AN OPIUM BATER'S STORY

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OBAWLING OVER RED HOT DABS OF IRON IN HIS PEARPUL PRENZY-A SCIEN-TIPIO INVESTIGATION AND ITS RESULTS.

Cincinnati Times-Star. " Opium or death!"

This brief gentence was fairly hissed into the car of a prominent druggist on Vine street by a parion who, a few years ago well off, is to day a hopeless wreck. I have the carrier of the Carrier De Quincy has vividly portrayed it. But who can fitly describe the joy of the rescued victim?

of the rescued victim?

H. C. Wilson, of Loveland, O., formerly with March, Harwood & Co., manufacturing chemists of St. Louis, and of the well known firm of H. C. Wilson & Co., chemists, formerly of this city, gave our reporter yesterday a bit of thrilling personal experience in this line.
"I have crawled over red hot bars of iron

and coals of fire," he said, "in my agony during an opium frenzy. The very thought Anyway, let us hope that his residence at of my sufferings freezes my blood and chills Temple Grange for a few weeks may not have my bones. I was then eating over 30 grains of opium daily."

How did you contract the habit ?" "Excessive business cares broke me down and my doctor prescribed opium! That is the way nine-tenths of cases commence When I determined to stop, however, I found

I could not do it. " You may be surprised to know," he said "that two fifths of the slaves of morphine and opium are physicians. Many of these I We studied our cases carefully. We found out what the organs were in which the appetite was developed and sustained; that no victim was free from a at the prospect of meeting him here."
demoralized condition of those organe; that "I trust that Miss Trevanion may derive the hope of a cure depended entirely upon the degree of rigor which could be imparted to them I have seen patients, while undergoing treatment, compelled to resort to opium sgain to deaden the horrible pain in these organs. I marvel how I ever escaped."

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Wilson, tha you have conquered the habit?" 'Indeed I have."

"Do you object to telling me how."
"No, sir. Studying the matter with several opium-cating physicians, we became satisfied that the appetite for opium was located in the kidneys and liver. Our next object was to find a specific for restoring those organs to health. The physicians, much against their code, addressed their attention to a certain remedy and became thoroughly convinced on its scientific merits alone that it was the only one that could be relied upon in every case of disordered kid- note, like an earnest of success, inviting him neys and liver. I thereupon began using it and, supplementing it with my own special and in her country house—the first, too, treatment, finally got fully over the habit. which she had assembled since her husband's I may say that the most important part of death. the treatment is to get those organs first into good working condition, for in them the have been startled by such a proof of inappetite originates and is sustained, and in terest? He had been but one of hundreds them over ninety per cent of all other human ailments originate."

" For the last seven years this position has been taken by the proprietors of that remedy and finally it is becoming an acknowledged scientific trut's among the medical profession; many of them, however, do not openly acknowledge it, and yet, knowing they have no other scientific specific, their code not ing them to use it, they buy it upon the quiet and prescribe it in their own bottles." " As I said before, the opium and morphine habits can never be cured until the appetite for them is routed out of the kidneys and liver. I have tried everything, -experimented with everything, and as the result of my studies and investigation, I can say I know nothing can accomplish this result but Warner's safe cure."

" Have others tried your treatment?" "Yes, sir, many; and all who have followed it fully have recovered. Several of them who did not first treat their kidneys and liver for six or eight weeks, as I advised them, completely failed. This form of treatment is always insisted on for all patients. whether treated by mail or at the Loveland Opium Institute, and, supplemented by our special private treatment, it always cures." Mr. Wilson stands very high wherever known. His experience is only another proof of the wonderful and conceded power of Warner's safe cure over all diseases of the kidneys, liver and blood, and the diseases caused by derangements of those organs. We may say that it is very flattering proprietors of Warner's safe cure that it has received the highest medical endorsement, and, after persistent study, it is admitted by scientists that there is nothing in materia medica for the restoration of those great organs that equals it in power. We take plessure in publishing the above statements coming from so reliable a source as Mr. Wilson and confirming by personal experience what we have time and again published in our columns. We also extend to the proprietors our hearty congratulations on the results wrought.

ARMS FOR ULSTER ORANGEMEN.

