

AN OPIUM EATER'S STORY.

CRAWLING OVER RED HOT DABS OF IRON IN HIS WREATHFUL FRENZY—A SOBER-TIFIC INVESTIGATION AND ITS RESULTS.

Cincinnati Times-Star. "Opium or death!" This brief sentence was fairly blazed into the ear of a prominent druggist on Vine street by a person who, a few years ago well off, is to-day a hopeless wreck.

"One can scarcely realize the sufferings of an opium victim," Dr. Quincy has vividly portrayed it. "But who can fully describe the joy of the rescued victim?"

H. C. Wilson, of Loveland, O., formerly with H. H. Wilson & Co., manufacturing chemists of St. Louis, and of the well-known firm of H. H. 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 of my sufferings freezes my blood and chills my bones. I was then eating over 30 grams 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 met. 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 demoralized condition of those organs; that 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 again to derive the horrible pain in these organs. I marvel how I ever escaped."

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

"Do you object to telling me how?" "No, sir. Studying the matter with several opium-eating 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 of its scientific merits alone that it was the only one that could be relied upon in every case of disordered kidneys and liver. I thereupon began using it, and, supplementing it with my own special treatment, finally got fully over the habit. I may say that the most important part of the treatment is to get those organs first into good working condition, for in them the appetite originates and is sustained, and in 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 truth 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 allow them to use it, they try it upon the quiet and prescribe it in their own bottles."

LADY ETHEL.

By FLORENCE MARRYAT. [Mrs. Ross Church.] Author of "Love's Confession," "Veronique," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"That horrid man! Whatever made you think of asking him?" she said, abruptly. "Really, Ethel! That is a polite way to speak of one of my friends. I asked Colonel Bainbridge to dine with me and he has declined."

"Certainly, if it is the case; but I was not aware that your mutual acquaintance had progressed so far. I can't say I acquire in your opinion. The hands beneath my arm, birth, and station, and everything."

"Ah! you must make allowance for me, Ethel; my blood is not pure as yours, remember; I am but a commoner myself, so I can sympathize with Colonel Bainbridge. Anyway, let us hope that his residence at Temple Grange for a few weeks may not have the power to contaminate you."

"Were he to take up his residence here for ever," replied Lady Ethel, haughtily, "it would make no difference to me. He and I have nothing in common, and should be no better acquainted at the end of five years than five days."

"Poor Colonel B. in bridge!" 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 at the prospect of meeting him here."

"I trust that Miss Trevanion may derive all the advantages 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 feverishly anticipating the moment when he should go there. Since his return from Scotland, he had been working steadily with his battery 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 woman should.

And in the midst of this vague, unsatisfactory train of thought, came Lady Clevedon's note, like an earnest of success, inviting him to join a family gathering at Christmas time, and in her country house—the first, too, which she had assembled since her husband's death.

What man, hoping as he did, would not have been started by such a proof of interest? He had been but one of hundreds 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. He told the truth; the Countess of Clevedon 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 life. At Crunshaw, his announcement was received with various feelings.

So much for the lion's share of attention; and after a due amount of coffee and drawing-room talk, the party separated for the night, without its having been possible for 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, indeed, unseemly, she would have been the first to blame him if he had done more; to make any open demonstration of his attachment to her; or she should, with the quickness of a woman, to deny any impingement of his on the part of her father. Victor would take a proper opportunity to renew the conversation, which had been interrupted; in a few days it would be brought between them, and she would be satisfied to let silence, the insinuations and stop-the-sneers concerning him, which she had so often found it hard to bear from the lips of Lady Clevedon. And so Lady Ethel went to 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 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 Lacarras 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 mere chimera, the product of her vain imagination?

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 never have invented so much happiness. 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 most 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 pressing on her guests that she was living in the utmost seclusion, and could not hear of anything like gaiety, took care that whether they roared, or drooped, 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 retirement to be left behind, she generally murmured that the Marquis de Lacarras should be her companion.

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

Lady Ethel was not annoyed at this; she had no use of the petty jealousy which would keep a man for ever loitering by her side, and she knew that the manner of the Marquis, like that of many foreigners, was always towards every woman with whom he happened to be brought in contact. But when she found that he never attempted to break the Countess's chains in order to remain with her, and that 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 how, even during her father's lifetime, 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 man 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 avoided 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 shrink it.

flushed and indignantly by the table whilst Lady Clevedon was delivering her emphatic harangue, now drew back with a gesture of refusal.

"Many thanks, Monsieur," she said, as she bowed in acknowledgment of the Marquis's extended arm; "but Ethel Carr prefers to choose her cavaliers to having them chosen for her, even by so good a judge as Lady Clevedon;" and with a smile that was too openly scornful to pretend to be playful, she passed him by, and placed her hand upon the most sleeve of Colonel Bainbridge.

The Countess burst into a loud laugh, whilst Victor de Lacarras, with his lip and whiskers annoyed, and Colonel Bainbridge, coloring with indignation at the unexpected preference shown to him, led the beautiful companion from the room.

The glance of displeasure with which the Marquis had gazed at her on the part of Lady Ethel did not escape her notice, and prompted her to follow it by many of the same sort. If she chose to neglect her, she said passionately to herself, he should at least be made to see that there were others ready to take the place he had abandoned.

