CHAPTER XII.

An hour passed, and still the convertation was kept up with unflagging interest. A l Lady Jesmond's power of fascination were words. brought into play. Once or twice his lordship turned to me with some commonplace remark, and at one bright smile from her he instantly forgot me. We were still out on the balcony, Lord Saxon seated by her side, whilst I stood gazing at the roses with a faint sad heart. What had happened | what a superior man he is. Now I shall that the light had seemed to have left the sun and the tragrance to have fled from the | licia, you will take me to Dunroon?" flowers?

Lord Saxon was 'a lover of beauty and a dreamer of dreams"-I knew it-and, now that he had met with a woman of surpassing loveliness, he would worship at her shrine. Why need I mind? With a smile on my face I stood there whilst my heart was slowly breaking; for I new, just as well as if they had disclosed their thoughts, that a passionate mutual love was burning in their hearts. He could never have loved me; it had been but a passing fancy. That woman had stormed his heart with her beauty, and he had surrendered,

When the feeling of pain had somewhat moderated, I heard what they were say-

ing. "Not ride!" cried Lord Saxon. thought all ladies rode in India!"

"I was an exception," she said. "It is the one accomplishment above all others that I

"Trouble!" he repeated. "Why, it

'Lat me teach you," he begged eagerly. "You would not hke the trouble," she said coquettishly.

would give me the greatest pleasure and de-

"We will speak of it later," she said. Then came an interruption, in the shape of a message from the nursery, saying that Mrs. Rivers would be glad if Lady Jesmend would go there at once, as Sr Gay did not seem well.

Nello and I were left on the balcony alone. He had come to talk to me of the silvery moon and the nightingale's song. Alas, alas his eyes followed Lady Jesmond. and, when she had vanished from his sight, he stood with a dreamy, musing smile on his lips.

"He is a dreamer of dreams," I said to myself, whilst a bitter pain seized my heart; "and now they are of her, not of me."

"Fe ecia:" he said, turning to me, "I cannot tell you how grieved and distressed I am at your sudden reversal of fortune, I could hardly believe my eyes when I read my mother's letter, and found that Jesmond Dene was no longer yours. Do you feel the loss greatly?"

His words were kind erough, but the very kindness was as a dagger threst into my heart; it showed me how completely his love was dead.

The loss of Jesmond Dene was so trifling to me in comparison with this other and greater loss that I could have laughed at the question; but I answered it soberly enough.

"I telt it mo t deeply; but I do not resent it. I loved my cousin Paul, and I am glad that his son will have the estate.

"You are very noble and very good," he said, "I bave thought a great deal about it, and I cannot express to you how glad I am to see you carry such a brave heart, Felicia. Have you decided yet what you will do?"

I could have cried out in my anguish that I had he ped, had thought that he was com ing to settle my future for me; but I shrouded myself in a mantle of pride. If his love for me was so weak that it had died at sight of a fairer face.. what had it been worth?

I told him I had decided on nothingthat for the present I should remain with Lady Jesmond, as she had asked me; a'so that my aunt was too ill to be removed. "I should like to see your cousin Paul's little son," he said. 'C rtainly his widow

is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen." "And you worship beauty," I remarked,

bitterly. How deaf he was to the anguish that rang

in my voice! He laughed frankly, pp parently unaware of the pain he had caused

"So my mother said, Felicia; and I am afraid it is true. But I want to talk to you of yourself." When Lady Jesmond returned to the

room, laughing at the nurse's anxiety and unnecessary alarm, he immediately left me, and the next moment I heard him beseeching Lady Jesmond to drive over to Dunrocu.

"I should like to show you the place," he said. Felicia will drive over with you." "I will think about it," answered Lady

Jesmond, "I never make hu ried prom ses." "Felicia," cried Lord Saxon. "you will

bring Lady Jesmond over to Dunroon?" "When she likes to go," I answered.

And then Lord Saxon rose to depart. He really must go, he said; he had stayed much longer than he ought. But even after that declaration he lingered, talking to her, and watching her every movement with admiring eyes.