OTTAWA, June 3 .-- A Frec Press representative claims to have been informed, as published in to-day's issue of that paper. by the master of an Orange lodge in the Eastern Ontario district, that, to his knowledge, there were now being sent over 30,000 stand of fire arms to Ulster from anti-home rule sympathizers in Canada. The article continues: "These arms were purchased in the United States and were Martini-Henri rilles An effort was made to obtain them in Canada. but they could only get Snider rifles and these were not suitable on account of difficulty in getting ammunition. The arms were made up in small cases and forwarded to private parties in Ulater by the Allan line. He expected they would be safely landed there before now. Pulling a drill book out of his pocket he said : That is the manual we are studying at present."

IF YOU HAVE pain and palpitation of the heart it indicates a congestive condition of the system, especially of the kidneys and liver, which can be removed only by Warner's zafe cure.

The Boston Postoffice yields the government an annual net revenue of over \$3,000,

AN EDITOR'S FRIEND.

NEW CASTLE, Pa., March 27th, 1885 .had a painful affection of the liver, and let it other side. alone, until it got a firm hold of me. Took seven or eight bottles of Warner's safe cure, and am perfectly well, without pain.—F. J MELANEY, Editor Clarion.

The annual average of suicides for every million people is 17 in Spain, 30 in Russia, 37 in Italy, 52 in Hungary, 70 in England and Norway, 93 in Sweden, 122 in Austria, 127 in Bavaria, 150 in France, 164 in Wurtemburg, 167 in Mecklenberg, 174 in Prussia. 290 in Denmark, 305 in Thuringia, and 377 in Saxony. Suicides are becoming more request every year in highly civilized countries, but especially among the poor German aces.

ETHEI LADY

By FLORENCE MARRYAT, [MRS. ROSS CHURCH,]

Author of .. Love's Conflict, " Veronique,"

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"That Morrid man! Whatever made you think of asking him?" she said, abruptly.
"Really, Ethel! That is a polite way to

in your opinion. The man's theneath us in birth, and station, and everything."

"Ah | you must make allowance for me, Ethel; my blood is not so pure as yours, remember; I am but a commoner myself, can "sympathise" with "Colonel" Bailbridge. the power to contaminate you."

Were he to take up his recidence here for ever," replied Lady Ethel, haughtily, "it would make no difference to me. He and I better acquainted at the end of five years than

"Poor Colonel B inbridge!" said Lady Clevedon, with mock compassion. "It is well my sisters have a higher opinion of him than yourself, or I should feel inclined to ask him to postpone his visit. But Harriet writes me word that he is still considered the match par excellence, and seems quite excited

all the advantage from his acquaintance that she desires," replied Lady Ethel, as she rose from the breakfast table.

Meanwhile, Colonel Bainbridge did not at all consider himself an object for compassion. He was in a state of the utmost delight at the unexpected invitation he had received to Temple Grange, and feveriably auticipating the moment when he should go there. Since his return from Scotland, he had been work ing steadily with his battary at Woolwich. often heaving a sigh as he thought on the

events of the season past; and wondering if, in the coming one, he should meet with Lady Ethel Carr again. He felt how visionary were his hopes respecting her, but he told himself that if she would not marry him, no other

And in the midst of this vague, unsatisfactory train of thought, came Lady Clevedon's to join a family gathering at Christmas time,

What man, hoping as he did, would not who had partaken of Lady Clevedon's hospitality during the past season, and if his silent admiration of Lady Ethel Carr had been observed (and he had reason to believe the Countess had observed it), there was the greater reason that he should not be singled out to meet her in the privacy of home life. Unless, indeed-and here a hope, faint as to precedents, but strong enough to make a man's brain reel, would interpose itself, and turn his future into one great glory.

He had been going down to Scotland, as usual, to spend his Christmas week; but he wrote and made his excuses for not doing so at once. He told the truth : the Countest of Cleve don had invited him to spend a short time at Temple Grange, and he should be sorry to lose the opportunity of doing so ; he did not seem to consider that any other reason was required for breaking faith with the home circle. At Cranshaws, his announce-

ment was received with various feelings.

