saw you look so well in all my life. You are positively fat." "That's how it always shows with me," says Kennedy, unblushingly. "Whenever green and yellow melancholy marks me for its own, I sit on a monument (they always keep one for me at home) and smile incessantly at grief, and get as fat as possible. It is refinement of cruelty, you know, as superfluous flesh is not a thing to be

"How you must have fretted," says Mrs. Branscombe, demurely, glancing from under her long lashes at his figure, which has certainly gained both in ed she smiles her most enchanting afraid that he knows why she is sorry, size and in weight since their last meet-

At this they both laugh. "Is your husband here to-day?" asks he, presently.

"Why isn't he with you?" "He has found somebody more to his As she says this she glances round,

fact that indeed he is not beside her. "Impossible!" says Kennedy. "Give any other reason but that, and I may belive you. I am quite sure he is missing you terribly, and is vainly search-

" Poor woman! what a time she is going to put in!" says Mrs. Branscombe, pityingly. "Don't go about telling people all that, or you will never get a wife. By this time Dorian and I have made the discovery that we can do excellently well without each other sometimes.

Dorian coming up behind her just as she says this, hears her, and changes

"How d'ye do!" he says to Kennedy, civilly, if not cordially, that young man receiving his greeting with the utmost bonhommie and an unchanging front. For a second Branscombe refuses to

meet his wife's eyes, then, conquering the momentary feeling of pained disappointment he turns to her, and says. gently,-"Do you care to stay much longer? Clarissa has gone, and Scrope, and the

Carringtons. "I don't care to stay another min- ounces every hour. ute: I should like to go home now," says Georgie, slipping her hand through his arm, as though glad to have something to lean on; and, as she speaks, she lifts her face and bestows upon him a smile.

happiness again. Seeing which, Kennedy raises his brows, and then his hat, and, bowing, turns aside, and is soon lost amidst the crowd.

It is a very dear little smile, and has

the effect of restoring him to perfect

"You are sure you want to come home?" says Dorian anxiously. "I am not in a hurry you know."

"I am. I have walked enough, and

talked enough, to last me a month." "I am afraid I rather broke in upon your conversation just now," says man, with long hair, and a cadaverous Branscombe, looking earnestly at her. face, who is staring at Georgie as "But for my coming, Kennedy would though he would willingly devour her- have stayed on with you; and he is a

"Is he? :He was exceedingly stupid with the "Unutterable Tulip," and is to-day, at all events. I don't believe he plainly boring the two, with whom he has a particle of brains, or else he is walking, to extinction. He is Sir thinks other people haven't. I enjoy-John Lincoln, that old-new friend of ed myself a great deal more with the Georgie's and will not be shaken off. | old duke, until that ridiculous Sir John "Long ago," says Georgie, tearfully, Lincoln came to us. I don't think he the grounds and the guests, right un-But he won't: he maunders on un- der his nose; at least, right behind "What is? His nose and his back?"

> Then they make their way over the knees, talking to a very splendid young

ing among the aforesaid group. She is him. To the splendid young man he is Seeing Mrs. Branscombe, they both raise their hats, and Sir John so far forgets the tulips as to give it as his opinion that she is "Quite too, too intense for every day life." Whereupon the later, and, turning, she finds herself splendid young man, breaking into praise too, declares she is "Quite too awfully jolly, don't you know," which commonplace remark so horrifies his

> turns aside, and leaves him to his fate. Georgie, who has been brought to a standstill for a moment, hears both remarks, and laughs aloud. "It is something to be admired by Colonel Vibart, isn't it?" she says to Dorian; "but it is really very sad about

companion that he sadly and tearfully

poor Sir John. He has bulbous roots on the brain, and they have turned him as mad as a hatter.'

PRINCESS BEATRICE.

(To Be Continued.)

Princess Henry-or Princess Beatrice. as the English people still call heris in her 39th year,. She has always been known as the most accomplished as follicular tonsillitis, while some atmusician of the royal family. When quite young she developed a wonderful quotes the duke, with a dry chuckle at "Am I?" she says. "I don't feel like "Of course it is not to be expected that gift of reading difficult music at sight, quinsy sore throat. and this has been carefully cultivated. She is also a most graceful composer, and has set to music various poems by Lord Tennyson. These songs were heard at the great concert given the year before last as a memorial of the late poet laureate. Two or three years ago the Princess narrowly escaped being burned to death while staying at Hesse-Darmstadt. She was on a visit at the time to her brother-in-law, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and while there the beautiful palace of Heilingenberg caught fire at night, the flames spreading with such rapidity that the Princess barely had time to save her life, and lost all her jewels and effects.

To the Princess belongs the credit of taste for theatrical entertainments. In her youth Queen Victoria was frequently, throughout the London season, to be seen at the varied theatres with her young husband, and for the first fifteen years that followed her marriage, hardly missed a single important operatic event in the metropolis, showing not only a keen and intelligent appreciation of both music and drama, but also a very kindly feeling towards the artists. After the death of the Prince Consort, in 1861, the Queen declined to hear any longer of anything connected with the stage, and it was only with the utmost difficulty that some ten years ago the Princess was able to induce her mother to permit the organization of some tableaux-vivants at Osborne. This had the effect of paving the way to amateur theatricals, of which the Princess is inordinately fond; and from amateur theatricals to performances given by professionals was but another step. Of recent years the Queen has again taken such a liking to the drama that she goes to the expense of having entire metropolitan troupes and their scenery conveyed all the way four hours' journey, in order to provide her with an evening's entertainment.

