ABOUT A MARVELLOUS CURE. LIVING SIX YEARS WITHOUT GOING TO

BKD

MR. EDITOR,—While spending a few days a the pleasant seaside town of Aberystwith, Cardiganshire Wales, I heard related what seemed to me either a fabrillous story or a marvellous cure.

The story was that a poor sufferer who had not been able to lie down in hed for six long years, given up to die by sulf the Doctors, had been speedily cured by some Patent Missicine It was related with the more implicate enfidence from the circumstance, as was aid, that the Vicar of Llangustyd was familiar with the facts, and could vouch for the truth of the report.

Having a little curiosity to know how much stories grow in travelling. I took that thesty while at the village of Llangustyd 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 hours 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.

The Vicar remarked that he presumed his name had been connected with the report from his hearing mentioned the case to Mr. John

Thomas, a chemist of Llands of their parish.

Thomas, a chemist of Llanon. He said Mr.
Pugh was formerly a resident of their parish.

but was now living in the parish of Llandsinol.

He strongly vouched Mr. Wm. Pugh's character as a respectable farmer and worther of

acter as a respectable farmer and worthy, of credit. I left the venerable Vicar with a liveher sense of the happy relation of a pastor and people, feeling that he was one who truly sym-pathized with a'l who are afflicted in mind,

body, or estate.
On my return to Aberystwith, I was im-On my return to Aberystwith, I was impressed with a desire to see Mr. Pugh, whose reputation stood so high. His farm is called Pancom-Mawr, signifying "above the dingle." situated near the summit of a smooth reund hill, overlooking a beautiful vildy in which is situated the lovely ivy-manthy? Church of Llanddeinol. I found Mr. Pagir, apparently about 40 years old, of medium height, rather slight, with a pleasant and intelligent face. I told him I heard of his great affliction and of his remarkable and almost muraculous relief. his remarkable and almost miraculous relief, and that I had come to learn from his own

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 taken 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 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.

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 stomach 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 someway of the throat which the Doctors as lied. 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 ia 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 arm-chair. My affliction seemed to be working downwurd into my bowels as well as upwards into my lungs and threat. In the violent cough into my lungs and threat. In the violent coughing 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 con-

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 or the medicine, sent to Aberystwith by the driver of the Omnibus Post, some seven miles distant, and fetched a bottle of Mother Seigol's Curative

This medicine they administered to me according to the directions, when to their surprise and delight no lesss than my own, the spams consed. I became at ease, and my atomach was calmed. My bowles were moved as by a gentle cathartic, and I felt a sense of quiet comfort all through such as had not before realized in many years. I could walk around the house and beathe 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 sweetly at nights and have not since had a recurrence of those terrible spasms and sweat ings. I have been so long broken down and reduced in my whole system that I have not tried to perform any very hard out-door labor, deeming it best to be prudent lest by overexertion I may do myself injury before my strength is fully restored. I fool that my stomach and bowels have been and are being thoroughly renovated and renewed by the medi-In fact I feel like a new man.

I have teen much congratulated by n., wighbors, especially by the good Vicar of Llanry-styd, who with his sympathetic wife have come three nules 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 an aggravating disease.
Believing this remarkable case of Dyspeptic Asthma should be known to the public, I beg to sucmit the above facts as they are related to F. T. W. me. For Sale by every Druggist in Montreal,

THE IRISH LEAGUE CONVENTION. Lincoln, Neb., July 2.—A Dublin despatch

states that Michael Davitt will attend the Irish National convention, to be held in Chicago on August 18 and 19, bearing with him the hearty approval of Mr. Parnell. Mr. Egan also expects a strong delegation, com posed of some of the men of the Parliamentary party.

A Most Liberal Offer.

THE VOLTAGE BELT Co., Marshall, Mich., offer to send h Celebrated Voltaic Brits and Electric Appliances thirty days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debillity, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, &c. Illustrated pamphle in scaled envelope with full particul s mailed free. Write them at once.

