GREAT EXCITEMENT IN WALES ABOUT A MARVELLOUS CURE. LIVING SIX YEARS WITHOUT GOING TO BRD

Mr. Editor,—While spending a few days a the pleasant seaside fown of Aberystwith, Car-diganshire Wales, I heard related what seemed to me either a fabulous story or a marvellous

The story was that a poor sufferer who had not been able to lie down in bed for six long years, given up to die by all the Doctors, had been speedily cured by some Patent Medicine It was related with the more implicit confidence from the circumstance, as was said, that the Vicar of Lianrystyd was familiar with the facts, and could vouch for the truth of the report. Having a little curiosity to know how such stories grow in travelling. I took the liberty Having a little curiosity to know how such stories grow in travelling, I took the liberty while at the village of Llanrystyd to call upon the Vicar, the Rev. T. Evans, and to enquire about this wonderful cure. Though a total stranger to him, both he and his wife most gracefully entertained me in a half hour's conversation, principally touching the case of Mr. Pugh, in which they seemed to take a deep and sympathetic interest, having been familiar with his sufferings, and now rejoiced in what seemed to them a most remarkable cure.

to them a most remarkable cure.

The Vicar remarked that he presumed his name had been connected with the report from his having mentioned the case to Mr. John Thomas, a chemist of Lianon. He said Mr. Pugh was formerly a resident of their parish, but was now living in the parish of Llanddeiuol.
He strong'y vouched Mr. Wm. Pugh's char

acter as a respectable farmer and worthy of credit. Heft the venerable Vicar with a liveher sense of the happy relation of a pastor and people, feeling that he was one who truly sympathized with all who are afflicted in mind,

body, or estate.

On my return to Aberystwith, I was impressed with a desire to see Mr. Pugh, whose Present tion stood so high. His farm is called Pancom-Mawr, signifying "above the dingle," situated near the summit of a smooth round

situated the lovely invalled in which is situated the lovely invalled Church of Llanddeinol. I found Mr. Pugh, apparently about 40 years old, of medium height, rather slight, with a pleasant and intelligent face, told him I heard of his great affliction and of his remarkable and almost miraculous relief, and that I had come to learn from his own lips, what there was of truth in the reports.

Mr. Pugh remarked that his neighbors had

aken a kindly and sympathetic interest in his case for many years, but of late their interest had been greatly awakened by a happy change in his condition: What you report as having heard abroad, said he, is substantially true, with one exception. I never understood that with one exception. I never understood that my case was ever given up as hopeless by any Physician. I have been treated by several Doctors hereabouts, as good as any in Wales, but unfortunately no prescription of theirs ever brought the desired relief.

Fifteen years ago, he said, I first became conscious of a sour and deranged stomach and loss of appetite, which the Doctors told me was Dyspepsia. What food I could hold in my towach secured to do me no good and was often

Dyspepsia. tomach seemed to do me no good and was often thrown up with painful retchings. This was followed after a time with a horseness and a raw soreness of the throat which the Doctors called bronchitis, and I was treated for that, but with little success. Then came shortness of breath and a sense of suffocation, especially nights, with clammy sweat, and I would have to get out of bed and sometimes open a door or window in winter weather to fill my lungs with the cold

About six years ago I became so bad that I could not sleep in bed, but had to take my unquiet rest and dreamy sleep sitting in an armchair. My affliction seemed to be working downward into my lowels as well as upwards into my lungs and threat. In the violent cough into arguments which grow more fraquent my about the statement of the cough into arguments which grow more fraquent. ing spasms which grew more frequent, my abdomen would expand and collapse, and at times it would seem that I should suffocate. All this time I was reduced in strength so that I could perform no hard labor and my spirits were consequently much decreased. sequently much depressed.

