

# NELLO.

## THE STORY OF MY LOVE.

### CHAPTER XIX.

When Alice heard Lord Saxon's words—and they sounded with terrible distinctness in the quiet room—she started with a faint cry, and then fell back white and helpless. After a few moments she stood up, having recovered her composure.

"You cannot mean that, Nello!" she cried. "You cannot leave me; we cannot part! I am your promised wife. Look at me," she continued, in frenzied despair—"look into the face that you have found so fair, and tell me that your love is still mine! You must not leave me to desolation and death! Look at me whom you have professed to love, and whisper your forgiveness. Nello, would you plunge a dagger into my heart?"

"Need you ask, Alice?" he answered. "Well, you will kill me far more cruelly if you leave me bereft of your love," she said. "Oh, Nello, Nello, if you must send me from you, kill me here and now! I would rather die by your hand than receive life from another."

A simple dignity, such as I had not seen before, came to him now.

"My dear," he said, in gentle yet firm tones, "you must see that it is impossible I can ever marry you. Your beauty took me by storm, and I gave you as deep and passionate love as man ever gave to woman. It came to me like a vision of perfect bliss; it died when I found that you had been to me a living lie. I would have married you had you been poor as the beggar girl whom King Cophetua loved; I would have married you had your beauty been marred by burn or scar. But you have on your soul a stain so horrible to me that your beauty could never hide it from my eyes."

With a cry to Heaven for pity, she again sank upon the couch, whilst Lord Saxon went on, in a grave, sad voice—

"Do not think me harsh—do not think that I judge you from a pinnacle of self-complacent goodness. I humble myself before Heaven for my many faults and sins while I speak to you. There are transgressions much greater than yours in the eyes of the world which I could more easily have forgiven; but a lie has always been to me the thing most hateful on earth. Had you told me all," he went on, "when I first declared my love for you—had you trusted to my affection, and shown me that, after all, a love of truth reigned in your soul, I would have made you my wife. But the lie you have acted and lived has been found out by another. I never before appreciated," he added, "the moral beauty of a woman. Beauty pales before the grandeur of nobility of soul, even as the twinkling stars are outshone by the sun of noon-day."

I could listen to no more, but stood up to defend the beautiful yet unhappy woman who was writhing beneath the words of contempt that he poured forth.

"Do not be so terribly hard, so bitterly cruel, Lord Saxon!" I cried. "You may need mercy yourself, some day. If she has sinned, she suffers."

"And I suffer," he returned. "My life is as hopelessly shattered as hers. I have loved, not a real, but an ideal woman whose soul, I believed, was clear as crystal. The ideal has vanished; and the reality that remains is but the dross of common humanity. Oh, Alice, why, when you knew that I loved you—why did you not tell me yourself of the deceit you were practising? Your honesty in telling me would have gone far towards atoning for your crime. As it is, you have been simply found out."

She rose from the couch and approached Lord Saxon. The pallor of death was on her face. As she flung herself upon her knees at his feet she looked at him with a pathetic yearning I shall never forget to the day of my death.

"Forgive me, Nello," she pleaded—and her voice might have touched a heart of stone—"forgive me! I did wrong, and I have suffered throughout the whole period of my deception. Oh, Nello, forgive me, and take me to your heart! I will be such a faithful wife to you—all the more faithful and truthful because I have deceived you. Nello, never again in this world shall my lips open to utter one false word—never again!"

"My dear," he said, "you only torture yourself and me. The soul has gone from my love; there is but the corpse of it left—nothing can reanimate it. I must be able to look up to the woman I take for a wife, to honor and reverence her. How could I reverence you when I know you to have committed a fraud? I will befriend you, I will take care of you; but my love is dead."

"Felicia," she cried, "plead for me! If he leaves me thus I shall die!" The tears were raining down her face, and her anguish was pitiable to see. "Plead for me, Felicia; he will listen to you."

"Be kinder to her, Lord Saxon," I said. "Do you not see that you are breaking her heart? And, with all her faults, you ought to remember that she has loved you devotedly."

"She has indeed," he answered, with a sad look on his face. "I wish it were all different, for I shall never know happiness again."