Here is what they used down on Long Island for a clam bake, and the cost was \$450 : Twenty bushels soft clams, I barrel of hard clams, 40 sheepsheads, 2 large Kennebec salmon, 150 lobsters, 100 chickens, 100 pounds of tripe, 6 dozen bunches of asparagus, 50 pounds of frogs' legs, 1 barrel of hard

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 Man-hood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, wit' to information, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt Co. Marshall, Mich

School property in the South is valued at \$6,000,000,000, against \$88,000,000 in the North.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN WALES LADY ETHE

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT, [MRS ROSE CHORON.] Anthor of " Love's Gonflict," " Veronique,"

etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV. Continued.

And in like manner, doubtless, many of the friends of those feelinh fellows? who were

friends of those foolish fellows, who were martyred for the faith, it old, congratulated themselves also.

But unsatisfying as were the Sunday services at Mindel Chunch Maggir Henderson delighted in them. She saw so little of congregational worship, and so seldom had the opportunity of claiming the gracious promise attached to it, that it was a pleasure to her simple soul merely to find herself amongst her fellow creatures, and to feel that amongst her fellow-creatures, and to feel that they depended for their salvation on one common hope. And when her cousin sat next her in the pew, and the same words left their ips at the same time, the pleasure was

greatly enhanced. As Mindon was the only church for several miles round in which the English service was performed, the congregation was generally composed of families who came from some distance to attend it, and it was a great rarity to see a stranger there.

Maggie could not imagine, therefore, what ailed the people when first she had leisure to notice them that morning; for they were bobbling up and down in their seats, and whispering together in a most unseemly manner; until her cousin touched her arm; and, turning her head in the direction intimated, she saw, in the pew of their neighbours the Appletons, one of those women who, by their spirit and example of selfsacrifice, are doing so much to raise the standard of religion in the Church of England -a Sister of Mercy.

There she sat, in her white head-dress and black robe and veil, attired so sembrely and yet with a face so full of cheerful, sweet content, dead to the world, but who should live when the world dies, and apparently quite unconscious of the commotion she was caus-

ing.
There was nothing in the sight of her that powerfully affected Maggie, for she knew the Sister's mission and its cause; and the tears rushed to her eyes, as a sudden new hope sprung up in her heart, that a vision of her own possible future had been granted to her. She gazed at the intresting stranger until the service commenced, and then experienced quite a difficulty in tearing her mind away from her and fixing it on the solemn work she

But Maggie did it ; for to control her in clinations had been one of the earliest lessons instilled by her Aunt Letty, though the last-named lady, guessing the cause, was quite amused by the eagerness her neice evinced to get out of church as soon as ever the service was concluded.

"The Appletons, aunt," she whispered. "Don't let them go without our speaking to them. I do so want to know who it is they had in their pew to day." But Maggie need not have been in such a hurry; there was little chance of her being disappointed, for the opportunities for gossip were too rare in that part of the country for neighbors to separate after church before they had spoken to each other. And the Appletons, who were not easy at appearing there in company with a friend dressed in so unusual and striking a manner, considered they should only be doing what was due to themselves, by apologizing to their acquaintances for the fact.

"How do you do, Mrs. Bainbridge? I hope I see you quite well, ma'um! My cousin, Miss Thomson" (indicating the Sister, who smiled pleasantly and held out her hond)—" Sister Margaret; as I suppose I should call her," with a shrug of the shoulders and a look half deprecating, half amused; and then Mrs. Appleton lowered her voice and became confiden-"A good creature, Mrs. Baintridgethoroughly good and honest, I believe-but sadly mistaken in her views, as you must

"Ob, I hope not!" murmured Mrs. Bainbridge, drawing her shawl closer around her as some vague fear of the infection of Popery flitted through her mind. "I heard that those kind of ladies did so much good amongst the poor, and were so amiable."

