

A WOMAN'S SUFFERINGS AND GRATITUDE.

A VOICE FROM AUSTRIA.

Near the village of Zillngroed, in Lower Austria, lives Maria Haas, an intelligent and industrious woman, 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 headaches, followed by a despatch fainting, and, at times, of the stomach."

LADY ETHEL.

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 particulars 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 here," said Maggie, warmly, for she felt hurt that every one should be in league against her cousin.

house and place she will not unless her husband's voice and her son's kind attentions so much as if she stayed at Cranshaw's, but I think you are mistaken. I think, were you also to propose to leave her now, that she would feel as though she were bereft of all 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 worth.

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 a cold, sickening, palpitating sensation about the region of her heart, which bore a strong likeness to remorseful fear, though she would not have acknowledged the feeling.

of hot, smarting tears, which she brushed away proudly, calling herself a natural and an idiot to care two straws if the man went and hung himself, or no. If he left her, and in peace, so much the better. Thank Heaven, she was not entirely destitute of friends, and would manage to enjoy life as well without him as with him, perhaps better—who knew? "Vive la bagatelle! And so, when the next day, and the day succeeding, and the day after that, came and went, without bringing her a letter from her husband—not one line of poetry, reproach, or explanation—Lady Ethel's spirits rose, apparently, to the very highest pitch.

CHAPTER XL.

TWO LETTERS.

But, as she did so, standing tremblingly beneath the gaslight, her cheek paled and paled until it was as white as the flowing robes she wore. "How am I to address you?" (so the letter ran) "after the bitter truths with which you have acquainted me? You know by this time that my father is dead; that, thanks to you, he died without the small 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 guess—that I have no intention of reproaching 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 forgive 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 intention, have made arrangements for joining a battery of artillery in India.

that of most ladies, voluminous; but when the servant, bringing up the tea-tray, handed her a letter by her husband's writing, all her demoniacal changed. "He was not coming then—he passed a night in town and not at his own house—he comes 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 proceeding."

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appears impossible to me; but perhaps I ought to have sacrificed my own feelings in order to afford her the protection of the eye which she has trampled under foot. She is so young so beautiful, and so admired! If I have come 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. She appeared to like you. I think you are the only person in our family who was ever intimate with her; and, though it seems improbable, I should be glad to see you, should she be in any way in trouble (though I pray God to protect 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 last I ever make, I shall be a happier 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 sweeter memory to carry into exile than that of the affectionate solicitude which in your person is associated with every incident of my life, and every individual of my family."

CHAPTER XL.

TWO LETTERS.

"What do you think of it?" enquired Miss Lloyd, as she returned the epistle to her niece. "It is much more than I deserve," said Maggie, with glowing 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 turn into a certainty; and something tells me it will come to pass. Lady Ethel is very self-willed, Maggie; but she is not utterly heartless. It will be a grand thing to bring those two together again!" "Oh! if one but could!" exclaimed the girl, clasping her hands; "it would make him so happy." "And half repay you for the past, my child." "Half, Aunt Letty! It would be full measure; pressed down and running over," replied Maggie Henderson.

MARIA HAAS.

The people of Canada speak confirming the above.

BIRMINGHAM, N.B., Jan. 10, 1886. Dear Sir,—I wish to inform you the good your 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 simoniacs after reading the evidence in your paper. I tried one bottle and found my health so much improved that I continued it until now I feel like a new man. I have taken altogether 5 bottles. Everybody here speaks well of it.

JOSEPH WARD, Richmond Corner, N.B.

SPRINGFIELD, N.B., Oct. 15, 1885: A. C. White, Limited, gives good satisfaction wherever used. One case in particular (where the cure of Dyspepsia seemed almost a miracle) was greatly benefited by your medicine.

Yours respectfully, J. G. MORRISON.

STEVENSVILLE, WELLSLAND CO., ONT., Feb. 17, 1884. A. C. White, Limited, 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 side, and the doctors there said I was a "gone man," and advised me to travel. I did so, and came across Selgel's Syrup, which cured me entirely by continued use, which proved sometimes the best of skill is not always the only hope.

Yours truly, W. J. ROBERTSON, Evangelist.

ALBERT BRIDGE, N.S., May 16, 1885. A. C. White, Limited, I am now using Selgel'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.

Yours truly, WM. BURKS.

SOUTH BAY, ONT., Dec. 7, 1885. Sir,—I take great pleasure in informing you that I have been cured by your Syrup'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 could not be cured by any of the good physicians, none of whom were able to give me any relief.

I tried several patent medicines, some of them giving relief for the time being; but you can imagine how disappointed I was, and it was with little faith that I commenced to take your Syrup's Syrup and pills. I started with your medicine about one year ago and have taken it ever since, and I can say that now my health is greatly improved.

I will cheerfully recommend it to all suffering from stomach complaints. I can give you the names of several others if you wish.

You may print this if you wish, as it may be the means of helping some other sufferer.

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

A Most Liberal Offer.

THE VOLTAIC BROT CO., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their Celebrated Voltaic Buns and Electric Appliances thirty days trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Emphysema, &c. Illustrated pamphlet 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 parents. Five pounds a penalty for the first offense, £10 for the second, and for the third imprisonment during pleasure."

Merritt Kanoof, 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.

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