

A WOMAN'S SUFFERINGS AND GRATITUDE.

A VOICE FROM AUSTRIA.

Near the village of Zillmörd, in Lower Austria, lives Maria Haas, an intelligent and industrious woman, whose story of physical suffering and final relief, as related by herself, is of interest to English women. "I was employed," she says, "in the work of a large farmhouse. Overwork brought on sick headaches, followed by a deadly fainting and sickness of the stomach until I was compelled to take to my bed for several weeks. Getting a little better from rest and quiet, I sought to do some work, but was soon taken with a pain in my side, which in a little while seemed to spread over my whole body, and throbed in my every limb. This was followed by a cough and shortness of breath, until finally I could not stand, and I took to my bed again, and as I lay there, I thought, for the last time. My friends told me that my time had nearly come, and that I could not live longer than when the trees put on their green once more. Then I happened to get one of the Seigel pamphlets. I read it, and my dear mother bought me a bottle of Seigel's Syrup, which I took exactly according to directions, and I had not taken a whole of my last illness began June 3rd, 1822, and continued to August 9th, when I began to take the Syrup. Very soon I could do a little work. The cough left me, and I was no more troubled in breathing. Now I am perfectly cured. And oh, how happy I am. I cannot express my gratitude enough for Seigel's Syrup. Now I must tell you that the doctors in our district distributed handbills cautioning people against the medicine, telling them it would do them no good, and many were thereby influenced to destroy the Seigel pamphlets; but now, where ever one is to be found, it is kept like a relic. The few preserved are borrowed to read, and I have lent mine to six miles around our district. People have come eighteen miles to get me to buy the medicine for them, knowing that it cured me, and to be sure to get the right kind. I know a woman who was looking like death, and who told them there was no help for her, that she had consulted several doctors, but none could help her. I told her of Seigel's Syrup, and wrote the name down for her that she might make no mistake. She took my advice and the Syrup, and now she is in perfect health, and the people around us are amazed. The medicine has made such progress in our neighborhood that people say they don't want the doctor any more, but they take the Syrup. Sufferers from gout who were confined to their beds and could hardly move a finger, have been cured by it. There is a girl in our district who caught a cold by going through some water, and was in bed five years with costiveness and rheumatic pains, and had to have an attendant to watch by her. There was not a doctor in our district, and she had to call on her mother who had not applied to relieve her child, but every one crossed themselves and said they could not help her. Whenever the little bell rang which is rung in our place when somebody is dead, we thought surely it was for her, but Seigel's Syrup and Pills saved her life, and now she is as healthy as anybody, and she cured me entirely of my ailments in the field. Everybody was astonished when they saw her out, knowing how many years she had been in bed. To-day she adds her gratitude to mine for God's mercies and Seigel's Syrup."

MARIA HAAS.

The people of Canada speak confirmatory the above.

Richmond Corners, N.B., Jan. 10, 1886. Dear Sir—I wish to inform you the good your Seigel's Syrup has done me. I thought at one time I would be better dead than alive, but had the luck to find one of your pamphlets and after reading it I ordered one of your medicine. I tried one bottle and found my health so much improved that I continued it until now I feel like a new man. I have taken altogether 5 bottles. Everybody here speaks well of it. JOSEPH WARD.

SPRINGFIELD, N.B., Oct. 15, 1885. I, WHITE, Limited, Gent's—Seigel's Syrup gives good satisfaction wherever used. One case in particular (where the cure of Dyspepsia amounted to a miracle) was greatly benefited by your medicine. Yours respectfully, J. G. MORRISON.

STEVENSVILLE, WYLLAND CO., ONT., Feb. 17, 1884. A. J. WHITE, I commenced using the "Shaker Extract" in my family a short time since. I was then afflicted with a sick headache, which continued for some time, and often attended with a cough, but am now fast gaining my health; my neighbors are also astonished at the results of your medicine. Yours, etc., MARGARET E. DEAM.

A. J. WHITE, Limited, Gent's—Your medicine has done more for me than any doctor ever did, and I would not be without it. Yours truly, PATRICK McLESTY.