So this was the prosaic end of my lovestory! Had he cared for me? I could not tell; but I believed he had, or he would not have kissed me. He had loved me with a feeble apology for love which had died when he saw the fair face of Lady Jesmond. I had tasted happiness but to lose it; I had dreamed my love-dream but to wake and find it vanished. I had been unspeakably happy for a few days, and now, without any warning, the cup of happiness had been dashed from my lips, the blissful delusion had been dispelled.

When Lord Saxon had gone, Lady Jesmond turned to me.

"Felicia," she cried, "you are a greater mystery to me than ever. Imagine knowing such a man as that and never speaking of him! You must be as unimpressionable as

"You never liked Lady Saxon," I made excuse.

"It did not follow that I should not like her son," she said, and then added, "I have a presentiment that I shall become his standing now on the balcony with her; he

"You must wait until he asks you," I

ventured to suggest.

ever I liked,' she said laughingly. "Why, Felicia, do you not see ?"

'See what!" I asked impatiently. "Why, that he is in love with me from the first moment that we met! I felt it; I am sure of it. And, Felicia, Felicia, I am afraid my own case is like his! He is the first man I have seen whom I should care to love or marry."

did you never speak to me of Lord S x-

"How could I tell the topic would interest | emply air? vou !" I asked.

"You might have been sure, knowing cultivate his mother's friendship, and, Fe-

CHAPTER XIII.

A year passed, and to me it was of slow torturing agony. My strength deserted me, the colour faded from my cheeks, the light from my eyes; but I kept my secret. No one, except perhaps Lady Saxon, had the faintest idea that I had ever cared for the

handsome Lord of Dunroon. It was impossible for me not to watch Nello and Lady Jesmond as they sauntered amid the trees and flowers, her bright lovely face and golden hair con rasting with i dark, proud, manly beanty. Never wa lover more devoted than L rd Saxon. He came every day, sometimes twice; and I could hear his voice calling "Gabrielle, Gabrielle!" as he sought her in the grounds. He was proud of her love, and he gloried in her I rilliant beauty. If by any chance he came when she was engaged or absent, she would pour out all his passion to loving thoughts to my. Lashings from a fiery whip could not lave stung me more; but I listened with a smile on my lips, though every word lacerated my heart. As for Lady Jeemond, she gave herself up completely to her love die am.

"I talked of ambition once," she said to me; "I never could have had any. I would marry Lord Saxon if he were a peasant instead of a prince, as he is.'

"Do you love him so much," I asked. "Love him," she exclaimed, with a warm glow on her face-'l ve him? That is a weak expression, Felicia. It is something deeper and stronger than simple love, I always knew, she continued, "that if I ever loved at all, it would be in terrible earnest. I wish I had more moderation and greater self-control.

They were acknowledged lovers when she spoke in that enthu iastic fashion; but no time had been settled for the marr age. My know what has happened?" aunt Annette was still lying ill, and Lady S xon was miserable.

"I do not like Lady Jesmond," she said to me one day when we were alone: "I never liked her, and I never shall. I do rot trust her. There is something strange and mysterious in her manner which repels even more than her glittering loveliness. 1 am anxious that my son should be happy; but I wish he had chosen differently;" she | be good !" concluded, with a sigh.

I could not help noting that there were times when Lady Jesmond seemed unhappy, when she was restless and uneasy, and started at the least sound, grew pale when she heard an unusual noise. I found her at intervals, with her face clouded in thought and her bright blue eyes shadowed. It to me. struck me that she spent much more time with Mrs. Rivers than she had hitherto done. They were in constant and close companionship, always talking eagerly, e rnestly, and in whispers. Two other things struck me as extreme'y singular-how little thought Lady Jesmond bestowed upon her dead husband and how little love she showed for her child. All her interest centered

in Lord Saxon. The month of June came round again, and still I was an inmate of Jesmond Dens. I could not leave, first, because I had solemnly promised to remain for a time, and second y because my aunt Annette, who was ying ill with a spinal complaint, could | hard y endure my being out of her presence. | face and kissing me. "Can you say any-All nature smiled in the summer sun, and thing that will give me courage?" the nightingales orce a ain awoke the choes of the night with their melodious

moon was shining over the trees, I went seems to me chill;" and I felt a shudder quietly to hear the nightingales, as I had once gone with Nello. Bitter were my she added, with sudden melancholy, "that I had taken him fr m me, this beautiful woman whose little son had robbed me of ny inheritance.

unrestrainedly the agony of my heart, to you are not among the number, Gabriellecrouch down on the long soft grass and sob out my grief. They were singing so exquisitely, the nightingales, and yet the sweet muisc seemed to tear my very heart. He would have loved and married me but for her! Heaven forgive me-in that moment I bated her! Ah, if she had but remained in India-if my cousim Paul had but lived! and the plaint of Bianca among the nightingales came home to me.