Mrs. Bainbridge, notwithstanding her dis appointment, was proud to think her son uld be associa ting with such grand people; but Mr. Bainbridge read the title with a sigh; and Maggie's face (which been growing very pale and thin had since his visit in the autumn) turned just a shade paler as she tried to console herself with the promise in his postscript that he would try to get unother fortuight's leave, and run down to see them in the spring instead. So true it is, that seldom can one reap joy in this world without entailing sosrow on another. On the day that Victor de Lacarras was expected at the Grange, Ethel Carr did not know herself. She, ordinarily so quiet and self-possessed, accustomed to stamp on her emotions with the iron heel of pride, was almost alarmed to find her feelings had outstripped her will, and that she was as nervous and trembling as the most ordi nary creature born. She had never realized till then, she said, with a frightened look at her pale anxious features in the glass, how much she cared for him. She felt as though she could not walk down into the room to meet him; and yet she knew that not only must she do so, but that the eyes of her step mother and her step mother's sisters would be fixed upon her the while, eager to mark her agitation, and delight if she publicly displayed it.

That thought alone was sufficient to nerve her for the coming interview, and perhaps Lady Ethel Carr had seldem looked lovelier or more defiant than when she emerged from her dressing-room that evening, and set her foot on the staircase which led to the apartment where she knew the company to be assembled.

The deep mourning robes which she still vore for her father set off the transparent delicacy of her skin and the beauty of her golden hair to the greatest advantage; whilst a soft flush, called forth by anticipation, relieved the paller which her face had too often displayed since his death. She would not yield to the inclinations which called on her to pause and try to calm the rapid beating of her heart, or still her trembling nerves; but passed swiftly on until she reached the ante-chamber to the drawing room. Even as she stood upon the threshhold, she saw a figure quickly leave the side of Lady Clevedon and advance towards her. She felt the pressure of his hand, and heard him utter a few ordinary words of greeting, but she never could re-member afterwards how she had met him; for at the sound of his voice a sickly faintness assailed her, which made her fear lest she should fall, or betray what she was feeeling. And perhaps she might have done so, had not a wholesome correction awaited her upon the

"I trust that Lady Ethel Carr has not quite forgotten me," said a voice from that quarter; and turning with relief to any distraction from the immediate presence of Victor de Lacaras, Ethel placed her hand almost eagerly in that of Colonel Thomas Bainbridge.

CHAPTER X.

SPORT TO HER AND DEATH TO HIM. The dinner, and evening that followed it, passed much in the manner that such entertainments do, where the gathering is small and private, and the conversation becomes general.

The Miss Trevanions, by forwardness and much talking, contrived, as they usually did,

to monopolize the lion's share of attention; flushed and indignant, by the table while and iffer a due amount of coffee and draw lady flevedon was delivering her emphasized ing room ballads, the party separated for the harangue, now drew back with a gesture of night, without its having been possible for refusal. any two of its members to exchange a quiet word with one another. And yet, somehow, Lady Ethel felt disappointed at the result of the meeting to which she had been looking forward with such ardor, even whilst she was angry with herself for feeling so.

The Marquis de Lacarras had met her as

any other gentleman of her acquaintance would have done; as he had been used to do whilst her father was alive; and under the circumstances she could not have expected him to do more. It would have been wrong, "Really, Ethal! That is a polite way to thim to do more. It would have been wrong, speak of one of my friends. I asked Colonel indelicate, unseemly; she would have been Bainbridge berause Like him and helkes me:

Is not that a inflicient reason?"

"Certainly, if it is the case; but I was not his attachment to her; so she said, with aware that your mutual acquaintance had the quick eagerness of a woman to deny any progressed so far. I cannot say I acquiese imputation of soldness in the man she cares the quick eagerness of a woman to deny any Maxquis had riewed this act on the part of imputation of coldness in the man she cares Lady little did not escape her acticulated for Victor would take a proper apportunity prompted her to follow it by many of the to renew the conversation which had been same sort. If he choose to neglect her, she interrupted; in a few days all would be right, between them, and she would be enabled for ver to silence the insinuations and stop she

sneers concerning him, which she had so And since between Colour panders often found it hard to bear from the lips of parent though unavowed dislike, no less than parent though unavowed dislike, no less than sleep that first night very full of happiness and trust. But, when day after day slipped away without the Marquis making the slightest effort to see her alone, or the remotest have nothing in common, and should be no allusion to what had passed between them, her pride took alarm, and she asked herself whether it were possible she could have been mistaken.

