

lingly to demand his presence. Lord Somerset would have needed more than his delicate, thoughtful attention to have aroused a thought in the heart of any that he regarded Violet more than as the sister Beatrice and she had ever been. Unconsciously, she with her old sweet playfulness demanded his attendance here and there, never dreaming that the earnest, sad eyes bent upon her were looking out from a heart hungering for the right to clasp her to it; that the little curly-haired lad, ever in her arms, was a mute reproach to his more than folly.

"Well, good people," exclaimed Brandon upon one of his sudden visits. "How is the hospital getting on?"

"Empty," said Beatrice thankfully "and to think Bertie escaped."

"I shall always thank Fitzroy for that," said Violet gratefully, "for if he had not driven us here and there and helped me keep out of doors, I fear he would not have fared so well."

"My good fellow," exclaimed Brandon with no light hand coming down upon that nobleman's shoulder, "I give you my warmest thanks for helping my wee wife, and my blessing into the bargain, if that will be any benefit to you. But Fitzroy, why ever do you not introduce a Lady Somerset among us."

"Can't find one to suit," he said with a forced laugh "So left Aunt Barbara to look out for me, but think I shall turn my attention in that hunting direction when all these people leave me solitary."

"Noel," whispered Brandon sometime later, "you are not improved as I hoped."

"Hush!" was the whispered answer with an anxious look at his wife. "Come outside, Brandon."

"Why, how frightened you look," he continued when they were safe from the hearing of others. "What do you fear?"

"Everything" was the impulsive reply as he grasped his hand "Noel, if you do not put off that look in your face, and get hearty and strong I——"

"Well, what?" demanded Noel affectionately.

"Shall hate everything and you into the bargain," came savagely through his closed teeth.

"That's a nice way to show your affection."

"Hold your tongue, Noel, and tell me if you are going to consult a doctor. I tell you you are looking a mere shadow. Does not Beatrice see the change?" he asked sharply. "Aunt Barbara would not have been so blind."

"Poor, dear Beatrice," said Noel tenderly. "How noble she is. In all her anxiety, her one care has been to prevent Violet from sharing it; knowing how the least to her might have been so fatal, for she is none too strong."

"Violet!" exclaimed Brandon, starting up.

"Sit still, Brandon," said Noel with a detaining hand upon his. "You need fear nothing for her now, she is better in every way than she has been for a long time past. It is for Beatrice I suffer," he went on, "I dread the decision for her sake."

"What decision?" asked Brandon abruptly, and he felt a cold chill run through his body. Never till that moment had he realised what the other had been to him.

"That of the best medical skill I intend consulting tomorrow. The doctor here is an able, clever man and assures Beatrice there is nothing radically wrong, which assertion she is determined to believe in. But, Brandon, I have not the same faith. For her sake I hope——"

"Why not fear your own?" demanded Brandon, who was worked up to a pitch of the highest excitement.

"I do in a sense, for with such dear ties as mine, life seems with all its conflicts very sweet. But, Brandon, here comes the comfort of relying on a Father's care—to be sure *He knows what is best*, so to Him I leave the issue."

"I ought to go back to-morrow," was the impetuous reply, "but if the old concern went to pieces from my staying to know the end of that consultation—it may go, I won't till I know. I believe with Beatrice," he added with his hopeful, sanguine nature, "the doctor here knows his business, and you will get all right."

"Not a word to Violet," Noel said warningly. "Quite time to let her know what *is* to be, without prolonging her hopes or fears."

It was a white face Noel kissed as he left with Brandon, who would accompany him to the place of meeting with the physicians, and his heart went out in a yearning love for her brave command over herself. Whatever she might suffer, he should not be distressed in witnessing it. There was only One who could help her in her sore grief. Beyond loss of strength, of which he never complained, and a nameless expression on his face, it would have been hard to detect any cause for the grave apprehensions his wife and Brandon experienced. To the many anxious questions of his Uncle Ralph and the others, he had one invariable answer, so lightly given and with such playful reproaches for the asking, that fears were allayed as soon as felt, and every cause of fatigue or heat attributed to the seeming indisposition. Longing, but with sickening fears, Beatrice sat watching for their return. As the wheels sounded on the gravel, she ran to hide herself. Like some hunted animal she looked round for place of concealment, feeling as if every sense were deserting her. "Oh, my Noel," she kept moaning unconsciously. She heard his step coming up the stairs, and as the handle turned, for the first time in her life fainted.

"Why, Beatrice, is this the way you greet your husband when he has come to stay with you," were the words that fell upon her ears on coming back to consciousness. With a bound, to his astonishment, she was at his feet.

"Say it again," she panted. "Stay with me."

