

A MORNING CALL.

'What's the matter, Viola?'
'I'm bothered to death.'
'Why?'
'With these horrid bills—it's quarter day or something—I believe every year has sixteen quarter days!' and she brought down her white hand angrily upon a packet of freshly opened bills lying before her on her writing table. A pretty looking woman sitting in a pretty room, perfectly dressed, with fair, well arranged hair, and delicate white hands. Opposite to her was seated a man—youthful and good looking, stretched indolently in an easy chair.
'Tell George about them,' he said.
George's wife looked troubled.
'He makes such a fuss now, and scolds, and is so disagreeable that I hate asking him for money.'
'Borrow of me.'
'You dear, kind Jack, certainly not. One beggar can't rob another! Besides, you've no idea of the awful sum I want. Oh, dear, I'm so miserable!' And big tears stood in the lovely eyes that had given her the name of Violet.

'Don't worry,' he said, turning away so as not to see her tears, 'tote up the amount you owe, and tell me what it comes to.'
'I've done that already. I've been at it all the morning—it's a frightful amount—it comes to 2,000 pounds.'

Jack gave a low whistle.
'Great Scott! I've nothing like that. How much does George allow you?'
'A thousand a year.'

'And can't you manage on that? Why, once we should have thought it a fortune!'
'Of course, but you see, I do spend a lot upon my clothes—no one can dress as I do upon much less, but that's not it, the fact is I have an awful drain upon me. Oh, Jack, I'll have to tell you, for I must confide in somebody, and you are such an old friend. I wouldn't if you were rich, because then you would want to help me; but perhaps you can help me with advice.'

'Tell me,' he said quietly.
'Well, you remember, don't you, the dear old days at home, when you were so much with us?'
'I should rather think I did! That was a jolly little house your poor mother had on the river! We did have good times, didn't we?'
'Yes; but I'm afraid Molly and I both got the name of being rather imprudent.'

'Beastly gossip!'
'Yes, but I'm afraid we gave cause for it. Look how you and I used to go for moonlight excursions on the river, to come back to find Molly and Captain Dacres walking in the wood!'
'There was always that horrible old woman, Madame Devonne, about!'
'Hateful creature!' Violet exclaimed, angrily.

'And after all, what harm did we do? Why, I never even kissed you except once!' and he sighed.
'Yes—only once,' and she laughed and blushed; 'but I must go on with my story. You remember the first time Captain Dacres brought George to see us?'
'Perfectly,' he said drily.

'And how mamma called me up to her room and told me, with tears in her eyes, that she felt sure that she had not long to live—don't look at me, Jack, for I can't help crying when I talk of mamma—and how poor Molly and I would be when she died, because some pension stopped at her death, and then she said that she had heard that George was a good man and very rich, and that her one prayer was that he might take a liking to one of us.'

'And he plainly showed the very first visit that he had taken a liking to Vi?'
'Yes, I think he did. Well, to go on—I'm awfully ashamed of what I have to tell you' and a deep blush spread itself up to the roots of Violet's hair, that lovely, dark gold hair that was part of her charm.
'All right; don't mind me.'

'You know,' she went on, nervously, 'just about that time, in spite of our brotherly and sisterly protestations, I had begun to be fond of you—at least' (with an awkward laugh) 'I fancied I was!'
'By Jove!' and he turned quickly in his chair and looked with a strange expression in his eyes at the lovely woman before him.

'I know it was very silly and very horrid of me, because, of course, I knew all the time that you only thought of me as a nice sort of sister.'
Jack gave a harsh laugh and rose to light a cigarette.

'Well, when George proposed to me I was dazzled by the idea of being his wife and living in a big house, and having lots of diamonds and carriages and things, and above all, dear mamma was so relieved and happy, and so I said 'Yes!'
'You did quite right,' he said quietly.

'But, you see, Jack, when I accepted George I did not love him. I found him cold and shy, and I felt half afraid of him, so just before the wedding day I did a dreadful thing. I—I wrote a letter to you and asked you to run away with me, and I told you I was much fonder of you than I was of George, and in short, I wrote a very silly letter, full of nonsense I did not half mean, because just about then I had begun to feel that I might learn to love George in time.'

Jack's face was ashen; his mouth was firmly set and his hands clenched.
'Madame Devonne came into my room as I was writing, and, afraid lest the letter should be seen, I thrust it into my blotting book. Then Molly called up that George was waiting for me downstairs; I ran down and then he gave me that lovely pearl necklace, and he seemed to lose his shy manner and told me how he loved me, and he was so nice and—somehow what he said gave me a new, odd sort of feeling toward him, and I knew for the first time since our engagement that—well, that I cared for him.'

Jack walked to the fireplace and knocked off his cigarette ash, and Violet went on:
'I forgot the letter till late, and then I thought what an idiot I had nearly made of myself, and knew that it was only a nervous sort of sentimentality that had prompted me to write, and I grew cold with fright lest someone should read it. I hunted through the blotting book to burn it, and could not find it, so I thrust the book into the drawer and locked it—every thing was in such a hurry at the last, you know. Well, then we married and went to Paris and had a lovely time. He was wonderfully good to me, and I learned to love him so dearly that I could not imagine having ever thought I cared for anyone.'

