NELLO.

THE STORY OF MY LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

Mine-all mine! Mine the grand sweep | of meadow-land, green and fertile, looking like a sea of gold when the wind stirred the yellow buttercups! Mine the range of purpletinted hills that lay in the distance, clothed with trees which had been the growth of centuries! Mine the pine forest stretching down to the sea, with its rich aromatic odours, and its never ceasing music as the wind swayed the heads of the stately pines! Mine the shady woods with their open glades, their leafy cloisters, where the sunlight fell on the sward, filtered, as it were, through the boughs of the interlacing trees, where the wild flowers grew in lavishabundance-a lovely verdant kingdom wherein the merry brown hares roamed at will and the bright-eyed squircels leaped fearlessly from bough to bough! Mine the magnificent gardens said to be the finest, the most extensive, and the best laid out in the country, with their wealth of ferneries, and greenhouses, fountains, and statuary! Mine | best. How little I dreamed in those days said: "they have loved and intermarried. It the fine trout stream that ran through the wide domain! Mine the numberless little brooks that meandered along peacefully and were then swept on to mingle their waters | me for I had not in the wide world one shilwith the ever restless cotan! Mine the grand | ling of my own. old mansion called Jesmond Hall, one of the most ancient and picturesque houses in the country, a stately pile of gray stone standing on the slope of a hill! Originally it had been a castle, held by one of the early Saxon chiefs. It had changed bands many times, and had been added to, taken from, and altered until it became what it was now | became. if possible, a greater miser than a confusion of architectural styles, in which the original was almost obliterated by the later additions; yet withal it was a picturesque home. The terraces and gardens had | tolerate his meanness : even his son Paul a gentle slope, and the deep swift river Floy ran at the foot of the hill; and in the distance there was a gl mpse of the blue waters of the sea-for Jesmond stood on the fair coast of Hampshire. Mine the fine old ruins, with their ivy-clad walls and wellpreserved keep! Mine all the wealth that had been hoarded in hidden coffers, the countless thousands that had been accumulating for long years! Mine the diamonds and rare jewels-Jesmond heirlooms ! Mine the pictures-literally worth a king's ransom-the fine old silver, the treasures of gold, of rare old china, of buhl, of jaspor, and of marqueterie-all that the old Hall contained was mine-all mine!

of the steep grassy hill, everything on which I gazed was my own, except the vast expanse of sea which bounded my estate on the south.

I was not vain; but, looking back, I should imagine that my heart swelled at that moment with a sense of my own importance. Oa this large domain there were many tenants. Pretty little farms nestled in the velleys, quaint old-fashioned homesteads detted the meadows, the straggling little village of Mead was all mine, and owned many houses in the town that lay nearest to the Hall-Honton; so that numbers of men, women and chil ren were dependent on me, many lives lay as it were in my hand; and on this bright May morning, when I stood on the hill top, looking over my miniature kingdom, my heart and mind were full of good resolutions.

This splendid fortune which had come so unexpectedly to me should not be spent on myself in lavish laxury, in gaieties, frivolities, or senseless extravagance. That I seriously resolved. Haaven had given it to me, and I would do good with it and use it wisely. There should be no bitter abject poverty, no sickness should go unrelieved, there should be no want of education on my fair estate of Jesmond? I would be queen and mother to my people. My heart warmed to ture haddealt with the fruitful lands before | mine. me. No motherless children should weep on there fertile lands. My first undertiking would be an orphanage, to be built down by the sea, yet so near Jermond that I could vis tit every day. No old men or old women should live half starving and die forlorn within the 1 mits of my domain, for I would have almbouses that should yet be comfortable homes. The sick should not lie neglected and helpless in the cottages that were mine, for I would build a large hospital near the village of Mead, where the air was clear and bracing. The children should have their schools and play grounds and education should be free to all. I would be queen and mother in a true and real sense to those whom Heaven had in a measure confided to my charge. My heart and soul were fired with these resolves.