Early in this last spring I had a still more

severe spasmodic attack, and my family and neighbors became alarmed, believing that certainly I would not survive, when a neighbor, who had some knowledge, or had heard of the medicine, sent to Aberystwith by the driver of the Omnibus Post, some seven miles distant, and fetched a bottle of Mother Seigel's Curative

This medicine they administered to me ac cording to the directions, when to their surprise and delight no lesss than my own, the spams I becameat ease, and my stomach was calmed. My bowles were moved as by a gentle cathartic, and I felt a sense of quiet comfort a through such as had not before realized in many years. I could walk around the house and breathe comfortably in a few hours after I had taken the medicine. I have continued to take the medicine daily now for something over two menths, and I can lay down and sleep sweetly at nights and have not since had a recurrence of those terrible spasms and sweatings. I have been so long broken down and reduced in my whole system that I have not thied to perform any very hard out-door labor, deeming it best to be prudent lest by over-exertion I may do myself injury before my strength is fully restored. I feel that my stomach and bowels have been and are being thoroughly renovated and renewed by the medi-cine. In fact I feel like a new man.

cine. In fact I feel like a new man.

I have been much congratulated by n., leighbors, especially by the good Vicar of Clanrystyd, who with his sympathetic wife have com three miles to shed tears of joy on my recovery. I bade Mr Pugh good-bye, happy that even one at least among thousands had found a remedy for anaggravating disease.

Believing this remarkable case of Dyspeptic

Asthma should be known to the public, I beg to submit the above facts as they are related to

Sale by every Druggist in Montreal.

GREAT HEAT IN EUROPE.

LONDON, July 21 .- A remarkable heat wave is passing over England accompanied by disastrous thunder storms. At Liverpool the sewers overflowed and two persons were drowned. Severe storms with loss of life are reported in France. Lightning destroyed the Dansette spinnery at Armentiores, causing damage to the extent of 12,500,000 france In Paris the heat is excessive. Extraordinary sanitary precautions are being taken by the authorities there.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN.

You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

A considerable industry is now carried on in Europe in the manufacture of picture frames from paper. Paper pulp, glue, linseed oil, and carbonate of lime or whiting, are mixed together and heated into a thick oream, which is run into molds and hard-The frames are then gilded or

A Most Liberal Offer.

THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., Marshall, Mich., offer to send heir Celebrated Voutaic Bruts and Electric Appliances thirty days' trialito any man afflicted with Nervous Debillity, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, &c. Illustrated | girl was to be found by the old man's side; pamphle in scaled envelope with full particulars, mailed free Write them at once

The Bartholdi statue is booked for compleatter part of September.

LADY ETHEL. father to her.

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

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHY IT WAS SENT. Things had been going on very quietly at Cranshaws, between the time that Colonel and Lady Ethel Banbridge last the castle, and the occasion for sending that first tele-

gram to Curzon street.

Spring advanced but slowly in that North-

ern climate, but each day Nature unfolded something new and fresh and beautiful for the contemplation of her admirers; and the final demolition of the frost brought plenty of work for those who wanted it, both induors and out. The season for ploughing and sowing had arrived; for the housing of young lambs, and counting of apple-blossoms; for calculating how long the winter stores would last, and how soon the upspringing grass would afford pasture for the increasing flocks and herds. And Mrs. Bainbridge found almost as much occupation as her husband, for she permitted no one to superintend the poultry yard but herself, and held daily confer-onces with the old hen-wife, for the purpose of mutual congratulation on the successful efforts of young pullets, or the happy hatching of large broods. In the house, Miss Lloyd war employed in ransacking the linen presses, calling over the roll of preserve jars, and giving Maggie Henderson loving little lectures; whilst for the girl herself, perhaps this was the bitterest phase of the irid

through which she was passing.
It may be remembered that, on the day Lady Et al resolved to leave Cranshaws, Maggie had gone to pay a visit to Sixter Margaret, at Horse-ap-Cleugh.

The interview, as her aunt prophesied, had done her good. The gentle sympathy she had met with, the calm counsel received, and, above al', the assurance with which she had been impressed, that whatever was right and heat for her in the future would be brought to pass without the help of any violent effort on her own per', had left a sense of trustful expec-tation on her mind, which was the best feeling she could carry back to lighten the duties to which she was bound.

She had often seen and talked with good women before; she had been brought up under the example of her aunts, who both led humble and religious lives; yet, until she met Sister Margaret, Maggie had never known what it was to read in another's eyes the complete happiness that springs from the surrender of one's life to God.

From that hour she felt her own vocation fixed; unt assuredly to be a Sister of Merry, not even to labour amongst the sick and suffering, if He did not so will for her ; but to be His faithful servant to her ! fe's en ?.

