

# THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Cont'd.)

"Oh, Dorian, dear! What are you 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. "Don't! I like that gown my-  
self. 'Don't! I like that gown my-  
self 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 than mine," 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 wore a white gown of some sort, and I dreamt of you every night for a week afterward."

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

The sign is wasted. When she does don the white gown so despoised, she is so perfect a picture that one might well be excused for wasting seven long nights in airy visions filled all with her. Some wild artistic marvellous are in her bosom (she plucked them herself from out the meadow an hour ago); 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 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 unimpressible, 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 her fresh face he sees."

"There's nothing like a plenty," quotes the duke, with a dry chuckle at his own wit; indeed, he prides himself upon having been rather a "card" in his day, and anything but a "k'reet" one, either.

"Yes, there is,—there is awfully," 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, hab!" says his Grace, pulling himself up very shortly, and glancing at the stammering block to see if he can identify him.

"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 way, I dare say you can tell me—who is that pretty child over there, with the white frock and the blue eyes?"

"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 Greuse; 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, eh?"

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 talking gaily 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 with her, whereupon, being pleased she smiles her most, enchanting smile."

"So glad to make your acquaintance. Missed you on your arrival," says the duke, genially. "Was toiling through the conservatories, I think, with Lady Loftus. Know her? Stout old lady, with feathers over her nose. She always will go to hot places on hot days."

"I wish she would go to a final hot place, as she affects them so much," says Lord Alfred, gloomily. "I can't bear her; she is always coming here bothering me about that abominable boy of hers in the Guards, and I never know what to say to her."

"Why don't you learn it up at night and say it to her in the morning?" says Mrs. Branscombe, brightly. "I should know what to say to her at once."

"Oh! I care say," says Lord Alfred.

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

"Didn't know who you were at 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."

"Dear me! why didn't he show you those? Finest birds I ever saw. My dear Mrs. Branscombe, you really must see them, you know."

"I should like to, if you will show them to me," says the little hypocrite, with the very faintest, but the most successful, emphasis on his pronoun, which is winking to the heart of the old duke; and, offering her his arm, he takes her across the lawn and through the shrubberies to the sheet of water beyond, that gleams sweet and cool through the foliage. As they go, the county turns to regard them; and men 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 pretty 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 coquette I never saw. I really pity that poor duchess; see there, how miserably unhappy she is looking, and how—er—pink."

"Don't be unkind; your hesitation was unmistakably 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 feel it my duty to interfere."

He is talking gaily, unceasingly, but always with his grave eyes fixed upon Clarissa, as she leans back languidly on the comfortable garden-chair, smiling indeed every now and then, but fitfully, 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 garden-party; and where is he now? A little child 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 midday heat upon the bells of flowers to brighten 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 in that he induces her to forget her grievance for the time being, and keeps her from dwelling too closely upon the vexed question of her recreant lover.

To be with Sir James is, too, in itself a relief to her. With him she need not converse unless she pleases her; his silence will neither surprise or trouble her; but with all the others it would be so different; they would claim her attention whether she willed it or not, and to make ordinary spirited conversation just at this moment would be impossible to her. The smile dies off 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, betrays itself on either cheek. His tone is not the words, kindness, please her, it is so full of loving tenderness.

"Am I?" she says. "I don't feel like looking well; and I am tired, too. They say,—"

"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, lately, 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; 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 sorrowful eyes to his.

She would, perhaps, have spoken; but now a sense of shame and a sharp pang that means pride come 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 white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

"What a courtesier you become!" she says, laughing honestly for the first time to-day. It is so strange to hear James Scrope say anything high-flown or sentimental. She is a little bit afraid that he knows why she is sorry, yet, after all, she hardly frets over the fact of his knowing. Dear Jim! he is always kind, and sweet, and thoughtful. Even if he does understand he is quite safe to look as if he didn't. And that is always such a comfort!"

And Sir James, watching her face, and marking the grief upon her, and a tightening at his heart, and a longing to succor her, and to go forth—if needs be—and fight for her as did the knights of old for those they loved, until "just and mightie death, whom none can advise," infolded him in his arms.

"For a long time he has lived here,—has lived with only her devotion in his heart. Yet what has his image gained him? Her liking, her regard, no doubt, but nothing that can satisfy the longing that leaves desolate his faithful heart. Regard, however deep, is

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 days that might be better spent."

To waste long nights in pensive discontent;

To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;

To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;

To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;

To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaire."