Jack gave a curious sort of cough, half like a choke, and his hand went up to his collar, and he drew it aside from his neck.
'And then we came home here, and kind in all his arrangements for me that I was more than ever touched by his goodness, and I grew so fond of him that I was never happy when he was away from me. But now everything is changed. He does not seem to care for me any more,' and a sob choked her utterance. 'He never goes anywhere with me. He hardly ever speaks, and when I hinted that I had an awful lot of bills, and I didn't know how I should pay them, he said, in a stern voice, that I had ample allowance, and must make it do.'

'But, surely, Vi,' Jack said, in a husky voice, 'a thousand a year is more than enough for you to dress upon.'
'Of course it is.'
'Then why that pile of bills?'
'Now we come to the point. That old wretch Madame Devonne had found my letter, and one morning when George was out she called and asked to see me. You know I never liked her, but I was so happy that I felt in charity with everybody. She began by being very pleasant, admiring everything, and saying how well I looked and all that sort of flattery, and then she produced the letter from her pocket. 'Oh, I'm so glad you have brought it to me!' I exclaimed, and held out my hand for it; but why did you take it?' I asked.

'I am very poor, Violet,' she answered, 'and I am getting old—I work no more—I will repose myself.'
'I said something evil and asked for my letter. Then she showed her hand and told me that unless I paid her well she would at once send that letter to my husband.'

Jack started to his feet with a furious exclamation.
'In vain I pleaded, then I grew angry, but it was all of no use I knew to read such a letter would break George's heart—he would never believe in me again for it would put me such a wicked—though, thank God, such a false—light that I should lose his love forever. At last I gave in and promised her everything if she would only give me back the letter. This she refused to do, but said as long as I paid her well she would not send it to George. I have given her hundreds, and at last I had to write and tell her that I had no more to give.'

'Could you not have told George the whole truth?'
'I often longed to tell him, but it is all so difficult to explain, and if he ever saw the letter, he would find me judged by my own handwriting.'
'Poor little Vi! I'm so glad you told me. Now I must be off.'
'Before luncheon? Oh, Jack, and I thought you would try and help me.'
'I am going straight to Madame Devonne, and if I kill her, she will give up that letter.'

'Oh, Jack! Can you really do this? Oh, how thankful I shall be.'
'Give me the woman's address.'
Violet eagerly wrote it down with trembling fingers, and then grasped his hands in hers. 'You have always been so good to me, Jack, and I wish George liked you—somehow I fancy he doesn't; he will when he knows you better, but now—'
'Now I think he's a fool to be rough on the sweetest wife a man ever had. I say, Vi, did you ever get a letter from me a little before your—your marriage? You never answered it.'

'No, I'm quite certain I didn't. Was it anything of importance?'
'Oh, no, it didn't matter. Well, I must be off.'
'What's that? It sounded like George's step!' Violet said suddenly.
Jack walked to the door and opened it.
'No one is there—a footman gone to the post most likely. I heard the front door bang.'

'Do just come into the dining room and have a little something to eat before you go,' Violet entreated.
'I couldn't eat anything till I've tackled that fiend of a woman.'

In a few minutes Jack was driving rapidly across London in the direction of Notting Hill. 'I'm glad she never got that mad letter of mine,' he said to himself with a sigh. 'I suppose that vile Frenchwoman got hold of it. Well, I shall go back to India, and stay there till I feel cured of my folly.'

Lord George Maitland at the same time was driving far ahead of Jack in the same direction. Arrived at a certain door in a small street in Notting Hill, he asked for Madame Devonne, heard she was in, and was admitted. 'Let no one else come in while I am here,' he said to the servant, slipping a sovereign into her hand.

Madame Devonne was seated by the fire, knitting, with the remains of a dejeuner-a-la-fourchette on a table at her side. 'Ah! milord, it delights me to see you!' she said, rising and holding out her hand.

Lord George bowed. 'Sit down, Madame,' he said, sternly. 'I have but one thing to say—give me at once the two letters of which you sent me copies, one written by Lady George Maitland and the other by Captain Staunton.'

'Ah, milord, but I have them not.'
'It is useless to lie. Give them to me at once, or I will have you arrested on the charge of blackmailing, chantage you call it in your country.'

'Ah, but Violet is clever! She has confessed to her good husband; she says she means nothing, and milord believes, and yet she loves the handsome Jack, and—'
'Silence!' thundered Lord George. 'Not another word! You have been blackmailing my wife for many months; you have made her life miserable and mine a hell upon earth! You tried to make me believe that Captain Staunton was receiving from my wife the hundreds of pounds that you were compelling her to pay you as hush money. But all this villany has come to an end. Your letter of this morning has led to a very different issue to what you anticipated. According to your advice I went home unexpectedly. I stood unseen in the conservatory behind the boudoir and lowered myself, through your slanderous tongue, to spy—yes, to spy—upon my own wife! But I learned the truth—the whole truth. If you were a man, Madame, I should horsewhip you. As it is, you will give me those two letters immediately. I advise you to give them up quietly.'