She had dreamed of such a service before she had lenged tor, and, in part, adopted it; but now she felt as though it were impossible to keep back anything for common ruse; and gave herself to Him body and soul, to do with as He thought fit, believing, as Amet Letty had taught her, and Sister Margaret had endorsed, that true religion consists not in what we do, but how we do it; and less in great efforts than in complete obedience.

And so, when her new friend left Horse sp-Claugh (which she did not do without a promise to keep up their intercourse by con espondence) blaggie returned to her uneventful life with a firm datermination to perform everything, however trivial, that came to her in the shape of duty; and, for His sake, to

perform it well. Thence her existence should have been all sunshine, rest, and quiet; blissful in the satis-faction of an easy conscience, and changed gram?" from dark to light, by the hope of her rethis stage of her recovery.

The path of wisdom is not always a happy path, let Solomon say what he will. It is a hard path; sometimes it is bitterly, cruelly hard, stained with the blood of feet unused to tread it and the tears of eyes that have wept themselves blind before they found it; and, since it is so, we

have no right to say it should be otherwise.

For, though hard and bitter, it is the furnace that purifies the gold, and there is another fact to be borne in mind: is the only sacrifice we have it in our pawer to rander up to Him who has done all for us. This sacrifice of self, our tears had sighs, fierce resolutions, and ultimate victories-gifts of His own though they be are the sole offerings He can take from our hands; because they only soul! she has not closed her eyes once before typify our love and whole submission to Him; since uncle was taken ill; and she is and we have nothing else to give. Nor are they lost in His immensity; we all know that. He sets our tears as jewels in His crown, and gives us in exchange eternal smiles.

Shall we have time to think about them then ? But betwixt "then" and "now," how wide a difference, He who was human

With the excitement of her cousin's and Lady Ethel's visit over, and the soluce of Sister Margaret's company past, Maggie Hender con sometime- felt as though her mere exist ence were a calamity too heavy to be borne. She was neither despairing nor jealous; she no longer gave way to violent bursts of grief; she did not even desire things to be other than they were; yet all the lightness and sunshine seemed to have died out of her, and left her stranded on the barren shore of dull thoughts-from which she often had not strength to rise to prayer or was necessarily worded with some uncer-praise. She went through her rou-tainty, but directly Dr. Mackenzie promore punctual, solicitous, and affectionate than usual; so that Aunt Letty was deceived by her demeanor, and Mrs. Bainbridge did not once question the fact of her complete

contentment. But one person did : one who (though uoknown to himself) was drawing near the confines of the other world, and had his sympathies perhaps quickened by the unseen influences he was approaching; and that was her uncle. Mr. Bainbridge had never been quite himself since the departure of his son. He had gone about his farm as usual, it is true; settled bargains with his drovers, checked his bailiff's account books. and determined what works were to be set in operation during the ensuing season. And yet he, like Maggie, had lost the cheerful activity which characterized all his former movements, and the girl perceived the change and attributed it to the disappointment he had experienced in her cousin's marriage. She knew what his hopes had been, and the knowledge drew her closer to him, as that there two became very sympathetic and near friends during the last weeks of their companionship together. Not that Maggie ever told her uncle of her trouble, nor he express what he felt to his niece; but whenever the day's labor left an interval of quiet, the walking with him hand in hand, or sitting at the walking with him head upon his seet, or leaning with her head upon his shoulders; and they both felt happier and to leave the arm-chair into which he had

by him who had atood in the place of her own

One afternoon in May, the same day on which Lady Ethel destroyed the telegram. Mr. Bainbridge, to the consternation of the household, was suddenly taken with a stroke of paralysis—found prostrate and helpless on his study floor, and unable to articulate more than the word "Thomas" as he was carried to his bed. In this dilemma, by which both Mrs. Bainbridge and Miss Lloyd were overwhelmed, Maggie proved the guardian angel of the family. It was she who despatched a messenger post haste for medical aid, who wrote and sent the telegram to Curzon street, and then took up her station at the sick man's side ready to interpret to her aunt each feeble action by which he strove to make his wishes understood.