He is quite assured he lives in utter ignorance of his love. No word has escaped him, no smallest hint, that might declare to her the passion that daily, hourly, grows stronger, and of which she is the sole object. "The noblest mind the best contentment has," and he contents himself as best he may on a smile here, a gentle word there; a kindly pressure of the hand to-day, a look of welcome to-morrow. These are liberally given, but nothing more. Ever since his engagement to Horace Branscombe, he has, of course, relinquished hope; but the surrender of all expectation has not killed his love. He is silent because he must be so, but his heart wakes, and

"Silence in love bewrays more woe Than words, though never so witty."

"See, there they are again!" he says now, alluding to Georgie and her dual companion, as they emerge from behind some thick shrubs. "Another man is with them, too,—a tall gaunt young man, with long hair, and a cadaverous face, who is staring at Georgie as though he would willingly devour her—but only in the interest of art. He is lecturing on the 'Consummate Daffodil' and is comparing it unfavorably with the 'Unutterable Tulip,' and is plainly boring the two, with whom he is walking, to extinction. He is Sir John Lincoln, that old-new friend of Georgie's and will not be shaken off."

Long ago, says Georgie, fearfully, to herself, he was not an aesthete. Oh, how I wish he would go back to his primitive freshness!"

But he won't; he maunders on unceasingly about the impossible flowers, that are all very well in their way, but whose exaltedness lives only in his own imagination, until the Duke, growing weary (as well he might, poor soul), turns aside, and greets with unexpected cordiality a group upon his right, that, under any other less oppressive circumstances, would be abhorrent to him. But to spend a long hour talking about one lily is not to be borne.

Georgie follows his example, and tries to escape Lincoln and the tulips by diving among the forsythias and the ducal very success as they emerge from behind some thick shrubs. "Another man is with them, too,—a tall gaunt young man, with long hair, and a cadaverous face, who is staring at Georgie as though he would willingly devour her—but only in the interest of art. He is lecturing on the 'Consummate Daffodil' and is comparing it unfavorably with the 'Unutterable Tulip,' and is plainly boring the two, with whom he is walking, to extinction. He is Sir John Lincoln, that old-new friend of Georgie's and will not be shaken off."

Long ago, says Georgie, fearfully, to herself, he was not an aesthete. Oh, how I wish he would go back to his primitive freshness!"

But he won't; he maunders on unceasingly about the impossible flowers, that are all very well in their way, but whose exaltedness lives only in his own imagination, until the Duke, growing weary (as well he might, poor soul), turns aside, and greets with unexpected cordiality a group upon his right, that, under any other less oppressive circumstances, would be abhorrent to him. But to spend a long hour talking about one lily is not to be borne.

Georgie follows his example, and tries to escape Lincoln and the tulips by diving among the forsythias and the ducal very success as they emerge from behind some thick shrubs. "Another man is with them, too,—a tall gaunt young man, with long hair, and a cadaverous face, who is staring at Georgie as though he would willingly devour her—but only in the interest of art. He is lecturing on the 'Consummate Daffodil' and is comparing it unfavorably with the 'Unutterable Tulip,' and is plainly boring the two, with whom he is walking, to extinction. He is Sir John Lincoln, that old-new friend of Georgie's and will not be shaken off."

Long ago, says Georgie, fearfully, to herself, he was not an aesthete. Oh, how I wish he would go back to his primitive freshness!"

But he won't; he maunders on unceasingly about the impossible flowers, that are all very well in their way, but whose exaltedness lives only in his own imagination, until the Duke, growing weary (as well he might, poor soul), turns aside, and greets with unexpected cordiality a group upon his right, that, under any other less oppressive circumstances, would be abhorrent to him. But to spend a long hour talking about one lily is not to be borne.

Georgie follows his example, and tries to escape Lincoln and the tulips by diving among the forsythias and the ducal very success as they emerge from behind some thick shrubs. "Another man is with them, too,—a tall gaunt young man, with long hair, and a cadaverous face, who is staring at Georgie as though he would willingly devour her—but only in the interest of art. He is lecturing on the 'Consummate Daffodil' and is comparing it unfavorably with the 'Unutterable Tulip,' and is plainly boring the two, with whom he is walking, to extinction. He is Sir John Lincoln, that old-new friend of Georgie's and will not be shaken off."

Long ago, says Georgie, fearfully, to herself, he was not an aesthete. Oh, how I wish he would go back to his primitive freshness!"

