

NELLO.

THE STORY OF MY LOVE.

CHAPTER IX.

Lady Jesmond went at once to the head of the table, taking her place there as though it had been her custom for years. She smiled and nodded familiarly at me as she took her seat, but made no remark. She talked gaily and brilliantly during dinner, and did not seem at all conscious of being in a strange position; nor did she appear to realize that her coming could have caused me any pain. She spoke without constraint, and evidently had nothing to conceal. She looked round the luxuriously-appointed dinner-table with undiminished satisfaction. "It seems a strange turn of fate that has brought me here," she said, "and made me mistress of all this wealth *pro tem*."

"You can scarcely call it *pro tem*," said Mr. Benson. "Your son is a long way from his twenty-first birthday. How old is he now?"

"He will be two years old in September," she replied; "so that I shall be queen regent for almost twenty years. I shall heartily enjoy my regency in this delightful spot."

I looked at Mr. Benson, and he at me. The words struck me as exceedingly strange, for it is not often that one hears a young widow speak of the years she must pass without the society of her husband as enjoyable ones.

"Did my cousin Paul talk much about Jesmond Dene?" I asked her.

"Not very much," she replied.

"Did he seem angry with Sir William?" asked Mr. Benson.

"No, not angry—that is not the word," she answered quickly. "He was vexed at what he considered his meanness."

"It was strange that Captain Jesmond made no allusion to his marriage," remarked Mr. Benson.

Lady Jesmond laughed, giving her head a dainty little toss at the same time.

"I do not think so," she answered. "I had no fear on the subject of matrimony began and ended with the one piece of advice—the must marry someone with money. Unluckily I had none."

"You could not expect to monopolize all the good gifts of this world," said the lawyer politely.

She laughed; and truly her laugh was like a silvery chime.

"Paul said he should never write to Sir William about his marriage, but when he could get leave of absence, he should bring me home. He had an idea that I was quite irresistible, and that Sir William had only to see me to love me," said Lady Jesmond, looking into the lawyer's face with an expression which fairly bewildered that good man.

"What do you think Mr. Benson? Would Sir William have liked me?" she asked innocently.

"I am afraid he liked nothing but gold," the lawyer answered.

She laughed merrily, disclosing as she did so her even pearly white teeth.

"I had no idea," she remarked presently, "that Jesmond Dene was so extensive, or that Sir William was so rich. Paul spoke of him as a wealthy man; but I did not think he had such unbounded wealth."

"It is a pleasant surprise," said Mr. Benson.

"Very pleasant," replied Lady Jesmond, with a bright little laugh. "When one has suffered all one's life as I have for want of money, such a surprise is, I can assure you, fully appreciated."

I liked her better after these outspoken expressions. She was evidently not in the least ashamed of having been poor.

"More than half the world live in misery from want of money," she continued. "My parents were comparatively poor, and I had to leave home when I was quite a girl to earn my own living."

Mr. Benson ventured to suggest that early contact with the world helped to form and brace the character.

"If it be so, I have had a long experience," she said laughingly, "for I began to teach when I was very young."

Not certainly she had no false pride. I had never heard any one speak more openly, and I liked her for it.

When dinner was over, we left Mr. Benson with his bottle of favorite old port, and returned to the drawing-room. Lady Jesmond appeared absorbed in deep thought, and it was only when I was about to leave the room to visit Aunt Annette that she broke the silence.

"Stay with me, will you, Miss Gordon?" she said. "I feel lonely and strange to-night."

"Ah then," I thought to myself, "she is not devoid of feeling; but her strong will keeps the emotional side of her nature hidden from the world."

"I will stay with pleasure," if you desire it," I answered.

She crossed the room, and came over to where I was standing. How well I remember the scene! The sun had set and the lovely landscape was shrouded as by a misty veil. The French windows were wide open, and the perfume borne on the evening air filled the room.

"What a fair sweet night!" I remarked.

She looked calmly in her eyes.

