A WOMAR'S SUPPERINGS AND LADY ETHEI GRATITUDE. A VOICE FROM AUSTRIA

Near the village of Zillingdorf, in Lower Austria, lives Maria Hasa; an intelligent and industrious weman, whose story of physical suffering and final relief, as related by herself, is of interest to English women. "I was employed," she says, "in the work of a large farmhouse. Overwork brought on sick headache, followed by a deathly fainting and nickness of the stomach, until I was compelled to take to my bed for several weeks." Getting a little netter from rest and quiet, I sought to do some work, but was soon taken with a pain in my side, which in a little while seemed to spread over my whole body, and throbbed in my every limb. This was followed by a cough and shortness of breath, until finally I could not sew, and I took to my bed for the second, and, as I thought, for the last time. My friends told me that my time had nearly come, and that I could that my time had nearly come, and that I could not live longer than when the trees put on their green once more. Then I happened to get one of the Seigel pamphlets. I read it, and my dear mother bought me a bottle of Seigel's Syrup, which I took exactly according to directions, and I had not taken the whole of it before I felt a great change for the better. of it before I felt a great change for the better. My last illness began June Srd, 1882, and continued to August 9th, when I began to take the Syrup. Very soon I could do a little work. The caugh left me, and I was no more troubled in breathing. Now I am perfectly sured. And oh, how happy I am! I cannot express gratitude enough for Seigel's Syrup. Now I must tell you that the doctors in our district distributed handbills cantioning people against distributed handbills cautioning people against the medicine, selling them it would do them no good, and many were thereby influenced to destroy the Seigel pamphlets; but now, where ever one is to be found, it is kept like a relic. The few preserved are borrowed to read, and I t mine to six miles around our district. People have come eighteen miles to get me to buy the medicine for them, knowing that it cured me, and to be sure to get the right kind. I know a woman who was hoking like death, and who told them there was no help for her, that she had consulted several doctors, but none could help her. I told her of Seigel's Syrup, and wrote the name down for the that she might make no mistake. She took my advice and the Syrup, and now she is in perfect health, and the people around us are amazed. The medicine has made such are amazed. The medicine has hade such progress in our neighborhood that people say they don't want the doctor any more, but they take the Syrup. Sufferers from gout who were confined to their bed and could hardly move a finger, have been cured by it. There is a girl in our district who caught a cold by going through some water, and was in bed five years with costiveness and rheumatic pains, and had to have an attendant to watch by There was not a doctor in the surround ing districts to whom her mother had not ap-plied to relieve her child, but every one crossed themselves and said they could not help her. Whenever the little bell rang which is rung in our place when somebody is dead, we thought surely it was for her, but Seigel's Syrup and Pills saved her life, and now she is as healthy as anybody, goes to church, and can work even in the fields. Everybody was astonished when they saw her out, knowing how many years she had been in bed. To-day she adds her gratitude to mine for God's mercies and Seigel's Syrup." MARIA HAAS lows.

The people of Canada speak confirming the

RICHMOND CORNERS, N.B., Jan. 10, 1886. Bigmond Corners, N.B., Jan. 10, 1886.

Dear Sir.—I wish to inform you the good your Seigel's Syrup has done me.

I thought at one time I would be better dead than alive, but had the luck to find one of your almanace and after reading it concluded to try your remedy.

I tried one bottle and found my health so much improved that I continued it until mow I feel like a now man. I have taken altogether 5 bottles.

Everybody here speaks well of it.

JOSEPH WARD

Richmond Corners, N.B.

SPRINGFIELD, N.B., Oct. 15, 1835: A. J. WRITE, Limited,

Gents—Seigel's Syrup gives good satisfaction where
ever used. One case in particular (where the cure
of Dyspepais seemed almost a miracle) was greatly
benefited by your medicine.

Your respectfully. Your respectfully,

STEVENSVILLE, WELLAND Co., ONT., Feb. 17, 1884. STEVERSVILLE, WELLEND CO., Con., Test of the A. J. WHITE,

I commenced using the "Shaker Extract" in my family a short time since. I was then afflicted with a sick headache, weak stomach, pain in my left side, often attended with a cough, but I am now fast gaining my health; my neighbors are also astonished at the results of your medicine.

Yours, etc.,

MANASSEH E. BEAM.

FREDERICTON, N.B.

A. J. Whire, Limited,

Gentlemen—Your medicine has done more for me
than any doctor ever did, and I would not be without

Yours truly PATRICE Molusey.