But he won't; he maunders on unceasingly about the impossible flowers, that are all very well in their way, but whose exaltedness lives only in his own imagination, until the Duke, growing weary (as well he might, poor soul), turns aside, and greets with unexpected cordiality a group upon his right, that, under any other less oppressive circumstances, would be abhorrent to him. But to spend a long hour talking about one lily is not to be borne.

Georgie follows his example, and tries to escape Lincoln and the tulips by diving among the forsythias and the ducal very success as they emerge from behind some thick shrubs. "Another man is with them, too,—a tall gaunt young man, with long hair, and a cadaverous face, who is staring at Georgie as though he would willingly devour her—but only in the interest of art. He is lecturing on the 'Consummate Daffodil' and is comparing it unfavorably with the 'Unutterable Tulip,' and is plainly boring the two, with whom he is walking, to extinction. He is Sir John Lincoln, that old-new friend of Georgie's and will not be shaken off."

Long ago, says Georgie, fearfully, to herself, he was not an aesthete. Oh, how I wish he would go back to his primitive freshness!"

But he won't; he maunders on unceasingly about the impossible flowers, that are all very well in their way, but whose exaltedness lives only in his own imagination, until the Duke, growing weary (as well he might, poor soul), turns aside, and greets with unexpected cordiality a group upon his right, that, under any other less oppressive circumstances, would be abhorrent to him. But to spend a long hour talking about one lily is not to be borne.

Georgie follows his example, and tries to escape Lincoln and the tulips by diving among the forsythias and the ducal very success as they emerge from behind some thick shrubs. "Another man is with them, too,—a tall gaunt young man, with long hair, and a cadaverous face, who is staring at Georgie as though he would willingly devour her—but only in the interest of art. He is lecturing on the 'Consummate Daffodil' and is comparing it unfavorably with the 'Unutterable Tulip,' and is plainly boring the two, with whom he is walking, to extinction. He is Sir John Lincoln, that old-new friend of Georgie's and will not be shaken off."

Long ago, says Georgie, fearfully, to herself, he was not an aesthete. Oh, how I wish he would go back to his primitive freshness!"

But he won't; he maunders on unceasingly about the impossible flowers, that are all very well in their way, but whose exaltedness lives only in his own imagination, until the Duke, growing weary (as well he might, poor soul), turns aside, and greets with unexpected cordiality a group upon his right, that, under any other less oppressive circumstances, would be abhorrent to him. But to spend a long hour talking about one lily is not to be borne.

Georgie follows his example, and tries to escape Lincoln and the tulips by diving among the forsythias and the ducal very success as they emerge from behind some thick shrubs. "Another man is with them, too,—a tall gaunt young man, with long hair, and a cadaverous face, who is staring at Georgie as though he would willingly devour her—but only in the interest of art. He is lecturing on the 'Consummate Daffodil' and is comparing it unfavorably with the 'Unutterable Tulip,' and is plainly boring the two, with whom he is walking, to extinction. He is Sir John Lincoln, that old-new friend of Georgie's and will not be shaken off."

Long ago, says Georgie, fearfully, to herself, he was not an aesthete. Oh, how I wish he would go back to his primitive freshness!"

But he won't; he maunders on unceasingly about the impossible flowers, that are all very well in their way, but whose exaltedness lives only in his own imagination, until the Duke, growing weary (as well he might, poor soul), turns aside, and greets with unexpected cordiality a group upon his right, that, under any other less oppressive circumstances, would be abhorrent to him. But to spend a long hour talking about one lily is not to be borne.

Georgie follows his example, and tries to escape Lincoln and the tulips by diving among the forsythias and the ducal very success as they emerge from behind some thick shrubs. "Another man is with them, too,—a tall gaunt young man, with long hair, and a cadaverous face, who is staring at Georgie as though he would willingly devour her—but only in the interest of art. He is lecturing on the 'Consummate Daffodil' and is comparing it unfavorably with the 'Unutterable Tulip,' and is plainly boring the two, with whom he is walking, to extinction. He is Sir John Lincoln, that old-new friend of Georgie's and will not be shaken off."

Long ago, says Georgie, fearfully, to herself, he was not an aesthete. Oh, how I wish he would go back to his primitive freshness!"

But he won't; he maunders on unceasingly about the impossible flowers, that are all very well in their way, but whose exaltedness lives only in his own imagination, until the Duke, growing weary (as well he might, poor soul), turns aside, and greets with unexpected cordiality a group upon his right, that, under any other less oppressive circumstances, would be abhorrent to him. But to spend a long hour talking about one lily is not to be borne.

