CHAPTER XVII.

"What is wrong?" repeated the nurse. "Oh, tell me for Heaven's sake?"

"She may be able to throw some light on the mystery," said the Major. "She came here with the lady, and, as you say she is a confidential servant, I should most certainly tell her what has occurr-

"We do not know what is wrong yet," I said, answering Mrs. Rivers. "This is the gentleman-Major Esmond-in whose house Miss Gabrielle Fairfaix lived in India, and he has come to see her. He declares this lady to be a stranger to him, and not Lady Jesmond at all."

The woman's face, as she listened, assumed a livid pallor, and a fierce gleam

shone in her dark eyes.

"Who dares say it?" she cried. "Who dareutter so foul a calumny?" "I do; I dare," said the Major. "That lady is no more Gabrielle Fairfax than you are! I know Gabrielle as well as I do

my own children. The old nurse's face became more ghastly white, and a violent fit of trembling

came over her. "Can you tell us anything which will help to solve the mystery?" asked Lord

Saxon. "Thare is no mystery, my lord. He speaks falsely-falsely! I have not one

word to say Where is Lady Jesmond ?" "She is here," I said, moving aside. "She has fainted."

sprang and knelt down by the side of the apparently lifeless body on the couch. At the sound Lady Jesmond languidly opened her eyes and murmured something which did not reach us. "Hush, my dear, hush!" cried the

nurse; then, turning to us with anger and defiance, she added. "You will kill between you! Who darei to say she is not Paul Jesmond's widow and the mother of this child?"

"Nello, Nello," cried the faint voice, "I-I will tell you! Send them all away

-all away! "Hush, hush, my dear!" said Mrs. Rivers. "Lie still!" And again she turned her face to us, as she continued, "She does not know what she is saying. You will drive her mad between you!"

'Send them all away, Nello! I want to tell you-only you!" she cried. "Take the child to the nursery, Mrs.

Rivers," said Lord Saxon. But the woman refused to go. "I will not leave her," she declared. "She is not safe with anyone but me." "Go," said the faint weak voice.

And, weeping bitter tears, the nurse obeyed the command of her mistress, and left the room.

"Wait for me in the dining room, Ma jor Esmond," said Lord Saxon, "I should like to see you again before you go." "I will," answered the Major.

And then, with a slight gesture, Lord Saxon made known to me his wish that I should remain.

"Speak out, Gabrielle," he said. " Of all people in the world, you need fear me the least, because I love you the best. Speak to me fearlessly—tell me all." "Oh, Nello, Nello, nothing that I can

say will make any difference to you—to

But I remarked that he did not answer the question. So did she, for she stretched out her trembling arms to him. "Nello, I will tell you all."

She rose from the couch, and flung herself imploringly upon her knees at his feet. She caught his hand in hers, and raised her agonised face to his. I pray Heaven I may never witness another such scene. Her golden hair hung like a glittering veil over her "shoulders, and her fair loveliness was shadowed by a storm of agonized despair.

"Look at me, Nello?" she cried with passionate fervor, 'Do not turn your eye from me! You will not love me less when I confess that I am a most miserable sinner. Throw your arms round me, Nello take me to your breast. I cannot speak when I am so far from you."

But he did not move.

laid his hand on her head.

"Nello!" she cried again; and the piteous agony in her voice touched my heart "Speak to me freely, Gabrielle," he said. "At present I cannot understand what all this means;" and, as he spoke he

"I am a miserable sinner," she sobbed, after a momentary pause; "but I did not think of the wickedness of the act, and I was persuaded. I saw the enormity of my crime afterwards; but it was too late to withdraw then."

"Tell me," he said—and I noticed the change in his voice—"is what the Major said true? Are you Lady Jesmond?"

"No," she answered, "I am not. Oh, forgive me, Nello, forgive me! If I had known that I should see you and love you, I would never have done it. Oh, forgive

"Will you tell me who you are?" he ask. ed, gently but firmly.

"I am Lady Jesmond's sister," she replied. "My name is Alice, not Gabrielle." She must have caught sight of his face then, for her voice died in a wail of deep despair. "You must forgive me, Nello, you must," she persisted, "or I shall die here at your feet ! If I had known that I should meet you, if I had known that the time was coming when I should "see | Great Heaven, there is no pity in your

growing hard and cold towards me. Let me die-let me die !" She wrenched her hands from his, and flung herself to the ground in a frenzy of madness. I went to her, for I could not

face, no love in your eyes! Your heart is

bear the sight of her despair. bitterly." Then, my heart aching with an- est moment of her life would be when she

Saxon, be kind to her! She loves you so \ Saxon. well, and she is so unhappy. Be kind to

"Tell me a'l," Lord Saxon again re- comfort her. quested.

strength fails me. Felicia, fetch my mother; she will tell you all.'

here," I said. "Ah, I forgot you do not know! Mrs.

