## NELLO.

THE STORY OF MY LOVE.

CHAPTER V.

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To-morrow! I closed my eyes that night in an ecstacy of delight. The calm screnity of the night-skies, the gentle ripple of green leaves, the silver light of the moon, and the dark handsome face of my lover—I dared in my own heart use the word—were with me in my dreams. The song of the nightingales and my lover's voice blended harmonicusly, greeting my ears with sweet melody as I dreamed on of the morrow. "Felicia—good night, Felicia!" was the burden of the melody; and its ravishing strains fell woothingly on my lesses.

lody; and its ravishing strains fell toothing-ly on my senses.

"To-morrow" was come. The sun was gilding the earth with its resplendent rays, the birds arolled their songs of delight, the gentle wind, kissing the flowers, wafted their perfume abroad. Nello was coming to tell me "hat it all meant." I knew that one word explained it, and that that word was "love." He was coming. Patience— he would be here soon, and then my life would be crowned by the possession of his love!

love!

I was standing under the spreading cedar boughe, anticipating in thought the happiness that was to be mine, when a letter was brought to me. I had gone thitter knowing that he must pass by the spot. The golden sunlight that pieroed through the drooping boughs was warm and pleasant. He would stand beside me, and he would tell me "what it all meant." Taking the letter from the bearer, a thrill passed through me. I knew by instinct that the note was from him, I opened it hastily. It ranthus—my first loveletter—

opened it hastny. It is the letter...
"I had hoped to be with you to-day, Fellow to you. But I "I had hoped to be with you to-day, Felicia, as I have much to easy to you. But I
have just received a telegram from my agants
in freiand, and, if I want to save my property
there from utter destruction, I must go at
once. I shall not be song absent. I hope to
be back with you before the nightingales have

once. I shall not be iong absent. I hope to be back with you before thenightingales have cessed to sing."

Though the sun was shedding its warmth around, a sudden grey chill fell over everything. All the gold seemed to fade from the ennlight, the perfume to depart from the flowers, the light from the skies, the glory frem earth and see. A mist of passionate tears rose before my eyes as I saw my cup of haappiness dashed to the ground. It was not "to-morrow" after all; and I remembered how people always said that to morrow never came. But he would return. I felt grieved, disappointed, but not fearful. Lady Saxon had otten spoken to me of their Irish estate, Locofin, and had expressed a wish that Lionel would sell it. The tenants were always in rebellion against the agent, and she was nervous lest harm should come to her son. He laughed at the idea. He was not afraid of disaffection or open rebellion, so he had gone amongst them; and I—

Well, the summer was not over, the roses had not ceased to bloom. All would come right if I had but the patience to wait. I should soon sgain see the face I loved so well.

But, notwithstanding my self-administer-

But, notwithstanding my self-administer-

Dere, and had remained with us a whole week, instructing me in my new duties, and teaching me muoh of which I had previously been quite ignorant. It was he who had approved all my plans for building, and who had told me that I could not spend Sir William's hoarded thousands in a better fashion.

William's hoarded thousands in a better fashion.

I felt no alarm at hearing that he had orms, even though it was suddenly and without notice. I was much broubled about aunt Annette, for she seemed so unlike hersell. "He come soon after you had gone to Dunroom," she went on nervously. "He wanted me to send for you, but I thought you should have one more happy day."

"Mr Benson would never make me unhappy," I laughed. "He is always the bearer of good news to me."

She looked at me wistfully.
"Mr. Benson desires a long talk with you on business-matters," she explained. "You had better defer it until after dinner."

"I will do that with pleasure," I answerdlit le imagning the nature of the business.

Had I been less engressed in my own love.

ness.

Had I been less engrossed in my own love story, I should have known from Mr Benson's nervous hesitating manner that something of more than usual importance was amiss. While I was talking to the grave child laware while I was diung with him, I smiss. While I was talking to the grave old lawyer, while I was dining with him, I was in fancy looking into my absent lover's face and listening to the notes of the night-incales:

face and list-ning to the notes of the nightingales.

"Can you spare an hour this evening,"
irquired Mr. Benson; "or shall I defer my
business until the mcrning?"

It sppeared to me that he was not unwilling to defer it. I had never seen him so unlike himself—confused, hesitating, glancing
at me strangely, beginning a speech, then
ending abruptly.