She rose and put both her arms round his neck, and whispered words of love to him. She kissed him and caressed his face with her little white trembling hands.

"My own love, my dear love," she murmured, "you could not, you must not, leave me without your love."

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

"I repent," she cried to him—"oh, Nello, I repent so bitterly! Heaven pities a repentant sinner. Cannot you, beloved, forgive this my great sin?"

"I do," he replied. "It is not that. Rest now, and to-morrow we will settle your future and your mother's."

"Apart from you?" she said.

"Yes—apart from me, my dear—quite apart."

"To-morrow, Nello?" she questioned, looking at him with a strange smile.

"You will settle my future to-morrow?"

"Yes, my dear," he said. "Now rest."

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

"Kiss me once more, Nello—once more. Forget that my lips have lied to you, and remember only that I have loved you. You are quite sure that nothing can induce you to take me back to your heart again—you are quite sure?"

"I am quite sure," he replied slowly.

"Kiss me just once again then, and say good-bye. Oh, the happy hours that we have spent, the love that has been between us, Nello! Mine was a great fault, a wicked deed; but you must always remember that my repentance was terrible. I see there is no mercy for me. You have none; Heaven will have none. I have finished. But you will say good-bye, Nello, and you will always remember my terrible repentance."

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. There was no supplication in her voice now; a quiet resignation had come over her.

"Good-bye, Nello!" she said. "My dear lost love, good-bye!"—and then, wringing her hands with a gesture of utter despair, she went from the room.

"Her heart will break," I said. "Oh, Nello, forgive her!"

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

"Felicia, I loved her so well that I think I could have forgiven her anything except the base deceit that she has been guilty of."

Then Lord Saxon joined the Major. They were together for half an hour; and, when they were leaving, the Major expressed to me his great sorrow at what had occurred. He added that, in the distressing circumstances, he would not remain in the house; and, as Lord Saxon had asked him to stay at Dunroon, he had decided to accept his hospitality.

They arranged to return to Jesmond Dene on the following afternoon, and meanwhile they would telegraph to Mr. Benson to meet them without delay. Everything was to be done quietly, so as to give Alice as little pain as possible.

"No publicity!" said the Major. "It is an unfortunate business altogether; but we must screen her."

When I had said good-night to them, I repaired at once to Aunt Annette's room. I did not tell her anything of what had passed, as I feared it would greatly excite her and perhaps retard her already slow recovery.

Before retiring for the night, I went to Alice's room and asked if she would like me to stay with her for an hour or two. The answer came in a strange smothered voice—"No;" she would rather be alone.

### CHAPTER XX., AND LAST.

Towards four in the morning she whom I had known as Gabrielle, Lady Jesmond, entered my room. Her face was quite colourless, and her long golden tresses hung loosely over her shoulders; her eyes shone with a light that was almost terrible in its brightness. She came towards me, holding a letter in her hand.

"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 he shall have it before ten o'clock."

I took the letter from her hands and promised to fulfil her wishes. She kissed me, but her face was deathly cold, and a strange wild gleam was in her eyes. She went to the window and drew aside the lace hangings.

"The sun is rising," she said, "and the river is rushing madly onwards to the sea."

The faint light of the dawn was on her face as she left my room, and those were the last words she ever uttered to me. I heard her close the door, and I hoped fervently that she might rest and sleep.

I did not like the commission; still, as the letter was evidently of great importance, and I had promised, I went. It was just ten o'clock when I reached Dunroon and placed it in Lord Saxon's hands.

He was surprised to see me so early, and seemed in no mood to read the letter. He opened it at last. As he read his face grew ghastly white, and he staggered back, with his hand pressed to his brow. He stood for some few minutes stunned and bewildered, then thrust the letter into my hands.

"Read, Felicia," he cried—"read quickly, quickly!"

