

pomps and gaities of life. A ring at the door bell, after he had ensconced himself in his dressing gown and slippers, and stretched his huge length (a tall man was Uncle Dick) for a quiet evening's enjoyment, was a signal of alarm to the little group. Uncle Dick fidgetted, though he was too dignified to do as he desired, — fly from the room. Aunt Patty sighed and rolled up her enormous eyes, while the colour mounted to Cousin Lizzie's cheek, as she feared it might be some friend of hers come for a game of chess, or an hour's gossip. But by degrees these alarms subsided, for neighbors soon learned not to intrude upon the quiet domestic circle.

But Aunt Patty's love for the world and society was no way diminished; though it did not show itself, it was slumbering in the deep recesses of her heart, only waiting a favorable opportunity to burst forth; habit had so accustomed her to her quiet life, that, in the winter, balls and routes had no power to stir her pulse; satins and silks might wave before her, but she cared not for them; feathers and flowers awoke no latent spark of ambition to mingle in the gay revels of the season. But when summer came, and the sea-shore epidemic commenced its ravages, then it was a hard struggle for her to resist the insidious poison; for years she struggled with it, but the time came at last when she could resist no longer. The last summer was one of oppressive heat, no cool breezes relieved the hot dry air; by degrees Aunt Patty lost life and animation; her appetite failed, her movements became languid and drooping, her robust figure lost some of its roundness, and finally she said she must send for her physician. He came. The most fascinating of men, he knew just what each patient most desired; by an almost instinctive glance he could read their whole hearts, and thus by ministering to a mind diseased, he wrought most wonderful cures. He shook his head as he placed the important thumb and finger on Aunt Patty's slender wrist; *aye!* slender indeed were those delicate wrists; they and the small rounded ancles betokening that the tall robust person had not always been as rotund as now; but the pulse was beating in them with most irregular flow, for Aunt Patty had a slight fear that her good "Medicine Man" might not prescribe just what she desired. Cousin Lizzie, who had had a peep behind the scenes, and knew what string to pull, stood near, and as the grave man counted the pulsations by his little repeater, she said:

"Have you been to the Rockland this year, Doctor?" Aunt Patty gave such a start, for her nerves had got quite beyond her own control, that she twitched her hand from the doctor's grasp.

He looked up surprised, then a significant look betokened that he had begun to see the cause of this unusual illness of Aunt Patty's.

"No," he said; "he had not been to the Rockland; he had so much to do in sending others to the sea-shore, he found no time to go himself, for it seemed now the only relief for all diseases. If a person has a diseased heart, nothing but the sea breeze would cure them; if the tendency was to pulmonary affections, sea bathing must be prescribed, or the patient would die from very spite; but as for you," he continued, turning to Aunt Patty; "it will not do for you at all; the excitement is too great. I cannot allow you to go to the sea-shore, or even to remain here, in the country; the air, laden with the vegetable farina, is not good for you, and you must consent for two or three weeks to go into the city. You must come to me, and be where I can watch you constantly."

"That is quite impossible," said Aunt Patty; "I cannot leave home; Dick never would agree to it."

"Why here is Cousin Lizzie; she can do quite as well for a short time as you can; she can pour out tea, and render the thousand little assiduities which make home a paradise."

"Aye, yes," said Cousin Lizzie. "Uncle Dick is always quite satisfied with my house-keeping, and we can get along very well without you, Aunt Patty, for a little while."

"I shall not do it," said Aunt Patty with a curve of her small thin lip, which marked her strongest determination. It was wonderful what a settled will that peculiar arching of the mouth betokened; it was well known in the family that after that expression had appeared, nothing could change her. But the doctor did not know her quite as well.

"I will leave you this powder now; it will quiet and soothe your nervous excitement, which is great, and tomorrow I will see you again."

Cousin Lizzie's eyes sparkled with pleasure as she received the powder, for she was a mischievous loving sprite, and she well knew Aunt Patty's determined aversion to all pills, powders, or anything bearing the name of medicine; but as the good dame had often taken pleasure in forcing poor Lizzie to swallow the most nauseous doses, she enjoyed the thought of the revenge she should have, in obliging her to take the powder, and she resolved in her own mind that she would mix it in as large a dose as possible. With bland smile the doctor took his leave, and no sooner did the retreating sound of his horse's hoofs betoken his departure, than Aunt Patty sprang from the couch.

"I will not submit to it; I will go to the sea-