TROUT LAKE, ONT., May 12, 1885. A. J. Whits, Limited.

Gentlemen—Your medicine is just what is needed here for disordered liver. When I was in London, the doctors there said I was a "gone man," and advised me to travel. I did so, and came across Seigel's Syrup, which cured me entirely by continued use, which proved that sometimes the best of skill is not always the only hope.

Yours truly,

W. J. Robertson, Evangelist.

ALBERT BRIDGE, N.S., May 16, 1885.

J. Whits, Limited.

Gentlemen—1 am now using Seigel's Syrup for Dyspepsia, and find it to be the best medicine I ever used for that complaint. It is a priceless boon to any one afflicted with indigestion.

ion.
Yours truly
WM. BURKE.

South Bay, Ont., Dec. 7, 1885.

Sir.—I take great pleasure in informing you that I have been cured by your Siegel's Syrup and pills. I suffered ten or twelve years with indigestion and constipation of the bowels, vomiting food and bile from the stomach, which caused great pain. I tried several good physicians, none of whom were able to give me any relief. any relief.

I tried several patent medicines, some of them giving

relief for the time being, so you can easily see that I was discouraged, and it was withlittle faith that I commenced to take your Seigel's Syrup and pills
I started with your medicine about one year ago and have taken in all about 2 dozen botiles, it did take some little time to stop the vomiting, but I can say that now my health is greatly improved.

I will cheerfully recommend it to all suffering from iomach complaints.

I can give you the names of several others if you

You may print this if you wish, a it may be the needs of holping some other sufferer.

LEWIS WALEANS

South Bay, Ontario.
Proprietors: A. J. White (Limited), 17 Farringdon Road, London, Eng. Branch office: 67 St. James street, Montreal.
For sale by every druggist in Montreal.

Merritt Kanoff, of Creston, Iowa, recently

met with a novel though distressing accident. He was carrying a penholder behind his ear, and as he threw his head to one side the holder fell to his shoulder, sticking in his shirt. As he straightened up the end of the holder entered his ear and punctured the drum, destroying the hearing.

A Most Liberal Offer.

THE VOLTAGE BELT Co., Marshall, Mich., offer to send heir Celebrated Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances thirty days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debillity, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, &c. Illustrated pamphle in sealed envelope with full particulars, mailed free Write them at once.

One of Connecticut's old blue laws: "No man shall court a maid in person or by letter without first obtaining the consent of her arents. Five pounds a penalty for the first mi rison nent during pleasure.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT, [MRS. ROSS CHURCH,] Author of " Love's Conflict," " Veronique, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII,-Continued.

And it was in commenting upon this subject (after having received a few extra par-ticulars concerning it from the mouth of Maggie Henderson), that Miss Lloyd gave vent to the exclamation with which this chapter opens, and expressed herself very much disappointed in Colonel Bainbridge.

"It is not so much his fault as hers," said Maggie, warmly, for she felt burt that every one should be in league against her cousin.
"I was sure she did not love him when they were down here together. Oh! what a foolish thing it is for people to marry in such

Maggie ! he would have a different kind of

Maggie blushed, but only to hear herself

"Perhaps so; yet it does not follow he would have had a better one." "My dear! but you would always have toved him!"
"I hope so, Aunt Letty; but it is impossible to tell. You see I used to think so very much of him, and it has struck me more than

once fately, that on a nearer view he might not have come up to my expectations."
"What used you to think of him

Maggie?"
"Oh! at one time—about a year ago, you know, Aunt Letty—I really thought there was no one in the world to compare with Cousin Thomas. He seemed so brave, so honorable, so wise: I believe I would have rusted my very soul in his hands in those

days." "And you would not trust it now?"

The girl shook her head. "Good, he is-that I am sure of; it would be strange if, coming of such a father and such a mother, he could be otherwise than such a mother, he could be otherwise and a cold, sickening, palpitating sentation according to a cold, sickening, palpitating sentation according to the region of her heart, which bore a strong likeness to remorseful fear, though she would likeness to remorseful fear, though she would to run away directly he is attacked by disap-pointment? or wisdom to leave his young, beautiful wife alone, without even the safeguard of her love for him ! to say nothing of his poor mother, who needs his help so much just now! I could hardly have believed it of

"Then you have quite altered your opinion with respect to him, Maggle !" " No, I don't think that so much as that my opinion is altered with respect to myself. I was not competent to pass judgment on my cousin. He remains the same as he was then; but I can see more clearly. He is a dear fellow; he will always be very dear to me; but he is an ordinary man, neither better nor worse than the generality of his fel-

"But don't you think that must be the end of most inordinate affections, Maggie; that the scales falling from our eyes, we perceive the glitter which we took for gold is only the reflection of her own love —partly of her own wishes—and that our idols are but clay!"

