

GREAT ACQUIRMENT IN WALES ABOUT A MARVELLOUS CURE.

LIVING SIX YEARS WITHOUT GOING TO BED

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

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 as a respectable and 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 while at the village of Llanyrdy to call upon the Vicar, the Rev. T. Evans.

He strongly vouches for the truth of the report, and as a respectable and familiar with the facts, and could vouch for the truth of the report.

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On my return to Aberystwyth, I was impressed with a desire to see Mr. Pugh, whose reputation stood so high.

Mr. Pugh, a man of about 40 years of age, 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 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 been 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 underwent any medical treatment.

My case was even 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 of appetite, and the Doctor 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 hoarseness and a raw soreness of the throat which the Doctors called bronchitis, and I was treated for that with little success.

There came a season 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 air.

About six years ago I became so bad that I could not sleep, and had to take my unquiet rest and dreamy sleep sitting in an arm-chair.

My affliction seemed to be working downward into my bowels as well as upwards into my lungs and throat.

In the violent coughing, spasms which grew more frequent, my bowels 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 depressed.

Early in this last spring I had a still more severe spasmodic attack, and my family and neighbors became alarmed, and my family and neighbors would not survive, when a neighbor, who had some knowledge, or had heard of the medicine, sent to Aberystwyth by the driver of the Omnibus Post, some seven miles distant, and fetched a bottle of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

This medicine they administered to me according to the directions, when to their surprise and delight no less than my own, the spasms ceased. I became ease, and my stomach was calmed.

My bowels were moved as by a gentle cathartic, and I felt a sense of quiet comfort throughout 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 months, 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 tried 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 set to work by the medicine. In fact I feel like a new man.

I have been much congratulated by my neighbors, especially by the good Vicar of Llanyrdy, who with his sympathetic wife have come three miles to shed tears of joy on my recovery.

I bade Mr. Pugh good-bye, happy that even one remedy for an aggravating 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 me.

LADY ETHEL

By FLORENCE MALLET, (Mrs. Ross) BRUNCH,

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

CHAPTER XLV.—Continued.

"I can't say I am. You see, his mother and I are not the best of friends, Maggie. Do you know why I am ill?" Has Dr. Chalmers told you that?"

"From over-fatigue, is it not, and perhaps a little worry combined with it?" said Maggie, affectionately, as she laid her hand on Lady Ethel's.

"Well—yes; but that is not all. I am going to have a baby."

Maggie had been looking earnestly in her face the while, but at these words she rose and, dropping her hands, turned suddenly away to the window.

"Indeed, dear?" said words were cheerfully delivered, though the voice was rather strained, "that is grand news. How pleased you must be!"

"She thought she had been reconciled to the marriage of her cousin, but this information staggered her."

"Why is it that a woman, by strength of will and steady purpose, can bring herself to contemplate the fact that the man she cares for has preferred another—can even force herself to be a friend, where she has been a lover and yet have no firmness to look on children born of such a union?"

"She can let the man go! If he has lost his love for her, with what object should she seek to please him? Let him wed elsewhere, if so it pleases him; but let it be silent, and she goes to it! She does not say so, perhaps she goes to it! She does not say so, perhaps she goes to it!"

"If she finds greater pleasure, warmer love, more constant love, in the embraces of a stranger, she is content; but may no sweet child seal the unhalloved union to bind their hearts irrevocably to each other. For children are a pledge—a sign—a token of affection—which no other thing can be; and the man who can look upon a woman and forget she is the mother of his offspring, is less than man—he is not deserving of the name. It is a sacred seal set on her which should for ever preserve her from the blight of coldness, unkindness, or neglect; and women, who have faith in the honor of the men they love, know it to be so."

Maggie would not have altered one phase of her exhortation, if she could; she had no wish but to see her cousin happy with the woman whom he loved; and yet at the thought of this new life on its way, she trembled and grew hot and cold by turns.

"I only felt it to depict her resolution. This was nature, and she was natural from head to foot; but there was a stronger power within to overcome it."