FALSE ALARM.

Sir! called a frightened man to policeman, there's a burglar trying to

next door! burglar-that's Mr. Youngfather trying to get in without waking the baby.

THE PROBABILITY.

ing every nook and corner by this time of that tall, slender young woman ovthe worst. If you were my -- I mean Her name was Morse before she was should know what to say to her at | doubt, but nothing that can satisfy the | if ever I were to marry (which of course | married, but I cannot remember what

HEALTH

WATER DRINKING FOR TYPHOID.

Water drinking in typhoid fever is not a new suggestion. The importance of subjecting the tissues to an internal bath was brought prominently to the notice of the profession by M. Debove, of Paris, who was perhaps the first to systematize this mode of treatment. The treatment of this eminent physician consists almost exclusively of water drinking. "I make my patients drink," he says: and they must be kept pretty busy in attending to this rinsing process; for they are required to take from five to six quarts of water daily, which would amount to eight

The writer has for many years followed the practice of having his patients drink from one-half to two-thirds of a glass of water hourly, when awake. It is, sometimes, however, impossible to induce patients to drink a large quantity of water. In cases in which the stomach is dilated, the patient is often unable to absorb water so rapidly. In these cases the introduction of water by the rectum proves a satisfactory substitute for water drinking. Of course, if the patient subsists chiefly upon a diet of thin gruel, fruit juices, or skimmed milk, the amount of liquid thus taken may be subtracted from the quantity of water named. The important thing is to get into the system, and out of it, a sufficient amount of water to prevent the accumulation of ptomains and toxins within the body.

Copious water drinking does not weaken the heart, but on the contrary, encourages its action, by maintaining the volume of blood. It also aids the action of the liver, the kidneys, and the skin; and by promoting evaporation from the skin, it lowers the tem

QUINSY

Quinsy is an inflammation of the tonsil, attended by pus-formation-an abs-

The onset of buinsy is like that of an ordinary sore throat-pain and soreness, aggravated by swallowing and talking, a swelling of the glands of the throat, and redness of the affected

One peculiarity of the disease is that it is apt to attack the same person each year about the same season; most commonly in the more changeable weather of spring and autumn.

By a prompt treatment of the sore throat by means of cold compresses, the inflammation may often be checked at

If no such measures are taken, the pain is likely to grow more severe, shooting toward the ear of the side affected; swallowing becomes difficult and more painful, and relief is only experienced by the bursting of the abscess or by the incision of the physi-

cian's lancet. Young people of robust health are the most common sufferers from quinsy, for the reason perhaps, that they are oftenest exposed directly to unfav-

orable weather conditions. It ought to be known that much car be done to avoid attacks of quinsy. The trouble usually occurs in tonsils that are already enlarged, or that are subject to recurring attacks of inflammation. Many of these attacks are slight and transitory; others are of greater severity, terminating in a spotted condition of the tonsils known tacks proceed to the severe form, which is attended with the formation of pus within the substance of the tonsil-

Persons whose tonsils are always swollen, and often troublesome, should use a daily gargle of some mild antiseptic wash. The throat should protected against cold and damp winds, but the neck must not be debilitated by the

constant wearing of a muffler. Protection of the feet from wetting should be rigorously adhered to, while constipation, which predisposes to rheumatic as well as to tonsillar affections, should be regularly avoided.

DANGER FROM CONTAGION.

A large portion of our people are renters of houses and frequently change reviving her mother's long dormant their abodes; but how many are thoughtful enough to ask about sicknesses which have recently occurred in the houses to which they propose to move their families? The point is this: The germs of many diseases, as scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, typhoid fever, etc., may linger for months about a house, and a family moving into such a place may in a few weeks be stricken down, and much suffering, expense and even death be the result. There is no truth in the old idea that children must have the whole series of children's diseases. The most of them can be avoided, and if more care were exercised by parents, thousands of innocent lives might be saved. If children can be carried beyond the age of 16 years without contracting scarlet fever or diphtheria,—the two most dreaded diseases of childhood,-there is then comparatively little danger from them The same is true of other diseases.

CARE OF RINGS.

It is never wise to wet rings that from London to Balmoral, a twenty- have stones in them. Of course, all rings need to be cleaned from time to time, and diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires will stand washing with soap. Turquoise and seed pearls will change color if subjected to any such treatment. The majority of pearl rings have not the full round perfect pearl, get into a back window of the house which alone will stand wetting. Almost all pearls have at least a tiny pin H-u-s-h! said the policeman, that's no prick somewhere on their surface, and this, like a spot of decay in a tooth, will admit substances which will damage them. It is therefore usual to take off one's rings when washing the hands. Mrs. De Bellew-What is the name This is how many valuable jewels are lost. An old-fashioned but excellent for your dead body. No doubt he fears er there by the mantel, Mr. Gruffy? preventive of forgetfulness on such occasions is to put the ring into your mouth or at least between your lips. Then you will remember to slip it on your finger after drying your hands.