TROUT LAKE, ONT., May 12, 1885. J. WHITE, Limited, Gent's—Your medicine is just what is needed here for "Isorced liver. When I was in London, the doctors there said I was a "cure man," and advised me to travel. I did so, and came across Seigel's Syrup, which cured me entirely by continued use, which proved that sometimes the best of skills is not always the only one. Yours truly, J. H. HARRISON, Evangelist.

ALBANY BRIDGE, N.S., May 10, 1885. J. WHITE, Limited, Gent's—I am now using Seigel's Syrup for Dyspepsia, and find it to be the best medicine I ever used for that complaint. It is a priceless boon to any one afflicted with indigestion. Yours truly Wm. BURKS.

SOUTH BAY, ONT., Dec. 7, 1885. Sir—I take great pleasure in informing you that I have been cured by your Seigel's Syrup and Pills. I suffered from a severe attack of indigestion and constipation of the bowels, vomiting food and bile from the stomach, which caused great pain. I tried several good physicians, none of whom were able to give me any relief. I tried several patent medicines, some of them giving relief for the time being, so you can easily see that I was discouraged. I then bought your Syrup and Pills, and commenced to take your medicine with confidence. I started with your medicine about one year ago and have taken in all about 2 dozen bottles, it did take some little time to stop the vomiting, but I can say that now my health is greatly improved. I will cheerfully recommend it to all suffering from stomach complaints. I can give you the names of several others if you wish. You may print this if you wish, as it may be of some help to other sufferers. Yours truly, LEWIS WALBANA.

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

THE MAGISTRACY CONDEMNED.

BELFAST, Aug. 17.—At a meeting of the Conservative Club here to-day, at which Mr. De Cobain, M.P. for East Belfast, presided, resolutions were adopted declaring that the police needlessly fired upon the people during the late troubles, and that they had forfeited the public confidence; also that the Government must remove the paid magistracy. Mr. De Cobain made a speech in which he said better men were wanted for the magistracy than worn out military officers and cadets of eminent families.

A Most Liberal Offer.

THE VOLTAIC BELL CO., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated VOLTAIC BELLS and Electric Appliances or thirty-days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous debility, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, &c. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope with full particulars, and free Write them at once.

LADY ETHEL.

By FLORENCE MARRYAT

(MRS. CHURCH.)

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

CHAPTER XLVIII.—(Continued.)

"Let us try not to remember it, Lizzie. She was newly married then; had been much spoiled; and likely to be a little overbearing. And now she has left what is left in sickness and in trouble, poor child; and, from Maggie's account, she must have been very different from what she did then."

"Maggie is always enthusiastic, particularly where her actions are concerned," said Mrs. Bainbridge. "Well, of course, I must always feel kindly towards anyone whom my dear Thomas loves; but I must say I should have been better pleased if Lady Ethel had delayed her visit till we were settled in our new home."

"Perhaps she wants to come and help you, Elizabeth, as Maggie does," remarked Miss Lloyd.

"Now Letty! just think of that girl, with her delicate mincing ways, and all her pretty fashionable fall-lals, and say if that is probable. Help me, indeed! she is far more likely to keep the whole house (myself included) waiting upon her."

"She is a fragile creature," said her sister, "and looks as if she had been born to be waited on. How proud Thomas was of her."

"Ay, and that of his now, poor dear, exiled to that horrid country, because of her unkindness. When I remember that, Letty, I hardly feel as though I could receive her in a cordial manner."

"She would not have proposed to come to us, unless she felt the want of our affection. Don't let it be said that by our coldness we checked the first impulse which her heart has conceived towards us. Receive her as a daughter—as if nothing unpleasant had occurred between you (she has no mother of her own, remember)—and you will do more. Elizabeth, to show her she was wrong than any amount of reproaches would effect. But I do not believe she is coming to us in the same spirit that she did before; for I have faith in Maggie's representations, and know that, though enthusiastic, she never exaggerates; nor would she take so great an interest in any one who was not disposed to look kindly upon those she loves."

"Yet, notwithstanding all Miss Lloyd's cheerful prognostications, Mrs. Bainbridge continued to be nervous at the prospect of seeing her daughter-in-law again; and when the carriage had been sent to Borthwick to fetch the travellers, wandered restlessly from room to room, to settle anywhere, and evidently much discomposed by the meeting that awaited her."

