

HER BOY AT LAST. A SOCIETY NOVEL.

By the author of "Edith Lyle," "Mildred Forrest House," "Chateau d'Or," etc.

The blood rushed at once to Maddy's face, and she could not repress a smile, while Guy laughed aloud, saying to her softly: "For your sake, I tried my skill to stop what I knew must annoy you. Pardon me if I did wrong!" then turning to Uncle Joseph, he gave the desired permission, together with the promise of a handsome spittoon, which should be sent down on the morrow. With a bow Uncle Joseph turned away, muttering to himself, "High doings, now Martha's gone; but new lords, new laws. I trust he's not going to live here;" and very slyly he asked Flora if the Lord Governor had brought his things?

At this point Grandpa Markham came in, and to him Guy appealed at once to know if he were not willing for Maddy to return to school.

"I said she might if she thought best," was the reply, spoken so sadly that Maddy's arms were at once twisted round the old man's neck, while she said to him: "Tell me honestly which you prefer. I'd like so much to go to school, but I am not sure I should be happy there, knowing how lonely you were at home. Say, grandpa, which do you prefer?" and Maddy tried to speak playfully, though her heart-beats were almost audible as she waited for the answer.

Grandpa could not deceive her. "He wanted his darling sorely, and he wanted her to be happy," he said. Perhaps they could get on just as well without her. When Mr. Guy was talking it looked as if they might, he made it all so plain, but the sight of Maddy was a comfort. She was all he had left. Maybe he shouldn't live long to pester her, and if he didn't, wouldn't she always feel better for having stayed with her old grandpa to the last?

He looked very pale and thin, and his hair was as white as snow. He could not live many years, and, turning resolutely from Guy, who, so long as he held her eye, controlled her, Maddy said:

"I've chosen once for all. I'll stay with grandpa till he dies, and with a convulsive sob she clung tightly to his neck, as if fearful that without such hold on him her resolution would give way.

It was in vain that Guy strove to change Maddy's decision, and late in the afternoon he rode back to Aikenside a disappointed man, with, however, the feeling that Maddy had done right, and that he respected her all the more for withstanding the temptation.

CHAPTER XIX. LIFE AT THE COTTAGE.

It was arranged that Flora should, for the present at least, remain at the cottage, and Maddy accepted the kindness gratefully. She had become so much accustomed to being cared for by Guy that she almost looked upon it as a matter of course, and did not think what others might possibly say, but when, in a delicate manner as possible, Guy suggested furnishing the cottage in better style, even proposing to modernize it entirely in the spring, Maddy objected at once. They were already indebted to him for more than they could ever pay, she said, and she would not suffer it. So Guy submitted, though it grated upon his sense of the beautiful and refined surroundings, to see Maddy amid so humble surroundings. Twice a week, and sometimes oftener, he rode down to Honedale, and Maddy felt that without these visits life would hardly have been endurable.

During the vacation Jessie spent a part of the time with her, but Agnes resolutely resisted all Guy's entreaties that she should at least call on Maddy, who had expressed a wish to see her, and who, on account of grandfather's health, and the childishness with which Uncle Joseph clung to her, could not well go up to Aikenside. Agnes would not go to Honedale, neither would she give other reasons for the obstinacy than the apparently foolish one that she did not wish to see a crazy man, as such things made her nervous. Still she did not object to Jessie's going as often as she liked, and she sent by her many little delicacies from Aikenside, some for grandpa, but most for Uncle Joseph, who prized highly everything coming from "the Madam," and sent back to her more than one strangely worded message, which made the proud woman's eyes overflow when she saw that no one could see her.

But this kind of intercourse came to an end at last. The vacation was over, Jessie had gone back to school. And Maddy began in sober earnest the new life before her. Flora, it is true, relieved her of all household drudgery, but no one could share the burden of care and anxiety pressing so heavily upon her; anxiety for her grandfather, whose health seemed failing so fast, and who always looked so disturbed if a shadow were resting on her bright face, if her voice was less cheerful in its tone; and care for the imbecile Joseph, who clung to her as a child clings to its mother, refused to be cared for by any one else, and often requiring of her more than her strength could endure for a great length of time. She gave him his breakfast in the morning, amused him through the day, and long after he was in bed at night often sat by his side till a late hour, singing to him the songs, or telling Bible stories until he was asleep. Then if he awoke, as he frequently did, there was a cry for Maddy, and the soothing process had to be repeated, until the tired, pale wretched creature ceased to wonder that her grandmother had died so suddenly, wondering rather that she had lived so long and borne so much.