"I'm sure it is most kind of you to say so," replied her neighbor, returning thanks for the united Sisterhood of England. "Ah! well! we must not judge! and she has been ill. poor thing; over-worked herself, I believe, in night schools or some of these extraordi nary new institutions they have got up in London, and has come here for a few weeks to recruit her health. Miss Maggie and sho seem to be getting on wonderfully together. I have just been telling your good aunt, Miss Maggie," she continued, raising her voice again to attract the notice of Maggie Henderson, who was already talking eagerly with Sister Margaret, "that my cousin has been ill lately, and has come to Horse-ap-Cleugh

to try what Scottish air will do for her." "Oh! it will do her good! I am sure it will!" replied the girl, quickly raising her bright sympathetic eyes to the stranger's face : " it is so fresh and invigorating. Shall you stay here long?"
"I don't know, but I hope not; that is

to say, I must go back to my work as soon as possible. "And does your work take up much of

your time?" Sister Margaret smiled. "All of it-every moment-I have not one to apare ! "But that must be very trying; no won-

der it tells upon your health; and you do not look strong enough for hard work. Are you often tired? "No, indeed! I sooner get weary where I have nothing to do. When one is con

stantantly employed there is no time to think about one's self. "And you do it all for love ?" "Uh, no! My Master pays me well," returned the Sister, brightly, and the words

met with a ready echo in her hearer's breast.
"How I envy you!" she cried enthusiasti-Cally.

The stranger looked at her. Yes! there were on her face the traces of suffering, un-

mistakable to those who had also sufferedmarks that the soul had received its bartism of woe, the gold been dipped in the refiner's fire ; and her interest in the young girl was immediately awakened. Sister Margaret must have had great ex-

perience in grief to have guessed the truth so quickly, for Maggie's sorrow had not destroyed the freshness of her beauty, as it had done that of Lady Ethel; and the signs of it were only to be met with in the chastened glances of her eye, and the pensive, tremulous expression of her mouth.

She was suffering; but not so deeply as my heroine, for there was no bitterness nor self reproach mingled with her grief, and she had crying, the two women stopped upon the experienced help throughout it, of which Lady moor, and held each other in a long and Ethel knew nothing. And probably Sister Margaret guessed something of that truth

"Perhaps I may see you again, whilst I am at Horse ap Clengh," she said, cordially, as the parties were about to separate. "I

shell be glad if it is so.". "Oh! may I come and talk to you? Then on their way home, at her new born enthu-slasm for Mrs. Appleton's consin.

long before, to gain the presence of his be-

loved termenter. When Miss Lloyd began her gentle quizsing. Maggie only squeezed her arm tight, and pressed up closer to her. There never was greater love nor confidence between in than existed between these two.

"I confess I have taken a great fancy for her," she said, laughing; "but you needn't be jealous, Aunt Letty; there is no occasion, for I think it is Sister Margaret's dress that attracts me, quite as much as herself.

"Oh! my dear, how can you say so! The think it is the most unbecoming costume I GYOT'BAW." "And her name, toc," continued the girl,

musingly, "Margaret—the same as mine—it seems so curious that it should be so. "Bct, Maggie, there is nothing particularly strange in that ; it is the commencet name possible in this country."
But Maggie did not answer.

"O auntie!" she burstout passionately.
after a brief pause. "How I wish that I could be the same as she is. A life like that would cure me. To be always working for the suffering and the poor; waiting on them, and nursing them, and teaching them-there would be no time left (she said so) herself) to brood over one's own petty troubles.

Oh! how I wish—I wish that I could throw off every trammel that binds me to the world—that I could feel that I had renounced everything like comfort and luxury for ever, and go forth amongst the sick and needy, as He did, and spend the rest of my

life with them."
"Do you think you would be any the happier for it " quietly demanded Miss Lloyd, after a short silence.

"What! doing His work? Aunt Letty, I wonder you can ask the question!" "But would it be His work, my child? That is the point I should like to hear you

settle for yourcelf." "It has always been considered so," rerlied Maggie, dubiously.

"Yes, for some people—some who seem especially called, by loss of friends and consequent exemption from home ties, to make God's family their own. But you sould never im give that a woman wa- obeying God's voice by leaving her father and mother (for) band, who, with his hands threat into the instance) against their wishes, to go and wait upon the father or mother of somebody elsewould you ?"

"No; I suppose not, "To re ore, whilst we have duties at home, waiting for us to fulfil, I don't think we should even let our minds dwell too inquiringly upon a condition which is not likely to become ours, and which in all probability we should relish no better than our gaze stedfastly into the fire; for though men present one, if it did."