Madame Devonne rose without a word, and, unlocking a drawer, took out two letters, which she handed to Lord George. He glanced over them quickly, and then put them into his pocket. 'I think you will leave London shortly?' he inquired in a meaning tone as he rose to his feet.
'Probably,' she answered coolly 'your vile climate gives me the migraine, the spleen. And, as you say in your ugly language, "the game is up."'

Lord George, without another word, left the room and went out into the street.
'That vile woman was right,' he said to himself. 'I have been a fool—a blackguard to have believed anything wrong against my darling little wife, and to have spied upon her. Brute that I was! But I will make it up to her—my Vi, my darling, never again shall you have an unhappy moment! And he called a hansom and drove rapidly home.'

The next morning Violet received a letter from Jack:
'Dear Vi—I went to Madame Devonne's house yesterday and found her out. I went again in the evening, when the servant told me that she had left for Paris in a hurry. Shall I follow her up? Yours ever,
'JOHN STAUNTON.'

The answer came quickly:
Dear Jack,—Come to luncheon at 2. George told me to ask you. He came home yesterday just like his old self, and was so sweet and nice to me. He asked me if I had any bills, and wrote a cheque for them, saying he liked doing it, and in the end I told him everything, and he was so happy and good. Your happy old friend, VIOLET.'

'P.S.—I really believe George is quite fond of you, after all.'—St. Paul's London.

Two Volcanic Eruptions.
You may say it is no great thing to walk an aggregate of 88 miles in one week. Nor is it, for a man in good form, who is more or less used to walking; but for a man no longer young, who hasn't been really sound for thirty years, and who for ten years had such a bad knee that he feared he should have to undergo a surgical operation—why, for him, I should say, it is a pretty fair record.

The man I am talking about is Mr. Henry Champion, of Kosedale West, Pickering, Yorkshire. His business is mining, yet he is also a local preacher and lecturer, and is well known and highly respected in his district, where he has resided for 30 years.

About 1863 it was that Mr. Champion had a bad attack of jaundice. Two doctors, who were successively appealed to, failed to relieve him, and he went to the York hospital, where he was under treatment for several weeks.

It is just as well to say here, and now, that jaundice means that the blood is loaded with bile, due to the swelling of the intestinal mucous membrane at the point where the bile makes its exit. Thus jammed back, the bile—which is a poison when in the blood—fills the tissues and causes the skin discoloration so well known as one of its symptoms. The prime cause of all is gastric catarrh, which has extended beyond the stomach into the intestines.

There, now let us have Mr. Champion's account of himself in his own words. In a letter, dated May 31st, 1893, he says: 'After my experience with the jaundice I had for many years, off and on, attacks of indigestion and palpitation of the heart. Still, I got on fairly well up to July of last year, 1892.'

'At that time the foundations appeared to be giving away beneath me. I had a foul taste in the mouth, a poor appetite, and pain at the sides and across the chest after eating; also a gnawing sensation at the pit of the stomach. I was constantly belching up a sour fluid, and was much troubled with pain and palpitation at the heart; at times I also had attacks of dizziness and pain at the top of the head.'

'It wasn't long before I became so weak I could scarcely walk about; indeed, I had no strength for anything. In September I was so bad that I was obliged to resign my situation as under-manager at sheriff's Pit. The weakness increased upon me, and I began to fear there was no reason to hope I should ever recover.'

'I consulted two doctors, but received no benefit from the medicines prescribed by them.
'In this miserable condition I lingered along until February of this year, when I heard from a friend of mine of the benefit he had derived from the use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I began taking this medicine, and was soon able to digest my food. Then I began to gain strength rapidly, and in two months was back at my work as strong as ever, and walked 88 miles during one week.'

'I may mention that for ten years I had a bad knee; I feared the bone was damaged, and expected to have to undergo an operation. But whilst taking Mother Seigel's Syrup, to my surprise and delight, all the trouble left my knee, and I can now walk without pain. Had I known earlier of this remedy I should have been spared great misery and expense. I will gladly answer inquiries concerning my case.—Yours truly, (Signed) Henry Champion.'

Mr. Champion has told his own story so plainly that little is left to be said beyond expressing our own pleasure at his restoration to health. The jaundice with which his open and obvious illness began was the result of gastric disarrangements which existed some time before, although he probably did not greatly notice or heed them. Then came the sudden outbreak in his early life; then a long comparative suppression of the evil; and then the second outbreak in 1892. It was a slumbering volcano with two eruptions. The leg trouble was the result of uric acid poison in the joint, the same as in rheumatism and gout—all caused by the stomach fermentation.

He will be wise to look out for it in future, and use the Syrup on the first sign of indigestion. In this way he may ward off the enemy and do his work unmolested.

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Wholesale Depot:—67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

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