The blue heavens shone above me; the yielding earth laughed beneath my feet; the air was full of the luscious odours of May, the scent from the pine forest, the br ne from the sea, and nearer to me came heavily-laden gusts of perfume from lilac and magnolia blossom. I shall rever forget the moment when, standing on the green hill top, the shining, shimmering sea in the distance, I registered my vow to live for

others and not for myself alone. The will which gave me all this wealth was indisputably clear and simple, and had in it uo flaw. My uncle Sir William Jesmond had but one son, Paul, who was his

natural heir and successor. very old family, but at the time when my story begins their number had preatly decreased, They had died away-fathers, mono one left of the once numerous race except Sir Wiljiam, the owner and lord of Jesmend Dene, and his sister, my mother,

Teresa Jesmond. loved money for its own sake, and the sight | Dene all my life, everything came so nature. of it never failed to bring a smile to his hard | ally to me. The tenants liked and trusted | wild beating at my heart, a strange sense of mean face. Although my mother was his own and only sister, when she married he gave her no dowry, but very unwillingly made her a preent of a few hundred pounds with an intimation that she must ask for | called upon us; but it was too soon after | the west; a soft light fell on the picture of no more. She never did: but in those days, | Sir William's death for us to receive or pay | the master of Dunroon, Lord Saxon when she deplored my uncle's meanness, she | visits. We were happy enough without never thought that all his gold was accumulating for me.

Rev. Arthur Gordon, and I was their only ette was as young at heart as I was myself child. They both died when I was a girl of thirteen, and my father's sister, Annette ripples of the sea. it was no unusual thing fascinating face. The kingly poise of the Gordon, took charge of me.

son and heir had been born unto him ; but jestic scene before us.

the woods and the sea. I remember Sir motouched. to me, and I loved him with all the ardor of life than any I had yet known. a veritable hero in my eyes.

come home and marry you."

conviction that nothing could be done with-

"I will make plenty of money, dear. My cheerfully.

And, of all the memories of my girlhood to take great interest in me, that of my handsome, generous laughter-loving cousin stands out the brightest and the been friends for many generations," she that I should ever take his place!

My life was spent quietly enough with woman and I an old one-should be the my aunt Annette. She had a small annuity, found their way to the river Floy, and out of which she fed, clothed, and educated families."

It may be imagined therefore what a change it was for me-a penniless orphanwhen I became sole heiress of Sir William Jesmond of Jesmond Dene, his land, shares, untold gold, all mine.

Lady Jesmond died when her son was nineteen, and after her death, Sir William ever, and almost refused himself the necesssries of life. None but the old servants bound by strong ties to the family would could not endure it. He wanted to see the world, as he had alway desired, and, after many disputes and arguments, Sir William purchased for him a commission in the -th Hus ars. Three months after he joined the regiment it was ordered off to India, and Paul thankfully embraced the opportunity of gotting away from the paternal roof and "seeing the world" at the same time. Five years passed, and there was little communication between father and son. Sir Williams was a wretched, miserable life, and it ended as miserably as it had been spent. He was found dead in his chair, holding in his hand a letter written by Colonel Brownlow, of the - th Hussars, telling him that his son As I, Felicia Gordon, stood on the summit | Captain Paul Jesmond had died suddenly of a malignant fever without having had time to write him one word of farewell.

The old Baronet had never seemed to care much for either his wife or child, but that letter killed him. He had given his life, his heart, his soul, to gold-he had worshipped his accumulating wealth to the exclusion of everything else in life; yet he could not live on, knowing that his handsome, careless, generous son had been snatched away in the bloom of early manhood, and he,his father-denied the consolation of one parting word or one last look at the face he

Sir William was buried in due course ; and, when his will was read, it was made clear that I, Felicia Gordon, was sole heiress of all his wealth. The terms of the will were simple enough. He left everything he had in the world-land, houses, money, scrip, and shares-to his son Paul Jesmond. If his son married and had issue, the property, was to descend intact to his eldest son. If Paul Jeem and died unmarried, it was to go without reserve to his niece Felicia Gordon, the only child of Teresa Gordon, his sister. It was to descend to her children if she married; if she did not, it passed to some distant relatives to whom Sir William had always entertained a strong antipathy. That I was next of kin there was no doubt. them yearned over them, as I stood and Sir William was dead, Paul was dead; contemplated how bounteously Dane Na- Jesmond Dene, with its rich revenues, was

It was early in February when I came with aunt Annette to take possession of my new home, and it was the beginning of May when I made my resolve to live for others and not for myself.

I had been at Jesmond Dene, about three mouths, and had grown to love the place and the people. I had just begun to put my philanthropic resolutions into shape, and my buildings were slowly rising beneath the hands of the many workmen engaged. The grand old mansion had been renovatedsome of Sir William's hearded thousands had been spent upon it -and the grounds and gardens had been rescued from the weeds and long standing neglect. I had increased my staff of servants-indeed everything was in the very perfection of order-I was unboundedly happy. I was to be happ pier still, although the full light of the sun was hidden from me for the present.

