

as she knew, was perfectly happy and content. If he were not, he ought to be; so Lora reasoned. And, when one and another of her more intimate friends were admitted on rare occasions into Tracy's beautiful room, and remarked on the taste and comfort of every arrangement, and the care and attention lavished on the child, praising the elder sister for her thoughtful kindness and consideration even to the minutest detail, Lora's heart beat complacently, and she congratulated herself on being the most careful and judicious of step-sisters. If at times the thought did obtrude itself that yet there was a something lacking, that the attention bestowed on her young brother was, after all, that which cost her nothing, not so much as a moment's self-denial or risk of personal convenience, Lora hastily banished such reflections as quite uncalled for and unnecessary; and Stella's speech that evening, so plainly accusing her of selfishness and lack of real affection, after the first sting of the words upon her conscience had passed away, she sat down as sheer impertinence and misbehaviour.

It was a little relief to Stella's mind to see Lora re-enter the drawing-room after a few minutes' absence; for she knew where her sister had been, and that now Tracy was made acquainted with the reason of her non-appearance, and would go more happily to bed; for she well knew how sweetly and submissively he always acquiesced in his elder sister's arrangements and directions.

Some music was requested when Miss Gower appeared. It was thought a treat to hear the sisters play—Lora on the harp, Stella accompanying her on the piano. Miss Gower was a very accomplished and brilliant performer; and Stella, for so young a girl, played remarkably well, and with extreme taste and feeling.

Somerset was passionately fond of music, and was determined that, if possible, Stella should equal her sister in her execution. He therefore spared no expense in giving her the first masters; and, as she had commenced at a very early age, her brother was gratified in his ambition; for it was impossible to hear Stella play even the simplest air without admiration.

Lora very graciously acceded, and directed Stella what piece to take from a heap of music lying on the what-not. Unfortunately she selected one, a very difficult "fantaisie," which Stella had never seen, much less practised; and the younger sister, still nursing her resentment, and not choosing to break through the indignant silence which she was determined to maintain that night towards Lora, sat down to the piano totally unprepared to perform her part. The duet, consequently, was played in a manner which Lora deemed most discreditable, and which indeed sadly marred the effect of her own tasteful accompaniment on the harp.

Miss Gower was too much of the lady openly to signify her disapproval and vexation at Stella's failure, which she knew quite well was intentional; and Stella, in the depths of her vexed and rebellious heart, felt far more of satisfaction in having piqued Lora than of mortification at her own indifferent playing. Had Somerset been present, she knew full well she would not have ventured on such a recrimination, so risking his grave displeasure; and even now she had a certain uncomfortable feeling that she might be storing up trouble, and perhaps punishment for herself; for Lora's words echoed from time to time uncomfortably in her ear, "You know very well that I hide nothing from Somerset." Without a reminder, Stella did not know that quite well. Lora did not tell her to play again; and Stella, not knowing much of and caring still less for any of the ladies present—one or two, however, were young girls, not so very much older than herself—withdrew to a distant table, and began turning over the leaves of a portrait-album slowly, as though the subjects were full of interest to her, while in reality they might have been mathematical problems for aught she knew, her cold abstracted gaze proving that her thoughts were anywhere but with the pictures.

By-and-by the drawing-room door opened, and some of the gentlemen came in. But Stella's thoughts were too distant to heed the fact; and her head remained bent over the pictures as before. All at once a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and another deposited four giant nut-

shells upon the open book before her, while a cheerful kindly voice said, "I should like to know why the star is behind a cloud to-night."

"O Captain Flamank, how kind of you!" Stella exclaimed, starting up, for she knew whose the voice was; "but you should not have given yourself the trouble."

Stella's face was anything but cloudy then—radiant with pleasure and gratitude.

"Nonsense about trouble. You will think me very impertinent, but do you mind answering one question?"

"Not if I can," Stella answered, trusting he was not referring to the cloud.

"What on earth can you want with those nutshells?"

"I want with them? O Captain Flamank, you did not think I wanted them for myself! They are for little Tracy."

"Ah! I was forgetting," said the young man; for Stella's tone was that of such undisguised astonishment that he half-feared he might have hurt her mind. "Your little brother: he likes them, then?"