Rivers is my mother. "Mrs. Rivers your mother!" cried absent for three months. Lord Saxon, in undisguised astonishment. "More deceit, more intrigue! Oh, Ga- brought the news of his death, and that brielle, whom I believed to be true as I found you fair, how could you stoop so

The only answer to this reproach was a

mean of despair, "There is a terrible scene below, Mrs. Rivers," I said, entering the nurse's room.

"Will you come down please ? Lady Jesmond wants you."

She seemed to fly rather than walk; and I hastened after her. Ah, the mother's instinct, the mother's love? She thought neither of Lord Saxon nor of me, but went to the girl who lay upon the carpet, crushed and helpless.

"My darling, what is it ?" she cried. For a moment the burning face of the unhappy girl appeared through the veil of

oosened hair. "Mother," she said, "tell them all! Do not keep one word back-tell them

The nurse looked up with a troubled frightened face.

"You know!" she said. With a heart-rending cry the woman | mond," Lord Saxon broke in, "and we al- | delicate -unlike my beautiful Alice, who so know that you are Mrs. Fairfax."

despairingly. "Oh, my beautiful Alice; it | would never have been done but for meguilty miserable me!"

She turned to Lord Saxon, and kept her eyes fixed on his face the whole time that she spoke.

"My lord," she went on, "you have judged her already. I read your judgement in your eyes. Suspend it until you have heard what I have totell."

He bowed. "I must speak of myself for a few minutes," she said. "My husband was a poor hard-working curate who left me, when he died, with two little daughters, Gabrielle and Alice. We lived at Wavertree and after his death I supported myself and my children by giving music-lessons there. I say 'supported'; but only Heaven knows the desperate struggle I maintained to bring up my children respectably. never knew until recently what it was to be free from the pinch of poverty-poverty all the more bitter because it has been what the world in its satire calls 'genteel.' Of all the slow tortures that destroy life, genteel poverty is the greatest. You, my lord, who have never felt the pangs of hunger, you do not know the trials that beset those who have to battle fiercely for their daily bread, My children were good and beautiful. They were both clever; and I struggled on until they were old enough to receive educational training. I denied myself food in order that they should have enough to eat. Many a night, my lord, I have lain awake too hungry to sleep; but they knew no hunger, no cold. They were

little then. "When they grew older, through the good offices of a friend of mine, since dead, I found a home for them in a large boarding school near Paris, where they both received an excellent education in return

for the services they rendered. she had an offer of a situation in India. A | happen to do so, she could easily evade lady going thither wanted a companion | them. There did not seem to me to be who could speak French. My daughter | the least danger of my plans being upset went with her; and afterwards she went | in that manuer. I pondered the matter to live as governess in the family of Major | in my mind, and then I broached it to Esmond. She was very happy there, and | Alice. often sent me money home. Still my life understood the advantages that must ac- me-I deserve it. crue from it."

Sexon did not stir; but I saw traces of child's hand her wedding-ring and diadeep emotion on his face.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"You cannot realize," continued Mrs. Fairfax, "what that marriage meant for me; it meant freedom from the horrible grind of poverty, which had already almost crushed the life from me; freedom from the irksome task of teaching for a miserable pittance; a fair provision of the comforts and necessaries of life-for I knew that my daughter would care for me. She did. I believe that the first sum of money her husband gave her was sent to me. She told me that she would be able to do more for me after a time; that, when she returned to England, I should cease to work; that she would settle a substantial income on me; and that at last I should have the rest so long withheld from me! Think of my delight at the glowing prospect opened up to me! You cannot realise it, you who have never known want. My daughter begged me to be reticent as to her position and prosyou and love you, I would rather have pects, never to mention her marriage evdid-not even to poor Alice, her sister lying here, my poor beautiful Alice!" She bent down and ksised the colourless

face half hidden by the trembling hands. "Not even Alice knew then," she reiterated, as though speaking to herself. daughter wrote to me again, and told me "Gabrielle," I said, "do not weep so of her happiness adding that the proud- stone. guish at the sight of the beautiful wreck | placed her little son in my arms | Fer ! daughter grew nervous, 'It is a freud |

hoping that he would say a few words to

"All this time," she went on, "my found an excellent situation there, and things were going better with me. Then "Your mother, Gabrielle? She is not came a period of disquiet. Gabrielle had written to me from India to say that her | crushed you by my miserable folly?" husband was going to Faizabad on some military business, and that he would be

"The next letter that came from her she was coming home with the little heir to Jesmond Dene I well remember the words of her letter-

"I shall come home to you for a few daysfirst, mother; my heart is so completely broken by Paul's death that I could not face Jesmond Dene just yet.'