"I am not sure of being pleased," said Lady Ethel, in answer to her last observation, "it came on me as a great surprise, and I think I have been rather sorry since than otherwise."

"Oh! don't say that!" replied Maggie, quickly, as the thought of her cousin's feelings, when he should hear the news, flashed across her mind. "It will be such a blessing when it comes! Think, Ethel, of a little creature—here she halted for a moment, but only for a moment—"all your own, to love you and look up to you; there could be no greater happiness!"

Lady Ethel's breast heaved: she was not insensible to the prospect laid out before her, only she was still a little too proud to confess it.

"Well, I don't know! It will be an immense trouble, and I feel very nervous; and—and" with a quivering lip, "I am all alone, you see!"

"But you will not be alone then," said Maggie, confidently.

Lady Ethel looked away. "As all events it is inevitable," she replied, after a pause, "so it is no use grumbling about it, Maggie. Is it not nearly time for tea? I am so thirsty; and her willing messenger flew to give the required orders."

The days slipped tranquilly one after another. Maggie had nothing but good accounts to send to Cranshaws, and Lady Ethel progressed in strength and devotion to her husband's cousin; yet she was selfish in her gratitude.

Rearred in an atmosphere of self-pleasing, and accustomed to regard everything and body exactly in proportion as it ministered to her gratification, she seemed to imagine that Maggie's constant attendance in her sick-room was amply repaid by thanks and multiple caresses. She could not go out herself, and therefore it never struck her that she was suffering for want of exercise; and it was not until Dr. Chalmers had spoken to her on the subject that she asked Maggie if she did not think a walk would do her good.

Maggie was enduring a slight headache at the moment, for, used to an abundance of fresh air and exercise, she had felt the close confinement to a London bedroom more than she cared to acknowledge; but she declined to avail herself of Lady Ethel's offer till the morrow.

"To-morrow will be Sunday, you know," she said, with a smile, "and then, if you can spare me, Ethel, I should be glad to go to church. I have a friend belonging to the sisterhood of Saint Ermenilda's, and I want to attend service there."

"Saint Ermenilda's?" repeated Lady Ethel; "why, that is our church! we always go there."

"Is not the service very beautiful?" "Oh, yes! there is splendid music; and a boy in the choir with a voice like a thrush. But horribly hard chairs; I advise you to take a shawl, or something to sit down upon. And you have a friend amongst the sisters? those women with black hoods and things? how funny! I don't know any of them; but I will order the carriage to be ready at a quarter past ten to-morrow to take you there. But not more than the morning service, and I'm sure that's long enough for anybody."

And Maggie, whilst her heart beat faster at the idea of worshipping in the same church as Sister Margaret.

Yet, all this while she had been unable to say a word about her cousin Thomas. A score of times his name had been upon her very lips, but something in the face of Lady Ethel had restrained her. They had spoken of Cranshaws, of London, of the house they lived in, of the child that was expected; and yet the owner, the master, the husband, and the father, was a forbidden subject.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

CHAPTER XLVI

Saint Ermenilda's

"I suppose I may ask for your pew?" said Maggie, the next morning, as she stood by Lady Ethel's bed, drawing on her gloves, and waiting for the carriage to come round.

"I am so glad to see you, Maggie! I am so glad to see you, Maggie! I am so glad to see you, Maggie!"

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CHAPTER XLVII

The rest of the day passed very quietly, for Maggie was more thoughtful than usual, and Lady Ethel dozed, or seemed to doze, away the greater part of the afternoon upon her bed.

It was dusk when she fully roused herself again; a soft air was creeping in at the unglazed windows, and the figure of her friend was but just discernible in the dim twilight.

Lady Ethel turned upon her heated pillow with a deep drawn sigh. Something had affected her; she was more low-spirited than usual.

"How long the days are and how horrible and silent everything appears! Why don't you light the candles?"

"Too soon, is it not? and I thought that they might wake you."

"I have been awake for hours. What are you doing, Maggie? You can't be reading, though you have a book in your hand."

"No; it is too dark. I was thinking of Ethel."

"Of what?" "The sermon which I heard this morning."

