

NELLO.

THE STORY OF MY LOVE.

When she heard Lord Saxon's words...

"You cannot mean that, Nello!" she cried.

"Need you ask, Alice?" he answered.

"My dear," he said, in gentle yet firm tones.

Notwithstanding all his shrinking from her...

"Good-bye, Nello!" she said.

"Do you not think that my heart is torn with grief and pain?"

With a cry to Heaven for pity, she again sank upon the couch.

"Do not think me harsh—do not think that I judge you from a pinnacle of self-complacent goodness."

"No publicity!" said the Major.

When I had said good-night to them, I repaired at once to Aunt Annette's room.

"Do not be so terribly hard, so bitterly cruel, Lord Saxon!" I cried.

"And I suffer," he returned.

She rose from the couch and approached Lord Saxon.

"Forgive me, Nello," she pleaded.

"My dear," he said, "you only torture yourself and me."

"Felicia," she cried, "plead for me!

"I repent," she cried to him.

"To-morrow," she repeated, with the same strange brooding smile on her face.

"I am quite sure," he replied slowly.

"Kiss me just once again then, and say good-bye."

I never saw such yearning love and tenderness as then came into Lord Saxon's face.

Notwithstanding all his shrinking from her, she went up to him again.

"Good-bye, Nello!" she said.

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passionate words that were her death-words all blotted with tears.

"This will be my repentance, Nello. I shall walk out in the early morning to the river when the sun is shining.

"I am quite sure," he replied slowly.

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ported and taking steps to frustrate her design.

Six years afterward, when every one had ceased to expect him.

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Repose in Conversation.

The quality to be cultivated, if you would have agreeable conversation.

Why suffer a single moment when you can get immediate relief from all internal or external pains by the use of Paine's Nervine.

A famous cook says: "The secrets of good cooking are fire and flavoring."

"No Phisic, Sir, in Mine."

A good story comes from a boys' boarding-school in Jersey.

"Do you understand how to fix up my hair?" asked a lady of her newly hired colored servant.

"Hello!" we heard one man say to another the other day.

It's no secret nostrum. We speak of Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed.

Little Beasts had a doll which gave out a sharp little squeak when pressed with the hand.

More or less: General on inspection.

How Young America got even: Mrs. Smythe's "Kid," Miss Arabella, is a very good word to signify a child.

Let there be no mistake about this, that the Navy tobacco is manufactured from the very best Virginia leaf.

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How Young America got even: Mrs. Smythe's "Kid," Miss Arabella, is a very good word to signify a child.

Building 100 Freight Cars in 9 Hours.

This altogether unparalleled feat was performed in the freight car shops of Pullman's Palace Car Company.

Disposing of Chinese Lepers.

Lepers in China are sometimes unceremoniously disposed of.

Death From Lightning.

At a recent congress of German medical men, a paper was read by Herr Hetsner on the effect of lightning-stroke on human beings.

CHAPTER XX, AND LAST.

Towards four in the morning she whom I had known as Gabrielle, Lady Jesmond, entered my room.

"I could not sleep," she said, "and I have written this. Felicia, you have been kind to me from the first; will you render me a great service?"

"I will if I can," I replied.

"You can if you will. I want you to go this morning, and with your own hands deliver this letter to Lord Saxon. Do not trust it to any servant or friend; give it direct into his own hands."

"He is coming here this afternoon," I told her, thinking she might then give the letter to him.

"I want him to read it at once. He said he was coming to settle my future to-day; but before he decides upon anything, I wish him to read this. Will you take it to him, Felicia, early this morning? You can drive over to see Lady Saxon, and then place it in his hands."

"Do you wish it very much?" I asked, for I did not care for the commission.

"I do with my whole heart," she said. "Take it, Felicia, and promise me that I shall have it before ten o'clock."

I took the letter from her hands and promised to fulfil her wishes.

Lady Saxon and her son, Major Esmond and myself, held a council that same afternoon, and we decided that the last act of kindness we could show to her memory would be to keep her story of duplicity and the cause of her death secret from the world.

There were terrible dismay and consternation throughout the district when it became known that the beautiful Lady Jesmond had been found drowned.

Lady Jesmond's funeral will not soon be forgotten. It was attended by rich and poor, and there was no one who did not regret and grieve over the fair young life so abruptly and, as it seemed, so cruelly cut short.

Lord Saxon was there as chief mourner. The vast assemblage of spectators, beholding his white-hot face, little dreamed of the tragedy in which he had shared.

"May Heaven pardon me if I was too hard on her!" he said to me, as we stood together after the funeral.

By the end of July a calm that was almost painful had settled over Jesmond Dene. The grass had grown on Alice's newly-made grave, and people wondered why it was always surrounded by beautiful flowers, yet never had a headstone.

There was a calm too at Dunroon; for its master had gone away, and his mother believed that he would never return.

He had suffered terribly during the recent days—so much so that he was a changed man. He regretted having spoken so bitterly to the young woman, and that he had not been more patient. He felt that he ought to have known what she meant when she said so strangely, "To-morrow!" and he blamed himself for not at the time realizing all that her words

I hurriedly read the loving, despairing,

But he was deaf to her entreaties, and the carcases which but a few hours before would have filled him with delight now were repugnant to him.

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