'I shall never be able to do anything more for Him than I do now, at that rate," said them, where there is not even a profession made, it does not take them long to shake off Maggie, heaving a deep sign. "Don't say that, my dear. Wherever we are placed we must strive to progress, daily

and hourly, in the fulfilment of our duties, both towards Him and our neighbors." "But, oh! aunt, I have been dreaming such a heavenly dream. I thought it would be so grand to rise up, and, shaking off all this sorrow that oppresses and keeps me down, to go forth into the world and succour

those who have been tried as I have. It

looked so easy-so delightful; and now you say that it can never be !" "No, Maggie, I did not go so far as that. I only said (and I am sure that Sister Mar garet would be the first to uphold my statement) that we must not imagine we can serve God better, by toreaking the duties He has

Him." "Then don't you think that women are ever right to leave home and become mem- proachful eyes to hers. bers of a sisterhood? Do you think that Sister Margaret could possibly please God better than she is doing now?"

all we have to do as servents is to obey

"My dear, I knew nothing about Sister Margaret; I was speaking only of yourself. You would like to run away and desert us all -(we value you more than ever, you know, Maggie, now that your cousin seems lost to us) -- and break your poor old uncle's heart, as I verily believe you would, in order to add your mite of work to the hundreds of hands -hands that perhaps have no one dependent

u them-laboring amongst the poor."
'Oh no! Aunt Letty, that is not true,"
eried Maggie, warmly; "you know I would never desers you. I would sooner die."

"Well, darling, you must do something more. You must try and bolieve that since you have been placed and given duties here, it would be impossible, under present circumstances, for you to serve God so well any where else.'

"I will believe it," replied the girl, in a low voice.

"I can quite understand your feelings, my dear, continued Aunt Letty, affectionately. "You have had a great and mortifying disappointment, and you would like to shake of, not only the grief, but all semembrance of it: to change place and work and companions; to change even yourself, if that were possible. But, consistently with duty and gratitude, it is not possible, Maggic, and therefore you must not even indulge yourself by dreaming of it. No che could honor the noble sisterhoods of the whole Catholic Church more than I do. They are a glory and blessing to the nations to which they belong, and I doubt not will receive an exceeding great reward when their work is completed. But, at present, my Maggie, your place is not amongst them. We should sorely miss our little Sister of Mercy

at home.' "You say 'at present,' Aunt Letty. Do you think, then, it may ever come to pass ?'

inquired Maggie, earnestly.

"If your life is spared and you continue in the same mind, my dear, there is no saying what may happen during the next fifty years. But I wouldn't speculate about it. Speculation even is a want of faith in Him who will order all things according to His will."

"But if He ever wills it, auntie; if He opens the way for me, and makes all things smooth, you would not keep me back from it. would you?"

"Keep you back, my darling? You might as well ask me if I would keep you back from entering heaven. No, Maggie, when all you speak of comes to pass, I will be the first to put that great ugly flapping cap and black veil upon your dear little head; and I don't think I could give you a greater proof of my complete resignation than that, my sweet bonnie girl!" and betwist laughing and moor, and held each other in a long and

fervent embrace.
CHAPTER XXVI. A SWORD-THRUST.

There was a slight coolness between Maggie Henderson and Lady Ethel during the re-

eagerly—so eagerly that Miss Lloyd laughed, ed, and Maggie felt that she could not conscientiously profess to be sorry for having said what she should be compelled to say siasm for Mrs. Appleton's cousin.

They were walking together arm-in-arm over the moors, in the style that Maggie loved; for the day had turned out so bright and pleasant, that they abandoned the carriage to Mr. and Mrs. Bainbridge, and presented to find their way home on footferred to find their way home on footlonel Bainbridge having ridden forward long before to gain the presence of Mis had sounded a summons to dinner.

She thought, once or twice, during that evening, that she caught Lady Ethel looking rather wistfully in her direction, as thoug she wanted to be friends again, and her ten der heart reprosched itself with being hard; but when she tried to say or do something to show that the occurrence of the morning was forgotten, the remembrance of the insult cast on her cousin-on him-and on her cousin's family, rose up to prevent it.