I hurriedly read the loving, despairing,

passionate words that were her death-knell—words all blotted with tears—words written in the early dawn of the day of which she was not to see the end. This was the letter—

"You say, Nello, that you are coming to-day to settle my future. Dear, I shall settle it myself. There is no mercy for me; there is none on earth—there will be none perhaps in heaven; I expect none. And yet my fault was not so great, not so terrible. Such as it was, I will expiate it with my life; and the expiation is a greater sin than that for which you have left me. Now that I have known the warmth and sunshine of your love, I cannot live in the cold and darkness. Better a thousand times to be at rest, with the green grass growing over me, than to live on without happiness, without hope!"

"This will be my repentance, Nello. I shall walk out in the early morning to the river when the sun is shining. You know the reach where two days since you stood on the bank and drew the dripping water lilies ashore, and I—the happiest woman in the world—stood by your side. It is there that I shall seek rest. This my repentance, Nello. I shall walk down the path we have so often trodden together, knowing that it is for the last time. As I take my last walk to the river, everything will say good-bye to me. Yet I shall not falter. When the chill water kisses my face, when it seizes me and carries me swiftly along, when it washes my hair and bears me, a deadly burden, on its breast, then my repentance will have been accomplished; and, when this letter reaches your hands, she whom you have loved and spurned will be past reproach, beyond recall. Of all that was but yesterday filled with light and gladness there will remain to-day nothing but a dark memory. Nello my beloved, I write this on my bended knees, and on this sheet have fallen the most bitter tears woman can ever shed. I lay my last kiss on this paper, for I know that you must touch it. I shall die as I have lived, loving you. When I reach the river's brink, I shall love you; when the chill water—kinder than you, beloved—takes me into its embrace, I shall still love you."

"Long as you live, Nello, my spirit will hover near you. During the sweet summer nights, when the wind is sighing in the trees, you will think of me. When you walk by the river and hear the faint sobbing of the water, you will give a thought to her who preferred to die rather than live without you. You will know that my soul was not all false, because it held in it so true a love for you. Through the sigh of the summer wind, through the wash of the waves on the shore, my voice will come to you, and you will remember that, though I sinned greatly, my repentance was terrible. Beloved, farewell!"

I laid down the pitiful letter blotted with tears, and for a minute we looked at each other in silent horror. Then Lord Saxon, rousing himself from the stupor that had come over him, cried out—

"For Heaven's sake come quickly to the river, Felicia!"

But the river was far away, and the hour long past for human power to save her from the doom that she had sought. We drove rapidly from Dunroon to Jesmond Dene, accompanied by Major Esmond, and Lord Saxon led the way to the reach.

It was all too true. There, at the spot indicated in her letter, she lay, her face upraised to the morning sky and a smile on her lips, as though she had found the water kinder than her lover's closed arms and death sweeter than life.

Her body was speedily recovered from its cruel resting-place and conveyed to the Hall.

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. Of course it was an accident. Many people thought that she had been trying to reach the water-lilies, and so had fallen in. In the first wild months of her great anguish we were afraid that Mrs. Fairfax would reveal the secret which we all hoped would be buried with the remains of the unfortunate girl. Fortunately she did not disclose the truth. We were compelled to tell Mr. Benson everything; and, to my astonishment, he did not seem greatly surprised. He suggested that Mrs. Fairfax should continue to have charge of the child until he was a few years older, and that afterwards she would be provided for on the estate.

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 set 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 erring 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 realising all that her words

portended and taking steps to frustrate her design. He did not forget her; and for years his life was embittered and darkened by the tragedy in which he had played so conspicuous a part.

Meanwhile little Guy grew and prospered. At Mr. Benson's solicitation I remained at Jesmond hall to superintend the house and take care of the child. My aunt Annette died without ever knowing the whole truth; and I took every care of the unfortunate woman on whose shoulders the responsibility for this sad tragedy rested.

Six years afterward, when every one had ceased to expect him, Lord Saxon came home. It was in June, and the nightingales had begun to sing. He asked me to walk with him to hear them; and where we had lingered when he had first kissed me and lovingly whispered my name, we now stood again. He told me how he was learning to love me when that fair but frail woman came between us and snatched his very soul away. He asked me to trust him with my love and to be his wife; while the nightingales sang as though they had always known how my story must end. I did not say "Yes" at once. It was not the passionate love of "long ago," but the more enduring love of maturer years, that I gave him. We were married; and I am now Lady Saxon of Dunroon, and the Dowager Lady Saxon was overjoyed at the realization of her long-deferred hopes.