"I daresay it is, Aunt Letty; but it must

be a dreadful thing to wake up and find one's self bound to that which is not what we took it for. I have suffered, as you know, but 'tis nearly over now; and I have been so thankful lately to feel that I have taken on myself no other ties than those which nature gave me."

"Why, my darling?" demanded Miss

Lloyd.
"That I may devote the remainder of my life to those for whom He laid down His. O Aunt Letty!" (with clasped hands an appealing face;) "you don't know how much I have thought and dreamt of it lately. You said, you remember, on the day that we first saw Sister Margaret, that if the time ever came when I might conscientiously enter on that vocation. you would not hold me back from it! And has not the time come now?"

"Do you think it has, dear Maggie?" said

Miss Lloyd, gravely.
"Why should I not, Aunt Letty? Uncle is gone; I can be of no further use to him; Cranshaws is to be vacated, and Aunt Lizzie goes to her own friends at Birmingham. And you, my own sweet aunt, you love Him far too much yourself to gradge Him the service of his meanest creature."

At that moment their conversation was in

terrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Bainbridge. "I could not think where you had got to, Maggie," she said, in a complaining voice. "They say that old Hetty is worrying to see me, and that Mr. Dobson has come over from Borthwick with an authority from your consin to look over the stables, and really I have not the heart to speak to them. I wish you would go and see what it is all about. I am sure," sinking into a chair as she spoke, "if people only knew what an exertion it is to me to give my attention to business, they would be a little more merciful. It all falls upon me; there is no one to do it but myself."

"There is always Maggie," said her sister, pointedly. "Ah! true! and she is the greatest comfort a woman ever bad. Well, go, my dear, and get it over quickly;" and as her niece left the

room, she ejaculated, audibly, "God bless her? I don't know what we should do without her !" In a few minutes Maggie re-appeared, hav-

ing executed her commissions satisfactorily. and then Mrs. Bainbridge asked her if she would take a turn in the grounds with her. "It seems quite an age since I have been

round the flower garden, and I think it would do me good. Thank you, my dear," as Maggle readily acquiesced in the proposal; "you are just like a daughter to me; you are all I have left me in the world. I will be ready to accompany you in five minutes."
As Mrs. Bainbridge quitted the library to

put on her walking attire, Miss Lloyd looked Maggie Henderson in the face. "Well, my dear, do you think the time has come yet ?"

"No, aunt," replied the girl, meekly, but there was a shade of sadness on her countenance as she spoke.

"You are disappointed, darling," said Miss Lloyd, affectionately; but were you to follow your inclinations in opposition to your duty, you would be more so. Remeniber what you preached to your ousin, and don't fall short in your

on practice, The path of duty is generally straight before us; but we are too fond, even when most in earnest, of looking for it in the far distance, or in some almost impracticable by-way. It is so hard to con vince beginners that grace is not always where most sensibly felt."

Maggie did not answer. She was standing by the window with something like a tear in her eye; it was so difficult to believe that any one could go wrong in a hearty and sin-

cere effort to please his Master.
'You think that Aunt Lizzie won't offense, £10 for the second, and for the third | want you at Birmingham, Maggie," contrisonment during pleasure.

for whom she cared at once. But you are your own mistress, my love, and must therefore take my counsel for just as much as it is

and was not ensurely destructed or richnes, and would manage to enjoy life as well without him as with him, perhaps better—who knew?

Vice to bagatelle! And so, when the next

"I am not my own mistress, aunt," replied the girl, "and I never wish to be, I see that you are right; the time has not yet come." 44 And suppose it never comes, Maggie ?"
45 Then I must be content."

" Content to do the will of Him that formed you! Were it to live crippled in a garret for the rest of your life, child, it would come to the same thing in the end. Our love to Him is not shown forth in what we do so much as in what we suffer !"

"Suffer with Him and reign with Him," responded Maggie, smiling.
"Suffer with Him for love of Him, with out calculating on the reigning. The first foolish thing it is for people to marry in such a hurry."