"Here they come," cried Aunt Letty, as she pursued her sister to the library. "The carriage has just passed the brow of the hill, and I can see Maggie's dear round face out of the window. Come, Elizabeth, let us meet the children in the hall."

But Mrs. Bainbridge, trembling with anxiety, stood rooted to the spot. "O Letty! if she could speak and look as she did before, and neither of them here to stand between us! I don't think I could bear it—I don't, indeed!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Aunt Letty; "you are frightening yourself with shadows, Lizzie. Why, there is Maggie's voice already in the hall. My darling, are you really here at last?"

"At last," you may say indeed, auntie. Poor Ethel is tired out of her life; she is not yet strong enough for such long journeys. And then she was embraced by each in turn, Maggie pushed Lady Ethel forward. Aunt Lizzie, who had brought your daughter to you, who had waited all the love that you can spare from Cousin Thomas to console her for his absence, and all the care and petting you can give her for the sake of a little secret of her own. There, Ethel, as she placed the hand of her companion in that of Mrs. Bainbridge, "There is you mother, and here is mine."

"There is you mother, and here is mine," turning to Aunt Letty; "and now that we have one piece, we shall not quarrel."

Mrs. Bainbridge glanced timidly at her daughter-in-law, but one look at the pale hurried face radiated impromptu to hers, was sufficient to make her kind maternal arms fly open.

"My dear girl, you look very ill! what has been the matter with you? How miserable my dear Thomas would be to know it!"

"O mother!" whispered Lady Ethel, clinging close to her, "do you—do you think there is any fear that he will not come home again?"

"Not come home, my dear? what, Thomas? God forbid! But I am very anxious, naturally—and so must you be, until we hear that he is safe and well again in Calcutta."

Ethel was persuaded to allow herself to be made much of (a proceeding to which the young woman was at no period averse) and Mrs. Bainbridge seeing her eat her dinner and made comfortable for the night, had a very happy fearful time of it until she was called down-stairs again by the ringing of the prayer bell.

"Only to think," she observed to Aunt Letty, as, waiting the appearance of the servants, she wiped her moistened eyes, "that that poor darling is fretting for Thomas even more than I am; and would give her right hand not to have offended him. And I dare say he was partly in the wrong; men are so difficult to deal with."

"I do not think Ethel would agree with you there," said Maggie, smiling. "Ah! she is all sweetness. It is beautiful to hear her speak of him, and of herself and her expected baby! Who could have dreamed she would be so altered? She is not like the same person."

"Let us thank God for it," said Aunt Letty, as the long train of domestics filed into the room.

CHAPTER XLIX. AND LAST.

"PEACE ON EARTH, AND GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN."

Whilst these events were happening in England, Colonel Bainbridge, in a very restless and unhappy state of mind, was wandering about the north-west provinces of Bengal. For that which, on the eve of his departure, he had written to his cousin Maggie, was the truth. Scarcely had he concluded the terms of his exchange, and paid down his passage money to the East, before he repented that he had been so rash, and without some further explanation of her words, to claim the empty casket whence the gem of love had been extracted, would have been impossible to him; but the thought which haunted him throughout the tedious journey, that in order to save his own wounded feelings, he had abandoned her to temptation and the power of the man for whom she had confessed a preference, nearly drove him mad.

By the time he reached Calcutta, he had almost forgiven her; or rather, absence, and the strong desire to prove her cruelty not willful, had so softened the remembrance of it, that the thought of all he had loved best in her, her pretty childish ways, her grace, her beauty, and her mock imperiousness, was the predominant thought; and, blaming himself more than he blamed her, he would have returned to England by the next steamer if he could. He was not perfect; this great, honest, short-sighted Englishman, bred of the middle classes; but he was a very fair type of a gentleman who truly loves the woman he has sworn to cherish. There is weakness apparent in his hasty flight, and incapacity to stand by and look upon the desolation of his heart; still more, perhaps, in his quick following repentance and desire to return and "make it up again;" but weakness, where a woman is concerned, is pardonable in the man who loves her, and firmness too often prognosticates an absence of affection. It is so hard to hold out against anything which we can crush at will.