"She came to Wavertree, bringing with her no servant-only her baby boy; and on the same day my daughter Alice returned from France. For the first time since they were children, I had them together under my roof. Try to realise the temptation, Lord Saxon, and you Miss Gordon.

"We were then in my house quite alone. I had no servant, no visitor, few of my pupils came to my home and none of them knew anything of my daughters. Lady Jesmond, the child in whom all my hopes centred, was taken ill and died quite suddenly. She looked very ill when she came, fer the loss of her hosband had preyed on her mind and weakened her already debilitated constitution. She had "We know that lady is not Lady Jes- never been strong; she was fragile and was always healthy. Poor Gabrielle died "It is all discovered then!" she said of inflammation of the lungs. We called in a doctor; but, remembering all she had said about secrecy, I did not mention her name before him; he knew only that she was my daughter. Neither he nor 1 anticipated a serious termination to her illness, or what was done afterwards would have been impossible; but she died quite suddenly in the middle of the night, when Alice and I were in the house alone. I was terribly distressed-because of her loss chiefly, and also because of the complete shattering of all my hopes. The child might live and succeed to Jesmond Dene; but there would be no provision for me. If my daughter had lived I should have been well provided for but here she was lying dead! Poverty and work still stared me in the face; and I was so tired! An idea—I admit that it was a wicked one-flashed across my mind showing me how I could avert the calamity which threatened my future prospects. No one knew anything about my daughter; no one knew here in England, which was Lady Jesmond and which was Alice Fairfax. Why not ask the living child to take the dead one's place? "No one could ever know; it would

Dene. They were both my children, and, as it could work no iujury to any one, why should not the one pass for the "I thought it all over carefully, and viewed it in all its bearings. There seemed to me little harm in it; and I was so tired of poverty, so tired of work! The only danger I could foresee was the very one that has cccurred—the coming home of some one from India who had known Gabrielle there; but the chances of such a thing happening appeared to me very small. She had known but few people, and those few were not likely to seek "When Gabrielle was about seventeen, her out in England; and, if they should

hurt no one. A widowed Lady Jesmond

was travelling from India; a widowed

Lady Jesmond was expected at Jesmond

"At first-believe me, Lord Saxonwas a terrible struggle, and few sun-rays | she most positively refused to agree to illumined my dreary path. I had to rent | my scheme. She said that it would be a comfortable house and dress respect- false, dishonourable, mean-that she ably, or I should have lost all my pupils. | would never consent to such a deception Think, then, what news it was to me But I talked to her, and pointed out when I heard that my daughter was to | that, with her beauty and her position as marry the son and heir of Str William | Lady Jesmond, she would be able to make Jesmond, although, as she told me, the | a briliant marriage. I persuaded her; marriage was to be kept secret. Still I let the blame and the punishment fall on

"I took my living daughter to the side She paused for a few minutes. Lord of the dead one. I drew from my dead mond keeper, and placed them on Alice's

> "'It is Alice Fairfax who lies there,' I said; 'and you are Gabrielle, Lady Jesmond.' I took the boy and placed him in her arms. 'Henceforth,' I said to her, 'this is your child.'

> "I told the little fellow to call her 'mamma;' but I was much troubled by the look in the child's eyes. If he could have spoken he would have said plainly, 'This is not my mamma; she has gone away!' But he was too young to understand; nevertheless, whenever he calls Alice 'mamma' there is a questioning look in his eyes."

> I wondered that I had not thought of that before, for I had often heard the cry of the child for his mother and seen his strange, inquiring gaze. This confession made clear to me many of the mysterious things I had observed during the past twelve months.

"We had no trouble in successfully carrying on the deception," Mrs. Fairfax continued. "No one suspected what had been done. Alice took possession of died than have been guilty of this sin. en to my dearest friends; and I never Gabrielle's trunks, of her clothes, her jewels, her papers, of the package left by Captain Jesmond to be given to his wife. Who was there to say that she was not Gabrielle, Lady Jesmond? The doctor's cirtificate was made out in the name of Alice Fairfax, and in Wavertree church-"When the little heir was born, my yard the name of Alice Fairfax is engraved on my dead daughter's tomb-

"But, when all was arranged, my

before me, I turned to him. "Oh, Lord | was a good mother to both my girls, Lord | and a deception," she declared; and more than once she told me that she had He bowed, but did not speak. I was not the courage to carry it through. She consented to represent her sister only on condition that I would come with her and act as nurse to the child. Then, and "I cannot," she answered; "my daughter Alice was in France. She had not till then, did she consent to come. She made me promise that I would live with her always; and we have been very happy. Oh, my beautiful Alice, have I

Her voice diedaway in bitter sobs as she knelt by her daughter's side; and she who had for so long been known as Lady Jesmond opened her arms and pillowed the gray head upon her bosom.