Georgie follows his example, and tries to escape Lincoln and the tulips by diving among the forsythias and the ducal very success as they emerge from behind some thick shrubs. "Another man is with them, too,—a tall gaunt young man, with long hair, and a cadaverous face, who is staring at Georgie as though he would willingly devour her—but only in the interest of art. He is lecturing on the 'Consummate Daffodil' and is comparing it unfavorably with the 'Unutterable Tulip,' and is plainly boring the two, with whom he is walking, to extinction. He is Sir John Lincoln, that old-new friend of Georgie's and will not be shaken off."

Long ago, says Georgie, fearfully, to herself, he was not an aesthete. Oh, how I wish he would go back to his primitive freshness!"

But he won't; he maunders on unceasingly about the impossible flowers, that are all very well in their way, but whose exaltedness lives only in his own imagination, until the Duke, growing weary (as well he might, poor soul), turns aside, and greets with unexpected cordiality a group upon his right, that, under any other less oppressive circumstances, would be abhorrent to him. But to spend a long hour talking about one lily is not to be borne.

Georgie follows his example, and tries to escape Lincoln and the tulips by diving among the forsythias and the ducal very success as they emerge from behind some thick shrubs. "Another man is with them, too,—a tall gaunt young man, with long hair, and a cadaverous face, who is staring at Georgie as though he would willingly devour her—but only in the interest of art. He is lecturing on the 'Consummate Daffodil' and is comparing it unfavorably with the 'Unutterable Tulip,' and is plainly boring the two, with whom he is walking, to extinction. He is Sir John Lincoln, that old-new friend of Georgie's and will not be shaken off."

Long ago, says Georgie, fearfully, to herself, he was not an aesthete. Oh, how I wish he would go back to his primitive freshness!"

"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 color.

"How d'ye do!" he says to Kennedy, civilly, if not cordially, that young man receiving his greeting with the utmost bonhomie 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? Carringtons has gone, and Scrope, and the Carringtons."

"I don't care to stay another minute; 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. It is a very dear little smile, and has the effect of restoring him to perfect happiness again.

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

"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 Branscombe, looking earnestly at her. "But for my coming, Kennedy would have stayed on with you; and he is a—rather amusing sort of fellow, isn't he?"

"Is he? He was exceedingly stupid to-day, at all events. I don't believe he knew a bit of who the duke was because he kept saying out little things about the grounds and the guests, right under his nose; at least, right behind his back; it is all the same thing."

"What is? His nose and his back?" asks Dorian; at which piece of folly they both laugh as though it was the best thing in the world.

Then they make their way over the smooth lawns, and past the glowing flower-beds, and past Sir John Lincoln, too, who is standing in an impossible attitude, that makes him all elbows and knees, talking to a very splendid young man—all bone and muscle and good humor—who is plainly delighted with him. "It is something to be admired by Colonel Vibart, isn't it?" she says to Dorian; "but it is really very sad about poor Sir John. He has bulbous roots on the brain, and they have turned him as mad as a hatter."

(To Be Continued.)

PRINCESS BEATRICE.

Princess Henry—or Princess Beatrice, as the English people still call her—is in her 39th year. She has always been known as the most accomplished musician of the royal family. When quite young she developed a wonderful gift of reading difficult music at sight, 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 Saxe-Coburg, and while there the beautiful palace of Bellingberg 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 reviving her mother's long dormant 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, hard-ly 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 paying 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 from London to Balmoral, a twenty-four hours' journey, in order to provide her with an evening's entertainment.

FALSE ALARM.

Sir! called a frightened man to a policeman, there's a burglar trying to get into a back window of the house next door!

H-u-s-h! said the policeman, that's no burglar—that's Mr. Youngfather trying to get in without waking the baby.

THE PROBABILITY.

Mrs. De Bellew—What is the name of that tall, slender young woman over there by the mantel, Mr. Gruffy? Her name was Morse before she was married, but I cannot remember what it is now.

Mr. Gruffy—Remorse, likely.

## 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 ounces every hour.

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 ptomaines 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 temperature.

## QUINCY.

Quincy is an inflammation of the tonsil, attended by pus-formation—an abscess.

The onset of quincy 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 tonsil.

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 its onset.

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 physician's lancet.

Young people of robust health are the most common sufferers from quincy, for the reason perhaps, that they are oftener exposed directly to unfavorable weather conditions.

It ought to be known that much can be done to avoid attacks of quincy. 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 as follicular tonsillitis, while some attacks proceed to the severe form, which is attended with the formation of pus within the substance of the tonsil—quincy sore throat.