She had not reached him atmy heart, With her fine tongue, as snakes indeed Kill flies; nor had I, for my part, Yearned after, in my desperate need, And followed him, as he did her, To coasts left bitter by the tide, Whose very nightingale, elsewhere Delighting, torture and deride.

For still they sing, the nightingales "I would not for her white and pink, Though such he likes, her grace of limb Though such he has praised, nor yet

For life itself, though spent with him, Commit such sacrilege, affront God's nature, which is love, intrude

'Twixt two affi anced souls, and hunt Like spiders in the altar wood I cannot bear those nightingales!

"If she chese sin, some gentler guise She might have sinned in, so it seems. She might have pricked out both my eyes, And I still see him in my dreams, Or drugged me in my soup or wine, Nor left me angry afterward. To die here with his hand in mine, His brea h uopn me, were not hard.

Our Lady, hush those nightingales! " Sing they so, And you be silent? Do I speak, And you not hear? An arm you throw Round some one, and I feel so weak. Oh owl-like birds! They sing for spite, They sing for hate, they sing for doom'; They'll sing through death, who sing through

They'll sing and stun me in the tomb-The nightingales, the nightingales!" In the madness of my despair I realized how much I had loved him. He would be would be worshipping the beauty of her fair face, his arm encircling her waist, and he would kiss her lovely lips. And I was lying "Yes; and I can make him ask when there, lone y, desolate, and broken-hearted!

Was it just? I cried to the eilent shining heavens. She had everything. She had had the trusting love of my bright young cousin; she was the mother of his heir; she was mistress of the house that had been mine; she had money, lands; and now she had taken him! Was it fair, because she ed. had the brightness of the stars in her eyes and the sheen of the sun in her hair, that "You forget Paul," I said, shocked at her | she should take him from me? Was it fair that she should stand in the circle of his "I do not forget him. But, Felicia why arm, and I lie forsaken there? Was it fair that she should take his caresses and his kisses while I s retched out my arms to the

CHAPTER XIV.

There was a surprise in store for me when I returned from my dismal ramble. I found that Lord Saxon had remained rather later than usual, and that Lady Jesmond had discarded her widow's weeds. Never shall I forget the vision of loveliness that met my dazed eyes. She wore a dress of pale violet velvet, which contrasted well with her golden tresses and exquisite complexion. had seen, not many days before, Lord Saxon take the little crape cap from her head, and all her shining hair fall in a golden mass of ripples and waves about her shapely shoulders.

"It is more than a sin to cover such hair,"

She looked up at him with sudden grav-"I hope," she answered calmly, "that I

shall never commit a greater." 'I do not think you could commit a sin if you tried," he said, his eyes looking into hers with deep yearning love; and, to my surprise, instead of smiling, her gravity deepened.

The remembrance of her dazzling beauty of that evening will never leave I remember, too, how she sang to him, and how he leaned admiringly over her chair and drank in the music of her sweet vo ce; and then they went out on to the balcony, where he bade her good night, bending down and kissing her lips, and breathing pa sionate words into her ears which seemed to stir her into new

-Then he was gone; and she stood gazing after him with a smile sweet and tender. suca as I had seldom seen on her face be-

We stood together once more; her face was full of emotion, her eyes were full of tears of joy.

"I will be a good woman my whole life long," she said suddenly, "I will be as good as we man can be; for, oh, Felicia, I am so happy-1 am so unutterably happy! Do you

"No," I answered faintly; but my heart told me what was coming. Two warm soft arms were placed round my neck, a golden head nestled on my bosom, a fair bewitching face was turned to

mine, tears shone in the blue eyes. "Listen to me, Felicia," she said. "I am the happiest woman in the whole wide world. Oh, I will be good-I will indeed

"But you are good now, Gabrielle," I said, anxious only to avert the coming announcement.

