

then," John said, "it is an excellent ventilator and there is abundant fuel supply on the place. The rooms are easily ventilated in summer, but in winter the fireplace will supply the demand, besides adding greatly to the attractiveness of the rooms."

When the June days come, John returns from college anxious to see the changes on the old farm. A few trees with luxuriant foliage wave in the sunlight, and give a grateful shelter with a sense of repose and comfort. A dry, firm, grassy sod extends over the yard and comes to the edge of the gravel walk. The June roses, massed at the side, are in full bloom, filling the air with a delicious fragrance. A wide veranda extends across the front of the house, offering ease and hospitality. Doors and windows are flung wide open. Mosquito netting and wire screens shut out the unwelcome fly. The breezes play with the white curtains and waft into the house the odor of honeysuckle and wild rose—a grateful change from the musty, stifling air of the old parlor. On the surface of the pond, a little way from the veranda, cleansed of its slime and filth, fleeting shadows of fish play fitfully, while on its surface are mirrored the cat-tails and bushes which fringe the bank. The ducks dive among the lily pads. A rustic bridge spans the little brook, which is now bordered with forget-me-nots.

The well, driven deep into the rock past all danger of pollution, has built over it a covering which affords a shelter in time of storm and furnishes a refreshing draft to the weary passerby. Across the side veranda hangs the week's wash, the line strung from end to end, out of all danger of exposure to the housekeeper.

If John had loved the old home, how much more could he care for this one? They all delight in the rest which comes at the end of the day in the delicious coolness of the nights on the open veranda, and in winter the reveries, the reading aloud, the stories told around the fireplace with the weird shadows of the burning back log and the crackling of the hickory. Farmer James said: "It is better to have our money bringing health and happiness than yielding interest at the bank."

Some Old-Time Echoes.

(Concluded.)

V.

ON THE WILHELMSHOHE.

[Extract from a letter written in 1870.]

Cassel, Germany.

As soon as Napoleon had disappeared within the castle, the scene suddenly changed. Everybody rushed off to the hotel and grouped themselves around the tables on the balconies before it. Here there was also plenty to be seen and heard. At one moment my attention was attracted by the numerous domestics, partly French who came here with the Emperor, partly German sent by the King of Prussia from Berlin; at another by the house and stable functionaries in their green and gold embroidered liveries. Now this; now that. The gentlemen attached to the Imperial suite, and in immediate attendance on the Emperor, are twelve in number. Among them are the physicians, Conneau and Covisart, the Adjutants and the Orderly Officers, Hepp and Lauriston. These never come in contact with the public. They live in the castle, and dine at the royal table at 6 o'clock. The culinary department is in the hands of German and French cooks, all of whom have been sent from Berlin. The chef de cuisine, who has been for the last twelve years in the service of the Queen of Prussia, is a Frenchman from the neighborhood of Besancon. The servants occupy rooms over the royal stables, which adjoin the hotel, where they are allowed three meals a day in one of the coffee rooms. On such occasions they are often "taken in tow" by some inquisitive or inquiring "voyageur," and one must confess that they are always most ready, especially the German portion of them, to give any information in their power. They do not themselves know much, as may be easily supposed, and it is rather comical to see how they are sometimes seized upon and asked with the greatest gravity in the world, "whether Napoleon thinks that he will again ascend the French throne; what he intends doing in future, etc." On such points they have, naturally, no information to give, but they can and do inform you "that of the 80 or 90 horses which the Emperor brought with him, all, with the exception of half a dozen, have been disposed of, that his majesty goes to bed regularly every night at half-past 10 o'clock, that the imperial dinner is a most ceremonious affair, and so forth." One can also learn from the same source at what hour Napoleon intends driving out, i. e., when he does drive out at all. This was the case last week. The servants had mentioned before dinner that the Emperor's carriage was ordered for 2 p. m., so, while the clock was striking, the royal equipage, an open carriage with four magnificent blacks sent from Berlin, two postillions and an outrider in the royal, not imperial, livery, appeared at the grand entrance of the castle; the Emperor, accompanied by his usual attendants, took his seat and drove off to Wilhelmsthal, another royal castle about five or six miles from the Wilhelmshe. On this occasion there was a still larger number of