These were dark, wearisome hours to Maddy, and when the long, cold winter was gone from the New England hills, and the early buds of spring were coming up by the cottage door, the neighbors began to talk of the change which had come over the young girl, once so full of life and health, but now so languid and pale. Still, Maddy was not unhappy, nor was the discipline too severe, for by it she learned at last the great object of life; learned to take her troubles and cares to One who helped her bear them so cheerfully, that those who pitied her most never dreamed how heavy was her burden, so patiently and sweetly she bore it. Occasionally there came to her letters from the doctor, but latterly they gave her less pleasure than pain, for as often as she read one of his kind, friendly messages of sympathy and remembrance, the tempter whispered

to her that though she did not love him as she ought to love her husband, a life with him would be far preferable to the life she was living, and a receipt of his letters always gave her a pang which lasted until Guy came down to see her, when it usually disappeared. Agnes was now at Aikenside, and thus Maddy frequently had Jessie at the cottage, but Agnes never came, and Maddy little guessed how often the proud woman cried herself to sleep after listening to Jessie's recital of all Maddy had to do for the crazy man, and how patiently she did it. He had taken a fancy that Maddy must tell him stories of Sarah, describing her as she was now, and not as she used to be when he knew her. "What is she now? How does she look? What does she wear? Tell me, tell me!" he would plead, until Maddy, forced to tell him something, and having distinctly in her mind but one fashionable woman such as she fancied Sarah might be, told him of Agnes Remington, describing her as she was in her mature beauty, with her heavy flowing curls, her brilliant color, her flashing diamonds and costly laces, and Uncle Joseph, listening to her with parted lips and hushed breath, would whisper softly, "Yes, that's Sarah, beautiful Sarah; but tell me—does she ever think of me, or of that time in the orchard when I wove the apple blossoms in her hair, where the diamonds are now? She loved me then; she told me so. Does she know how sick, and sorry, and foolish I am?—how the aching in my poor simple brain is all for her, and how you, poor Maddy, are doing for me what it should have been her place to do? Had I a voice, and the crazy man would grow excited, as raising himself in bed, he gesticulated wildly, "had I a voice to reach her, I'd cry shame on her, to let you do her work, let you wear your young life and fresh, bright beauty all away for me, whom she ruined."

The voice he craved, or the echo of it, did reach her, for Jessie had been present when the fancy first seized him to hear of Sarah, and in the shadow twilight she told her mother all, dwelling most upon the touching sadness of his face when he said, "Does she know how sick and sorry I am?"

The pillow which Agnes pressed that was wet with tears, while in her heart was planted a germ of gratitude and respect for the young girl doing her work for her. All that she could do for Maddy without going directly to her she did, devising many articles of comfort, sending her fruit and flowers, the latest new book, or whatever else she thought might please her, and always finding a willing messenger in Guy. He was miserable, and managed when at home to make others so around him. The sight of Maddy bearing her burden so uncomplainingly almost maddened him. Had she fretted or complained he could have borne it better, he said, but he did not see the necessity for her to lose all her spirit or interest in everything and everybody. Once when he hinted as much to Maddy, he had been awed into silence by the subdued expression of her face as she told him in part what it was which helped her to bear, and made the rough places so smooth. He had seen something like this in Lucy, when paroxysms of pain were racking her delicate frame, but he could not understand it; he only knew it was something he could not touch—something against which his arguments beat helplessly; and so with an added respect for Maddy Clyde he smothered his impatience, and, determining to help her all he could, rode down to Honedale every day, instead of twice a week, as he had done before.

Attentions so marked could not fail to be commented upon; and while poor, unsuspecting Maddy was deriving so much comfort from his daily visits, deeming that day very long which did not bring him to her, the Honedale gossips, of which there were many, were busy with her affairs, talking them over at their numerous tea-drinkings, discussing them in the streets, and finally at a quilting, where they met in solemn conclave, deciding that "for a girl like Maddy Clyde, it did not look well to have so much to do with young Remington, who, everybody knew, was engaged to somebody in England."