Was the scene which had taken place upon the balcony, and every particular of which she so vividly remembered, only a delusion of her fevered brain? Had Victor de Lacaras never really told her that he loved her, and asked for the assurance of her affection in return? and had she been dwelling for all these months upon a more chimera, the product of her vain imagina-

Lady Ethel, with her face buried in her hands, sat down in her own room, seriously to consider this. Oh, no! it was not fancy, her memory was too clear, her love too real, she could nover have invented so much hap-

She saw again the balcony lighted only by the stars, watched the white hand creeping on her own, heard the low fond tones, and felt the warm kiss laid upon her lips.

It was not fancy; she had passed through and felt all this; she had been deceived and made a fool of; she was of all women the mest miserable.

Now it necessarily happens in a small coterie such as was assembled at Temple Grange, that there is little privacy for anyone. There is no seclusion so perfect as that of a large crowd, where each individual is occupied with his own concerns, and too busy to pry into those of his neighbor; but in a family party, separation means estrangement.

Consequently, Lady Clevedon, who was most particular in impressing on her guests that she was living in the utmost seclusion, and could not hear of anything like gaiety, took care that whether they rode, or drove, or walked, each one should share in the amusement; but it happened, as it very often did, that her "poor head ached," or her "poor heart felt heavy," and she claimed the privilege of bereavement to be left behind, the generally managed that the Marquis de Lacarras should be her companion.

"You are so good, you will not mind stay ing with a stupid creature like myself," she would say, on such occasions; and Victor de Lucarran, with all a Fronchman's fervio politeness, would affirm that he had no pleasure equal to that of waiting on the wishes of his amiable hostess.

Lady Ethel was not appoyed at this : she had none of the petty jealousy which would keep a man for ever soitering by her side, and she knew that the manner of the Marquis, like that of many foreigners, was empresse towards every woman with whom he happened to be brought in contiect. But when she found that he never attempted to break the Countess's chains in order to remain with her, and his services appeared to be always engaged either by her step-mother or the Miss Trevanions, her mind, loath to give itself up to the despair which was fast coming on it. passed into another phase of feeling, and she clung to the idea that it was by Lady Clevedon's means that the Marquis was prevented coming to an understanding with herself. She remembered haw, even during her father's fifetime, her step-mother had vied with her in attracting his attention, and she believed that she was doing all she could to come between them now.

Lady Ethel knew that she was proud, that many called her cold and reserved, and she was aware that she had never gone one step out of her way to afford Victor de Lacarras the opportunity for which he might be diligently seeking. On the contrary, on more than one occasion, fearful of her conduct being misconstrued, she had purposely avoid ed being left alone with him. She might have been wrong; thinking the matter quietly over in her chamber, she decided now that she was wrong; and that if such an accident occurred again she would not shirk it.

A large conservatory opened from the drawing room at Temple Grange; and two days after she had arrived at this conclusion, Lady Etbel was standing on its threshold, looking at the bright array of winter flowers, when the Marquis de Lacarras approached her leisurely.

'A splendid show of camellias," he said,

following her glance.
"Yes, is it not?" she answered, in the cerrous tone with which she always now addressed him; "and the nearer you look at them the more beautiful they appear,' with which words she stepped into the conservatory. It was a long one, and Lady Ethel walked slowly to the end of it, and back again; but Victor de Lacarras had not followed her. When she returned to the drawing-room, Lady Clevedon was sitting there alone.

So your invitation was not accepted," she said, with a sarcastic laugh. "Upon my word, Ethel, I did not give you credit for so much forbearance. I should feel just a little piqued with the indifference of Monsium le Marquis if I were you."
The hot blood rushed to Ethel's cheek and

brow, and she was about to give an angry rejoinder, when her words were checked by the re-entrance of the Marquis himself, accompanied by Colonel Bainbridge.

"My dear Lady Clevedon," he exclaimed, addressing his hostess, "we come to ask a favor of you. We have got up a scratch race in the park below—just a couple of hurdles, you know, and a ditch of water; but we shall derive no pleasure from our little burlesque unless the ladies honor us with their presence and encourage us with their smiles. Pray let me conduct you to the scene of action; the Alies Trevanions have already gone under the charge of Major Marchmont.

"What, Monsieur ! is it to take place immediately?" she said, langhing. then, you must manage your race without me, for it is much too cold to stir out this morning, in my estimation. But here is Lady Ethel, who, I am sure, will be only too pleased to accept your escent; you can offer her your

arm instead."