And so they parted for the night with the

most ordinary salutation, and Maggie began to think she should be very glad when Lady Ethel's visit had come to a conclusion.

The next day was favorable for a walk, and having ascertained that Mrs. Bainbridge wrs going to drive to Borthwick, and would not require her attendance, Maggie's desires turned towards. Sister Margaret and, Horse-ap Cleugh, only she was not sure whether, after the conversation she had held with Annt Letty, it would be right

to indulge berself by going there.

"You know, dear," she said frankly to Miss Lloyd, "that we shall be sure to talk about her work and the rules of her. Sisterhood, and all the other delights, and I shall be s shan't be able to help wishing just a little; and so if you think it best for me not to go, I will send an excuse instead." Will you promise me, Maggie, if you should see Sister Margaret, and indulge in

that sort of conversation, that you will repeat to her faithfully what you told me yes terday, and my remarks upon it?"
"Oh yes, sunt! I should have no objes-

tion to do so "Well, then, go, my dear, by all means for I am quite sure what she will sav, and that her advice will do you more good than mine.

And so, mounted on her neuv. and accompanied by two or three faverite dogs, Maggie set off for Horse-ap-Clough directly after luncheon

She did not see Lady Ethel before starting. for, either from laziness or ill-humor, the bride had lain in bed again that morning; and when she descended to the luncheco-room some time after the meal had been announced, she found it deserted by all except her husside pockets of a loose velvet coat, was lounging moedily upon the hearthrug. There had evidently been some difference between them that morning; for though Lady Kanel entered the dining-room with some clatter, and one or two outspoken complaints against the domestic arrangements of Cranshaws, he did not even move from his position, best with sad eyes and gravely-fixed mouth, continued to will be taken in and gulled over and over again by the women who profess to love sleep and rub their eyes and see. Love, unresponded to, may drag out its existence, but it is quite impossible that it should thrive. The bride did not appear to admire remaining unnoticed. She settled herself pompously in her seat, made raids upon various diehes collected round her; declared there was nothing on the table fit to eat, and then, auddenly throwing down her knife and fork, turned round on him like a little fury.

"Why on earth don't you say something? Sticking there, before the fire, and thinking of no, cas but yourself. You have no more manners than a bear!"

But the only answer that he made her was

to move towards the door.
"Colonel Bainbridge!" with an impatient which we think will be more conducive to movement of her foot, "where are you might have the civility to reply when you are spoken to ?" Then he halted, came half-way back into

the centre of the room, and raised his re-"I should hardly have thought you took so much interest in my movements, Ethel; I

am going with my mother to Borthwick."
"To Borthwick—what for?"

"To see an old friend !"

"What friend?" "No one, I think, that you would care to

hear about -my god-mother, Mrs. Hodson. "And who is she-a grocer's wife?" "No, she is not a grocer's wife," calmly disregarding the insolence of her remark, al though he flushed painfully as she delivered it; "she is the widow of a general in the

army, "Oh, dear me! what aristocratic company we are getting amongst. But I am afraid the general's widow must wait for the pleasure of seeing you. You can't go this afternoon, because I want you!"

"O Ethel, dearest !' he exclaimed, his eyes lighting up with excitement : "1 wish I thought you did want me -- that my presence were in any degree necessary to your happiness; but you know that it is all caprice, and that if I stayed at home to please you, you would probably shut yourself up in your room for the whole of the afternoon ?"

"That is as it may be," she answered, indifferently; "but anyway you must remain at Cransha as !"

But he would not allow her to press her advantage. "I am sorry to say that I cannot do so, Ethel; I have already promised to attend

my mother," 'And you set your mother before me?' "I do not, either in leve or duty, as you know well; but in this instance I must keep to my word. In the first place, I asked you to accompany us this morning, and you re-

fused"-"As if I am going to visit all the farmers wives for ten miles round!" she interposed.
"Very well! I did not press it-only I not accompanied my mother yet to see any of her friends-it pleases her as well as themand from this lady I have received a great deal of kindness ever since I was a child, Nothing could have given me greater pleasure, Ethel, than to have [introduced you to

her. "Milles remercimens, monsieur!" sho interrupted, with a scornful curtsey; "but I prefer to remain where I am, and that you re- stand just then. The tears rose behind her main here also."