"He was blinded," replied her aunt.

"He would have thought twice of his dear father's proposal to him! Ah!

Maggie! he would have a different kind of the company in the future is may lie! don (or wherever in the future it may lie) until you are freed by His will to take it from His hands."

"O aunt, you are such a blessing to me," oried the girl, onthusiastically; "you seem to put everything in the right light."

"Not more a blessing than you are to me, my darling. I have often prayed, Maggie, that I might be enabled to counsel you aright in this particular; for it is very selfish pleading my dark a real result. ing, my dear ! I can't yet think what nome would look like to me without you."

"You shall never see it so, dear aunt, without your free consent. I don't think I could go myself, unless you promised to go with

Miss Lloyd laughed at the idea, and shak ing off a few bright tears that had gathered on her eyelashes, released Maggie from an affectionate embrace, just as the door opened to admit Mrs. Bainbridge.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE WIDOWED BRIDE.
Lady Ethel Bainbridge did not feel very comfortable after her husband had left her on the morning of their quarrel. There was not have acknowledged the feeling.

She knew that she had gone too far-much further than she wished or intended; and believed the probable result of her gratuitous information would be an entire separation etween herself and the Marquis de Lacarras; but, atrange to say, notwithstanding the interest she still professed to take in that gentleman and his proceedings, the prospect of never seeing him again did not give her nearly so much unessiness, as the idea that Calonel Bainbridge would revert to what she had told him, and reproach her with it. Surely, if she promised never to speak to ictor again, it ought to appease his anger.

"Men are always so unreasonable," she thought to herself, as she lay coiled up in her laxurious bed, rather an anxious face pressing the lacetrimmed pillows; "so jealous, and ex-acting, and fussy; it is only necessary to mention the name of another man to have them looking down daggers at you at once. As if a woman could be expected never to speak to anyone but her husband. Such nonsense! Or to marry her first love-particularly when she's-not bad-looking. Does the man imagine no one thinks me pretty but himself? Absurd! And then to stare just as if he were going to eat me! Scottish man-ners, I suppose. And, after all, what did I

say that was so very atrocious?" But here, a faithful memory bringing two or three expressive truths back to Lady Ethel's mind, caused her to turn restlessly upon her

about the matter ; she had much better go to eleep again; and it would be all right by the evening. But she could not sleep; she had been too

thoroughly roused; and after ineffectually lying with closed eyes for a longer time than was agreeable to her, Lady Ethel vacated her couch and rang for Louise to assist her in dressing.
When she descended to the dining-room, it

seemed bare and empty; breakfast was laid upon the table, but had not been touched; and three unopened letters addressed to her husband, and which in the anguish of his spirit he had overlooked, were placed beside his plate.

Yet he did not appear.
"You had better tell your master that breaktast is ready," said Lady Ethel to the servant in waiting.

"The Colonel has gone out, my lady," was the reply. "He left the house about a cou-ple of hours ago." "Oh! very well!" in a querulous, discon-

tented voice; "remove the covers then." And the covers being removed, disclosed their respective dishes in precisely the same condition in which they recovered them when the meal was concluded, her ladyship attri-

buting her want of appetite to the fatigue she had undergone the night before. A weary afternoon upon the sofa; then a solitary drive round the park, which she accomplished mostly with closed eyes, and Lady Ethel returned to Curzon Street in time for an eight o'clock dinner.

For this meal she waited rather more than half-an-hour before she rung the bell to inquire if anything had yet been seen of Colonel Bainbridge; but the only answer she received was, that he had not re-entered the

house.
"Where is Russell?" she demanded, sharply, alluding to her husband's valet.

"He is gone to the King's Cross station, my lady, with my master's portmentenu and hat-box. He started rather better than an hour ago. I believe he expected to meet the Colonel there,"

" Very good !" replied his mistress, flushing, nevertheless, with disapointment. "I shall not wait any longer. Let the dinner be served.