"It is well enough," she said; and then, laying her hands on my shoulders, and looking down for she was taller than I—into my face, she added slowly, "Miss Gordon you have great reason to hate me and my little son."

"I have no reason to entertain any such feeling towards you or the child," I replied half indignantly.

"How long have you been here?" she asked.

"I came at the beginning of February," I answered.

"Time enough for you to grow deeply attached to Jesmond Dene," she remarked in slow measured tones.

"I love it with all my heart," I confessed.

"You have grown accustomed to receiving a large income—to doing what you like with vast sums of money?"

"I was not long in learning the lesson," I answered with a smile.

"Mr. Benson tells me that you have begun many improvements on the estate—that you are building schools, an hospital and almshouses."

"It is true, Lady Jesmond."

"He tells me also that you are already a model lady of the manor."

"He is very kind to say so," I answered

with a glow of pride at the thought that my son and I had been appreciated.

"Do you know, Miss Gordon," she said, drawing nearer to me, "I am exceedingly sorry? Not sorry that my son will succeed to what you have looked upon as your inheritance; but I am truly grieved because of the great loss you have sustained."

She spoke so kindly that my heart was touched.

"It is," I admitted, "a great loss. Still I have no right to complain of the course events have taken. It is right that Paul's son should inherit what is legally his. I do not see that any one is to blame."

"You might have been spared the pain of all this had more care been exercised by those whose duty it was to make the fullest inquiries," she said.

"Yes; but I shall not give up all hope and pleasure in life because I have lost Jesmond Dene."

She looked at me earnestly—so earnestly that I could not be offended when she said—

"You are beautiful enough to marry well."

"I shall not redeem my fallen fortunes by marriage," I answered; but my heart throbbed wildly and my face flushed as I spoke. Marriage meant love, love meant Nello; and again the music of the rightingales seemed to ring in my ears, and I heard him whisper "Felicia."

"Well, said Lady Jesmond, "we won't speculate as to what might have been, but will confine ourselves to the stern reality of what is. I thought when I came here that you would be my bitterest enemy, that you might possibly contest my claim."

"No one could contest your claim who had looked into little Guy's face," I replied, "for he is the very image of Paul."

"Still it was in your power to make things very disagreeable," she continued. "You might have given me much trouble; but you have yielded at once so generously, so gracefully, so kindly, and I may add, so nobly that I cannot help saying that I am deeply grateful to you for my son's sake. I thank you, Miss Gordon. And now I want to ask a favour of you. Will you stay here at Jesmond Dene with me—for a year at the very least? I do not know what your plans for the future may be; but this I promise you—you shall not leave Jesmond Dene without a handsome dowry. Before anything is settled, give me the promise that you will remain with me for a year—not as mistress of the house, but as my companion and helpmate. You say you loved your cousin Paul—promise me for his sake."

"Will you tell me why you require that promise, why you desire me to stay with you, Lady Jesmond?"

"Yes, as frankly as you ask. I am a stranger here, and I shall feel lonely. The position is new to me, and I do not quite know how to fill it. I should be glad to learn from you if you will teach me. I am not accustomed to the management of a large household, and I am not sure even whether I understand what is and what is not etiquette in England. Will you stay and teach me?"

In response to her earnest pleading eyes, I promised, not that I would remain with her for a year, but that I would stay as long as I could.

"So much may happen in a year," I thought to myself; I would not promise for a year.

CHAPTER X.

On the following morning Lady Jesmond asked me to show her over the house. It was still early when we went through all the suites of luxuriously furnished rooms.

"I had no idea the place was so large," she said time after time; and the more she saw of it the more serious she grew. "What a place to live and to win!" she murmured.

"How could Paul leave such a home?" she added wonderingly.

"He preferred independence to luxury," I answered.

Then from the lawn I pointed out to her all the beauties of Jesmond Dene—the restless sea in the distance; the fragrant pine-forest; the shady woods; the clear deep river; the fertile meadow-lands—ah, and even the steep green hill from which I had surveyed the smiling landscape, believing it to be mine—all mine!