And since between Colonel Bainbridge and himself there had always been a very apparent though unavowed dislike, no less than 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, burning with resentment at the slight put upon her by the altered conduct of Victor de Lacarras, she thought of nothing and no one but herself and her own wrongs, and in self-defence she used the best weapon which came into her way. That Colonel Bainbridge, cherishing the feelings which he did for her, should have been that weapon was unfortunate for him and for herself. And yet she scarcely 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 Clevedon had entirely appropriated Victor de Lacarras, and flirted with him in a manner so open as to call down censure on herself 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 eating out her heart, had permitted Colonel Bainbridge 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 table.

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

"DEAR LADY ETHEL.—If you deem 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 pang 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 BAINBRIDGE."

When Lady Ethel read this letter it was late at night; the guests of Temple Grange had 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 laughing in the room of Mrs. Marchmont, she would have received it on first going upstairs.

She was alone—her sleepy maid was nodding in the ante-chamber, waiting for the sound of her mistress's bell—and no one was witness of the feelings with which she perused it.

for a little space. It was interrupted by Lady Clevedon's nervous laugh.

"I shall have to make some excuse or other to her, I suppose, to-morrow morning," she said, inquiringly. "Can you help me to one, Victor?"

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

The Countess sighed, gathered up a shawl which had fallen off her shoulders, in a pensive and holding out her hand, affirmed that it was time that all respectable people should get to bed.

The Marquis took the proffered hand and released it without so much as a pressure, and turned on his heel towards the smoking-room; whilst his fair hostess walked off to her own apartment, and roused her maid for her stupidity and awkwardness until she drove the unfortunate monstrosity giving her warning.

Meanwhile, Lady Ethel Carr was creeping—creeping slowly, like one who has received a severe blow on the head, and is blinded or dizzy from the shock—back to the shelter of her own room.

She passed through the ante-chamber, mechanically letting fall the sentence, "I don't wait any," to the servant as she went, and then she locked her door and sat down by the dressing-table (still in a kind of stupor), and spread out her hands upon her lap, and tried to understand what was this misfortune that had overtaken her.

I have drawn her as a vain and arrogant girl—as one whom many would call heartless; but in this hour of her deep humiliation, every head should be uncovered before her. O woman! woman! possessing not only hearts but souls, possessing not only life, and the natural impulse to be loved, I appeal to you if there is any life so cruel, 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 as we do, we never can fill up every chink 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 out over their inconstancy.

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

with a warm bath, proceeded to make a more elaborate toilet.

CHAPTER XII. DRESSING THE PART.

There were various feelings at play in the hearts of those who assembled round the breakfast-table at Temple Grange that morning. Lady Clevedon, especially, would have been puzzled to explain exactly what she felt. She was half-nervous at the idea of encountering her step-daughter (for she had never yet arrived at the knowledge of Lady Ethel's character, and was uncertain whether she would resent the blow her pride had sustained by an open show of resentment, or indifference), but at the same time she experienced all a woman's triumph at the defeat of her rival. For that was the real position in which she stood to her late husband's daughter. For months before Lord Clevedon's death, she had viewed the attention of the Marquis de Lacarras to Lady Ethel Carr, with the keenest jealousy, and had done all in her power to divert their tendency. And she had thought on becoming a widow that she had been best and easiest to secure them for herself. But the game was not yet in her own hands. She had met the Marquis in the corridor that morning; and with a pretty post of injured innocence, accosted him with the complaints:—

"You have made me quite afraid to meet Ethel again, Victor; I am sure she will repeat that story ever afterwards. You have compromised me most terribly."

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

But the Marquis was determined, for he would rather any controversy should happen to him than Lady Ethel Carr should have witnessed his familiarity with her step-mother.

He was a wild, dissipated man, careless and unthinking, but his heart had never nearly approached any woman as it had done the daughter of Lord Clevedon. Had her father lived, he would doubtless have proposed to her—in fact, he was on the point of doing so when they were interrupted in the balcony; and notwithstanding he had congratulated himself since that he had not gone so far, and especially since Lady Ethel had bestowed so many of her smiles on Colonel Bainbridge—he had nearly arrived at the conclusion that he did care for her, and that, fortune or no fortune, he must tell her so again.

And now, by one act of folly, he had ruined all his chances of success; for he knew the girl's disposition too well to believe she would ever forgive such a direct insult to her affection.

Why had he ever permitted it? The Marquis de Lacarras rolled his silken black moustachios thoughtfully through his fingers, and was unable to answer the question.

Ah! why indeed? Why was he not stronger than man, why 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.

ARMS FOR ULSTER ORANGEMEN.

OTTAWA, June 3.—A Free Press representative states that he has 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 rifles. An effort was made to obtain them in Canada, but they could only get Saider 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 Ulster 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 safe cure.

THE BOSTON POSTOFFICE YIELDS THE GOVERNMENT AN ANNUAL NET REVENUE OF OVER \$3,000,000.

AN EDITOR'S FRIEND.

NEW CASTLE, Pa., March 27th, 1885.—I had a painful affection of the liver, and it it 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, 20 in Russia, 37 in Italy, 52 in Hungary, 123 in England, 127 in Bavaria, 150 in France, 184 in Wurtemberg, 167 in Mecklenburg, 174 in Prussia, 290 in Denmark, 305 in Thuringia, and 377 in Saxony. Suicides are becoming more frequent every year in highly civilized countries, but especially among the poor German peas.

CHAPTER X. SPORT TO HER AND DEATH TO HIM.

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