The dinner did not prove a much greater success than the breakfast had been; and, after lingering in the drawing-room till nearly midnight, Lady Ethel betook herself to bed in a highly excited and indignant frame of mind. She had forgotten her fears of meeting Colonel Bainbridge again by that time, and only felt greatly injured by the slight put upon her.
"The idea of his starting for Scotland in

that manner, without even telling her his intentions, or the train by which he meant to travel; leaving her in perfect ignorance of his plans, and making her a laughing stock to her own servants. He ought to be ashamed of himself; he would have no further need to talk about good or bad behaviour, after the rudeness with which he had treated her. But that was just what came of marrying a bear ; it was not likely that anyone reared in an out-of-the way country hole like Cranshaws would know the meaning of 'politeness.' It was her own fault; she had brought it all on her own head; she had no one to thank but herself. She was the most miserable, desolate,

insulted woman in existence !"

also to propose to leave her now, that she in peace, so much the better. Thank Heaven, would feel as though she were bereft of all she was not entirely destitute of friends, and day, and the day succeeding, and the day after that, came and went, without bringing her a letter from her husbandnot one line of entreaty, represch, or ex-planation—Lady Ethel's spirits rose, apparently, to the very highest pitch. Wherever she could go slone, she showed herself in pub lic, laughing, talking, and filrting, just as the fancy took her, and but too often, to the disgust of Lady Clevedon, with the Marquis de Lacarras in her train.

The sober portion of the fashionable world shook their heads, and began to sak each other where was Colonel Bainbridge? but Lady Ethel-lightly disposed of all inquiries. by the appouncement of her father-in-law's illness, and her determination to take a little more out of the season, before she retired into crape and bombazine.

The Countess of Clevedon appeared to regard the matter in a far more serious light, and it was edifying to hear the prudent cautions she though fit to administer to her volatile step-daughter at this juncture, and the sudden and deep interest she evinced for the feelings of Colonel Bainbridge.

"I really do think, my dear Ethel," she said in a most maternal manner, "that you should keep at home during this melancholy period of uncertainty respecting old Mr. Bainbridge's health. Why, he may be lying dead at this very moment, and just consider what your dear husband's feelings would be, were he to return home to-night with the mournful tidings, and find you dancing at Lady Taunton's ball. It does not look well, indeed it does not."

"I do not care one straw about looks, Gertrude; you are so over prudent that you see these things in too serious a light. Please to remember that I am a married woman, and supposed to be competent to judge for myself. And as for my father-in law being dead, he is much more likely eating a hearty dinuer; only he s so selfish, he won't et Colonel Bain-

bridge return to London."

Though at this moment, as I have related, old Mr. Bainbridge was actually gone, and in the face of the announcement of his death, which appeared in the Times shortly afterwards, Lady Ethel, unable longer to deny the truth, was compelled in decency to remain in-doors until sultable mourning had

been provided for her.
But still she received no intimation that her husband thought of or regretted the misunderstanding that had arisen between them; and in spite of her affected galety, her heart was daily becoming heavier beneath the influence of a suppressed longing to see him again, and a growing fear that her conduct might produce more serious consequences than she had anticipated.

It was but a few days after her re-appearance in society, that, as she was reclining, a most tashionable mass of bugles and black crape, upon the cushions of her open carriage, the block which usually takes place in the Row every afternoon during the season, brought her to a standatill alongside of Lady

"Well, my dear; so you have got your husband back again. I congratulate you," exclaimed that lady, who, with the baby earl, got up in a manner regardless of expense, by her side, and more than a suspicion of rouge on her cheeks was attracting, as she desired, universal attention. Lady Ethel's heart gave a rapid bound, but

no one would have guessed it from her "Where did you see him?' she demanded, as though she had just parted from him her-

"Down by the Horse Guards, about an mind, caused her to turn restlessly upon her pillow, whilst the uneasy sensation at her heart proceeded with redoubled violence.

Pooh I what folly it was to think twice shout the matter; she had much better go to shout the matter; she had much better go to shout the matter; she had much better go to shout the matter; she had much better go to shout the matter; she had much better go to shout the matter; she had much better go to shout the matter; she had much better go to shout the matter. persuaded him to drive with you. The air

would do him good." " Colonel Bainbridge doesn't like the Row."

murmured Lady Ethel, evasively. "Few men do-married men, that is to say. I wonder when we shall be able to move. Have you seen Victor, to-day?" with a searching glance.

"He looked in for half-an-hour after breakfast."

"Ah! very sociable and friendly, but not always safe. He'll have to give up some of those free and easy little habits, my dear, now that your lord and master has returned, Well, here we are actually making progress at last. Good-bye. I shall look in upon you in the course of a day or two," and the next moment, to Lady Ethel's infinite relief, the carriages were separated.

He had come back then; was in London, most likely in Curzon Street at that very time: and sick with impatience to meet him again, and have an explanation regarding her conduct and his own, as soon as she was satisfied that her step-mother was no longer witness to her proceedings, Lady Ethel pulled the check-string and gave the order to be driven home at once.