"I must be hard for you to give it up, Miss Gordon," she said again.

"It is hard; but I shall do it with a good grace," I answered. Then, thinking that she would like to see her boy, I suggested that we should go to the nursery.

"What for?" she asked, opening wide her bright blue eyes.

"To see little Guy," I replied.

"He is a bright," she said curtly; "nurses will take good care of him. The little gentleman lives in clover, I assure you."

"What is the nurse's name?" I asked suddenly, without any particular reason.

For a moment I was startled by the change that overpiled her countenance. She looked at me with a vague expression, as though she did not know; then recovering herself quickly, she answered—

"Mrs. Rivers."

"Has she been with you long?" I asked.

"No," she replied carelessly; "I brought her with me from India. I engaged Mrs. Rivers on reaching England."

"You had good reference with her without doubt?" I said.

"She is well known to some very near and dear friends of mine," replied Lady Jesmond, "and is an excellent nurse. I can trust little Guy with her at all times."

"She struck me as being a rather queer woman," I ventured to say.

"In what way?" asked Lady Jesmond; and her voice seemed to grow sharp and harsh.

"Rather above her station, I fancied—ladylike; and she speaks well," I answered.

Suddenly the roses she had been gathering fell from her hands, and I noticed that her face grew white and that a slight tremor passed over her.

"You are ill, Lady Jesmond?" I cried.

"No," she answered; "I am only cold. Though you call it summer, there is no warmth in the sun." Yet she did not look cold, but frightened and ill.

Longing to see more of Paul's little son, I went to the nursery when Lady Jesmond retired to her room. It struck me at once that the nurse was not very pleased to see me.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Rivers," I said.

She looked at me with an expression of blank surprise, and after a moment's hesitation returned my salutation. I knew from tradition that nurses are autocrats, and as I desired to see much of the child, I perceived that I must come in a h

"May I see the little one and play with him a short time?" I asked.

She looked at me half hesitatingly and I felt sure she longed to say "No," but she smiled and answered politely—

"Certainly, if you wish it, Miss Gordon."

And then she brought the child, who was laughing and crowing with delight, to see me.

I took him in my arms and I caressed him; but when he saw that I was a stranger, the merry laughter died away, and the eyes so like his father's looked with pathetic inquiry into mine.

"Mamma," he said wistfully, "mamma!"

In a moment Mrs. Rivers was by his side.

"Bless the dear child," she said, "that is his cry the whole day long—nothing but 'mamma'."

And again the large solemn baby-eyes looked into mine, as he cried—

"Mamma!"

"Your mamma is tired, little Guy," I said.

Mrs. Rivers looked up anxiously as she caught my words.

"Is Lady Jesmond tired? She is not very strong. People who come from India never are."

"As she was looking over the house with me," I answered, "she shivered violently, as though she was ill."

"How was that?" she asked nervously.

"I do not know—probably because she went on the lawn without hat or mantle," I answered.

"Lady Jesmond is not strong," repeated the nurse. "If you would be so kind as to remain here with Sir Guy, Miss Gordon, I will go and see how her ladyship is."

Quite willingly I remained with the little fellow, kissing him to my heart's content. I tried to make him say "Felicia," and after many futile attempts, the rosy little lips managed to murmur "L-s-y," much to my delight. But what question did those baby eyes ask when they looked into my face and he cried "Mamma?"

After waiting some time, I began to feel anxious about Lady Jesmond.

"Come with me, baby Guy," I said. "We will go and see man ma."

And again in his eyes came the look of wonder and questioning that I had noticed before. I remember how I danced the boy down the long corridors, and how his merry little laugh resounded in the otherwise silent house.

Thinking Lady Jesmond might be ill, I went quietly to her door. Before I had time to rap or to speak I heard voices; and then Mrs. Rivers said—

"You must be careful, Gabrielle."

I knocked at once before I could hear more, and when the door was opened, and they saw me, a strange confusion seemed to come over them.