By the time that Colonel Bainbridge had reached his destination, therefore, he had a thousand excuses ready hatched for Lady Ethel. She was so young, so beautiful, so much admired. He had proposed to her too hastily, and without sufficient encouragement, she had never told him that she loved him; he had no one to thank for his gross error but himself. And then, was she quite unimpressible, that fair, soft, girlish creature? that, instead of attempting to provoke her love, he had deserted without giving her due warning, and left the field open to his rival? Poor idiot! madman! The only remedy he could think of was to return at once.

But when he got to Calcutta, Colonel Bainbridge experienced the unpleasant fact that when a man is bound to his profession, saying and doing are two different things. It is not in whose stead he appeared there, demanding his immediate presence with his battery up country, where a disturbance had broken out amongst some of the hill tribes, and, unable to do more than write a few hurried lines to his mother (when it came to the point, his courage failed him to address his wife), and leave directions with his agents to forward all his letters, he took the expedient means to reach his destination. Arrived there, he found the mutiny more important than he had imagined; and he was immediately placed in command, and sent to do duty somewhere in the jungle.

Here Colonel Bainbridge remained for several weeks, seeing no service, with the exception of a few skirmishes and night surprises, which he called child's play, and receiving no hurt, unless a cut across the head from a glancing spear, which he declared too trifling to demand the doctor's aid, could be called such.

Colonel Bainbridge, however (always the last person to look after himself), in this instance proved too careless; for though the wound was not dangerous, the weather was so; and a sunstroke supervening on exposure, threw his already heated frame into a state of fever which threatened his existence. For weeks he lay delirious on his bed; raving of things past, present and to come; and when his malady was at last abated, and consciousness restored, he was so feeble as to seem desirous of one thing only, and that was to die. He appeared to have lost all memory, interest, or curiosity, and the only occasions upon which his medical attendant could rouse him to anything like energy, was when he mentioned the desirability of his proceeding immediately to England, and the Colonel Bainbridge, with all the firmness of which he was master, would declare his willingness to go to Australia, the Cape, or the Mauritius, anywhere, in short, but to his native land.

"No country but England will set you up again," the doctor urged.

"Then I will die here," was his patient's answer. For during his illness, all the softened thoughts which he had entertained for Lady Ethel on his voyage out, had faded into the far distance, to be replaced by one idea, the indubitable conviction that she hated him—that she had said so—and that he must never see her more. With strength had vanished his powers of discernment, and he could only lie quiescent, and in his feeble way, rehearse over and over again the last sad scene he had gone through with his wife; until he convinced himself that the best thing for her, for him, for both of them, was that he should die where he lay, and never trouble her again.

"Yes, O Ethel! O my God! How I have loved her!"

It is this fact that accounts for the circumstance that it was five months before he returned to England. Part of that period he spent up in the jungle, unable to post letters or to receive them; but by far the larger half was passed in apathetic indolence upon his couch, when his mental condition had attained to such a pitch that he refused to open the advices which were forwarded to him; and whilst his friends were shirking for news in England, really believed himself incapable of either answering or perusing what they sent him.

But the day came when he could feign apathy no longer, when his body sprung from bed, renewed and buoyant; and his mind waking up to action, as at a trumpet-call, he seized on his large packet of hitherto despatched despatches, as the famished seize on food, and devoured them.

What a feast he found there! The first which he tore open was Maggie's long, warm letter, sent from Curzon Street, with the little smeared-over, but yet legible postscript, in the hand he loved. Could he believe his eyes, his senses? Or was this a renewal of the delirium that had oppressed him? Yet every word of the epistle he held in his shaking hand, confirmed the fact; she had misjudged herself, her heart, her feelings. His darling was his own again.

"Thank God! The aspiration as it came bubbling, bursting, welling up from the deepest depths of his great heart, and bringing a rush of scalding tears with it from his yet weak eyes, can never be expressed by printed letters. To be appreciated, it ought to have been heard; but no one heard it but the One to whom it was so gratefully addressed.

After this, the doctor found no difficulty in persuading Colonel Bainbridge to return to England, the difficulty was in preventing his travelling there in such hot haste as to materially injure a frame which was still delicate.