years, only shown us its closed shutters and its empty solitude. How long the Emperor will remain at the Wilhelmshe none can say. Many think that the approaching winter will still find him here. A short time since it was reported that he wished to change his residence to Cassel. However, the air here did not agree with him. There is no truth in this report. Every precaution has been taken to protect the apartments which he inhabits against any inclemency of the weather. Besides this, it is said, that in former years the Electors occasionally passed a winter here, although it is true that they generally only make it their summer residence. There is one more remark I must make. The bringing of Napoleon to the Wilhelmshe has very often and very naturally recalled to one's mind the days of his Uncle Jerome, whose motto was, as is well known, "To-morrow we'll be merry again." Now, the most attentive observer would not be able to detect anything approaching to merriment or "jollity" in the demeanor of any of the gentlemen composing the Emperor's suite.

that our eyes became dazzled and our minds somewhat confused. I fear that my Old-time Echoes, if I am encouraged to persevere in offering them, may partake more of the qualities of the primitive lantern than of the moving-picture shows, which represent for us all the recent happenings which appear before the eyes of those absent with nearly as much realism as for those who were present.

But such as they are, as I slip a new slide into my old lantern, I am glad to offer them to the dear readers of our Home Magazine. H. A. B.

Nursing in Scarlet Fever.

By Elizabeth Robinson Scovil, author of The Care of Children, Preparation for Motherhood, etc.

Scarlet fever is one of the most dreaded diseases of childhood. It is not only frequently fatal, but it is liable to many complications, some of which leave lasting ill effects.

Even very light cases should be treated with the utmost care and strictly isolated; a child who contracts the disease from one having it in a very mild form may develop an extremely serious case. The violence of the disease seems to depend upon the soil into which the germ falls. The system of the one child may be in such a healthy condition that the microbe causing the disease is not able to multiply to any great extent, and so the symptoms are mild and cause very little disturbance. The other child, not having the same power of resistance in the tissues, offers a ready breeding ground for the germs and is made extremely ill by the poison they develop.

SYMPTOMS.

The illness usually begins with high fever and sore throat. Sometimes there is pain and difficulty in swallowing. The soreness is caused by the rash which appears in the throat sooner than on the skin. There may be a chill, or vomiting, or severe pain in the head.

The rash comes out on the second day. It is a very bright scarlet, not a dark red as in measles, and does not feel raised to the touch. It usually comes out first on the body and limbs, but may appear first on the face or neck, though this is more unusual. It spreads very rapidly, covering the whole surface of the skin in twenty-four hours. It is brightest and remains longest in places where the skin is thin and delicate, as on the inside of the arms and thighs, and the bend of the knees and elbows.

The strawberry tongue is very often spoken of in connection with scarlet fever. Early in the attack the tongue is covered with a white coating, through which the little papillae, or rough points of the mucous membrane, project, making it look as if it were sprinkled with red pepper. Later the coating peels off, leaving the tongue clean and red, but the papillae being still enlarged the whole surface looks like a ripe strawberry.