Many thinks, Monlieur," she said, she bowed in acknowledgment of the Marquia's extended arm ; " but Ethel Carr preters to choose her cavallers to having them chosen for her, even by so good a judge at Lady Clevedon;" and with a simile that was toc openly scornful to pretend to be in play she massed him by, and placed her handupon the most sleeve of Colonel Balibridge. The Countess burst into a loud laugh, whilst Victor de Lacerrer bit-his lip and

looked annoyed, and Colonel Bainbridge, coloring with pleasure at the mnexpected preference shown to him, led his beautiful companion from the recommendation with which the

said passionately to herself, he should at least be made to see that there were others

ready to take the place to had abandoned: because the former was always near at hand to aid her in her scheme of retaliation, it came to pass that he was made the tool of Lady Ethel's revenge, and from having studiously avoided his company it might almost be said she courted it. Her heart, hurning with resentment at the slight put upon her by the altered conduct of Victor de Lucarras, she thought of nothing and no one but herself and her own wrongs, and in selfdefence she used the first weapon which came in her way. That Colonel Bain-bridge, cherishing the feelings which he did for her, should have been that weapon was unfortunate for him and for herself. And yet she scarcly thought of the great evil she was doing him; nor was she conscious of the consequences she was drawing down upon her head until she was roused to a sense of the situation in which she had placed herself by receiving an offer of marriage from him. It was after an evening of great excitement

on all their parts-an evening during which Lady Cleveton had entirely appropriated Victor de Lacarras, and flirted with him in a manner so open us to call down consure on nerself from even the lenient lips' of Mrs. Marchmont, and in the sight of which, Ethel Carr, deaf and blind to everything but what concerned the man whose ungenerous behaviour was cating out her heart, had permitted Colonel Baintridge to say more, and to go further, than she had ever suffered him before-that she found a note, in his handwriting, placed upon her dressing

Half fearful of what it might contain, and yet scarcely believing in her intolerant pride that he would presume to make her an offer of marriage, Lady Ethel tore the letter open and read 25 follows :-

"DEAR LADY ETHEL,-If you doem me presumptuous in addressing you on a matter which lies very near my heart, you must blame the kindness which has emboldened me to do so; but after the events of the last few days, and especially of this evening, I feel that I can wait no longer to ascertain my fate; for every extra moment of suspense becomes a pargatory to me. I cannot remain at Temple Grange unless it is as your accepted suitor. Am I to go—or stay ?—Believe me, yours always. Thomas Bainbribee." vours always.

CHAPTER XI. THE RESALS.

When Lady Rthel read this letter it was late at night : the guests of Temple Grange bad separated for their respective chambers an hour before; and had she not, in a vain endeavor to shake off the restless anxiety which oppressed her, been loitering and lenghing in the room of Mrs. Marchmont, she would have received it on first going up-

She was alone-her sleepy maid was nodding in the antechamber, waiting for the sound of her mistress's bell-and no one was at the effect of her unusual emotion, the idea used it.

And it was as well, for those feelings wore very hitter. She had been thinking much leniently, of Colonel Bainbridge lately; but this letter changed all the current of her thoughts. She was not generous enough to observe what a maniy, atvaightforward proposal it was, nor to remember that her encouragement had forced it from him, but a mighty, unwomanly indignotion, and s hot sense of having been insulted in her father's house by the man whom Lady Clevedon had chosen to invite there, rose up to choke all thoughts more bofitting the situation and her sex.

She was hard, contemptuous, cruehing, in the first knowledge of his contemptaous hopes, and her angry heart cried out against victor de Lacarras as the accomplice by whose cruel conduct this indignity, had been beought upon her.

Everybody was, in Eady Etholis mind to bianie, except herself, and her resontment knew no bounds. As for Colonel Bainbridge and his probable suffering those were matters left out of the question, alto-Har first impulse had been to gether. tear the letter into shreds, and cast it to the winds; her next, to show her step-mother what had come of her insisting upon asking people to the house who did not know how to preserve their station in society, and the stern means by which she intended to teach them the lesson. Always impulsive, when her weak point had been interfered with, without further reasoning, Ethel flaw down she broad staircase and sate Lady Clevedon's dressing boom. But it was unoccupied, excepting by the servant working patiently by the fire, who, in answer to the young lady's excited inquiry, replied that

her mistress had not yet come upstairs.