"I will be better !" she cried. "Oh, Felicia, I do not deserve to be so happy!" The white arms tightened their clasp and the beautiful head nestled more closely | average merit.

"I shall remember to day above all other strong, and marked with a fullness of days," she said; "it is the happiest of my life. Felicia, I am shy at telling you my good news. Lord Saxon has asked me to be his wife, and wishes me | to marry him this summer.'

There was a dead silence as her voice

died away; the smile on her face was full of unutterable content. The blow which I had so long expected had at last fallen. I must go away, far away, where I could never hear of r see

either of them again! "This summer, she repeated; "and, now | Companies that his greatest successes were that my happiness is so near, I-I am afraid of it-afraid!" she reapeated, raising her

"You have nothing to fear," I said, with difficulty. · Is it colder than usual to night?" she

At the close of a sultry day, when the asked. "The air is sweet with roses, but it pass over the graceful figure. "I wish," thoughts, hot and bitter were my tears. She | had my life to begin over again. All people | make grave mistakes at one time or another in their lives, do they not?"

"Very many do," I replied-who had It was a luxu y to be alone, to pour forth | made a greater one than I? "But surely you can have made no mistake in your

She looked at me with wistful longing

"I did not know," she said, "that pure love brought so much with it. I find the first thing is a craving to be worthy of it." "I hope you are worthy of it," I answered gravely. Her curious words and manner began to make me feel anxious.

"I will try to be," she said. "Felicia, she continued, drawing my face down to hers and kissing it again, "you have known Nello longer than I have; do you think, if he loved any one very much, and found out that she he loved had done a great wrong,

he would forgive readily?" "It would depend altogether on the na ture of the wrong committed" I replied. "I should imagine that he would be ready to overlook ordinary faults and weaknesses; but there are some things that he would never pardon."

"What are they?' she asked breathless-"He hates trickery and deceit," I an-

swered, "He would, I believe, almost forgive murder sooner than anything of that nature."

She was looking at me with wide opened frightened eyes. "He would sooner forgive murder than

deceit !" she echoed. The words had a strange sound as she uttered them, and made a lasting impression upon me.

"I am sure it is cold," she remarked, after a pause; and once again she shudder-

She began to pace up and down the long "You will think that I am behaving strangely to night," she said. "I am un-

easy; I cannot rest." "Felicia, do not leave me!" "It is strange," she said presently, with

rare humility, "that out of all the world of women Nello should have chosen me."

"He loves you because you are one of the most beautiful."

She looked sad and disappointed. "D) you think it is only for my beauty that he loves me ?" she asked. ' Would not that content you?" I inquir-

"Not now," she answered slowly. 'It would once; it will not satisfy me now. Love has opened my eyes to a hundred things I did not know before."

"You really do not seem to have loved my cousin," I was startled into say.

"No," she replied-and her eyes filled with tears,"-"I did not love Paul-not in this fashion, at least."

Then I advised her to go to rest. Her

face was burning her eyes were shining with a strange light, her golden hair had fallen over her shoulders in careless profusion. Never was vision of wom inhood so fair !

"I am so loath to see the happ'est day of my life come to an end," she said, "that I feel compelled to linger here. Felicia, have you ever had what people call a presentiment? 'Yes, often," I answered.

"Have they been real zed ?" she asked. "More often than not," I rep'ied. "I have a presentiment to-night-a feeling

that tells me to morrow will not be like to-

"You will be happier than ever to-morrow," I said. "Lord Saxon will come over to Jesmond Dene quite early, and will want to drive you or ride with you to one of your favourite haun s. Than you will romp on the staircase with little Gay; you will go off in excellent spirits; and you will have quite forgotten your presentiment when you return."

"Good night, Felicia," she stil; "you have comforted me.'

I kissed her, and said "Good night." When I awoke the next morning, my first thought was that I must go from Jesmond Dene. I could not bear to remain in the place that had seen my hopes crushed and my love ruth lessly blasted.