"That is out of the question," he said firmly, as he turned upon his heel.
"Colonel Bainbridge, you shall stay—I in-

sist upon it," in a heightened voico. "Do not be so foolish, Ethel! Do you in our quarrel?"

"I don't care if it is! I don't care if the whole world knows how disrespectfulty you treat me! You ought to be ashamed of your self!
"Oh! my darling! my darling!" he ex-

claimed, with the vain hope that his love might touch where his determination failed, "for God's sake don't cut up all our happ:

love; this is a mere child's fancy that you have taken into your silly little head," and returning to her side, as though it was not worth his while to quarrel seriously with anything so young, and soit, and fair as she was, he put his arms round her girlish figure. But she shook herself free from his embrace, as though it had been that of a serpent.

"Don't touch me !" she oried angrily, and in her anger unheeding what she said, dare to touch me, or to speak to me ! I hate

As the assertion struck his car, he change color, his arms dropped listlessly to his sides, and, without another look, he turned away. and left the room.

and left the room.

If was the first time her unkind words had hit him mortally. Rormer ones had come and gone, cettling on his heart for a moment, and wounding as they settled; but their pain had been but transitory, like that occasioned by a stinging fly.

But these, when taken in connection with the tone, the look, the action, that accom-panied them, were as poison dropped upon his soul, the effect of which, though salved over, was never entirely eradicated.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GALL AND WORMWOOD.

Colonel Bainbridge left the house without speaking to his wife again, and as soon as the words carriage containing his mother and himself had passed the dining room windows, from which he kept his eyes carefully averted, Lady Ethel, considerably nettled to find her power was not quite so great over him as she had imagined, shook out her ruftled plumes, and went into the drawing room with the intention of making Maggie Henderson a sharer in her indignation.

But here she was disappointed, for the apartment proved to be empty. Miss Lloyd having left the house on a round of cottage visits, simultaneously with the departure of

Lady Ethel rang the bell, and hearing that everyone was out, threw herself into a chair and commenced to turn over the freshly-cut pages of the various magazines and papers with which the Castle was always liberally supplied. But they did not interest her; for. though she pretended to be completely indifferent to the scene that had just taken place between her husband and herself, in: reality she was not only piqued but a little bit unhappy on the subject; added to which there was a nesty uncom-fortable feeling knocking at her heart which hore a strong resemblance to fear lest she might have gone too far with him; and on discovering which, she experienced quite as much surprise as Colonel Bainbridge would have done. She kept glancing at the clock and wondering how long it would take him to call on "that old fogy at Borthwick;" and whether he would return home in a better humer than he had left it; and if he did not what she could do, without compromising her dignity, to bring him round again.

As this thought flashed through her mind, Lady Ethel smiled consciously to herself; for she knew, well enough, how he had been caught and entangled by the wondrous light in her liquid eyes, and the golden meshes of her hair; and that she had but to exhibit one or other of here many charms- to bring him back, adoring to

) es, Lady Ethel, it works well for a cer tain number of times; but there are limits to all things, and some wounds are more than skin deep-and not even to be healed by beauty. She was ruminating much after this fashion, when the door opening roused her from her reverie, and coking up, expectant of the entrance of Maggie or Miss Lloyd, her eyes encountered the trim, old fushioned figure of her fatherin-law.

Now there was no one at the moment whom Lady, Ethel would not have sooner evening that he had compelled her to remain ing!"

evening that he had compelled her to remain ing!"

13 was not aware that in marrying Colonel seen than Mr. Bainbridge; for since the present occasion, the grave and almost stern expression on his face seemed to warn her that their interview was not to be a pleasant

She guescod at once that he had entered with a purpose, for he was never known to occupy the drawing-room during the daytime; and yet now, first closing the door carefully Schind him, he came deliberately forwards, and took a seat by her side; while Lidy Etheli, recalling the loud tones in which

paler and moved her chair away,
"You have no need to be afraid of me, my dear," cuistly remarked the old man in a tone which was very offersive to her pride. "I have a few plain words to say to you, it had taken a dairymaid to wife, who looked is true, so I am glad that I have found you jup to and reverenced him as he deserves," and alone; lut I shall make them as mild as I feel to be consistent with my duty.