"Yes, to stay with you"

If ever there were a consecrated altar of gratitude and thanksgiving that room was one then. Brandon was like a maniac in his exuberant joy. Rushing into the room where his wife sat with his Uncle and Miss Fitzroy, he whirled her out of breath and sight in one mad dance, as he shouted in the gladness of his heart. Noel was doomed, not to the grave, but to a two years residence in a warmer climate, needing only rest and care to be his old self once more

(To be continued.)

THINGS IN GENERAL.

ASTROLOGICAL PATHOLOGY.

It appears that the planets Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune will be in perihelion simultaneously in the fall of the year. This, we are told, has not happened before for more than 1,800 years. Moreover, the "star of Bethlehem" will again make its appearance in the eastern horizon in the month of August. These celestial events will mark the completion of one great cycle of 1,800 years and the beginning of another; and we are warned that the first decennium of this coming cycle will be ushered in by disastrous outbreaks of pestilence,—a veritable saturnalia of death. We are to anticipate, it seems, a recurrence of the terrible pestilences which concurred with the earlier years of the Christian era, and of which the recent irruptions of plague are alleged to be the forerunners. The astrological forecaster is an Irishman, and it is gratifying to learn that Ireland will probably suffer less from the evils presaged by this portentous conjunction of planets than other lands. Indeed, he anticipates that, knowing this, strangers will flock for safety to Ireland, and by the encouragement thus given to the commerce of the island help to raise her out of the unfortunate slough of distress in which she now finds herself.—*Lancet*.

A MOUSE CURE: A WONDERFUL MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

Hitherto there has been no remedy which could be regarded as specific for tetanus. At last, however, an ingenious French physician has apparently hit up a remedy before which tetanus yields as readily as toothache yields to the dentist's forceps, and which will, of course, supersede curare and all other inferior remedies. The French doctor in question was called in to attend a lady suffering from tetanus. In his report he says that she was a married woman of 31 years of age, and that previous to his visit her family physician had tried every known remedy for tetanus, including curare, without producing any effect. The patient was lying on her back, with her jaws tightly closed, and the muscles of her chest and throat were so rigid that she was unable to utter a sound. The doctor at once went out and procured a live mouse of the usual size and voracity, to the tail of which he attached a strong horse-hair. Placing the mouse at the foot of the bed, he permitted it to walk the entire length of the patient's body. No sooner did the patient notice the mouse than she sprang up, loudly calling to the attendants to take it off, and denouncing the doctor as a horrid heartless wretch, who ought to be ashamed of himself and guillotined on the spot. There was no recurrence of the symptoms of tetanus. In fact, the doctor adds that the lady's jaws were so thoroughly and permanently unlocked that the husband, who is, of course, ignorant of law, has threatened to begin an action for damages against him.—*Monthly Homœopathic Review*.

THE "FAVOURITES" OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

When their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales were visiting Belvoir castle in 1865, they were in turn requested to contribute to the confession-book, and "confessed" their favourite likes and dislikes as follows:—

My Favourite—

Queen.....	Mary Queen of Scots.....	Queen Dagmar
King.....	Leopold, King of the Belgians....	Richard Cœur de Lion
Hero.....	Nelson.....	Marlborough
Poet.....	Byron.....	Shakespeare
Artist.....	Raphael.....	Rubens
Author.....	Macaulay.....	Charles Dickens
Virtue.....	Honesty.....	Charity
Colour.....	I Zingari.....	True Blue
Dish.....	Truffles aux Périgord.....	Yorkshire Pudding
Flower.....	Rose.....	Forget-me-not
Name.....	Louise.....	Edward
Occupation.....	Improving my mind.....	Playing the piano
Amusement....	Hunting.....	Riding
Motto.....	"Ich Dien".....	"Honi soit qui mal y pense"
Dislike.....	Cowardice and Avarice.....	Slander
Locality.....	Sandwich Isles.....	Great Britain
Ambition.....	To attain fame without seeking it...	Non-interference in other people's business.

ALBERT EDWARD.

ALEXANDRIA.

Belvoir Castle, April 7, 1865.

—*Whitehall Review*.

MINOR ADORNMENTS OF THE DAY.

There is really no accounting for the freaks of Fashion, who prompts sweet woman to adorn herself in the very things most repulsive to her sensitive nature. The flabby lizard crawls on her feet amongst the folds of a delicate bow, and clutches the lace fichu on her chest, or the tuft of feathers or flowers in the coiffure. A slimy serpent coils round her ankles, her wrists and her throat; daddy-long-legs, beetles, and dusky May flies hop over the entire toilette, accompanying and actually superseding the gorgeous butterflies. The insects and reptiles are put into requisition for enhancing fragile beauty. Nor is this all, Blue Beard's bunch of keys dangles at the ears and throat; the familiar fly,