The doctor came and stayed all night, during which the feeble flame of life was flickering to and fro, and keeping them in miser able suspense, and by the morning Mr. Bain bridge was so much weaker that it was conaidered doub ful whether he could survive to

see his son again.
But he was still alive when the carriage went to Borthwick to meet the mail train and returned to them-empty; no Colone

Bainbridge having arrived by it. His mother was almost in despair. She insisted that Thomas must be ill himself, unable to quit the house-perhaps his bed for nothing else would have detained him from his dying father; and she was about to

lose both of them at once.

It was in vain that Maggie represented to her that in such a case they also would have had a message; and that by far the likelier solution of the mystery was that her cousin and Lady Ethel were away from home. Mrs. Bainbridge was quite certain she was to be rendered childless as well as widowed, and divided between her desire to rush off to town to see after her son herself, and the duty which kept ber at the bedside of her husband.

"It is uscless to attempt anything like ar gument with your good aunt," observed the doctor, confidentially, to Maggie; "but if Colonel Bainbridge is to see his father again alive, you must send another telegram at

And so the second telegram, which was still more strongly worded than the first, reached London about noon, and the same evening saw its recipient on his way to Cran sbaws,

CHAPTER XXXV.

TOO LATE. Colonel Bainbridge alighted hurriedly from the hired vehicle which had conveyed him to his father's door, and without inquiry passed at once into the dining-room. There was no one there but Maggie Henderson. She was looking pale and tired, for she had sat up for two nights at her uncle's bedside; and as she came forward and placed her hand in Colonel Bainbridge's he guessed that he had

arrived too late.
"O Cousin Thomas, I am thankful you are come! Aunt Lizzie will be so glad to see you -- but it's all over.

His presence had no power to make her blush or ten be then; but her sad, compassionate eyes rested calmly upon his, as though he had, indeed, been the brother to her which he colled himself.

Colonel Bandridge broke away from her kindly greep, and, sinking into a chair, for a moment concealed his face from view.

" All over !" he muttered, hoarsely; " all -quite -quite over! It seems too her!it happen, Maggie?" "This merning at four o'clock," she white

pered. "He went so happily; so full of Bainbridge's arrival, and on what faith, and hope, and love. Had you been here you could never have forgotten it. He D. Macket zie was an old ma said he had but one wish left ungratified. "And that was" O cousin! why did you

"I did not receive it," he answered,

ward; yet it was not so—not, at all events, in this stage of her recovery.

Land and at I was at a party that night, and at I asleep the following morning when your second message came to hand, I started as soon as it was practicable." "And your servants never gave it to you

on your return? How very carcless of them!
If they had only known the consequences involved in their neglect!"

"It is of no use talking of it," he said, moddily. "How is my mother, Maggie? How does she bear all this?"

"Oh! she has been in despair, cousin; and when the carriage came back from Borthwick yest:rday without you, I thought she would have gone wild with fear. She imagined something must be wrong. But since -since this morning, she has been much quieter; and when I went upstairs about half an hour ago, was fast asleep upon her bed. Poor soul! she has not closed her eyes once before

unused to fatigue, you know. But shall I tell her you are here? By no means, Maggie. Let her sleep while she can; and to speak the truth, I don't feel equal to encountering her just yet. I fear to read reproach for my tardiness in her

eves. "O cousin! You will never do that; she loves you too fondly. She will feel at cace that it could only have arisen from a mis

ake. "It is an awful shock," he continued, pressentfy. Your message did not prepare me

for so sudden a termination, Maggie. "Not the third one?" she inquired.
"Was there a third one?" he replied, in-

lifferently. "Of course there was. I despatched it about three o'clock. It must have reached Curzon Street before you started. The first was necessarily worded with some uncertine of little duties carefully-being even nounced him to be sinking, I sent another to prepare you for the worst. Did you not receive that either?

> "But at what hour did you leave town, cousin ?"

> "By the eight o'clock train." "And it had not reached your house before

that time?" "I do not know-I was from home," he said, uneasily; and then, after a pause, "the tagt is, I left Curzon Street at one o'clock,

and did not return there again." "Oh!" replied Maggie, thinking the pro-ceedings sounded unusual, but ignorant what remark to make upon it. Then there was the silence of a minute between them, during which the clock upon the mantelpiece ticked as though it had been the only live thing

present, "Won't you have some breakfast, Cousin Thomas?" she inquired timidly, as the servant appeared with the tea and coffee;

it is quite ready now." "No, thank you, my dear; I have no appetite."