Lady Ethel started at the intruder as though she had never seca him before.

"I am not aware what you can have to speak to me about, Mr. Beint ridge," she replied, haughtily; "but whatever it may be, it is not likely to have the effect you seem to

anticinate. "Well, we shall sec, we shall sec : " said her father-in-law, in no wise discencerted by her address. "I have little desire to wound you, and therefore, if I can point out your faults without doing it, so r nuch the better! Point out her faults! hers! Lady Ethel Carr's? (Lady Ethel never thought of herself by any other name) What would the vulgar, low-born old man dare do next.

She did not say this. She only thought it, as drawing herself up majestically in her seat, she answered with cutting politeness "I am sure I am infinitely obliged by your solicitude. Pray go on. I am quite impa-tient to hear the list of my iniquities."

Mr. Bainbridge parmed and looked at the petalant beauty with a strange yearning expression in his gaze -a gaze, which, in its tender compassion, parsing over all her atannot permit your fancies to interfere with tractions, and even her faults, saw only the what I consider to be my duty. I have young spirit at war with the world and itself, and sorely standing in need of friendly ocunsel.

"My dear," he said kindly, "it is a mis fortune that you should have been left without a father at the very time when you were about to take upon yourself the most important duties of your life."

But an allusion to her father, and from Mr. Bainbridge, was more than Lady Ethel could burning eyeballs, but with a strong effort she repelled them; and the violence which she thus did her feelings, made her voice sound harsh and disc ordant.

"I will thank you not to mention my father to me, sir. You were not acquainted tend to make the whole house cognizant of | with him; his life or death can be a matter of little con sequence to you." But Mr. Bainbridge saw that he had

uched r.er, and he pressed the question. Had he been here, Lady Ethel! could he the diving-room this afternoon, what comment would he have made upon the circumstances?"

Her mind rushed back poll-mell to the mainder of that day. The bride chose to ness in this way! You know that I would darkened chamber with its maroon hang-from him, though but for a few hours; and resent the last words that her husband's do anything in reason for you, Ethel—that ings; the handsome emaciated face felt a twinge of jealousy, foothers, wy life and everything that belongs to mais pricently reclining on its pillows, and the apparent preference of the society of others. I will come to-morrow," replied Maggie, heart told her that they had been well morit. at your service; but this is not reason, my ucar faint voice recommending the man

whom she had married to her merciful con sideration.

Well! she had married him! But what right did that give this old farmer, in his leathern gaiters, and rough coat, and rougher words, to come and torolbly remind her of one of the bitterest memories of her life?

Her spirit rose against it; she was indig-ment at his presumption, and the feeling was apparent in the tones of her voice arche re-

"I was not aware that caves dropping was considered to be a virtue at Granshe have always been taught to look upon it as

vice."

16 There was no eaves dropping. Lady Ethel! You specie so loudly and with the door unclosed, that the whole house might have heard you. To me, sitting in my study, it was impussible that the sounds should not reach."

"You were quite welcome to hear thom.

I am not ashamed of what I said," she answered with an assumption of indiffer.

"Not ashamed! My dear, think twice of what you affirm. Notashamed of telling the man to whom you have been married scarcely two months-who is entirely devoted to you, and whom you have sworn solemniy to hopor and obey-that you hate him ! Surely, upon reflection, you will retract your