Sooth to say, I worship my husband, and we are very happy; but the words of that terrible letter haunt him. Nello is strong and brave; but there are times when I can see that he is nervous, and those times are when the wind sighs amongst the trees and we can hear the soft low sobbing of the waves on the shore.

But for all that we are happy; and I know now what the nightingales sing about in June.

(THE END.)

### Building 100 Freight Cars in 9 Hours.

This altogether unparalleled feat was performed in the freight car shops of Pullman's Palace Car Company, at Pullman, Ill., some time ago. The cars were flat, and formed part of an order for the Vicksburg, Shreveport & Pacific Railway Company, which desired to have them delivered as soon as possible. The task was accomplished without any special preparation. The work was "laid out" as usual on Saturday, that is, five sets of wheels and axles were placed on each of the seven tracks used in the work, and the materials for each of the cars were placed along the track in the usual manner. When the whistle sounded at 7 A. M., the men sprang to their work. Of the twenty-nine gangs, twenty-eight consisted of four men each, but the best gang was one hand short, because of sickness. The three men preferred to do the work themselves rather than take on a fourth hand. The first complete car was completed at 9:15 A. M., and the first lot of twelve completed was pulled out of the shop at 10:40 A. M. The hearty interest felt by all the men in this splendid contest was shown by the cheer which ran along the lines when the first finished lot began to move out of the shop. The writer reached the scene at about 4 P. M., and found the floors being laid on the last two or three of the 100 cars. It is within bounds to say that the whole number was finished by 5 P. M., and by 6 P. M. twenty-four of them were lettered and ready to ship. The remaining seventy-six were lettered and shipped during the next day.

### Disposing of Chinese Lepers.

Lepers in China are sometimes unceremoniously disposed of. An English writer once saw a leper in a basket by the side of a stream. The basket was filled with stones and moved by a crowd towards the water. The Englishman, who was in a boat, wanted to go on shore and interfere, but was not permitted. He could hear the poor wretch in the basket appeal to his executioners for mercy, but without success, for they proceeded to roll the basket and its occupant to the edge of the river at a point where it was deep and swift, and the miserable victim dropped into a watery grave. The men engaged in the disgusting work were of a low and pariah class, and were probably engaged by the villagers for the purpose. The indignant witness of it is revolting deed stood up in the boat and told the perpetrators that he would report the occurrence to the authorities at Canton, but they only laughed at the threat. What shocked him more than anything in connection with doleful tragedy was the callous demeanor of the adult actors and spectators and the presence of a crowd of children, who appeared to consider the affair very good fun, and to be utterly oblivious to the misery and despair of the doomed wretch.

### Death From Lightning.

At a recent congress of German medical men, a paper was read by Herr Heuser on the effect of lightning-stroke on human beings, and the author showed that when the lightning discharge passed through the skin the passage was much easier, that is to say the internal organs are much more conductive than the epidermis. This fact was pretty well-known but it is not so well known that the brain and spinal cord are apparently conductive and hence a lightning stroke on the head does not materially affect the brain beyond shattering the nerves, and causing temporary derangement. Most persons struck by lightning do not remember anything about the stroke, but others describe a sensation such as would be caused by their being struck a heavy blow, and should have likened the shock to what they would be supposed to feel if torn into small pieces. The subject is an obscure one, but happily it is now beginning to engage the attention of Physiologists as well as physicians.

### Repose in Conversation.

The quality to be cultivated, if you would have an agreeable manner in conversation, is repose. If you are restless and vehement you will be considered weak. So you must not fidget in your chair, nor run your fingers through your hair, nor crack your finger joints, nor gesticulate like a campaign orator. All of these things are in bad form, and make people wish you had sent regrets. You must avoid interrupting other talkers, also, and learn to control your temper, and say as little as possible about yourself. No matter how bored you may be, assume the virtue of being interested, and look pleasant at any sacrifice of sincerity and self-respect. Politeness exacts that you do unto others at such times as you expect them to do unto you when your turn comes. Your language should be simple and terse, but clear and comprehensive, and free from slang. Do not seek to shine as a humorist unless you are very confident that the company is an easy one to amuse; but if another person makes such a venture it is your duty to laugh, even if his jokes are so thin and flat that you long to strangle him. The amenities of social conversation do not permit the introduction of political or religious topics, for the reason that they can rarely be discussed in a calm and kind spirit.—[The Mentor.]