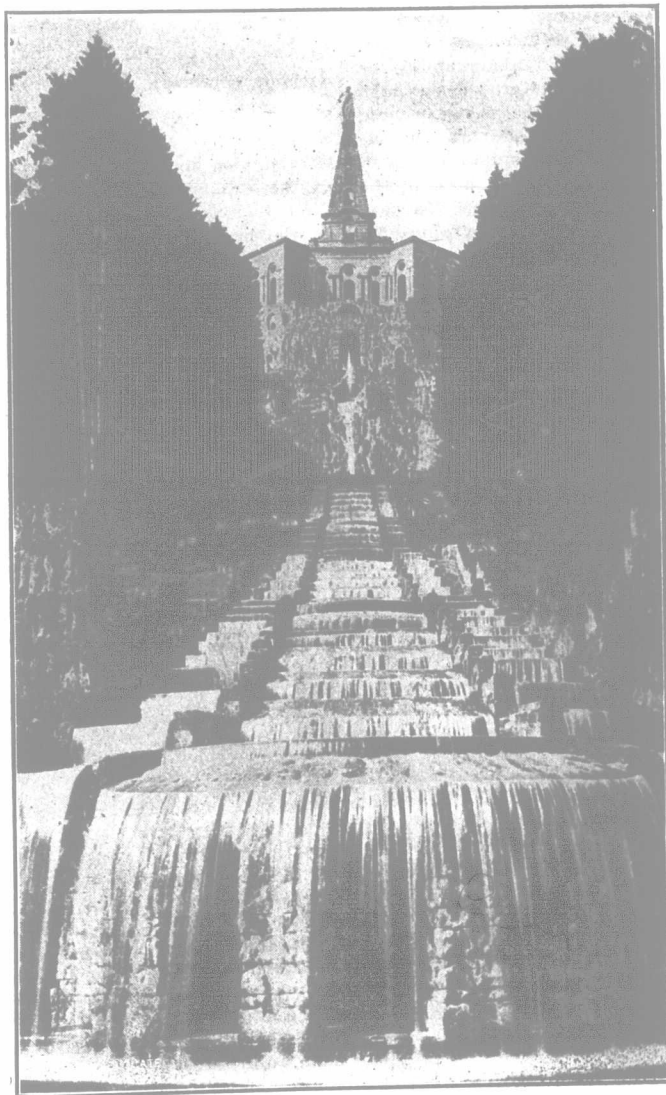
TREATMENT.

As even very mild cases of scarlet fever may be followed by complications, such as disease of the kidneys, or inflammation of the passages of the ears, it is always wise to send for a physician and follow his directions exactly.

The mildest case should be kept in a well-ventilated room, in bed if possible, until the rash has disappeared, and be strictly isolated. In more severe cases the child is so ill that it is not difficult to carry out the strictest nursing precautions.

When the throat is much inflamed cloths wrung out of cold water are laid around it and changed frequently, or a small ice-bag is used. A fold of cotton should be placed between the bag and the skin. The doctor sometimes orders the throat to be swabbed with a disinfectant wash. Cold water may be given freely, and bits of ice allowed to melt in the mouth. A young child will suck a small piece of ice wrapped in cheese cloth.

A convenient way to chip off morsels of ice is to press the point of a long pin against the edge of the block. A number may be kept in a butter dish with a strainer, so the water will drain away as the ice melts. The dish should be closely covered. A piece of cheese cloth may be fastened over a tumbler with a



Cascades, Wilhelmshe.

The wonderful cascade in the Wilhelmshe, surmounted by the enormous figure of Hercules with his club.

spectators than usual. Cassel, as is now generally the case on all fine afternoons, had also sent a large contingent, and a picture presented itself so interesting and peculiar of its kind as can only at this present moment be seen here. I need hardly remark that the fair sex were duly represented, while at the same time the masculine portion of the spectators was composed of men out of almost every grade of society. Scarcely, however, had the Emperor returned, which he did about half-past 4, than the crowd, as usual, disappeared as if by magic. The environs of the castle which had been so thickly peopled, were, half an hour later, totally deserted, and the only signs of human vitality were the sentries pacing up and down at their respective posts. As darkness set in, the deepest silence reigned around. Nothing showed that any change had taken place in the usual course of things on the Wilhelmshe except the lighting up of the apartments in the castle, which, until the arrival of the Emperor, and with the exception of a two days' visit of the King of Prussia some time since, has, for the last four

On the contrary, their bearing is so discreet and retiring, in a word so appropriate to the circumstances in which they find themselves, as to merit the most unqualified respect. The same is also said of that man to whom the kindness of the King of Prussia has allotted the Wilhelmshe as a temporary residence, of that man who has so bitterly experienced in himself that "nemo ante mortem beatus est." Who would have thought a few short weeks since that the prophecy made to the Lydian ruler would, with such fearful weight, be again so soon fulfilled? Charles M. Cassel, 7th October, 1870.

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By way of postscript I have little to add. Art, to-day, has given us, amongst its many developments, the cinematograph with its moving figures, giving life and motion to its interpretation of the story, without words, which it sets out to tell us. In my younger days we had but the homely magic-lantern with, at its best, dissolving views, and at its worst, such sudden withdrawals of the pictures