Arrived at Curzon street, she had hardly descended the staps of her carriage before she put the eager inquiry, "Any one called?" to the servant who received her, and an answer

in the negative made her spirits sink to zero.
"He was trying her too far," she said, indignantly, to herself, as, without waiting for the assistance of Louise, she tore off bonuet and mantle, and cast them impetuously upon the bed. "It was all very well for a man to show he had some pride-sho know that she was esteemed rather proud herself-but when it came," pulling a glove off inside out, and flinging it to the other end of the room, "when it came to treating her with utter contemptwalking about the place openly, and speaking to her friends, before he had even advised her of his return," here flew the second glove after its fellow, "she would let him know pretty plainly that she was not going to stand such behaviour." And, sitting down upon the strength of it, Lady Ethel fanned her heated face, while she impatiently tapped the carpet with her foot.

But, notwithstanding her ire, she took care to make a most becoming toilet for that day's dinner; and to issue an immediate command that she was "at home" to no one for the

afternoon or evening.
Could Colonel Bainbridge have read her wilful spirit and appeared to take advantage of it, he might have sealed his happiness from that hour; but there was no angel near to presage his good fortune to him. The only angel that sat brooding on his heart that night was the prophet of sorrow amounting to despair.

When the dinner had been served, and cleared away again, Lady Ethel's excitement vanished with it, and she lay on a sofa in her drawing-room, listening with strained surs to every cab-wheel that rattled in the opinion, at least that final substantive. street, to every footfall that sounded on the pavement, and trying to cheat herself out of away, and he had not yet come home.

At length, it was nearly ten o'clock, and the last postman commenced to give his

house and place she will not miss her hus-band's voice and her son's kind attentions so much as if she stayed at Oranshaws, but I think you are mistaken. I think, were you taken to propose to large her new that she is propose to have a much the better. Thank Heaven "He was not coming then—he passed a night in town and not at his own house—he chose to write instead of speaking to her-well," with a heaving breast and something which felt very uncomfortable just at the top of her throat, "we shall see, Colonel Bainbridge, which loses the most by that proceed-

No, I don't want any tea; you can take it away" she exclaimed, with such uncalled ; for energy, to the servant in waiting, that he beat a hasty retreat again, and she was left alone with her unwelcome messenger. The door had scarpely closed before she had form through I pray God to protect her from every open and devoured it.

But, as she did so, standing tremblingly beneath the gaslight, her cheek paled and paled until it was as white as the flowing

which you have acquainted me! You know. by this time that my father is dead; that, thanks to you, he died without the amall consolation of seeing me again; but for which, now, I feel almost thankful. It would have been too hard, perhaps, for me to stand face to face with him and death, and to conceal what all the world must soon guessthat you have destroyed my happiness.

"I have no intention of repreaching you. I ascribe the error to your artificial rearing, and the little sanctity with which, in these days, marriage is invested, more than to yourself; but you must for-give me if, under the circumstances, I find it impossible to live with you again. Could you have loved me, if only with a friend's affection, I would have labored to procure your happiness to my life's end; but my spirit rebels against being further subjected to the avowal of your scorn. I have thought it better, therefore, both for yourself and me, that we should not meet again, and, with that

may never return to provoke unfavorable comparisons in your mind again. But do not imagine I have forgotten what I owe to you, or neglected to make arrangements for your

and if at any time you have a fancy to spend a few weeks there, you have but to write to the steward, and give orders that it is prepared for your reception. But, as a residence, you will prefer the house in Curzon street and the management of your income (which will be the same as it is now) I have placed in the hands of

which is necessary to your well-being, you need but apply to those gentlemen in order to procure it.

to her; and, fearful of the gozzip that is certain to arise from my sudden departure, I have written for your sake to tell her that I am unexpectedly ordered back to service in India, and, not having yet made up my mind to resign the army, we have decided on a brief separation. Whether to carry out or deny my pious fraud, I leave to yourself, I had not the courage to confess the truth. And now I must close this; for I dare not trust myself to shall have all London ringing with the speak to you of what I have lost in losing the conviction that you loved me. You married me (I had it from your own lips) for your convenience; and my fatal money was the means

"Well, then, take my money. I shall have been married four never bear the sight nor touch of it again; earth is the reason of it?" proach to you.