It was all the better—so thought Lady Ethel-far her stapmother would be alone; and what she had to say to her was not a subject at for listeners.

Her light feet scarcely sounded on the rich carpets she traversed between that chamber and the drawing-room, which had been descried, as she thought, so long before.

But, as she gained the decreay, the low

murmuring of voices reached her ear, and without further preface, she drew aside the heavy portiers and stood upon the threshold. At the scene she witnessed there her heart seemed as though it turned to stone; for on one of the low sofas which had been wheeled near the fire, there reclined easily the form of the Marquis de Lacarras, whilst by his side, still in her evening drees, her hand clasped in his, and her wealth of auburn hair laid caressingly upon his shoulder, sat her father's new-made widow—Gertrude, Countess of Clevedon.

Lady Ethel stared at them without speak ing a word; yet that undefinable instinct which makes us feel without knowing that we are observed, caused the pair upon the sofa to turn their heads and quickly change their position, But before they did so, Lady Ethel had dropped the portière and was gone. "Who was that?" said the Countess

sharply to her companion.
"It was Lady Ethel Carr," he rejoined. moodily, and then they drew apart from one Lady Ethel, who had been standing, another, and there was silence between them

for a little space. It was interrupted by Lody Clevedon's nervous laugh.
"I shall have to make some excuse or

other to her, I suppose, to morrow morning?" ahe said, inquiringly. "Can you help me to one, Victor?'
"There is no occasion to ask me," was the

"There is no occasion to ask me, -was use quiet answer; "you know that you are much cleverer than I am."

The Countess signed, gathered up a shaw which had fallen off her shoulders, in particularly shad holding out her hand, affirmate it was high time that all respectable people it was high time that all respectable people.

hid each other good night.

The Marquistook the proffered hand released it without so much as a pressure and turned on his heel towards the muching. hid each other good night. room; whilst his fair hosters walked off to her own spartment, and rated her maid for her stopidity and swkwardnes until she drove the unfortunate menial into giving her

washing, Meanwhile, Lady Ethel Carr was creeping a severe blow on the head, and is blinded or dizzy from the shock—back to the shelter of

She passed through the ante-chamber, mechanically letting fall the sentence, "I don't want you," to the servant as she went, and then she locked her door and sat down by the dressing table (still in a kind of pretty pout of injured innocency, accosted stupor), and spread out her hands upon her him with the complaint it. misfortune that had overtaken her.

I have drawn her as a vain and arrogant girl—as one whom many would call Leartiess; but in this hour of her deep humiliation, every head should be uncovered before her. O women! women possessing not only hearts and souls, but warm, full of life, and the natural impulse to be loved, I appeal to you if there is any life so crowl, any death so hard to bear, as the life which has been robbed of the affection which was all in all to us, and the death of hopes which we had considered to be certainties. No man can understand this grief as we can, for we were made for them, not they for us; and love us as they may, we never can fill up every chick and cranny of their lives, as their affection does for ours. And we are so utterly powerless to do more than sit down, and cry our eyes cut over their inconsistency.

When Lord Clevedon died, his daughter thought she had lost everything; but in this moment of discovering that her lover was untrue to her, she felt that she had never yes known what it is to be really poor. Up to that moment she had hoped against all hope : now hope was done, and love, and life, and everything finished. She had seen his perfidy with her own eyes.

When Eady Ethel's meditation reached this point, a vivid picture of her own deserted and desolate condition rose up before her mental vision, and struck with pity for what lay in the future, she cast herself prestrate on the fleor, and gave vent to an exceeding bitter cry.