"But I must go, doctor; it is absolutely necessary. Affairs of the utmost importance call me home, and if rail and steam can take me there, I spend my Christmas-day in England."

"Well, Colonel, I have not had you for a patient for nothing, and if you must go, I suppose you must. Only, bear in mind that in such instance most haste may be worst speed."

Bear in mind! Could he bear in mind anything, excepting that his beloved had arrived at the true knowledge of herself, and that he carried a precious letter from her (written after her arrival at Cranshaws) next his heart, and was hastening to rejoin all he loved?

The voyage did no harm, for expectation bore him through it, and it read him a good lesson upon patience, which he sorely needed; but when he once set foot in England, he hardly allowed himself the time to eat, before he was rushing onward to the north. Oh, how lingeringly, how wearily slow the express train seemed to run with him.

"All well!" he inquired breathlessly of the groom who waited at the Borthwick station with a saddle-horse (he had particularly requested in a telegram, that the carriage should not be sent to jolt him home-wards at a foot's pace).

"All well, sir," said the man, smiling; and as Colonel Bainbridge took the reins from him, he thought his face looked very bright and cheerful, as though it held some hidden joy.

"Yet, why should it not, when joy reigned on every side of Cranshaws? Joy at the mere thought of which his own heart stood still. Not so the heels of the animal he bestrode; for as the idea crossed his mind, he struck spurs into the horse's side, and sent him clattering over hill and dale in a manner to which he had been of late but very little accustomed. Reeking and breathless he brought him a staidstiff to before the door of his own house and flung himself from out the saddle.

His mother met him in the hall. "My son! my dearest!" it was all she could find voice to say, "we are so happy."

"She is here—mother—she is well—I can see her! Oh, do not keep me waiting! If you only knew what I have suffered!"

"My dear boy, you shall see her in a minute, but I must prepare you; it was her wish you should not know of it beforehand; that there is a child—a son for you—born this morning, Thomas! and all as well as possible. Are you not thankful?"

Is gratitude expressed by sudden pallor, a fixed stare and trembling limbs? Mrs. Bainbridge was quite frightened at the alteration in her son's appearance.

"My dear, they are quite well, and Ethel is so proud—she only wants you to complete her happiness. And such a fine child, Thomas, the very image of yourself with large dark eyes. Everybody who has seen him says so; and when I took him first to his dear mother."

But Mrs. Bainbridge had to finish her interesting description of the new comer's charms to the hall-table—for darting past her without another word, Colonel Bainbridge had already scaled the staircase and gained the upper landing, where, Maggie waiting, without the least effort to detain or greet him, silently opened the bed-room, and ushered him into the presence of his wife.

It was through her instrumentality that they had been brought together again: it was fitting she should be the one to turn that handle for him.

Then the door closed, and she was left outside.

But not alone. No! Maggie, dear, generous, faithful Maggie! never again, through life or death—alone!

The room was darkened as such rooms are, and the curtains partly drawn about the bed, by the side of which stood, curtseying, a substantial nurse, who evidently considered that the bundle of flannel she pompously held in her arms was better worth inspection than all the Lady Ethels in the world. But not so the man who loved her, who, pressing past both nurse and infant, saw nothing but two weak arms stretched out to welcome him, and flew to their embrace, and found his heaven there.

"Oh, love, can you forgive?" was all she whispered, but the inquiry received no answer, and Lady Ethel never pressed for one.

There is a silence more eloquent than words—a silence during which hearts speak to one another, and souls are joined in marriage—and such a silence reigned between them now.

for all parties that I should adhere to my old plan, and go to Birmingham."

"Then I shall adhere to my old plan," said Lady Ethel, resolutely, "and refuse to live at Cranshaws."

"My darling, I thought you had quite made up your mind to occupy it for six months in the year?"

"Not without you, mother; I should be lost in this great place all by myself; and do you think I could keep baby here, ten miles from my father, and my governess as Pam of children, with me? I am some one to help and advise you. No! I am quite decided. If you go to Birmingham, baby must go to Curzon Street."

"Oh, that would be ten thousand pities, my dear, and when he is getting on so splendidly in this fine air. I am sure he is twice as big as old Hetty's grandchild; and there is only a fortnight's difference in their ages."