CHAPTER II.

aunt Aunt Annette when I told her of my ist, half genius, who 'can hear a leaf fall,'

"Mother and queen !" she repeated. "I wish you health, strength, and wisdom to keep to them."

The May sun never shone on a brighter fate than mine or on a lighter heart. It was true the shadow of death lay over my new and some day or other I am sorely afraid his inheritance : but then I had seen my uncle dreams will bring him bitter sorrow. If he The Jesmonds of Jesmond Dene were a only once, and that some years before. For the bright-faced handsome cousin dead in a far off land I had the deepest pity, and one ing," I said laughingly. of my first acts was to erect to his memory thers, sisters and brother-until there was a beautiful marble cross-and that mem-

All the novelty of my position had died Sir William was at heart a miser. He I might have been Miss Gordon of Jesmond to see it. me, the servants showed me absolute demy aunt and I were happy beyond words in picture. sufficiently long for all the pleasant occu-

was not a har py one. I went there once. change of fortune came to me, but still a girl Lady Jesmond had saked aunt Annette to in lightness of heart, in want of knowledge bring me for the summer helidays, and I of the world and its ways-a girl, with all a wetl remember the magnificent old house girl's fresh innocent love of fun and frolic. with its freasures, the gardens and grounds, I had had no lover; my heart was fresh and

William. a tall spare man with a mean face It is a hard thing for a girl to tell her ond small cunning eyes; I vividly recollect own love-story as I have to tell mina-to Lady Jesmond, a faded elegant woman, who tell of the dream that came to me before I seemed to me to be tired of life; but I re- knew that my fair inheritance was to be member best of all my handsome bright- the scene of a tragedy-to discless the faced cousin Paul. I was thirteen years of age | beautiful love dream that came to me as then, he five years older. He was very kind the revelation of a newer, brighter, higher

a childish love. He was a young prince and In the same green county, on the shore of the same shining sea, stood an old mansion 'Cheer up, Felicia!" he would say to me called Dunroon. It was larger than Jes twenty times a day. "I am going out to see | mond Dene, though not quite so pictures que; the world, and, when I have seen it, I shall still there were not many finer old places than Danroon. The great feature of "But Sir William will never give us any it was the river Doon, which ran through money," I would remark, with a keen the grounds. From the hill-top I could see the tall towers and turrets of Danroon the ancestra! home of the Saxons.

When we had been some time at Jesmond father may keep his," he would answer Dene, Lady Saxon called upon us, and was pleased from the first moment she saw me

'The Jesmonds and the Saxons have seems strange that you and I-you a young sole representatives of two such ancient

"Bit you have a son," I remarked—for I had heard much of Lord Saxon.

"I do not mean that," she interrupted hastily. "Of course my son is the representative of the Saxons. What I intended to say was that it seems strange we should both have the care of bouse and estate. My son is a way in Italy, and I do know when more than the whole world to ma," she went on. "He is the very core of my heart, the very light of my eyes. The world is shadow to me, but he stands out clear and distinct. It is the great pain of my life that he lives away from me, that he seems to love art better than nature, Italy better than England. I cannot understand it; but

Lady Saxon was still a handsome wellpreserved woman, with a penchant for rich dresses and costly furs, diamonds and priceless laco. I had heard others say that her son was "art mad." He had now been five years from home, during which time his mother had lived at Dunroon, and had managed everything for him. Indeed it was often said that but for his mother's continual mention of him Lord Saxon would have been forgotten on his own estate. My aunt and I both liked Lady Saxon, and I often listened patiently by the hour while she expatiated upon the virtues of her darling son He was the handsomest, the dearest, the best. There was no face, no voice like his. The only flaw in his otherwise perfect character was that he would loiter in Italy instead of coming home.

man's face can be?" she as'ted me, "I magine one that is dark, proud, tender, and imper ious, drawing the hearts of all women who look upon it-a face that seems always raised to the skies and hardly to see the lowly earth. That is my son. He is like that. I have seen women watch for the gleam of his eyes, for his smiles, for the words from his lips; but he did not see them. He sees the stars that illumine the skies, but he does not see the daisies that grow in the fields. When you come to Danroon, I will show you his portrait, and when you see his face you will understand batter."