"O so much! He had one once; and I helped him to rig it out like a little ship. We put three masts of cedar-wood, filed very smooth on sandpaper; and nurse made real sails out of very fine cambric. Then I dressed the tiniest dolls you can conceive of, as sailors, and manned the vessel; and we had rope-ladders and everything complete—only all so minute! It was quite a little curiosity. But one day it got trodden on and crushed to pieces, and I have never been able to get one of the very big ones since. That is why I was so glad to see the walnuts to-night, Captain Flamank," Stella added, apologetically.

"Then I am very glad I have brought you these," returned her friend. "You are very fond of your little brother, Stella?"

"Yes indeed. No one could help it: he is so sweet and uncomplaining, and the most beautiful child you ever saw."

(To be Continued.)

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.—W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

Typhoid Fever.

The following memorandum on typhoid fever and its proper treatment was given to Major-General Ellis by the late Sir William Gull, M.D., two years after he was in attendance on the Prince of Wales during his illness in 1872. It was suggested to Major-General Ellis recently that the publication of the memorandum might prove useful, and it appeared in the *Times*. Sir William Gull's suggestions with regard to the treatment of typhoid fever have been observed in the case of Prince George.

1. Typhoid fever is a disease which runs a more or less definite course. It cannot be stopped or cured by medicines.

2. The chief thing to be done at the outset of an attack is to send the patient to bed, so as to save strength from the beginning.

3. No strong purgative medicines are desirable.

4. As the fever develops, and the strength grows less, light food should be taken at short intervals—i. e., water, toast water, barley water, milk and water, light broths (not made too strong, or too gelatinous).

5. If there be restlessness or much agitation of the nerves, wine (port, sherry, or claret) or brandy

in moderate doses at short intervals. This must be directed medically, but in general it may be said that the amount required is that which induces repose and sleep.

6. The bowels may be left to themselves. If unmoved for twenty-four or thirty-six hours, a lavement of warm water may be necessary, but this will be directed medically.

7. The restlessness or wakefulness in fever is best remedied by the careful giving of wine or spirit with the food, or in water. Sedatives, such as opium, are inadmissible—mostly injurious.

8. The bed room to be kept at a temperature of 62 to 64 degrees.

9. Great care is necessary to keep the bed clean and sweet. This is most easily done by having a second bed in the room, to which the patient can be removed for two or three hours daily, while the other is thoroughly aired and the linen changed.

10. All fatigue to be sedulously avoided. No visitors admitted, and no other person but one nurse and one attendant to help her.

11. Patient's room never to be left unattended for a moment, as in the delirium of fever the patient might jump from bed and injure himself.

12. As to medicines and the treatment of complication, the immediate medical attendant must be responsible.

13. As it is probable that the discharges from the bowels in typhoid fever may be a source of contagion, it is desirable that before being thrown down the closet they should be largely mixed with Condy's fluid or some other disinfectant. On the same principle the strictest cleanliness must be observed in the sick-room.

14. There is no reason to believe that typhoid fever is contagious from person to person in the ordinary way. The largest experience shows that it does not extend, like an ordinary contagious disease, to nurses or others attending upon patients suffering under the disease.

The Church Year.

BY H. D.

Never have I been more impressed with the wisdom which our Church has displayed in the arrangement of her services, so as to fix the attention of her clergy and people upon the seasons and great events of the Gospel history.

We have more recently come through the season of Lent with all its varied services and teachings, all of which are intended to prepare mind and heart for the deeply solemn and impressive scenes and events of the closing days of our Saviour's life on earth.

What heart can go through the record of these scenes without being touched and greatly moved by them? Did the world ever witness such meek submission, such patient endurance, such agony of suffering, as those which our Lord and Saviour endured? What does it, what can it all mean? Have we any interest, any personal concern in these things? Our Church would teach her children that with each and every one, young and old, rich and poor, life and death, soul and body, time and eternity are involved, and that nothing in this world can be compared in importance to them, with the life and death of Jesus Christ.

I see not how any clergyman or layman can engage in the appointed services of our Church for Holy Week, for Good Friday, for Easter, as well as other events and seasons, and still have any doubt as to the great doctrinal truths which are held up and taught by them.

To me it is amazing that truths and facts so conspicuous and so declared can be ignored, or treated with indifference by any who call themselves Christians.

Let us be truly grateful to God that we have in our Church such a rich inheritance of Gospel truth, and so many provisions for preserving and perpetuating it.

It is not what its proprietors say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

—One of the hardest things to get people to believe is, that little sins are deadly.