

with. He is anxious that she, too, should be fortified against another attack, and so is constantly taking her up if she says anything which he thinks smacks of insincerity. In that way he applies a sort of moral vaccination, as he maintains that if one is thoroughly inoculated with truth, there is no danger of the graver trouble of unwilling frankness with entire loss of reserve.

Mrs. Temple used to be called "Sophia" in her maiden days but now her husband declares that to shorten her baptismal name is a species of insincerity that he cannot tolerate.

I have often heard him interrupt her when she was engaged in conversation with a visitor.

"Sophia, are you *quite* sure your statement is correct?" or, "Be accurate, Sophia!"

Sometimes if he heard her indulging in any commonplace civility, he would say, warningly:—

"Don't say anything you don't mean, my dear."

She generally received these reminders with a faint smile, sometimes remarking to her friends that it was just "Edward's way."

There is another person who was continually discussing the epidemic, and that is Mrs. Jordan, the proprietress of the house in which I boarded, which house, as I remarked in the first chapter, had been occupied by some of the worst cases.

She did not take the happy view of the case that Mr. Temple did, as it had deprived her suddenly of her most paying boarders, and she had never done so well since.

"Why my house should be blamed, sir, I don't see," she would say with tears in her voice if not in her eyes. "There was many took bad in the town besides my boarders. They do say as all disease these days comes from microbes, and I'm sure I never had anything like *that* in my house. The worst I ever had was a few moths, and I always doused every one well with canfir. Never a cockroach or *any* thing made a home here, and it's taking the bread out of the widow's