But Lady Ethel tossed her head in the air and was allent. "Perhaps I should not have taken upon

myself to speak to you," continued the old man, "were it not that yourseem very friendless; and that I know you hold the happiness of my only son-my only child-in your hands. He has been a very good son to us, Lady Ethet! from a boy I cannot remember that he ever wilfully disobeyed his mother or myself, and, as you may suppose, all that concerns him is of the deepest interest to us. He is very much attached to you; his whole heart appears to me absorbed in the admiration of your personal appearance" (here Lady Ethel with a smile of self-satisfaction slightly turned her face towards the speaker), "Yes! yes, my dear! I know that you are very beantiful-I am neither too old nor too vulgar to perceive that "(at this allusion the girl colored)--" but your beauty will be of little avail to you in the sight of men, and none at all in the sight of God, if it is not joined to a mesker and more tractable spirit. You have the face of an angel; but if you were to die to-night, my dear, do you think that would make you fit to take your place amongst the

company of heaven?"
"I don't know anything about it," she returned, brusquely, "and I don't care. If you have any more pleasant truths to tell me, Mr. Bainbridge, you will oblige me by doing Mr. Bambridge, you will oblige me by soing so at once, for you interrupted me in my reading, and I shall be glad to return to it."

"The reading can wait," said her father-in-law, as be laid a sacrilegious hand apon the number of "Temple Bar" she was holding before her face, and laid it quietly upon the table, "for my business is of greater importance. I must warn you, Lady Ethel-both for my son's sake and your own—against the course you are pursuing with him. He possesses a noble temperament, kind, generous and long-suffering;: but if you out-step your psivileges
—if you once thoroughly arouse his jessiousy
or destroy his fate in you—you will find his
is a nature that does not easily forges. At present you might do anything with him, for he loves you far too well for his own peace of mind, and is blind to your faults; but if you repeat the game you were playing with him this afternoon-you will do it once too often, that is all !'

Lady Ethel's cheeks were flaming, and her foot was bearing an impatient tune upon the hearthrug.
"And if I do, it is my own concern, and

no one else a " "Bardon me! It is not only his happiness but ours which you seem bent upon destroy.

fear of the old men, which was quite as Bainbridge I had menied his whole family.' when you enter a family to consider it as your own. Lady Ethel, I have felt anxious more than once lately, to learn what reason you possibly could have had for marrying my

She started from her seat, and turced upon him eyes of fire. "Not to be inputted by his father, Mr.

Esintridge. " Unly to insult himself, I suppose ! Well, my dear, I daresay von consider you done us she had spoken to her husband, grew sphade a great honor by condescending to assume paler and moved her chair away. ban (and I cannot reconcile your words this afternoon with the belief that you do love him), all can say is that I would rather he Mr. Bainbridge drooped his head upon his

breast in a very despondent manner.
"I will not stand this language any longer F exclaimed Lady Ethel, ungrily. "As if it were not sufficient that I should have lowered my father's noble name by marrying beneath my station in life, I am expected to stand by quietly and hear his daughter compared at a disadvantage with a dairymaid. I wish to Heaven your son had married a dairy maid, sir; he would in that case have taken a wife from a condition more equal to his own; but since "-(with a gasping sch)-" I have committed the irrevocable folly of linking my tate with his, I can at least refuse to subject myself to the indignity of having the fact hourly cast in my teeth by one whose age, if not his knowledge of the requirements of polite society, should have taught him better. I shall leave Cranshaws to-morrow!' And sweeping past her father in law, as though she fewed he might contaminate her, Lady Ethel flew to her room, and left Mr. Bainbridge to his own reflections.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE WEDDING VISIT IS ABBUPTLY TERMINATED. It was a real effort to Colonel Bainbridge to make himself agreeable during that visit to "the old fogy at Borthwick;" for whilst he was receiving congratulations on his marriage, and answering inquiries, all his thoughts were with the rebellious girl whom he had left at home; and his faithful heart was aching with the rememberance of the last words she had said to him.

At first he almost believed that they were true, and was tempted to despair at the idea; but as time lengthened and their cruel echo beat less distinctly on his memory, he tried to persuade himself that he also had been in the wrong, and provoked his darling to an exhibition of impatience for which, perhaps, she was alroady grieving as deeply as he was

himself. He knew that she was capricious and at times unreasonable; it was the fault of those who from her childhood had surrounded her with flattery and adulation, and he who was so much the stronger, and bound over to protect her, should have been more careful to have heard you speaking to your husband in shield her from the temptation of yielding

to such weakness.

And after all, had not her tempor risen because she was disappointed at his leaving her; because she did not like to be separated

(To be continued.)