"A cup of coffee," she said coaxingly, "you really should try to take something after your long journey. Remember how much there will be for you to do and think of. Aunt Lizzie will depend on you to do overything."

she had been left so sweet a legacy of love, | girl, softly, as she took up her station behind | stronger, and pouring the story of her sorrow the breakfast equipage, and tried to think of something that should console her cousin. "Dr Mackenzie, who has been with him from first to last, and only went to last, and only went to lie down about an he uttered upon being seized was your name; hour ago, told me himself that in all his and, afterwards, I am sure the door never practice he had never seen a more peaceful opened but what his poor eyes turned in that practice he had never seen a more peaceful death-bed, and that thought ought to be a comfort to us. cousin

"Yes !- I am thankful to hear it !" "And in several conversations that dear uncle and I had together, previous to his being taken ill, he told me what a consolation it was to him to leave Cranshaws and—us—that is, Aunt Letty and Aunt Lizzie, you know—to the care of one whom he felt would look after them just in the care of the care. in the same way he should have done himself.

"Eh!-what!-I beg your pardon!" ex-claimed Colonel Bainbridge, starting from a reverie.

He was evidently not listening to her; and presently Maggie tried if another subject would rouse him from his mood of despon-

"Did you observe the country as you came along, cousin? It begins to look very

green and lovely."
"Very lovely, Maggie!" "But I suppose the trees are more forward with you south than they are here."

"Yes !- I suppose so." His face looked so dark and despairing as he sat there, supporting it upon his hand, that the girl's heart bled for him. He must not reproach himself too much for a mere acmdent. What could she say to recall ais icind to happier thoughts? In her anxicty to comfort, she probed the wound which agon-

red him. "I hope"-she began, with some degree of done,-"I hope, Cousin Thomas, that you left Lady Ethel quite well."

But had she been prepared for the electrical effect of her words, she never would have uttered them.

Colonel Bainbridge, with a violent expression (she was not quite sure what it was), started from his chair and rushed towards the window, as though he were going right through it. "For God's sake!" he cried, vehemently,

have happened in that establishment, the mistress of which she had often been weak enough

to envy? She regarded her cousin in silent dismay. "You will think me a great fool," he said, presently, passing a handkerchief over his clammy brow; "and so I am-the greatest fool that was ever born — but I would rather discuss any subject but that of my wife at present. And now,' returning to the table, "let me have the cup of coffee you promised, Maggie; after which, as I am not the new my mother yet I will go as I am not to see my mother yet, I will go

up to my room.' Perceiving how he had alarmed his cousin (for Maggie's hand shook as she poured out the coffee for him), he tried to converse more calmly after that, and entered into several details concerning his own journey and his father's illness; but she was quite unable to imitate his affected case. She could not shake off the remembrance of that sudden ejaculation, and the tone in which it had seen uttered; it penetrated even the sad subject on which they were engaged; and full of forebodings for his happiness, and dread of to treaming revelations, she sat almost in silence, until relieved by the entrance of the doct r, who had been intermed of Colonel Bainbridge's arrival, and on whose appear-

D. Mackerzie was an old man, who had known the Band ridge family for years, and his r . t ng to the son of the house was as erital as the circumstances under which

glad to see you," -with a prolonged shaking of hands-though you have only come in time to hear bad news."

"I was prepared for it, doctor, and have at all events the comfort of feeling that since you were here, nothing further could have been done for him."

"You are very good to say so, my dear sir, very good." was the doctor's reply; "and I think I may affirm, that no amount of skill could have saved your father's life. His constitution received so severe a shock in the first seizure, that had he not been a remarkably hale man, he could not have survived to have a second, which he did yesterday afternoon. It was a pity you were not here—a

great pity !" "It was impossible," said Colonel Bain-bridge, brokenly. "I have been explaining the circumstances that detained me to my cousin. I would have given worlds to be present."

"Well-well! we must look upon the bright side of things. He died easy in mind and body, and we shall be lucky it our friends can say as much for us by and by -eh? Cranshaws is looking very pleasant, sir, just

"Very pleasant," was the mechanical

reply.
"You will find plenty a work up here, Colonel, both for hands and head. It's a fine estate! I suppose you'll be for selling out of

the army now, and settling down as a county gentleman, ch?" "I don't know; I have had no time to think about it."