"How do you been waiting long, Miss Gordon?" asked Mrs. Rivers sharply.

"No; I have only just come," I replied. And then it flashed across my mind that she suspected me of listening. She would not suspect me of such meanness unless she were capable of it herself, I thought; and as I turned to her, I caught her eyes fixed steadily on me. They were not the most friendly glances that we exchanged. "I was afraid that you were ill," I said to Lady Jesmond.

"I was tired this morning, Felicia," she answered gently; "and when I am tired I am afraid to give way to fits of moodiness. I am better now."

I then left, taking baby Guy with me. But we did not dance down the passages this time, for my hand had been wounded by the suspicion this woman cast upon me. Why was she on such confidential terms with the mistress of Jesmond Dene? Addressing her with formal respect when they were in public, why did she call her "Gabrielle" when they were alone?

Lady Jesmond was wonderfully kind to her. She had two rooms most comfortably furnished, and she was waited upon by an under nurse who did all the work. She had every delicacy supplied to her, and her ladyship insisted that she should take wine. Indeed no servant could have led a more comfortable life than Mrs. Rivers led. She was much attached to the child, and seemed very devoted to Lady Jesmond; but there was nothing by which I could account for strange familiarity which undoubtedly existed between them.

I saw Lady Jesmond angry once, and I was the unintended cause of it. We were talking about the boy's future, about Eton and Harrow, Oxford and Cambridge, when, quite accidentally and without attaching much meaning to the words, I said—

"You will have to decide upon one or the other when Mrs. Rivers has gone."

Lady Jesmond stared to me with flashing eyes.

"That time will never come," she said.

"Mrs. Rivers will never leave me."

I was surprised that she should display so much feeling about such an insignificant matter. Then, seeing my look of wonder, she apologised.

"I am so impatient, Felicia," she said, "and I am very much attached to nurse. I should not like to lose her."

"I hope you never will," I replied. And, though we spoke of it no more, the subject did not fade from my mind.

CHAPTER XI.

A week had elapsed and no news had come from Ireland. Lady Saxon came over every day to Jesmond Dene, for she knew I was a very earnest listener to anything she had to say about Nello, and his silence had caused her considerable anxiety. She was very kind and attentive to aunt Annette, whose health did not improve; but to Lady Jesmond she seemed to have a quiet antipathy. They were most polite to each other, but rarely spoke except to exchange ordinary civilities.

"She is as you say, Felicia, a most beautiful woman; but I do not like her; and I do not know why," Lady Saxon would say to me; while Lady Jesmond would half reproach me by saying—

"I cannot understand what you see in Lady Saxon. She is excessively proud and haughty, almost repellent. I shall never like her."

Lady Saxon was very kind to the little boy, and always asked to see him when she came, never forgetting to bring him presents of toys, and she soon became a favorite of the child, and even the nurse.

Mr. Benson had gone away much relieved in mind. He was delighted that I was going to remain for some time at the Dene, and that Lady Jesmond and myself were good friends, and that her ladyship had insisted on making me an -llo vase.

"I do not care," she said to the lawyer, "whether the money is taken from my income or my son's. Miss Gordon must have it."

We lived in peace and harmony, and as the days went on our friendship ripened and expanded.

"I call you Felicia," she said to me one morning, "you should call me Gabrielle. I prefer it."

And it was actually agreed that for the future we should address each other by our Christian names.

"You are sure to have a love-story, Felicia," she said, after contemplating me earnestly as I stood before her; "and unless I am a false prophet, it will not be a happy one."

"Why do you think so?" I asked her.

"I can read it," she replied, "in your face and eyes."

"You have had a love story of your own," I said.

"I—she cried, her brilliant eyes opening wide—"Oh, no; I have had no love-story!"

"But you married Paul for love?" I said, and her face flushed crimson.

She laughed and seemed slightly confused.

"To tell you the truth, Felicia," she said, "I feel that I could love more deeply, more passionately than I loved Paul. I am young, and marriage presented an easy escape from those tiresome children. Besides I had a great desire to be Lady Jesmond. I did love Paul, but I am sure that I could love more deeply than I loved him."