Oh, that her life were ended; that she could die of grief just where she lay; that she might never more see the hateful light of day, nor hear the voices of her fellowcreatures! How could she ever bear again to go through the monotonous routine of daily existence; to listen to the song of birds, or walk amongst the flowers how could she support the intolerable pain of living? O'Victor! Victor! And the mere mention of his name brought down a flood of tears which did not cease until nature was well-nigh exhausted. For an hour or more the wretched girl lay

on the floor, meaning quietly to herself, or giving way to fresh bursts of sorrow, as memory recalled to her what she had lost. And then there came a lull. With a sudden effort, Lady Ethel rose to her feet, and staggeringly approached the mirror. it her own image she saw reflected there? or had a midnight ghost sprang up to personate her? Her eyes were bloodshot, her eyelids dark and swollen, her face gheatly pale, and down her fair smooth cheeks the tears seemed already to have cut two little channels- for grief. As she gailed of Temple Grange would see them too, and become masters of her secret. That thought was sufficient; in a moment her predominant passion had sprung into inl play; and Lady Ethel, ashamed of her weakness, even though no eye had been witness to it, hastily bathed her burning features in order to eradicate the traces of her grief. She would not allow him and-and-وفعت Clevedon (this last name brought out with a dry, hard sob) to have the pleasure of triumphing together over her crest-fallen and

woe begone demeanor... If it killed her, if she died of suppressed agony the momentrafterwards, she would yet his plate every time a footstep, approached appear at breakfast on the following morning, and look them both straight in the face, and make them believe she had never bean

more happy. Merckul God! and everythin Hagepy! connected with happiness was over for her?
O Lady Ethel !:pray! If every friend in
this world had forsaken you, you have still the Sest, and the Highest, and the Moarest of all Friends left :: and One Who takes far greater interest in the blighting of these wrotched carthly affections than His creatures give Him credit for.

But the girl could not pray, she could not even think of praying; from first to last of that long night of agony, a wild mention of the name of the Almighty was all the appeal she made to Hezwen for help in her distress How was she to escape from the life-long misery of seeing, them together? That was the next question that came to torture her.

She could act her part for a few hours, for a iew days, perhaps for a few months; but could she trust herself to act for ever? tracted manner, that his thoughts were not to live in the same house with him, as the husband of her step-mother-in the position of his daughter—and at the thought, so sadly ludicraus, so unnaturally probable, an hysterical laugh rang sharply on the night air, to be followed by a tremendous burst of passion. It should never be !-- and her foot stamped, and her pale features kindled baseath the rising storm—he had insulted her enough already; they had combined together to outrage her most tender feelings; they should never have the satisfac-

tion of seeing her heart daily mampled on. But how to escape from it I she, who was tied down in miserable dependence upon Lady Clevedon's pleasure; how was it possible for her to evade the hourly pain which her stepmother would so well know how to inflict unon her?

At that moment, her eye fell upon the letter which contained Colonel Bainbridge's proposal, in which he made her the offer of his heart, a matter she was perfectly indifferent to-of his home, the refuge she was seeking. Lady Eth el's breast heaved, and her breath came quickly. Was it possible sha could accept it. She sank into a chair, and taking the crushed letter in her hand, smoothed it out and read it over carefully. She was still gazing at it in a vacant stony manner, when the first rays of morning streamed through her bedroom and a man's demand for his rights, window and looked upon her pale and touched the best portion of her nature, careworn face.

Then she rose; and with the same fixed sleep, deliberately summoned her maid to her hand across the table, and put it into his. assistance, and having first refreshed hersel'

with a warm bath, proceede I to make a m alaborate toilet.

CHAPTER XIL

OASTING THE DIE.

There were various feelings at play in th hearts of those who assembled round the breakfast table at Temple Grange that morn ing. Lady Glevedon, especially, would have been puzzled to explain exactly what she felt She was half nervous at the idea of encountering her atep-daughter (for she had never yearrived at the knowledge of Lady Etheld character, and was moertain whether she would resent the blow her pride had sustained by an open show of resentment or indifference), but at the same time she ex. perienced all a woman's triumph at the defear of her rival. For that was the real position in which she stood to her late husband's daughter. For months before Lord Cleve. don's death, she had viewed the attention; of the Marquis de Lacarras to Lady Ethel Car. with the keepest jealousy, and had done all in her power to divert their tendency. And tree thought on becoming a wider had been how best and easiest to secure them for herself. But the game was not yet in her own hands. She had met the Marquin in the corridor that morning, and with "You have made use quite afraid to meet

Ethel again, Victor; I am sure she will repeat that story everywhere. You have comp promised me most terribly."

"If so, it will be for the last time," he replied, carelessly, "for I return to town this afternoon;" and then Lady Clevedon had been ready to contradict all that she had said, in her endeavors to make him stay.

But the Marquis was determined, for hear emound rather any contretemps should happend re than that Lady Lthel Carr should have witnessed his familiarity with her step. mother.