"Yes, and would have been married long ago, if it wasn't for this foolin' with Maddy," chimed in Mrs. Joel Spike, throwing the chalk across the quilt to her sister, Tripheny Marvel, who wondered if Maddy thought he'd ever have her.

"Of course he won't. He knows what he is about. He is not green enough to marry Grandpa Markham's daughter; and if she don't look out, she'll get herself into a pretty scrape. It don't look well, anyhow, for her to be putting on airs, as she has done ever since big folks took her up."

All this and much more was said, and by the time the patchwork quilt was done, there remained but little to be said either for or against Guy Remington and Maddy Clyde, which had not been said by either friend or foe.

Among the invited guests at that quilting was the wife of farmer Green, Maddy's warmest friend in Honedale, and the one who did her best to defend her against the attacks of those whose remarks she well knew were caused more by envy than by any personal dislike to Maddy, who used to be so much of a pet until her superior advantages separated her in a measure from them. Good Mrs. Green was sorely tried. Without in the least blaming Maddy, she, too, had been troubled at the frequency of Guy's visits to the cottage. It was not friendship alone which took him there, she was sure; and knowing that he was engaged, she feared for Maddy's happiness at first, and afterward, when people began to talk, she feared for her good name. Something must be done, and, though she dreaded it greatly, she was the one to do it. Accordingly, next day she started for the cottage, which Guy had just left, and this in her opinion accounted for the bright color in Maddy's cheek and the sparkle in her eye. Guy had been there, bringing and leaving a world of sunshine, but, alas, his chances for coming again as he had done were fearfully small when at the close of Mrs. Green's well-meant visit Maddy lay on her bed, her white, frightened face buried in the pillows; and herself half wishing she had died before the last hour had come, with the terrible awakening it had brought; awakening to the fact that of all living beings, Guy Remington was the one she loved the best—the one without whose presence it seemed to her she could not live, but without which she now knew she must.

With the best of intention Mrs. Green

had made a bungle of the whole affair; but had succeeded in giving Maddy a general impression that "folks were talking awfully about Guy's coming there, and doing for her so much like an accepted lover, when everybody knew he was engaged, and wouldn't be likely to marry a poor girl if he was not; that unless she wanted to be ruined, *totally*, and lose all her friends, she must contrive to stop his visits, and not see him so much."

"Yes, I'll do anything, only please leave me now," Maddy gasped, her face as white as ashes and her eyes fixed pleadingly upon Mrs. Green, who, having been young herself, guessed the truth, and, as she rose to go, laid her motherly hand on Maddy's head, saying kindly:

"Poor child, it's hard to bear now, but you'll get over it in time."

"Get over it," Maddy moaned, as she shut and belted the door after Mrs. Green, and then threw herself upon the bed, "I never shall till I die!"

She almost felt that she was dying, so desolate and so dreary the future looked to her. What was life worth without Guy, and why had she been thrown so much in his way; why permitted to love him now? Maddy could not cry; there was a tightness about her eyes, and a keen, cutting pain about her heart as she tried to pray for strength to cast Guy Remington from her heart, where it was a sin for him to be; and then she asked to be forgiven for the wrong she had unwittingly done to Lucy Atherton, who trusted her implicitly, and who, in her last letter, had said:

"If I had not so much faith in Guy, I should be jealous of one who has so many opportunities for stealing his heart from me, but I trust you, Maddy Clyde. You would not do a thing to harm me, I am sure, and to lose Guy now, after these years of cruel waiting, would kill me."

There was in Lucy's heart a faint stirring of fear lest Maddy Clyde might be a shadow in her pathway, else she had never written that to her. But Lucy's cause was safe in Maddy's hands. Always too high souled to do a treacherous act, she was now sustained by another and holier principle, which of itself would have kept her from the wrong. But for a few moments Maddy abandoned herself to the bliss of fancying what it would be to be loved by Guy Remington, as she loved him. And as she thought, there crept into her heart the certainty that in some degree he did love her; that his friendship was more than a mere liking for the girl to whom he had been so kind. In Lucy's absence she was essential to his happiness, and that was why he sought her society so much. Remembering everything that had passed, but more particularly the incidents of that memorable night ride to Honedale, with all that had followed since, she could not doubt it, and softly to herself she whispered, "He loves me, he loves me," while little throbs of joy came and went in her heart; but only for an instant, and then the note of joy was changed to sorrow as she thought how she must henceforth seek to kill that love, both for her own sake and for Lucy's. Guy must not come there any more. She could not bear it now, even if the neighbors had never meddled with her. She could not see him as she had done and not betray her real feelings toward him. He had been that day; he would come again to-morrow, and she could see him just as he would look coming up the walk, easy and self-possessed, confident of his reception, his handsome face beaming with kind thoughtfulness for her, and his voice full of tender concern, as he asked how she was, and bade Flora see that she did not overtax herself—and all this must cease. She had seen it, heard it for the last time! No wonder that Maddy's heart fainted within her, as she thought how desolate, how dreary would be the days when Guy no longer came there. But the victory was gained at last, and strength imparted for the task she had to do.