"Never mind, mother," she said. "Do not cry so, dear . all will be well yet. Nello will forgive me."

But I knew, from the stern pained expression on his face, that he would never take her to his heart again. He was "a worshipper of beauty and a dreamer of dreams;" but he was a man who valued honour and integrity, who could not tolerate deceit. I knew her doom, poor girl, before he pronounced it.

said the weeping mother. "Your sin was not against me," he replied gravely. "Yon have wronged

"You will forgive us both, my lord?"

Miss Gordon more than you have wrong-"Felicia, you will forgive me?" plead-

ed Alice Fairfax. "I forgive you, dear, with all my

heart," I replied. "You have always been good to me, Felicia," she went on, "although I took so much from you."

She did not know-she would never know-all that she had taken, or all that I had lost.

"Felicia has forgiven me," sho said, in | such; genius speaks only to genius. a trembling voice. "Nello, you will not refuse me pardon?"

"Forgive us, my lord !" sobbed Mrs. fairfax again.

"Not only do I forgive you entirely," said Lord Saxon, "but it shall be my care and my pleasure to provide for your future, Mrs. Fairfax. You shall know want no more." She turned quickly and kissed his

"I thank you, my lord," she said

gratefully; but her daughter's voice interrupted her further expression of "Nello, Nello," cried the unhappy

girl, "speak to me-think of me!" "Will you leave us?" he said to Mrs. Fairfax. "I wish to talk to your daughter for a short time." Then, noting the violence of her grief, he added, "Do not weep so bitterly. It was a great folly-a wretched mistake; but it is too late now to repair it. I can only say this—that your future shall be my care. Leave me with your daughter now."

And, still weeping most bitterly, Mrs. Fairfax left the room.

Lord Saxon walked over to Alice Fairfax, and stood by her side, gravely looking down at the face he had so often smiled upon.

"Alice!" he said, "It seems strange to give you that name. She looked up to him with eager passionate eyes.

"Shall I never be 'Gabrielle' to you again?" she asked. "No-never more," he answered gravely. "The name was not yours, and you

should not have borne it." "Oh, Nello, Nello, if you will not forgive me, kill me! I cannot live without you !" she cried.

"It is no question of forgiveness," he said coldly; 'my dear, beautiful as you are, and dearly as I love you, we must part."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Evolution of Names.

Annabella is not Anna-bella, or fair Anna, but is the feminine of Hannibal, meaning gift (or grace) of Bel. Arabella is not Arabella, or beatiful altar, but Orabel, a prying woman. In its Anglicized form of Orabel, it was much more common in the thirteenth century, than at present. Maurice has nothing to do with Mauritis, or a Moor, but comes from Almarica-himmelreich-the kingdom of Heaven. Ellen is the feminine of Alain, Alan or Allan, and has no possible connection with Helen, which comes from a different language, and is older by 1,000 years, at least. Amy, is not from amee, but from amie. Avice, or Avis, does not exactly mean advice. as some think. It comes from Ædwis, and means unhappy wisdom. Eliza has no connection with Elizabeth. It is the sister of Louisa, and both are the daughters of Heloise, which is Hele-wis, hidden wisdom. There is, indeed, another form of Louisa, or rather Louise, hich is the feminine of Louis, but this was scarcely heard of before the sixteenth century. The older Heloise form of the name, Aloisa, Aloisia, or Aloysia, was adopted into mediæval English as Alesia -a name which our old genealogists confuse with Alice. Emily and Amelia are not different forms of one name. Emily is from Æmylia, the name of an Etruscan gens. Amelia comesfrom the Gothic amala, heavenly. Reginald is not derived from Regina, and has nothing to do with a queen. It is Rem-alt, exalted purity. Alic, Adelais, Adelaide, Aliza, Alix, Adaline are all forms of one name, the root of which is adel, noble. But Annie was never used as identical with Annis or Agnes (of which last the old Scottish Annas is a variety); nor, as is sturdily maintained, was Elizabeth ever synonymous with Isabel.

It Wasn't His Heart.

"I hope you will be a better boy in the future," said his mother.

"Yes'm," sobbed the boy. "I guess you will mind your father next time he speaks to you."

"Yes'm." "Poor boy!" she added, sympathetically, "did he touch your heart?"

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