"You do not mean to say that you would marry again, Gabrielle?" I cried in astonishment.

"I am certain I shall if I fall in love and the right man asks;" and she laughed.

"You looked disappointed, Felicia."

"I have hitherto thought of you as belonging entirely to Paul and little Guy and Jesmond Dene," I answered.

"You thought I should be an ideal widow and live here in seclusion, devoting myself entirely to the education of my son and the cultivation of a life-long sorrow. But I do not aim at such perfection."

"Your heart is not buried in your husband's grave," I remarked.

"No; it is beating, living, full of hope, light, and longing for pleasures and gaieties. I shall stay here at Jesmond Dene quietly for a year, and then you will see what will happen, Felicia."

"You are by no means a model widow," I said.

"I am just a trifle more honest than many," she rejoined. "I was very sorry to lose Paul, and I would have done anything to save his life; but, as it was the will of Heaven that he should die, I do not see why the remainder of my life should be all darkness and gloom; do you?"

"Certainly not, if the loss of him does not make it so," I answered.

"I am ambitious," she said. "I intend to marry well, unless my ambition is spoiled by love."

We were standing on the balcony outside the library window, which commanded an excellent view of the river and the long avenue of chestnuts forming a drive. Never had I seen Lady Jesmond look fairer. The fresh morning air had tinted her cheeks with a delicate rosehomb, her blue eyes were bright as stars, and the light summer wind toyed gently with the loosened masses of bright waving hair.

"Who is that?" she asked suddenly, pointing to a tall figure striding up the avenue towards the Hall.

A spray of roses prevented me from seeing him for a moment; but, on pushing it hastily aside, I saw that it was Lord Saxon.

"Who is that?" repeated Lady Jesmond. "What a splendid man!" Her face flushed and her eyes shone with a brightness such as I had not seen in them before. "Felicia, how slow you are! Who is he?" she cried.

But my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and in vain I tried to give utterance to his name.

"I have seen many handsome men," she said, "but never one like him."

I shall never forget the expression of suppressed emotion on her face as she watched him.

"Do you know him? Who is he?" she repeated.

"It is Lord Saxon," I answered.

"Lord Saxon of Danmore? You do not mean to say that is Lady Saxon's son? I was just beginning to hate the very sound of his name, for the never see me to speak of any one else; but, if that is her son, I at once abjure my dislike, and will listen day long while she talks of him."

I heard the sound of footsteps, and a servant's voice announced—

"Lord Saxon."

I turned quickly, and, in doing so, I saw his first look at her. I saw how his eyes flashed, I saw the gleam of admiration that he could not control, and I knew that his beauty-loving nature was taken captive by her loveliness.

He looked at her in silence for a few moments; and then with difficulty, as I could see, he withdrew his eyes from her and looked at me.

"Miss Gordon," he said, "I am glad to see again."

But, oh, Heaven, something was missing from his voice that I might never hear again! It was not the tender voice that had whispered "Felicia" when I stood on the lawn on that memorable moonlit night.

I held out my hand to him, but my heart was too full for my lips to give utterance to words. Lord Saxon murmured something to me; I was conscious only that he desired an introduction.

Briefly I introduced Lord Saxon to Lady Jesmond.

He spoke first, and she listened as with charmed ears; and, as she responded to his greeting, his eyes seemed riveted by the fair loveliness of her face. He stood like one fascinated, unconscious of everything around him but the dazzling brilliancy of Gabrielle, Lady Jesmond.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Queer Place to Live In.

In Formosa there is not much sickness, but when a man is ill they strain him up by the neck and let him down again quickly. This generally kills or cures him, and if the former his death is celebrated by a general spree. At 21 a young man is provided with a wife, but with the age of forty he must see what her openy. He may do so stealthily; however, and if he does not like her he can get a divorce in about ten minutes. A man often marries four or five times a year. He children born before the mother has reached 37 are not permitted to live.

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