Going to the table she opened her portfolio, the gift of Guy, and wrote to him what the neighbors were saying, and that he must come there no more; at least, only once in a great while, because, if he did, she could not see him. Then, when this was written she went down to Uncle Joseph, who was beginning to call for her, and sat by him as usual, singing to him the songs he loved so well, and which this night pleased him especially, because the voice which sang them was so plaintive, so full of woe. Would he never go to sleep, or the hand which held hers so firmly relax its hold? Never, it seemed to Maddy, who sat and sang, while the night-bird on a distant tree, awakened by the low song, uttered a responsive note, and the hours crept on to midnight. Human nature could endure no more, and when the crazy man said to her, "Now sing of Him who died on Calvary," Maddy's answer was a gasping cry as she fell fainting on the pillow.

"It was only a nervous headache," she said to the frightened Flora, who came at Uncle Joseph's call, and helped her young mistress up to bed. "She would be better in the morning, and she would rather be alone."

So Flora left her, but went often to her door, until assured by the low breathing sound that Maddy was sleeping at last. It was a heavy sleep, and when Maddy awoke the pain in her temples was still there; she could not rise, and was half glad that she could not, inasmuch as her illness would be a reason why she could not see Guy if he came. She did not know he was there already, until she heard his voice speaking to her grandfather. It was later than she imagined, and he had ridden down early because he could not stay away.

"I can't see him, Flora," Maddy said, when the latter came up with the message that Mr. Remington was there with his buggy, and asked if a little ride would do her good. "I can't see him, but give him this," and she placed in Flora's hand the note, baptized with so many tears and prayers, and the contents of which made Guy furious; not at her, but at the neighbors, the inquisitive, ignorant, meddling neighbors, who had dared to talk of him, or to breathe a suspicious word against Maddy Clyde. He would make them sorry for it; they should take back every word; and they should beg Maddy's forgiveness for the pain they had caused her.

All this, and much more, Guy thought, as with Maddy's note in his hand, he walked up and down the sitting-room, raging like a young lion and threatening vengeance upon everybody. This was not the first intimation Guy had received of the people's gossip, for only that morning

Mrs. Noah had hinted that his course was not at all calculated to do Maddy any good, while Agnes had repeated to him some things which she had heard touching the frequency of his visits to Honedale; but these were nothing to the calmly worded message which banished him effectually from Maddy's presence. He knew Maddy, and he knew she meant what she wrote, but he could not have it so. He must see her; he would see her; and so for the next half hour Flora was the bearer of written messages to and from Maddy's room; messages of earnest entreaty on the one hand and of firm denial on the other. At last Maddy wrote:

"If you care for me in the least, or for my respect, leave me, and do not come again until I send for you. I am not insensible to your kindness. I feel it all; but the world is nearer right than you suppose. It does not look well for you to come here so much, and I prefer that you should not. Justice to Lucy requires that you stay away."

That roused Guy's pride, and writing back:

"You shall be obeyed. Good-bye!"—he sprang into his buggy, and Maddy heard him as he drove furiously away.

Those were long, dreary days which followed, and but for her grandfather's increasing feebleness Maddy would almost have died. Anxiety for him, however, kept her from dwelling too much upon herself, but the excitement and the care wore upon her sadly, robbing her eye of its lustre and her cheek of its remaining bloom, and making Mrs. Noah cry when she came one day with Jessie to see how they were getting on. She had heard from Guy of his banishment, and now that he stayed away, she was ready to step in; so she came laden with sympathy and other more substantial comforts brought from Aikenside.