"Ah! I expect that is what the old gentleman intended you to do, though. But perhaps you would not care to bury yourself in the country just yet, Colonel! You'll wait till you've got half-a-dozen boys and girls to pull the house down about your ears for you. How is her ladyship? well, I hope!" Colonel Bainbridge winced, but answered,

firmly—
"Quite well! I thank you!" "Ah! she's a beautiful creature; it's not often we see the like of her in these parts. And so she keeps her health, eh? Very gay up in London, I suppose?"

"Very gay!"
"Dancing all night and sleeping all day,
eh? Not quite the best thing to preserve
good looks, though. Is it, Colone!" "I suppose not!"

"You must bring her ladyship here again as soon as the season is over. Nothing like Scotch air for setting one up. No prospect of a family yet, Colonel, el But here the Colonel, who had been on

thorns for the last ten minutes, and looking round wildly for some means of escape, opportunely heard the voice of Mrs. Bainbridge on

"My mother!" he said, quickly, "I must go to her," and in another moment he was folded in her arms.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

COLONEL DAINBRIDGE MAKES UP HIS MIND, It was so sweet, so good to have him there, and to have him there alone; that though he came in an hour of deep distress, Mrs. Bain-bridge felt as though half her grief were lifted off her shoulders as she gazed into his face. into his sympathising ears.

'' Oh, if you had but been here, my dear

direction, hoping it was you."

"Oh, don't ! mother, don't! he urged, imploringly; "I cannot bear it! I wish to God I shad come sooner!" And then he placed her in a chair, and sat down by her side, whilst she sobbed for a few minutes in her handkerchief."
"You see, my,dear," she continued, pre-

sently, through her tears, "it is best that you should hear all this. It may be painful now, but it will be a comfort to think of hereafter. Your father loved you very dearly, Thomas; he was a good father to you, and a good husband to me. We have sus-tained a great loss in him."

" Heaven knows we have !" her son replied "But we need not make it worse by unne cessary self-reproach. Maggie has told me all you said to her this morning on the subject; and of course your absence could not have been helped. It was an accident, and

othing-more, "But did he think it so? That is the doubt that will haunt my lifetime."
"We must hope he did, my dear! At al

events, he knew your circumstances, and how much engaged you are; and doubtless made allowances for the delay. He could never have thought you would refuse to come to him. "I hope not. He little knew me if he did."

"Oh, ne! He had perfect faith in your affection. Even of late-during the last few months-since your marriage, that is to say (you know, my dear, without my telling you, resitation—for Maggie had not yet learned to speak the name so freely as she should have choice)—he has always expressed himself as completely satisfied with all you did, or were likely to do after his decease. I think now that he must sometimes have had a kind of inkling he was not long for this world. O Thomas ! what are we to do without him?"

And Mrs. Bainbridge relapsed into natural but very distressing exhibition of feeling, which made her son thankful of an excuse to quit her presence, for the purpose of procuring the refreshment of a bath and change of luen after his night a journey "don't mention her to me."

At this outburst, so unexpected and apparently uncalled for, Maggie turned white with apprehension. What horrible tragedy could of Cranshaws, and the bulk of his father's prodigious fortune—the richest man, perhaps in the army—as rich a man, certainly, as is, ordinarily speaking, to be found there; yet the poorest, he felt, shuddering-the poorest wretch that traversed this wide earth; than whom a beggar clothed in rags, but warmed by love, livid, by comparison, in affluence.

O Lady Ethel! what a ruin you have created here!

He threw his thoughts back to that time last year, when he had first seen and become enamoured of her; and remembered, with set teeth, how that man-the one whose name she had mentioned to him-had been always hovering about her, and he had felt jealous of

him even then. But her treatment of himself at Temple Grange; her altered manner, warm caressing glances, and preference ly confessed to; had it all been a falsehood, a delusive maddining dream from which he had just awakened, to

find that in order to avenge herself she had cruelly made shipwreck of his hopes? Yes; it had been a dream, and he had wakened from it. He recelled her flaming looks upon the morning that they parted, her trunting speeches and insulting words, and felt that what she said then was the truth—the woman he adored had never loved him. Oh! it was hard to bear; harder than any other trial could have been to him, for his pride was great as his love, and both were sorely wounded. He had wasted all the strength of his passionate nature on this woman, and she had turned and mocked him for his folly. He had given up fy leverything he possessed to her—name, and wealth, and happiness; almost the affection of his family--and she had thrown them back into his face, telling him openly that she had used both him and them as tools—mere instruments wherewith to carve out her re-

The deed was as wicked, and far more cruel than that of savages, who sacrifice a life to appease the supposed anger of their gods ; and he did not feel the torture less because it was administered by fair soft hands that seemed too delicate to crush a heart, and feet too light to trample on it.