So it happened that I thought a great deal and formed a very high opinion of Lord Saxon because his mother talked to me incessently and almost always in praise of

"If he were but more like other men," she would say, with a sigh, "if he had ambition, I should not care at what he aimed. He thinks more of a broken statue than of a seat in Parliament. An old picture has a greater charm for him than any wordly honors. Music, painting, and sculpture are the three things he loves best; and he is an English nobleman, master of a large estate, and head of a grand old race!"

I ventured to suggest that all noblemen need not have the same tastes; but she was dissatisfied because her son frittered away his time and his opportunities upon art instead of cultivating the ordinary life of an Eaglish nobleman.

"My husbund," she said, "was a staunch Conservative, yet I do not believe that my son knows the difference between a Whig and a Tory. My husband never allowed one foot of timber to be cut down on his estate; my son writes always about the preservation of pictures. But he is so good that I ought to be ashamed to grumble at his one great failing."

"My son is a dreamer of dreams," she told me one morning, when she had driven over to Jesmon I Dene. 'He is led astray by a passionate love of beauty. He detects loveliness where others see none. The curve of an arm, the graceful arch of a neck, the beauty of a dark straight brow, delight him, A smile came over the kindly face of my Hais, in fact, one of those people, half art-Do you know all that that phrase means?"

"I can imagine it," I replied. "My son has a theory that the world can be set straight by a right understanding of beauty, and by a proper cultivation of it. He is a dreamer in a world of stern reality.

would but marry!" "That would perhaps cure him of dream-

After that we paid a visit to Dunroon. While aunt Annette talked to some visitors, orial was always surmounted by fragrant Lady Saxon, addressing me in a low voice,

"Come with me to my boudoir. My away when the month of May came round. son's portrait hangs there, and I want you

I went with her. There was a strange something unusual. I felt more as though votion; my buildings were all in process; I were going to see a living person than a

the grand cld mansion. Our neighbors had The boudoir was an elegant room facing

We stood silent before it. She did not that-indeed the hours of the day were not even turn to me and say, 'That is my son." Looking at the portrait, I seemed to know My mother had married a clergyman, the pations we found to engage us. Aunt Ann by instinct why ne could not help his love of beauty, and why women loved him as they and, when the moon was silvering the looked upon him. It was a handsome, even for us to wander down to the shore and head, the well chiseled features, the dark Sir William Jesmond was married, and a gaze in rapturous awe and delight at the ma. straight brows, the keen dark eyes that in his lifetime the home at Jesmond Dene I was nearly twenty when this great had in them the power of controlling others | ence Boston Budget.

-the shapely mouth, combining the firmness of a man with the tenderness of a woman-the face altogether was one that seen either in a picture or in real life must haunt you for ever. The eyes looked into mine as I stood silently marvelling at the beauty portrayed on the canvass.

'That is my son," said Lady Saxon, after we had gazed for some time upon the strangely fascinating picture.

Why did I stand there with fast beating heart and flushed face? Why did my hands tremble? Why did those dark tender eyes flash into mine as it were? I turned to her ladyship.

"What is your son's name?" I asked. "Lionel," she answered, smiling; "but at home he was always called 'Neilo.'

Again I relapsed into silence. "His face is full of power," said his mother proudly.

"Yes," I auswered, with unconscious prophecy; 'but the power is lacent. It will not develop yet. He must dream out his dreams, and then--"

"Ah, then!" his mother echoed, with a

I had seen no face like the one before me, I had not believed that nature was so lavish in the bestowal of her riches upon mortal man. I went home haunted by Lord Saxon's portrait. If I looked at the western sky where the great rosy clouds were gathered, it was there; if I looked along the serried rows of dark pine trees, it was there; when the moon shone out at night, and I walked down to see it glittering on the sea, the face was there. It came to me in the starlight, in my dreams, in the rays of the sun. I saw it in the chalice of the white lilies and the hearts of the red roses.

"I am haunted," I said to myself. And even as the face seemed to be photographed he will return." Here she looked at me with on my brain, so the name rang like music in sudden emotion in hr face. "My son is my ears, "Nello, Nello!" The birds sang it, the wind whispered it, and I laughed at my strange fancies.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

The Armless Artict of Antwerp.