"THOMAS BAINBRIDGE."

the man had felt so keenly in the construction of those sentences, that he had not dared to trust himself to use one affectionate expression—she judged that they had emanated from a spirit heartlessly cold and savere. She had no power to interpret the proud, despaira love which he did not believe existed for

She only searched cagerly, from one sheet to another, for the familiar forms in which he had been went to tell her he adored her; and, disappointed at failing to find them, assumed, or chose to pretend that she assumed, that her husband had never really cared for her.

No more than I have cared for him," she exclaimed, as ashy pale she started from her reverie, and tearing the paper into a dozen pieces, scattered them upon the floor. "So much for your letter, Colonel Bainbridge. You hope, perhaps, that I shall not enjoy my life so much without the protection of your presence. You will live to find yourself wonderfully mistaken." And she was about to quit the room.

But as she stood upon the threshold, she turned her head, and two weary eyes rested lingeringly upon the morsels of paper cast

any servant who was curious to place together in their original position, and peruse? The credit of her name was involved in such an accident. So, slowly retracing her steps, Lady Ethel gathered up the fluttering fragments and conveyed them to her room. And when Louise had left her to herself, she drew out needle and thread, and carefully stitched them all together again.

It would be as well, she thought, to pre-

him, which about the same time reached the hands of Margaret Henderson, Lady Ethelwould surely have altered, if not her whole

"I write to you on the eve of my depart-

appears impossible to me; but perhaps I ought to have ascrificed my own feelings, in order to afford her the protection of the love which she has trampted under foot. She is so young, the method and admired; If any have so beautiful, and so admired! If any harm comes to her, I shall never forgive myself. comes to her, I shall never forgive myself. Dear Maggie! my sister more than my cousin. I entreat you, by the memory of the affection of our childhood, to befriend my darling, should it ever, be in your power to do so. The appeared to like you. I think you are the only person in our family the was ever intimate with; and, though it seems improbable, a dread oppresses me that the day may dawn when she will look round for a woman-friend and find none. Chould she be sick or in trouble of through I pray God to protect her from average. ithough I pray God to proved her from every ill), and express the least desire for your presence, I depend on you to go to her. This is my last charge, Maggie, and should it be the list I ever make, I shall be a happler man than I am now. Cheer up my mother by every means in your power; and be, as you, have always been, the good angel of our household. I have no awester memory to carry into exile than that of the affection solicitude which in your person is associated with every incident of my life, and every in

dividual of my family."

This letter, scribbled during the last hour that Colonel Baintridge spent in England, was marked "private;" but Maggie had no secrets from Aunt Letty.

"What do you think of it?" enquired Miss Lloyd, as she returned the epistle to her niece.

44 It is much more than I deserve," mil

Maggie, with glistening eyes. "We won't argue about that, my dear, and it was not what I meant. What do you think of the prospect of new work carved out for you? Ah, Maggie! and you were afraid that you would be so idle!"

"It is scarcely a prospect, Auntie."
"My dear," said Miss Lloyd, seriously, "it is more than enough for prayer to to: into a certainty; and something tells men will come to pass. Lady Etbel is very sil-ful, Maggie; but she is not utterly heartlen It will be a grand thing to bring those two

together again !"
"Oh! if one but could!" exclaimed the girl, clasping her bands; "it would make him so happy.

"And half repay you for the past, my child." "Haif, Aunt Letty! It would be full meansure; pressed down and running over,

CHAPTER XLI.

OPEN WAR. When Lady Ethel rose from her bed upon

replied Maggie Henderson.

the following morning she was quite con-vinced that she had been much ill-treated by her husband, and resolved to let the work see his absence had no power to affect he happiness, to which intent, it being the day on which she naually received her friends she attired herself with the greatest care (in she knew a woman's dress is taken as an in dex of her mind), and was in her drawing room, lovely, languid and complacent-lookin as ever, ready to receive the first visitor wh arrived.

The first was Lady Clevedon, who, red het from the receipt of Cololonel Bainbridge's letter, appeared full thirty minutes before the

hour of reception.
"My dear Ethel," she exclaimed, "I have come only on purpose that I might speak to you alone. What is this extraordinary imit on the part of your husband? Is he mad, or have you quarrelled with each other ! W

scandal before another day is over."
"What scandal?" demanded Lady Ethel. "My dear, you know what I mean as will as I do. Why, Colonel Bainbridge running away from you in this manner before yor have been married four months. What or

"I understood Colonel Bainbridge to say that he had informed you, Gertrude." "He wrote me a few lines to say he was ordered at once upon foreign service; but I want to know why he went. He has money

enough to buy up half the regiments in Eog. a land. Why did he not sell out of the arry when you first married him?" "I should think that was his own business. A man may surely be allowed to judge for

himself in such a matter." "But to leave you here alone so soon after marriage, and in the height of the season; I think it is perfectly improper; and if your poor dear father had been slive Colonel Bainbridge would not have dared treat you in so nonchalant a manner.

