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## A DANGEROUS CURE.

"HALLOA, Harry, old boy!" exclaimed Tom Allan to his old college chum Harry Thorn-ton, "you look as if you had the care of the world on your shoulders. Had a skirmish with madame, eh? Not been married six months, and begin to show the unmistakable signs of repentance: doesn't speak well for matrimony, 'pon my word it doesn't: depend upon it, there's nothing like steering clear of the ladies altogether."

"Tom, my dear Tom, you are mistaken,—indeed you are," said Harry, with a forced laugh. "I—"

"Mistaken!" interrupted Tom, "not I, indeed; when did you ever find me mistaken? No, no! I'm a great deal too clear-sighted for that. I never in my life beheld such a change as I see in you since,—since, well, it's no good mincing the matter,—since you were insane enough to marry: there, that's the truth. Why, my good fellow, you are no longer the jolly, merry, good-tempered, easy-going fellow you were, but a miserable, wretched, dejected, surly—"

"Tom, for goodness sake stop!" exclaimed Harry, excitedly. "I shall go distracted, mad, if you continue in this jocose strain. I've been annoyed and worried lately. I'm not in a fit state to stand chaff. But as regards my marriage, I believe I'm as happy as most married men; in fact, my happiness would be complete, but—"

"But—ah! that's it, Harry, we are coming to the point now. That little word 'but' tells a long tale. Chaffing aside, Harry, old friend, there is a change in you, a lamentable change. Come, now, you had better unburden your mind; whatever you tell me, rest assured, will be kept strictly private, and it is said 'two heads are better than one,' so between us let us see if we cannot change the dark threatening face of affairs into smiles and sunshine."

Harry remained thoughtful some time. He certainly was in a very awkward position. To confess that his wife was getting very self-willed, and almost unmanageable, was not at all pleasant; and yet it was evident Tom guessed something was wrong; he was such a sharp, shrewd fellow; it would be perfectly ridiculous attempting to disguise the truth any longer. So in a hurried manner he related his domestic grievances, how he almost wearied out with continual eruptions, which disturbed his domestic happiness. The slightest opposition on the most trivial subject, would send his wife into violent hysterics; till at last he was obliged to give in for the sake of peace and quiet; in fact he might say his life was becoming a burden to him.

"Yes, and so it will be," said Tom, "unless something desperate is done."

"Desperate!" reiterated Harry, in an alarmed voice.

"Yes, desperate," answered Tom; but don't alarm yourself unnecessarily. What I mean is this: yours is a desperate case, and therefore requires desperate means to effect a cure. Hysterical young ladies require very peculiar treatment. There are a few, but a very few, who understand how to treat them properly; and those poor unfortunates who don't, and are obliged to live with them, may consider themselves doomed to a life-long state of wretchedness. Now, if you don't wish to be placed among those wretched martyrs, you must follow my injunctions implicitly. I have made hysteria a study for some time, and have at last hit upon an excellent remedy; and though not in a position to practise it myself, have had numerous proofs of its beneficial effects on the wives of several of my friends. Now, you say your wife on the slightest opposition, on matters however trivial, goes into shrieking hysterics, and you, for the sake of peace and quiet, give in; it is that absurd 'giving in' that does all the mischief. Now, take my advice, the next time your wife creates any disturbance, or you see any signs of a coming storm, instead of 'giving in,' and bathing her head with Eau-de-Cologne, and calling her by every endearing epithet under the sun, and terming yourself a brute of a husband for causing your own darling little wife such unhappiness, and kissing away her tears, promising that in future she shall reign supreme, and

all kinds of absurdities,—speak in a loud voice, say your patience is worn out with such nonsense; you'll stand it no longer, something must be done; it will be impossible to go on living in that wretched state. You might, in an undertone, but audible enough for her to hear, suggest such a thing as a separation; then wind up by putting on your hat to go out, but take care before you go to dash a jug of cold water over her face; it has a marvellous effect of bringing hysterical people to their senses, particularly if nature has not beneficently bestowed a becoming wave to the hair, and art supplies its place. Ring the bell in a decided manner, and place her under the maid's care, with strict orders not to spare cold water. But be sure, my dear fellow, to bang the street-door loudly after you, so as to leave the impression that your temper is seriously aroused, and that it would take some time, and great alterations in her conduct, to bring you round again. The great object to be achieved is to make her fear the consequence of exciting you into a passion: once do that, and you'll have very little trouble with her afterwards."

"Impossible Tom! I could never do it. Indeed I could not. Lillian is so fragile, such harsh treatment would kill her."

"Kill her, nonsense! Women are not so easily killed as that. But I'll tell you what, Harry; if you don't take my advice, you'll repent. Now listen, while I give you a few cases of married unhappiness, and then see if you don't alter your tone. I knew a fellow who had a wife who used to indulge in hysterical fits to such a frightful degree that his home was made perfectly wretched, and the only peace he had was when he was out of it. By Jove! I shall never forget one night returning home from the Club together; my cigar went out, so I walked home with him to his domicile to get a light. Oh! what a sight presented itself to our astonished eyes! Although past midnight, there stood Madam in the hall, with a lighted taper in her hand, which illuminated her beautiful angry face; her hair was tossed back from her white forehead, and her splendid eyes almost flashing fire; she certainly did look marvellously beautiful as she stepped forward with the air of a tragedy queen, and almost shrieked through her pale quivering lips,—'Where have you been? I demand an explanation. Don't tell me you have been to the Club, it's a paltry excuse, and I wonder you can stoop to such a mean subterfuge; but I will not be silenced in this manner, I am determined to know where you pass your evenings.' And on she went at such a rate, that it almost took away my breath to listen. Then he retaliated, and accused her of being the cause of his frequent absence from home. It was getting so awfully hot that I thought a third person was not very desirable. So off I bolted. The last thing I heard of this unhappy pair was that he had got a separation on the plea of incompatibility of temper. It was an unfortunate thing that such a magnificent creature should fall into wrong hands, who did not understand the art of breaking in. And I know another fellow who leads a cat and dog life with his wife from the same cause; and he has'nt the pluck to try my remedy."

"Horrible! horrible!" exclaimed Harry.

"Ah! horrible indeed. Well, my dear Harry, if you don't look out, you'll find yourself in the same predicament; so pray be warned in time. My cousin's wife reminds me very much of yours; a pretty charming little thing as long as she has her own way, but could'nt stand contradiction. He, like a sensible fellow, adopted my plan; and now they are one of the happiest pairs in Christendom. I could tell you of numerous other successes, but as I have an appointment at one, and it wants but five minutes to that hour, I must say adieu."

"Lillian, dear?"

Lillian was buried in the luxurious cushions of the sofa, reading, and did not, or would not, hear her husband.

"Lilian!" he repeated, in a louder tone.

"Good gracious, Harry, how you startled me! What?"

"I was thinking, dear, we ought to go and see my mother; it is so long since we were there, I