He was crushed as he sat there-pumistakably crushed-body, soul and spirit, and he did not care to deny it, even to himself. He acknowledged freely that the world, or what constituted in his eyes the world, was over for him.

And it was for this woman-this false, forsworn, and evil nature, who could marry whilst she despised him, and after receiving all he had to give her, cast in his teeth an accusation that was no fault of his-that he home to be a cause of misery and strife in the house which had never been the scene of anything but domestic happiness till then; and finally, by her chicanery, had missed the farewell blessing, without which he now fell as though he never more should know the name of peace. Would he subject himself to be the occasion of her insolence again? Would he bring his wife to Cranshaws, to wander through the apartments which had been his parents', and abuse their memory at every turn; place her in his father's chair, at the head of his mother's table, only to encounter the bitter truth whenever her jeering lips chose to deliver it, that she had lowered herself by marrying a tradesman's son in order to excite the jealousy of an aristocratic and more favored lover?

No, he would perish first; and Cranshaws might go to rack and ruin before he would install Lady Ethel as mistress there. On one point his mind was made up-he and she would never live in the same house again!

Yet-" how to take leave of all he loved !" Oh! the golden hair, the 'wildering blue eyes, and marble skin! Even in that hour of dark despair, before he had looked upon the corpse of his father, or realised that he was indeed gone from them for ever, such trivialities commenced to haunt and vex him, like a swarm of gnats about a wounded man. The force of a great blow stuns us into silence, but it is these small extraneous memories which goad the brain to madness. Yet, as, an hour later, Colonel Bainbridge stood by his dead father's side, gazing through tears, which he was not ashamed to brush away, upon the closed eyes that would never again meet his own, the sealed lips that never more could bless him, and the folded hands that had responded for the last time to his pressure, he felt that had Lady Ethal been twice as beautiful, and he had loved her twice as much, it would still have been the same, and he could not have forgiven her for wantonly depriving him of parent's death-bed.

He was a tradesman, it was true (and here

pised him, or his honorable calling, should fatten on the produce of his labor.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MAGGIE, I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING." The next few days passed much as such days usually do. Every window of the castle was closed and blinded, and chance visitors to Cranshaws, glanced up half fearfully at that of which the sash was raised a couple of inches, whispered to each other that the

corpse lay there.

Colonel Bainbridge passed most of his time in his own room. There was plenty of business to be transacted with lawyers, bailiffs, and undertakers, which all devolved upon him, and therefore his seclusion appeared neither unlessary nor strange.

At stated periods the family assembled for meals, at which the conversation, if it could be called such, was stilted and unnatural, and seldom turned upon any but the most in-different topics. Consequently, he had not so much to endure from the mention of Lady Ethel's name, or his future intentions with respect to her, as he had anticipated.

Indeed, the subject of his domestic life was sel.lom alluded to at all. His mother, when her first emotion at meeting him was spent, had spoken of his wife, and asked a few particulars concerning her; but Colenel Bainbridge answered curtly, and the theme, not being one on which they had much sym-

pathy, was soon discarded.
No one, therefore (excepting Maggie), had a suspicion that his evident depression was due to any cause but their general affliction : and only noticed it to praise his filial duty, and say he bid fair to make as good a man as his father was before him. But Maggie new better. Maggic, remem

bering the look and gesture with which, on the morning of his arrival, he had commanded her to avoid the mention of his wife to him, feit there was a deeper shadow than the shadow of death resting on his soul, and her own yearned to administer the sisterly comfort which she almost felt competent to do. For she had so far schooled herself that her cousin's presence was no longer an active pain to her. To hear his voice and meet his glance, and watch his movements, knowing, meanwhile, that so to hear, and meet, and watch, was all the part she ever more could bear in his existence, made her heart feel heavier, perhaps, but had no power

to quicken it. The first stage of nervous suffering was past for Maggie Henderson. She had prayed so much that she might be enabled to regard her cousin as something altoge her beyond her reach; and she had striven so hard to attain the blessing which she confidently expected to receive, that it had come to her; as sooner or later it does come to all who trust

The fever and passion of her grief were over; and though much weakness remained, much despondency, and, at times, even want of faith, yet she was out of danger and on the road to convalescence—thanks to the physician who never fails to heal.