Maddy was glad to see her, and for a time rested softly on her bosom, while Mrs. Noah's tears kept company with hers. Not a word was said of Guy, except when Jessie told her that "he had gone to Boston, and it was so stupid at home without him."

With more than her ordinary discretion, Flora kept to herself what had passed when Guy was last there, so Mrs. Noah knew nothing except what he had told her, and what she read in Maddy's white suffering face. This last was enough to excite all her pity, and she treated the young girl with the most motherly kindness, staying all night and herself taking care of grandpa, who was now too ill to sit up. There seemed to be no disease preying upon him, nothing save old age and the loss of one who for more than forty years had shared all his joy and sorrow. He could not live without her, and one night, three weeks after Guy's dismissal, he said to Maddy as she was about to leave him:

"Sit with me, darling, for a little while, if you are not too tired. Your grandmother seems near me to-night, and so does Alice, your mother. Maybe I'll be with them before another day. I hope I may, if God is willing, and there's much I would say to you."

He was very pale, and the great sweat-drops stood on his forehead and under his white hair, but Maddy wiped them away, and listened with a breaking heart while the aged disciple, almost home, told her of the peace, the joy that shone around his pathway to the tomb, and of the everlasting arm bearing him so gently over Jordan. Then he talked of herself, blessing her for all she had been to him, telling her how happy she had made his life since she came home to stay, and how for a time he ached so with fear lest she should choose to go back and leave him to a stranger. "But my darling stayed with her old grandpa. She'll never be sorry for it. I've tried you some times, I know, for old folks ain't like young; but I'm sorry, Maddy, and you'll forget it when I'm gone, darling Maddy, precious child!" and the trembling head rested caressingly on her bowed head as grandpa went on to speak of his little property, which was hers after the mortgage to Mr. Guy was paid. "I've kept up the interest," he said, "but I could never get him to take any of the principal. I don't know why he is so good to me. Tell him, Maddy, how I thanked and blessed him just before I died; tell him how I used to pray for him every day that he might choose the better part. And he will—I'm sure he will, some day. He hasn't been here of late, and though my old eyes are dim, I can see that your step has got slow, and your face whiter by many shades, since he stayed away. Maddy, child, the dead tell no secrets, and I shall soon be dead. Tell me, then, what it is between you two. Does my girl love Mr. Guy?"

"Oh, grandpa, grandpa!" Maddy moaned, laying her head beside his own on the pillow.

It would be a relief to talk with some one of that terrible pain, which grew worse every day; of that intense longing just for one sight of the beloved one; of Guy, still absent from Aikenside, wandering nobody knew where; and so Maddy told the whole story, while the dying man listened to her, and, smoothing her silken hair, tried to comfort her.

"The worst is not over yet," he said. Guy will offer to make you his wife, sacrificing Lucy for you; and if he does, what will my darling do?"

Maddy's heart leaped into her throat, and for a moment prevented her from answering, for the thought of Guy's really offering to make her his wife, to shield her from evil, to enfold her in his tender love, made her giddy with joy. But it could not be, and she answered through her tears:

"I shall tell him No."

"God bless my Maddy! You will tell him no for Lucy's sake, and God will bring it right at last," the old man whispered, his voice growing very faint and tremulous. "She will tell him No," he kept repeating, until, rousing up to greater consciousness, until he spoke of Uncle Joseph, and asked what Maddy would do with him; would she send him back to the asylum, or care for him there? "He will be happier here," he said, "but it is asking too much of a young girl like you. He may live for years."

"I do not know, grandpa. I hope I may do right. I think I shall keep Uncle Joseph with me," Maddy replied, a shudder creeping over her as she thought of living out all her youth, and possibly middle age, with a lunatic.

But her grandfather's whispered blessings brought comfort with them, and a calm quiet fell upon her as she sat listening to the words of prayer, catching now

and then her own name and that of Guy's.

"I am drowsy, Maddy. Watch while I sleep. Perhaps I'll never wake again," grandpa said, and clasping Maddy's hands he went to sleep, while Maddy kept her watch beside him, until she too fell asleep, from which she was roused by a clammy hand pressing on her forehead, and Uncle Joseph's voice, which said:

"Wake, my child. There's been a guest here while you slumbered," and he pointed to the rigid features of the dead.

(To be continued.)

IRELAND.

Mr. Smythe Blames Gladstone for the Murder
His Sister-in-law.

