

'Perhaps you had better omit it for the present. You're not in the habit of drinking anything.'

'No. I haven't tasted brandy before for five years.'

'Indeed! yes, now, I remember you said so. You'd better omit it until we see the effect of the opium. Sudden changes are not always good in times like these.'

'I don't think the brandy has hurt me,' said Mr. Hobart.

'Perhaps not. Still, as a matter of prudence, I would avoid it. Let the opium have a full chance, and all will be right again.'

An opium pill was swallowed, and Mr. Hobart went back to his place of business. It had the intended effect. That is, it cured one disease by producing another—suspended action took the place of over-action. He was, therefore, far from being in a state of health, or free from danger in a cholera atmosphere.

There was one part of the doctor's order that Mr. Hobart did not comply with. The free use of brandy for a few days rekindled the old appetite, and made his desire for liquor so intense, that he had not, or, if he possessed it, did not exercise the power of resistance.

Sad beyond expression was the heart of Mrs. Hobart, when evening came, and her husband returned home so much under the influence of drink as to show it plainly. She said nothing to him, then, for that she knew would be of no avail. But, next morning, as he was rising, she said to him earnestly and almost tearfully.

'Edward, let me beg of you to reflect before you go any farther in the way you have entered. You may not be aware of it, but last night you showed so plainly that you had been drinking that I was distressed beyond measure. You know, as well as I do, where this will end, if continued. Stop, then, once, while you have the power to stop. As to preventing disease, it is plain that the use of brandy has not done so in your case; but rather acted as a predisposing cause. You were perfectly well before you touched it; you have not been well since. Look at this fact, and, as a wise man regard its indication.'

Truth was so strong in the words of his wife, that Mr. Hobart did not attempt to gainsay them.

'I believe you are right,' he replied, with a good deal of depression apparent in his manner. 'I wish the doctor had kept his brandy advice to himself. It has done me no good.'

'It has done you harm,' said his wife.

'Perhaps it has. Ah, me! I wish the cholera would subside.'

'I think your fear is too great,' returned Mrs. Hobart. 'Go on in your usual way; keep your mind calm; be as careful as you have been in regard to diet, and you need fear no danger.'

'I wish I'd let the brandy alone!' sighed Mr. Hobart, who felt as he spoke the desire for another draught.

'So do I. Doctor L—— must have been mad when he advised it.'

'So I now think. I heard yesterday of two or three members of our order who have been sick, and every one of them used a little brandy as a preventive.'

'It is bad—bad. Common sense teaches that. No great change of habit like this is good in a tainted atmosphere. But you see this now, happily, and all will yet be well I trust.'

'Yes, I hope so. I shall touch no more of this brandy preventive. To that my mind is fully made up.'

Mrs. Hobart felt hopeful when she parted with her husband. But she knew nothing of the real conflict going on in his mind between reason and awakened appetite—else had she trembled and grown faint in spirit. This conflict went on for some hours, when, alas! appetite conquered.

At dinner time Mrs. Hobart saw at a glance how it was. The whole manner of her husband had changed. His state of depression was gone, and he exhibited an unnatural ex-

hilaration of spirits. She needed not the sickening odor of his breath to tell the fatal secret that he had been unable to control himself.

It was worse at night. He came home so much beside himself that he could with difficulty walk erectly. Half conscious of his condition, he did not attempt to join the family, but went up stairs and groped his way to bed. Mrs. Hobart did not follow him to his chamber. Heartsick, she retired to another room, and there wept bitterly for more than an hour. She was hopeless. Up from the melancholy past arose images of degradation and suffering too dreadful to contemplate. She felt that she had not strength to suffer again as she had suffered through many, many years. From this state she was aroused by groans from the room where her husband lay. Alarmed by the sounds, she instantly went to him.

'What is the matter?' she asked anxiously.

'Oh! oh! I am in so much pain!' was groaned half inarticulately.

'In pain where?'

'Oh! oh!' was repeated, in a tone of suffering; and then he commenced vomiting.

Mrs. Hobart placed her hand upon his forehead, and found it cold and clammy. Other and more painful symptoms followed. Before the doctor, who was immediately summoned, arrived, his whole system had become prostrate, and was fast sinking into a state of collapse. It was a decided case of cholera.

'Has he been eating anything improper?' asked Doctor L——, after administering such remedies, and ordering such treatment as he deemed the case required.

'Nothing to my knowledge,' replied Mrs. Hobart. 'We have been very careful in regard to food.'

'Has he eaten no green fruit?'

'None.'

'Nor unripe vegetables?'

Mrs. Hobart shook her head.

'Nor fish?'

'Nothing of the kind.'

'That is strange. He was well a few days ago.'

'Yes, perfectly, until he began to take a little brandy every day as a preventive.'

'Ah! The doctor looked thoughtful. 'But it couldn't have been that. I take a little pure brandy every day, and find it good. I recommend it to all my patients.'

Mrs. Hobart sighed. Then she asked—'Do you think him dangerous?'

'I hope not. The attack is sudden and severe. But much worse cases recover. I will call around again before bed time.'

The doctor went away feeling far from comfortable. Only a few hours before he had left a man sick with cholera beyond recovery, who had, to his certain knowledge, adopted the brandy drinking preventive system but a week before; and that at his recommendation. And here was another case.

At eleven o'clock Doctor L—— called to see Mr. Hobart again, and found him rapidly sinking. Not a single symptom had been reached by his treatment. The poor man was in great pain. Every muscle in his body seemed affected by cramps and spasms. His mind, however, was perfectly clear. As the doctor sat feeling his pulse, Hobart said to him—

'Doctor L——, it is too late.'

'Oh, no. It is never too late,' replied the doctor. 'Don't think of death; think of life, and that will help to sustain you. You are not by any means at the last point. Hundreds, worse than you now are, come safely through. I don't intend to let you slip through my hands.'

'Doctor,' said the sick man, speaking in a solemn voice. 'I feel that I am beyond the reach of medicine. I shall