And even now the first token of her reward was appearing in the hope that she might be the means of comforting her cousin in his secret distress. But how to introduce the topic after he had so violently disclaimed it, laggie knew not; yet she watched patiently, hoping that an opportunity might occur. When it did, it was himself who broached it.

The funeral was over: the will-by which, with the exception of a couple of thousand a year to his mother for her lifetime, and trifling annuities to Miss Lloyd and Maggie Henderson, Colonel Bainbridge was rendered sole possessor of his late father's fortune and estates-had been read, and the castle being cleared of lawyers' clerks and undertakers' men, the blinds were drawn up to admit the cheerful sanshine, the windows thrown open, the rooms set in order, and the family re-assembled to look each other in the face and ask what they were to do next.

"I suppose, my dear Thomas," remarked Mrs. Bainbridge, "that you will not take possession of Cranshaws before the summer is over; or shall you move into it at once? Either plan will be equally conveni ent to me, you know. And with respect to the house in Curzon Street, ent to me. shall you retain that as it is? afraid you will find no room for the furniture here, for your dear father disliked nothing so much as a half-iurnished room. But I sup-pose you will require to be in Lordon until you have settled something with regard to re-

signing your profession? Such questions Colonel Bainbridge hardly

knew how to parry. "My dear mother," he would reply, "the very last thing I should wish you to do would be to hurry out of Cranshaws. Make it your home for as long as you like : altogether, if

it pleases you to do so.' "But, my dear Thomas, that would be quite unreasonable both on your part and mine. You have Lady Ethel to consult in these matters, remember; besides, dear as you are to me, I should never feel comfortable whilst living in another person's house, and have long made up my mind if I should had refused to listen to the advice so affectionately tendered by the father who now lay lifeless in the room next to his own; had brought her mingham. It was there he met me, my ningham. It was there he met me, my dear, and married me" (with a little sob), "and I would rather die there than anwhere else - only you'll promise, when that happens, to bring me back, Thomas, and lay me by his side in Mindon

churchyard," It was after some such conversation as the above that Colonel Bainbridge called his cousin abruptly to his side. "Come here, Maggie, I want to tell you

something." It was a bright, beautiful morning the day after the tuneral, and they were sauntering on the terrace which ran round the castle. "Well, cousin, I am all attention."

"My mother seems to imagine (you heard what she said at breakfast just now) that I am about to throw up the army at once, and settle down at Cranshaws. Now, I am not going to do any such thing, and you must break it to her."

Maggie's face fell; she guessed his resolution had something to do with Lady Ethel, and knew how great a disappointment it would prove to Mrs. Bainbridge. "But, Cousin Thomas, if you don't live

here, and Aunt Lizzie goes away to Birmingham, who is to look after the place?" "I don't know—the bailiff, I suppose; he can manage it much better than I could—I

am totally ignorant of farming matters."

"But the house, the garden," said Maggie, as the tears rose to her eyes, "all the little improvements which dear uncle took so much pride and pleasure in, because they were for you—are they to go to rack and ruin for wart

of use and supervision ?" "If they must, they must," he answered, moodily, "for I am quite resolved not to live here at present."
"If it is only Lady Ethel's wishes that you

are considering," continued Maggie, timidly, "I do not think she could object to Cranshaws as a summer residence. It is very pretty in the summer, you know, Cousin Thomas, and you will always want to shoot over the prethe consolation of being present at his serves. And residing here for half the year parent's death-bed. would be better than not at all."

his feet, or leaning with her head upon his shoulders; and they both felt happier and more contented when it was so. Afterwards the took it as a sign of God's good will, that the suffered no pain," continued the felt suffered no pain," continued the felt suffered no pain," continued the felt suffered no pain, continued the felt suffered no pa