Lady Ethel flushed. "Dared, Gertrade! what daring is there in the matter? One would imagine he had gone without consulting me.'

"You should not have let him go; you should have persuaded him to stay at home," said Lady Clevedon, hotly, for she was by no means pleased to see the way paved so com pletely for the attentions of the Marquis de Lacarras. "That is a subject for argument." replied

her step-daughter, as she played with a imsomething wrong between you." "Is that the case whenever a married off cer has to join his regiment? It must cause a good deal of awkwardness," was the laconic reply.
"Don't talk nonsense, Ethel!

know how widely Colonel Bainbridge's cit cumstances differ from those of most people He has no need to remain in the army at all "Not from a mercenary point of view, perhaps; but he dislikes a country life, hate an idle one, and is fond of his profession.

should think that was reason sufficient for his doing as he pleases." "People will say he ought to be fonder his wife," remarked the Countess in a tone of

"People always say so much more thin there is any occasion to do. They night leave that question to be settled by his leave that question to be settled by wife."

"But how do you like the prospect your selt, Ethel? You will have to keep very quiet during Colonel Bainbridge's absence you know.' Yes? In what wav?"

"Why, you can hardly go about to theatres and halls as you have been doing surely!"
"My husband has laid no restriction

me." "But I suppose you will go into the country—to Cranshaws, or to his mother, wi you not? You would never think of staying in Curzon Street alone." Lady Ethel opened her blue eyes.

"And why not? Is there any chance my being devoured by the natives?" "Colonel Bainbridge could never design you to reside in town and mix in the gaset of the season without the safeguard of presence," exclaimed Lady Clevedon, with virtuous indignation. The idea of her stiff daughter reigning there in solitary nppotented beauty, and throwing wide her domalike to simple and noble (Victor de Laciras included), was gall to her. At off risk, the scandal must be prevented, at the rapid advance in propriety and more which the thought occasioned in the Countess's mind, was almost as wonderful to be hold as the Indian includes hold as the Indian juggler's mango-tr

CHAPTER XL. TWO LETTERS.

robes she wore.

"How am I to address you" (so the letter ran) "after the bitter truths with

intention, have made arrangements for join-ing a battery of artillery in India.
"I start to-morrow; and, if fortunate,

comfort in my absence. There is no rival in my thoughts of you, nor will there ever be. "Cranshaws is ours, as you will surmise,

my solicitors, who have advices from me give you all the assistance in their power. " If, in my hurry, and the confused state of my mind, I have overlooked anything

" I met your step-mother to-day and spoek

of bringing down this curse upon me.

So the letter ended. She stood with it in her hand, shaking—shaking like an aspen-leaf—feeling as though she should fall upon the ground, and yet too proud to cry, even though she was alone. But an hour later she was still standing there—still glaring at the letter in her hand—still slowly reading it over and over again, and trying to comprehend all the circumstances that it involved; to extract all the supposed insult that it contained, and to fortify her pride by the conviction that it had been penned with the hope of making her suffer in return for the suffering she had entailed upon him; of giving her back indifference for indifference, scorn for scorn, and slight for slight. And it was this self-deception that for a while sustained her. Woman-like-because

ing tone which breathed in every word which forbid his making any fresh appeals to him; which betrayed that, although mortally wounded by her cruelty, he was resolved to die and make no sign.

upon the ground.
Was it advisable to leave them there, for

serve a written record of the man's bar-Could she have read a hurried acrawl from

ure," it commenced, "and in great distress the knowledge that time was passing rapidly of mind, so pray forgive all but the intention with which those words are written. Maggie, at this moment, when there is no possibility of changing, I am haunted by a miserable double knocks all up the street. As he doubt whether, in deciding to leave England, stopped at their door, Lady Ethel thought I have acted either wisely or well. To live And here Lady Ethel shed a passing shower little of it, for her correspondence was, like again with her under present circumstances which grows as you gaze upon it.