

Silver Heels was going on a voyage to Bath the following month, she gave a little cry, and announced her desire to go in her back to her old home.

"But, Ethel," he protested, "I had planned a far pleasanter life for you in San Francisco with Irene. It seems all wrong that you should go away, and now of all times, when I am going to marry so companionable a woman as Miss Summerfield."

"When you are Irene's husband I shall have lost you, Kirke. She is of the great world and I am not. She will not want me nor like my ways. I shall be better at home, where I am mistress of my own little maimed life, at least."

"Why did you not say this before, Ethel? If I had known you had such feelings I should not have asked Irene to marry until you were reconciled."

"Oh, my dear brother," cried she, giving way to a burst of tears and sobbing out her grief upon his breast, "do not reproach me, but I am very unhappy, and I shall be better out of everybody's way."

"Whom do you mean by everybody, Ethel? Do you mean Howard Summerfield?"

"He is only one," whispered she, guarding her secret still.

"Is there—has there ever been anything between you?" asked her brother, with sudden sternness.

"Dear Kirke, how could there be anything between a man like Howard Summerfield and me? Do not ask such painful questions. Let me go home, and when you are settled in your new life I may some time visit you."

"I will think it over," he said, and went away to break the news to Summerfield.

The next day Summerfield sought an interview with Ethel.

"You must long have known, Ethel, that I loved you. I fear, also, that you have, in some way, learned of a most unworthy cowardice in my nature, with which you generously refrain from accusing me. May I entreat you to let that pass, and to make me more happy than I deserve by telling me that I may hope to win you for my wife?"

"Hush!" she said, with paling lips; "this is worse than all. Go, and do not tell my brother."

It was in vain he entreated. Her resolution was taken.

The *Silver Heels* sailed from the straits in August, commanded by her first officer. In January, 1861, by the arrival of a vessel from Valparaiso, the news was brought of her total loss in the South Pacific. The civil war broke out soon after, and Summerfield volunteered to fight the battles of his country, being killed after being made a colonel. The school house at Port — bears this legend over the entrance:

The Ethel Eliot Memorial School,
1880.

And if you talk with the pioneers of that neat milling town you will hear many stories of the beautiful lame girl after whom it was named by her affectionate admirers.

FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

EATING AT NIGHT.

POPULARLY eating at night is thought injurious, but unless dinner or supper have been late, or the stomach disordered, it is harmless and beneficial—that is, if one be hungry. Four or five hours having elapsed since the last meal, invalids and the delicate should always eat at bedtime. This seems heretical, but it is not. Food of simple kind will induce sleep. Animals after eating instinctively sleep. Human beings become drowsy after a full meal. Why? Because blood is solicited toward the stomach to supply the juices needed in digestion. Hence the brain receives less blood than during fasting, becomes pale, and the powers become dormant. Sleep therefore ensues. This is physiological. The sinking sensation in sleeplessness is a call for food. Wakefulness often is merely a symptom of hunger. Gratify the desire and you fall asleep. The writer recently was called at two A. M. to a lady who assured him that she was dying. The body was warm, the heart doing honest work. To her indignation he ordered buttered bread (hot milk or tea were better) to be eaten at once. Obeying, the moribund lady was soon surprised by a return of life and desire to sleep. The feeble will be stronger at dawn if they eat on going to bed. Fourteen hours lie between supper and breakfast. By that time the fuel of the body has become expended. Consequently the morning toilet fatigues many. Let such eat at bedtime, and take a glass of warm milk or beef tea before rising. Increased vigor will result. "But the stomach must rest." True. Yet when hungry we should eat. Does the infant stomach rest as long as the adult's? The latter eats less often merely because his food requires more time for digestion. Seldom can one remain awake until half-past ten or eleven in the evening without hunger. Satisfy it and sleep will be sound. During the night give wakeful children food. Sleep will follow. The sick should invariably eat during the night. This is imperative. All night the delicate and children may take warm milk, beef tea or oatmeal gruel. Vigorous adults may also eat bread and milk, cold beef, mutton, chicken and bread, raw oysters, all of course in moderation. Do not eat if not hungry. Eat if you are.—*Boston Physician.*

OF pyrethrum Professor Cook says: "This substance, the powdered flower heads of plants now extensively grown in some portions of our country, is a certain specific against insects. I have found to dust it on the cabbage with a dust bellows, even though diluted with twenty times its bulk of flour, means death to nearly all the worms. If we use a fountain pump and force it on the plants mixed with water—one tablespoonful to two gallons of the liquid—I find it even more efficient to destroy. I have found that forced on plants already headed, in this way, it kills nearly all the larvæ with a single application. It is worthy of remark that as pyrethrum kills insects by contact, serving to paralyze them, it is not at all poisonous to man or the higher animals. I have fed it to a dog, with no evil results to the brute."