Just as I had prophesied, Lrd Saxon came over quite early, as he wanted to drive Lacy Jesmond to St. Michael's Pricry, a fine ruin about ten miles dis-

"A whole day my, darling, out in the sunshine together !" I heard him say.

Tay went to the nursery, whence I heard issue peals of sweet childish laughter. went after them with a message for Lary Jesmond. Lord Saxon was tossing the child in his arms, delighting and frightening him at the same time. Lacy Jesmond was speaking to the nurse at the other end of the room and again I caught the words, "Be careful, Gabrielle;" and once more wondered why the nurse should presume so to address her mistress.

Nello and Ludy Jesmond rode away to gether, and there was no shadow on her love y laughing face as she wished me a ples ant "Good morning,"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Two Popular Singers.

Mrs. Agnes Corlett-Thomson, who will be remembered by many of our readers as Miss Corlett, is rapidly coming to the front as a singer of much more than Her voice is a pure, sweet "stoccato" soprano, particularly tone and purity of production but seldom met with. She is also a good type of an ideal Canadian, rich in good health, with that bright and clear complexion characteristic of her country women. Last May she married Mr. J. F. Thomson, a bartone of whom Canada may well be proud. As yet a young man, he has has already filled engagements with a number of high class opera and concert Companies. It was with the Strakosch and Litta made. While with them he appeared with such great artists as Marie Roze, Torriani, Annandale, Litta, Brignoli, Tagliapietra, Kellogg, Carey, Perugini, Conly, etc. The Boston Herald in speaking of his debut there said "Another debutant, Mr. J. F. Thomson, scored the success the evening by his artistic singing. He possesses a magnificent baritone voice of over two octaves in compass, particularly strong and pure, even in all its registers and highly cultivated, which he uses with great taste and expression. His numbers were "The Torreador Song" (Carmen) and "Si tu Savais" (Balfe.) He was enthusiast cally encored after each, and his num ber given in response, "Good Company" Adams), and "Awake" by the same composer, but increased the good impression his first selections excited." Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, remain in

Toronto until the spring, when they expect to go to New York, and finish their musical studies.

One of Froude's Stories of Carlyle. It is no exaggeration to say that if one of the stories in Froude's "Thomas Carlyle" had been published during the historian's life no woman, unless possibly one of his kinsfolk as hard as himself, would ever have spoken to him again. His wife, suffering from the combined effects of chronic neuralgia and a terrible fall, with the nerves and muscles of one side entirely disabled lay on her bed, unable to close her mouth. Hs came into her room, looked at her, while he leaned against the mantelpiece-an act intensely irritating to a woman not vain, indeed, but proudly desirous not to look illand said: "Jaue, ye had better shut your mouth. Jane, ye'll find yourself in a more compact and pious frame of mind if ye shut your mouth." That Mrs. Carlyle endured this gibe and afterwards remained near the man who inflicted it upon her, says much for her constancy; but ne woman who reads its crude brutality canafterwards be open to conviction that there was anything good about Carlyle.

The Dunce's Cap in the East.

gone out to Egypt to examine the Pyramid spent a portion of their time in visiting the public elementary schools in Cairo. What was their surprise to see a European "stove-I attempted to go, but she cried out, | pipe" hat hanging on the wall in almost every school-room. In reply to the interpreter's inquiry, one of the teachers said that the most efficacious punishment for refractory boys was to be compelled to wear the "I do not think so," I replied quickly. | hat .- [Doutsche Hutmacher Zeitung.

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A grate singer-Tne tea kettle. "Frailty, thy Name is Woman." -Hamlet.

That she is frail, often in body,

"'Tis true, 'tis true 'tis a pity. And pity 'tis, 'tis true."

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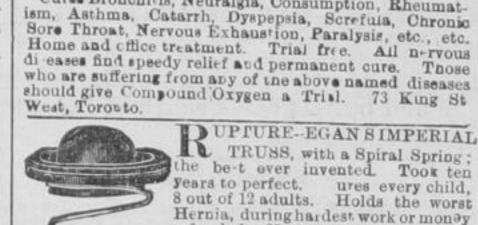
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