A CRUEL ASPERSION OF THE PREMIER.

Her Majesty's Sympathy with Lady Monck—The Death Penalty.

A London cablegram says: Truth has the following remarks on the Irish Home Rule: "Home Rule has taken its place in the arena of practical politics because Englishmen are beginning to see that they will eventually have to accept it. There is no more reason why we English should claim the right to make laws for Ireland than for Canada or New Zealand. I venture to predict that within twenty years it will be thought monstrous that we should ever have denied the Irish so self-evident a right."

A great and painful sensation has been caused by the letter of Mr. Smythe, brother-in-law of the lady who was murdered in his carriage in Ireland, to Mr. Gladstone. He says: "I lay the guilt of this deed of blood at your door in the face of the whole country, supported as you are in that part of your policy by the 'no rent' members of Parliament, by their press and by some of the Irish bishops." Mr. Smythe goes on to say that the terrorism under the Gladstone policy is so tremendous that few who abhor the crime would venture to denounce the assassins had they seen them. If they did so their lives would be forfeited, while the prisoners would almost as surely escape after the force of a trial by jury.

This terrible letter received but a short reply from the Prime Minister, who expressed his deep and heartfelt sympathy, and said he was confident that Mr. Smythe would readily understand why he does not notice the matters charged in the letter. Her Majesty wrote from Mentone requesting to be informed of the condition of Lady Henrietta Monck, who was in the carriage with Mr. Smythe and the unfortunate lady, and who continues prostrated by the shock. Fearful as was this assassination and that of Mr. Herbert, the English public mind continues to view comparatively with complacency the dreadful scenes daily enacted on the lonely and bleak mountain sides, where cavalry, infantry, and constabulary evict from land held at 50 per cent. above the valuation the miserable creatures whose bodies and souls can scarcely hold together. Who can wonder that the exasperation of such sights has produced that terrible figure in modern history, the masked assassin!

Major Twill, a resident magistrate, writes from Claremorris recommending that certain death be the penalty for all attempts at murder. He says that he has often been threatened, and has been warned that his assassination has been actually paid for, but he defies the assassins. He says he never travels without an escort of two armed policemen and an armed groom. Counting a Winchester rifle, the revolvers and shot guns of the party, there are twenty-five rounds that can be discharged in as many seconds, with thirty-four in reserve. His escort searches all plantations and hedges on the route, and the neighborhood of his house is patrolled all night by an armed guard provided with dogs to aid in the search for explosives and assassins.

Three men were arrested in Dublin today charged with treasonable practices, and more concealed arms were discovered.

A Dublin despatch says: The Castle officials are considering a course of action to be recommended for adoption by Parliament regarding the renewal or repeal of the Coercion Act. All the Irish law advisers of the Crown and several magistrates and county inspectors are here. Prominent officials generally take the gloomiest view of the state of the country.

Mr. Gladstone is again obliged to invoke the protection of a large body of police during his holiday sojourn at Hawarden Castle.

New York, April 9.—The World's London cable says: It is rumored in usually well-informed circles that Parnell will soon be liberated—probably as soon as the Government carries the *cloture* scheme and is able to prevent systematic obstruction in the House.

Suicide of a Strange Character.

A Detroit despatch says: Peter Henbrath, the owner of a barn on the corner of Walker and Woodbridge streets, discovered yesterday morning lying on a bed in the upper portion of the building the dead body of August Hable, a truckman. A revolver, with one chamber discharged, was in the right hand of the deceased. Further examination showed that Hable had shot himself in the month, the bullet coming out just behind the right ear. The remains were dressed in shirt, pants and stockings. In the pockets of the deceased were found \$49.15 in money. The evidence elicited showed that Hable had been missing about ten days, and had for two weeks prior to that time showed symptoms of insanity. He asserted to his twin brother that he intended to build a flying machine with which to fly to heaven on April 7th. He sold his team, and with a portion of the proceeds purchased nails, lumber and a lot of cow's horns. The horns were to be melted and turned into a substance resembling sheet iron, but much lighter. Hable was a German who came to Detroit about seventeen years ago, and was about 30 years of age at the time of his death. He was unmarried, and slept alone in the barn where his remains were found.

The custom of caressing and kissing deceased friends, especially those dying of the smallpox, is one that should be discontinued, for in almost every case the person thus indulging is taken with the disease.