"What a lively subject!" "It was very interesting, as you would acknowledge had you heard it. So short and yet so practical, and to the point. It was on charity and the erroneous manner in which some people translate the word. The preacher said that, doubtless, there were many women present who, in a moment of excitement, would throw a bracelet into the offertory bag, or bestow a shawl they wore upon a beggar, who would be incapable of resigning the enjoyment of an hour in order to set a good example, or gratify the wishes of another! So true; is it not?"

"I daresay it is, with a yawn; 'only I have not much faith in all that self-denying business, and people pretending that it gives them pleasure.'"

"Have you not?" The remark struck Maggie painfully, remembering, as she did, how often her cousin had given up his will to Lady Ethel's, and sought no return. "But you must often have seen and admired it, Ethel. There is nothing so lovely as unselfishness."

"We were not addicted to practising the virtues of Lady Clevedon's?"

"And I have seen so much of it," said Maggie, musingly. "I believe my dear uncle was one of the most unselfish creatures that God ever made."

To this remark there was no answer. "I have been thinking so much of him to-day," she went on, presently. "I wanted him in Saint Ermenilda's. He had never attended any but country services, you know, and fancied nothing else would please him; but he was so thoroughly good and unaffected, so ready to believe that, in religion, everybody must be before himself, and so anxious to promote the glory and honor of God, that I think he would have altered his opinion. He would not but have acknowledged the grandeur of what I heard to-day, as a fitting tribute to the King of kings, and his heart would have thrilled and melted under it as mine did. Dear uncle?"

Still there was no answer to her observations, but Lady Ethel turned restlessly about, until her head was turned from view.

"Of course I can't expect that you should follow me," continued Maggie; "you saw so little of him, but—"

"I wish you wouldn't speak to me of him!"

The words came so abruptly and so vehemently, that her companion started.

"Not of my uncle? O Ethel! surely you are not cherishing resentment for him still. Remember where he is—and that he can never vex you more!"

"It is not that!" The voice which spoke was broken.

"Not that? Dear Ethel! what have I said to make you cry? You cannot believe that he has not forgiven; he who forgave you over and over again, before he died."

"Did he? O Maggie!" and round came the penitent arms to clasp themselves about her neck.

"Don't sob so! dear, don't sob so, or you'll upset my calmness too. The occasion for it is all past. He will never feel annoyance or vexation more."

"But I—I never shall forget," said Lady Ethel, weeping.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

CHAPTER XLVIII

HOME AT LAST

"You will tell him, what you told to me?" "Some day, perhaps. I have had written some letters, but rarely I find it in my heart to write them."

"Do you imagine he will thank you care to hear from him?" "He has not asked me yet. And we have not yet received the news of his arrival in California."

"I know the address of his agents, who will forward the letter to him."

But still Lady Ethel did not attempt to take either pen or paper from her hands, and Maggie saw her errand for the time was fruitless.

"May I write to him, Ethel?" she enquired, after a pause.

"Of course. What has my leave to do with it? He is your cousin."

"Yes; but you know what I mean. May I write and tell him you are ill, and lonely, and in bad spirits, and that he must come home?"

"If you like," after a slight hesitation; "but nothing more, remember, Maggie! Now promise me."

"You shall read my letter," was her answer, "and send or tear it up, as seems agreeable to you. That is a fair bargain, is it not? And now I must go and write it, or it will not be ready for to-morrow's mail."

In another hour she returned. "There is my production, Ethel," placing two crossed sheets of paper in her hand; "a fearful scribble, but I dare say you will be able to decipher it; and there is the envelope ready stamped and directed. If you don't like my letter, tear it up, but if it meets with your approval, you had better send it to the post at once. I am just going round to see Sister Margaret, but shall be back before your luncheon time. Good-bye," and with a kiss she left her.

Lady Ethel regarded the sheets before her with somewhat of dismay. She knew Maggie's energetic character; and felt as though she held her own fate in her hands.

At one time she thought that she would send them to the post unread; but curiosity overpowered the half-formed resolution, and she commenced to peruse them. And as she read, and her own heart was laid bare before her, the tears gathered in her eyes and fell upon the paper.