### Have You Thought About It?

Why suffer a single moment when you can get immediate relief from all internal or external pains by the use of Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure. Nerville has never been known to fail in a single case; it cannot fail, for it is a combination of the most powerful pain subduing remedies known. Try a 10 cent sample bottle of Nerville. You will find Nerville a sure cure for neuralgia, toothache, headache. Buy and try. Large bottles 25 cents, by all druggists.

A famous cook says: "The secrets of good cooking are fire and flavoring." We never thought so much about the flavoring, but we always understood that you couldn't cook anything except raw oysters without at least a little fire.

### "No Physic, Sir, in Mine!"

A good story comes from a boys' boarding-school in "Jersey." The diet was monotonous and constipating, and the learned Principal decided to introduce some old-style physic in the apple-sauce, and await the happy results. One bright lad, the smartest in the school, discovered the secret mine in his sauce, and pushing back his plate, shouted to the pedagogue, "No physic, sir, in mine. My dad told me to use nuthin' but Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and they are a doing their duty like a charm!" They are anti-bilious, and purely vegetable.

"Do you understand how to fix up my hair?" asked a lady of her newly hired colored servant. "Yes, ma'am; I kin fix it up in ten minutes." "You will never do for me. What would I do with myself all the rest of the day?"

"Hello!" we heard one man say to another the other day. "I didn't know you at first, why! you look ten years younger than you did when I saw you last." "I feel ten years younger," was the reply. "You know I used to be under the weather all the time and gave up expecting to be any better. The doctor said I had consumption. I was terribly weak, had night-sweats, cough, no appetite, and lost flesh. I saw Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' advertised, and thought it would do no harm if it did no good. It has cured me. I am a new man because I am a well one."

First citizen—"Is it true about the sudden death of young Snooks?" Second citizen—"Yes." First citizen—"Too much liquor, was 'nt it?" Second citizen—"No; too much water." First citizen—"How so?" Second citizen—"He drowned himself while intoxicated."

It's no secret nostrum. We speak of Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed, composed of best French Brandy, Smart-Weed, Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water. It cures cholera morbus, colic or cramps in stomach, diarrhoea, dysentery or bloody-flux, and breaks up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks.

Little Besse had a doll which gave out a sharp little squeak when pressed with the hand. One morning the sound failed to respond to the pressure. "Mamma," she said, with much earnestness, "do you know, I think dolly has swallowed her squeak."

Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops should be used in almost every household in Canada. It is one of the best and safest cough remedies known. Large bottles at 50 cents.

More or less: General on inspection—"Are you satisfied with the fare?" "Yes, to command, Herr General." "How is it with the meat? Are all served alike, or does one receive more and the other less?" "No, Herr General, they all get less."

Let there be no mistake about this, that the Myrtle Navy tobacco is manufactured from the very finest Virginia leaf. No higher quality of leaf can be purchased for any tobacco made. It is selected with the very greatest care, and treated with the most approved processes for preserving the flavor of the tobacco.

How Young America got even: Mr. Smythe—"Kid, Miss Arabella, is a slang word to signify a child." Miss Browne—"Oh, yes, for instance: Maudie, here, is a kid." Miss Maud (who resents the imputation)—"Yes, for instance, Arabella's no kid."

Yes you can get something to stop that cough "Pectoral" will do it in no time. Try Pectoral, it never fails. The great 25 cent Cough and Cold Cure.

The daughter of a New York millionaire has just been refused by her father's coachman, to whom she proposed elopement and marriage. He took a day to think about it, sized the matter all up and came to the conclusion that he wanted a wife who could take in washing and help him around the stables when he wanted a day off. No millionaire helplessness in his domestic circle.