He was a wild, dissipated man, careless and unthinking, but his heart had never so nearly approached loving any we man as it had done the daughter of Lord Clavedon. Had her father lived, he would doubtless have pro-posed to her—in fact, he was on the point of loing so when they were interrupted in the balcony; and notwithstanding he had con-gratulated himself since that he had not gone so fur, of late-and especially since Lady Ethel had bestowed so many of her smiles on t Colonel Bainbridge—he had nearly arrived at "
the corelusion that he did care for her, and a that, fortune or no fortune, he must tell her w

And now, by one acticf folly, he had rained all his chances of success, for he knew then girl's disposition too we'll to believe she would be ever forgive such a direct insult to her affect

Why had he ever permitted it? The Marquis de Lacarras palled his sillay black moustache thoughtfully through his fingers, and and was unable to answer the questios.

Ah! why indeed? Why was he not stronger than ninety-nine out of a hundred of his fellow men, subjected to the same ordeal? He was weak, and selfish, and irresolute by nature; and "the woman tempted him !"

A man requires to be something more than stoical to push away the head that uninvited is laid upon his shoulder; to disengage his hand from the soft slinging clasp feminine fingers; and, reminding their at cowner to be a little less free with him, be c run the risk of being called a "brute" and . "bear," amidst tears of disappointment for his pains. Women seldom forgive the men who dares to read them a lesson on the zirtue which should be their own peculiar province; and Victor de Lacarras was not sufficiently bold, nor sufficiently particular, to care to draw down such resentment on his head...

Besides the Countess of Clevedon was a very pretty woman—and uncommonly fond of *** herself--and since no one would be the priser. no one could be the worne. So had argued at the moment, and so would to he have argued to the end of time, had not no the fact of his folly having had a spectator entirely changed he was a fool; Lady Clevedon an intriguant: . and the somer he turned his back on Temple Grange, and the chance of getting himself into a scrape, the better.

And so much more uneasy even than Lady Clevedon was he at the idea of seeing Bady Ether again, that when the breakfast had proceeded half way without her having made her appearance, he would have escaped to the shelter of his own apartment had it not been for the fear of meeting, her alone upon the stairs. So he kept his place in moody silence, refusing to smile at his hostess's most brilliant sallies, and making, great pretence of being occupied with the contents of the door.

There was another person at the table that morning who awaited Lady Ethel's approach with nervous solicitude, and that one, as may be supposed, was Colonel Bainbridge. It was the license with which she had permitted him to address her the last few days, and the bright looks she had cast moon him, which had emboldened him to write to her; but he had done so while in the flush and excitement of her unexpected notice; and by the cold morning light his boldness appeared very like in

unparaonable presumption.

Did ske consider it so? Was this unusual delay in her appearance an indication of her consent to, or her refusal of, his wishes; and would her eyes as they met his shed an encouraging lorgiveness or parelyze him with

their scorn ! His whole heart filled with these perplexing questions, Colonel Bainbridge sat on thorns till he should learn his fate; showing but too plainly, by his inattentive and diswith the business in hand. But, even as he pendered, the dining room door lew open suddenly, and she was in the midst of them. The meal had been a dull one until then, for the Countess's gloom, had proved conta-

the Miss Trevanions armoyed an the listless and absent demeanor of their cavaliers. But with Lady Ethel Case the vapidity dispersed, for the came forward so springily, and with such a well acted smile upon her countenance, that brightness seemed to enter the room with her. At her approach, the men of the party rose to their feet, but sho motioned them to their places again with a

gious, Mrs. Marchmount looking tired, and

light wave of the hand.
"Pray don't dieturb yourselves. I don't deserve it, for I know that I am shockingly late. Good morning, Gertrude. I hope you slept well. Good morning, Mrs. Marchment. Monsieur, we will shake hands when breakfast is concluded," and then and then she nodded smilingly to the rest of the company and took the chair which Victor de Lacarras placed for her. She the chair had noticed each one there by word or look excepting Colonel Bainbridge; but as sho was about to seat herself, she felt that he was still standing, and involuntarily raised her eyes to his. Something in their expression, something betwixt humble pleading and for the first time a sense of the wrong she was about to do him excited her expression as though she were walking in her compassion, and rising, she stretched out her

A quick flush of pleasure kindled the