Maggie had not spared her, had not meant to spare her. She spoke from the depths of the mental anguish she had suffered and divulged to her at Cranshaws; enlarging on her love for Lady Ethel, and his bitter disappointment at the discovery it was not reciprocated; and then she touched upon the present weakness of his wife, her loneliness and need of careful treatment, and begged him to return to England as soon as it was possible to do so. And her allusions and entreaties pierced the very heart of the woman for whom they had been written.

Maggie had dexterously placed a pen and inkstand by the side of Lady Ethel's bed, and as she came to the end of the epistle, where a little slip of fair paper had been left unwritten on, he longed to have some communication with the man whose hands she touched it, next grew too strong for her reluctance, and, seizing the pen, she hurriedly, just below his cousin's signature, wrote, "Oh, come! Do come! I want you!"

The deed done, she felt half ashamed of it. Supposing she should refuse a reconciliation and desire her to write no more, or taunt her with having made an ineffectual act of amilliation. Alarmed at the idea, Lady Ethel smoothed over the words she had transcribed, to render them, as she thought, illegible; but the ink had already sunk into the thin foreign paper, and having disfigured without effacing them, she hastily folded the letter, and enclosing it in the envelope, ordered Lizzie to have it taken to the post.

"Is it gone?" cried Maggie, when she returned from her visit; and being assured in the affirmative, told Lady Ethel that she would lay her a thousand pounds; if she had them, that in two months' time Colonel Budge would be back in England.

"I don't believe it," said the wife, despondently; "it takes more than a letter to make up a quarrel like ours—besides, two months! just fancy, Maggie, what a time it wait! It seems an eternity in prospect."

Nevertheless, she was much more cheerful after the letter was posted than she had been before, and that evening, when Maggie was bidding her good-night, said, rather awkwardly, but with evident sincerity—"If you are going to read—you always do so, do you not?—you may just as well read here as in your own room."

So Margaret Henderson sat down again by the bedside, and read a certain gracious promise to the intent that, though a woman may forget her sucking child, there is One, whom we can never be either forgotten or forsaken.

"I cannot remember my mother," said Lady Ethel, thoughtfully (she had alluded more than once of late to the same subject); "but I have heard my father say that the last word she uttered was my name. A mother's love must be a very holy thing."

"Yes, or it would not have been chosen as a type of His. But, I thank Heaven, I have never known the loss of it. Aunt Lizzie has been my mother."

"Is she so good to you?" "Oh, very good; so sweet, and patient and forbearing. She has never made the least difference between me and Cousin Thomas, although he is her own child, and she does not on him. And in sickness or trouble, there is no one like her; except, indeed, Aunt Lizzie, who is my peculiar property."

Lady Ethel sighed. "It must be very sweet to have a mother, she repeated.

"You have one, Ethel." The blue eyes were fixed inquiringly on her face.

"Aunt Lizzie. Who could be more a daughter to her than her dear son's wife? And I am sure that no one would be willing to set a mother's part to you. She would love you just the same as if you were her own. For his sake, if for nothing else."

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CHAPTER XLVIII

HOME AT LAST

The time went on, until Maggie had nearly been a month in Curzon street, and Lady Ethel had so far regained her strength as to be allowed to move about the house, and take carriage exercise. But she never cared to drive out in the Park, nor would she go anywhere without her friend. Maggie seemed to have become indispensable to her, and she old haunts distasteful; so, by mutual consent, they made daily excursions into the surrounding country, and spent as little time as possible in the crowded thoroughfares.

Yet even with this precaution it was not practicable for Lady Ethel entirely to avoid the remembrances that pained her. More than once, as she and Maggie Henderson drove out together, they came in contact with the shrewdly-appointed carriage, containing a handsome woman, with a child seated by her side; a woman who, passing Lady Ethel without apparent recognition, stared with supercilious contempt at her companion, eliciting a justly-deserved condemnation from the lips of her step-daughter.

"There is my father's widow, Maggie; it is a specimen of courtesy for you. Not that I am so glad to see you, Maggie! I am so glad to see you, Maggie!"

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