In Antwerp the only one of these mechan ical artists who has gained more than a bare subsistence is "Felix," a man born without hands or arms, but who uses his feet instead, and with such dexterity that he paints three pictures while the every day young man whom nature has in no way distinguished barely gets through two of the same size. Needless to say, Felix finds customers while better pictures than his remain unsold at lower prices. Taere are too many, especiallyof the tourist order, who infinitely prefer a poor copy of the "Descent of the Cross," regarding which they can say: You see that picture? Painted by who do you call 'em-I forget the name -some great gun of a printer; well, sir, this copy was painted by a man named Folix-a tellow without any arms-he done it, every inch of it, sir, with his feet. I seen him to work on it my self in one of them everlasting galleries, I don't remember which one, they're all alike "Have you ever dreamed how beautiful a | to me. I don't take so much stock to paintings, you know, but, by George! that fellow can do as good a picture with his feet as those big painters they make such a fuss over could do with their hands, and, as far as I can see, one's just as good as another. My daughter don't think so, but you know she's been to one of these here schools in New York. She don't take no stock in anything less its 600 or 700 years old in the way of a picture. It suits me, though. Yes, sir, painted it with his feet. I seen him do it." And so Felix, the armless artist of Antwerp, has through his affliction made enough money to purchase the house he lives in, and he could, if report be true, retire from his labors and live upon his income, while the tetter artist, his neighbor, in no way differ ing from the average brother in respect to legs and arms, starves under the shadows of the Sacred Tragedy!

Burmese Housekeeping.

The dwellings of the Burmese are built on | Large bottle 25 cents. small wood or bamboo posts; of bamboo mat walls; roots of palm leaves, or dried grass; each house has a front verandah, closed only at the ends, if at all; the door from one to three feet from the ground, made of rough boards or of bamboos. Then the main or eleeping room is from four to six feet higher than the verandah, with its floor from seven to ten feet above the ground. The veranda is the place of cooking, eating, visiting, buying and selling. But you would look in vain for stove, oven, fireplace, or chimney. A bed of earth, or ashes, in one end of the veranda, is the centre of the kitchen; a large jur of water, two or three small earthern pots for cooking, one for rice and the other for some kind of curry, are usually sufficient; a water dipper, made of cocoanut shell, a wooden ladle for the rice pot, a bread wooden platter in which to put the rice when cooked, and around which the family squat to eat, with one or two brass or iron spoons for the curry, with perhaps two or three earthern dishes, constitute the furniture of the kitchen. Tablet, chairs, spoons, knives, forks, cups and saucers, etc., were not seen among them. To shuffl; and manipulate a dozen and one articles that can't be eaten in order to get a simple meal into one's mouth is a vain display and an endless hindrance; at least, so a Burman would say. A young Burman left his jungle home to follow an English officer; when he returned he entertained the astonished household with a description of the Euglishman's table-its dimensions, splerdid spread, rich china, plated and glassware, cutlery, etc., and the beautiful chairs. The old mother asked, "and do they eat all these things?" "O no, of course not," replied the young man "Well, then, what's the good of it all?" was the old lady's poser.

How Slaves are Made on the Congo. The purchase of slaves continues at the

value of £5 or £6 each. When they are not bought they are obtained in the following manner: An article is laid apparently out of the way, but within reach of the negro, who steals it at once, and being taken in "flagrante delictu, " becomes at once a slave. If he is a person of importance, and is claimed by his relatives or by the chiefs of the vill. age to which he belongs, he is sometimes given up in exchange for two or three substitutes who become slaves in their village, and are put in chairs and made to work under the lash and rod, Therefore, should any government seriously wish to correct or avoid any further slavery and secure free trade, in order that the Congo should again be productive to commere. as it was ten or fifteen years ago, reforms must be made in seemed fall of pride and passion-eyes that | the abuse mentioned above.-[Correspond-

A Carnival of Cranks.

New York is the greatest city in the world for cranks. They thrive there. In Paris they are snubbed, except when they write for the papers, when they are glorified; in London they are suspected by the police; in Ireland they are shot; in St. Petersburg they are buried in S beria, and in Boston they become Concord philosophers early in life, and devote themselves to study until they become too culture ! for earth, when they die or come to New York. The cranks who are restrained in other cities of the world flock here by common impulse. The police do not interfers with their schemes, the public encourage them, and the newspapers treat them as legitimate sensations. Only one thing is positively known of the average New York crank, and that is that he eventually dies a violent death. The cummonplace cranks are not of so much importance as men who just border upon crankiness, or who have manias of sufficient originality to entitle them to distinction .-Exchange.

Catarrh-A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extrarordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six menths, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubbern malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is un-questioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.-Montreal

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