"I know it," replied Lady Ethel, with mock despondency, "and in Curzon Street, in all probability, he will shrivel up to the size of a prawn. But if grandmamma won't stay and look after him, he must arrive. O Thomas," with sudden coaxing earnestness, as she jumped up and placed her hand upon her husband's arm, "make your mother stay with us. No one can see after baby and me as she can. I should be lost without her. Besides, with rather less assurance and a faint blush, "it was she, you know—she, and dear Maggie—who kept me alive when you were absent, and taught me to be hopeful and patient, and to trust in God. I owe my present happiness to them; it would not seem complete if they were missing."

"Can you resist this pleader?" demanded Colonel Bainbridge, as he raised the sweet face to his own and kissed it.

"Letty, my dear! what shall I do?" said Mrs. Bainbridge, in a flutter of delight.

"Stay with them, I should say, and thank God for your son and daughter."

"But you?"

"Aunt Letty stays where you do, mother," exclaimed Lady Ethel. "Remember, Cranshaws will be deserted by us half the year, and will want its housekeepers."

"And our home will always be dear Maggie's," added Colonel Bainbridge, smiling.

"Maggie! I should think so," said Lady Ethel, as she rushed to her embrace, "Maggie, my sister—my friend—my dear, dear Maggie! O Thomas, we owe everything to her—our love, our happiness, our very selves. I dare not think what life would have been like if heaven had not sent us Maggie."

"Heaven will reward her," said her cousin, pressing her hand, and as she met the calm look of contentment with which he regarded her, Maggie felt that the reward had come.

"Hark! was not that the sound of bells?" exclaimed Aunt Letty as she flew to the window. "Ethel, my dear, this air will not hurt you, it is dry and bracing," and as she threw up the sash, the distant chime of Christmas bells came faintly, through the frosty atmosphere.

"Peace on earth and good will towards men," said Colonel Bainbridge, as he drew his cousin and his wife towards the window.

"Hark, Ethel! listen, Maggie! Peace and good will. My dear girl, how good God is to us!"

It was on that same evening that Miss Lloyd surprised Margaret Henderson in a reverie.

"My darling, what are you thinking of?" "Of Saint Ermenilda's, auntie, and the services they are holding there. How glorious they must be!"

THE TWO BRIDES.

CHAPTER I.

A PATRIARCH'S BIRTHDAY.

"How are lovely, how is Rose-ette? Oh! the joys that came down, shower-like, Of friendship love, and liberty."

"We must have water-lilies, Lucy, if we would have a perfect bouquet for dear grandmamma's eightieth birthday. He says that the lily is the symbol of immortality, and I wish I could make his life as long as that of our dear old patriarch."

"What will you get water-lilies, Rose?" asked the younger of two girls, who, at sunrise on a lovely May morning, were leaning from a greenhouse with two baskets full of the choicest flowers. "And you know, dear," she continued, "that water-lilies don't keep fresh for more than a few hours. But where on earth are you to get them, Rose-ette?"

"Oh, I know where there are plenty of them," replied Rose, and have them I will, before breakfast. I have a lily pond at Fairy Island; and it won't take me much more than an hour to gallop down to the river and back."

"Won't you let me go with you?" exclaimed her companion.

"No, no, little one!" was the answer. "I did wrong to let you get up so early, weak as you are."

"Little one, indeed!" pouted Lucy. "And too weak! I don't want to hear you say that, Rose. I am not so weak as you think, nor quite so little, after all, although I am only thirteen, and you are a young lady of sixteen."

"But, dear, you are scarcely recovered from your last attack of tertian fever, and the morning is chilly, and there is still a heavy mist on the river. Besides, I must run across to Fairy Island, for Brother Gaston, you know, is gone to fetch your father and mother for the feast, and I promised him that I should get John Porter, the gardener, to go with me to the Island."

"John, John!" she called out to an old man who was half concealed among some favorite grape-vines not far off; "Oh, John, come here quickly. I want you to do me a kindness."

The old man, bent a little by his habit of stooping over his work, rather than by the weight of his sixty-five years, came promptly at the call of his young mistress, and taking off his hat, bowed respectfully to herself and her companion.

"John," she said, "I must go over immediately to Fairy Island for some water-lilies, and be back before breakfast. Will you saddle my pony and ride my brother's hunter yourself? Now, John, we must be back before the family are up and about."

"And pray, what do you do with me?" said Lucy to her friend. "John, I insist on going too. So, please get me a saddle also."

"Nay," she continued, "I will not be refused, Miss Rose; for, though not a D'Arcy, I intend to go as bravely from the river, seeing that I worship your grandfather almost as much as if I were one of his own."

"You are a brave, generous, little thing, Lucy," was her companion's reply, as John hastened away to the stables, and the girls sped to the house to put their flowers in safety.

"You know I'm neither brave, nor generous, nor little either, for that matter," said Lucy with a saucy toss of her head. "I'm very selfish, and idle, and good-for-nothing, although a girl of thirteen. But when I'm with you, Rose-ette, I want to be like you in everything."

"Hush!" said the other as she bestowed a reproachful look on her companion. "You must not praise me for what I do not deserve. Remember how sick you have been, Lucy, and how much you have suffered these past three years. Now, that you are fast getting strong, you will be your true self again, loving, generous, and devoted to all around you."

The pale face of the younger girl was lifted up to her friend, while a look of admiring affection shone forth from the large blue eyes. She had indeed been a sufferer; this bright and gifted child of the South, and long suffering had made her since childhood the pet of her parents and their numerous servants. But the selfishness and habits of idleness bequeathed in the child by protracted ill health, sat like a heavy burden upon Lucy's better nature, and was a continual subject of self-accusation to the high-spirited little maiden in whom maturity of soul was far in advance of bodily growth.

The two girls, warmly but deftly habited for their short ride and the short row on the river, were already at the door when John the gardener and Ned, Lucy's special negro servant, came up with the horses. In an instant the ladies were in the saddle and riding down the broad avenue to the river, with John following at a little distance, and Ned taking a short cut across the lawn and through the woods to the spot where he knew the boats to be moored.

SACRIFICED HIS LIFE BRAVELY.

BROTHER BONAVENTURE DIES IN AN EFFORT TO RESCUE OTHERS FROM DROWNING.

LOWELL, Mass., Aug. 17.—A drowning accident occurred this evening on Lake Nabobsasset, in Westford, eight miles from this city, in which Brother Bonaventure, of the Order of St. Francis Xavier, lost his life in a brave struggle to save the lives of others. Four brothers of the order, two laymen and a little boy were out in a small boat gunning, when the boat was overturned and the occupants were thrown into the water. Two of the party swam ashore.

Brother Bonaventure succeeded in rescuing a seven-year-old boy. He then started to swim to the boat, clinging to which were three others of the party, but he was seized with a cramp and went down before assistance could be rendered. The three clinging to the overturned boat were rescued by three men who put to their assistance in a small boat.

Brother Bonaventure was in charge of St. Peter's parochial school here, and was universally beloved. He was known in the world as William Guthrie, was 29 years of age and was a native of Kentucky.

A LOVE-STRIKEN OCTOGENARIAN.

OTTAWA, Ont., Aug. 17.—James Armstrong, a well-to-do farmer, aged 83, who had been crossed in love, and whose attentions had been rejected by a epistoler seventy-six years of age, committed suicide to-day at Lowe, about ten miles from this city, by hanging himself to a beam in this way.

Before he committed the rash act he had been twenty minutes after life had become extinct. Before he committed the rash act he had been twenty minutes after life had become extinct. Before he committed the rash act he had been twenty minutes after life had become extinct.

THE TWO BRIDES.

CHAPTER II.

"The sheltered little vale in which the summer residence of the D'Arcys was situated, had been called by its owner—who had also been the first settler there—"Fairy Dell;" and the name was not an unapt one, for on no spot of earth, save perhaps in Andalusia, amid the foot-hills of the Himalayas—in Coshmere, the Punjab, or Bootan—did the hand of nature clothe the earth with such surpassing grandeur, loveliness, and fertility. Standing in the porch of the beautiful country-home which the venerable Francis D'Arcy had built half a century before, and facing the broad lawn which sloped gently down toward the southwest, the eye of a visitor, on this glorious May morning, would have beheld a spectacle of incomparable