I saud to him at last—

"You are not we'l, Mr Benson."

"No, I am in great distress," he answered.

"No, I am in great distress," he answered.

"In distress?" It was such a strange confession for him to make. "In distress?" I repeated. "You are not ill, I hope? You have not met with any misfortune?"

repeated. "You are not ill, I hope? You have not met with any misfortune?"

"I am not ill, and the misfortune that depresses me is not mine," he said.

"Not yours!" I exclaimed; and his grave manner gave an additional significance to his words.

"The fact is," he continued, looking at me, "I have, for the first time in my professional life, made a terrible mistake."

I could only repeat the words, "A terrible mistake."

I could only repeat the words, "A terrible mistake."

'It is not often that lawyers do that," he said. "They are generally very cautious. I fear that in this particular business I have been neither. A lawyer," he continued, "above sIl men, should well consider every step he takes. In this one case I did not."

He was talking to a girl whose whole soul vibrated to the music of the nightingales and the sound of her lover's voice; and even those words, portentous as they were, did not startle her.

"Yet," he continued, "I cannot see how I could have helped is, or how I am to blame, though blame must lie somewhere."

"It does not lie with you, I feel sure," I said, with a faint attempt at consolation, and as a proof of my confidence in his legal acuteness.

"The worst of it," he continued, "is that the mistake I have made affects you."

"Then," I said, "it can be casily reme."

By degrees hope seemed to come back to my beart, the color to my face, clear thought to my brain. Then I realized that I was no len ger mistress of Jesmond Dene, and that I must give way to my cousin's little son, I confess, between smiles and tears, that the very words "My counts" little son, "softened and warmed my lifeart to the child as nothing else could have done, and robbed the blow of half its bitter sting. My cousin's little son—the son of the bright-faced hand, some lad who had been so kind to me in my girlhood, who had kissed me, and had promised to marry me when he had seen the world! He had married some one else, and I must give way to his child; the rightful heir to Jesmond Dene. Still my heart warmed to him for my dead counin's aske.

"As you will remember," continued Mr. Benson, "there was no cordiality between tabler and any Sig William liked to save

warmon to nim for my dead cousin's sake.

"As you will remember," continued Mr. Benson, "there was no cordislity between father sud son. Sir William liked to save money; Paul enjoyed spending it. The father's miserly ways made home haveful to the son. They quarrelled fiercely before they parted, and I should imagine from the tone of the latters that passed between them that they were never on friendly terms spain. Sir William refused him an allow-ance for some time, so deeply rooted was his anger. He afterwards relented; but by that time the young man's heart was hardened. I know that Sir William wrote to him several times on the subject of marriage, urging him to take great care not to be so foclish as to fall in love—that he must not marry until he returned to England, and then he was to marry a wealthy woman. Money was to be his first consideration. Sir William told me all about these letters. He added also that he had never recived an answer to them. "That accounts," remarked Mr. Benson, "for the young fellow's selence about his marriage. There is no doubt he believed implicitly that, if his father knew of it, he would disinherit him and leave him penniless, for he married much beneath him, his wife having no dowry except a beautiful face."

"Who was she?" I asked.

penniless, for he ma ried much beneath him, his wife having no dowry except a beautiful face."

"Who was she?" I asked.

"Her name was Gabrielle Fairfax," he replied, "and she was living in the family of Major Esmond as governess to his children—a very unusual thing in India; but the Elmond children were strong and healthy, and their parents did not care to part with them. She was a most beautiful and a very good girl, so Colonel Brownlow tells me, clever and accomplished, belonging to a respectable English family. She had, of course, no fortune, and no prospect of ever possessing any. Paul Jesmond fell in love with and married her. No one knew of the marriage, except Major Esmond and his wife. Paul dared not let it be known, lest his father should take his wife straight to Jesmond bene, and trust to her lovely face to win bim his father's forgiveness. Miss Gordon, I can hear in fanoy nis cheery young voice saying, "When my father sees her, he will relent." He was always sauguine, poor Paul!"

I knew that—my bright-faced handsome

will relent. He was always sanguine, poor Paul!"

I knew that—my bright-faced handsome consin! Mr. Benson went on—

"He rented a pretty little house on the Neilgherry Hils for his wife, and they lived happily for two years no one guessing his secret. "A son was born there; and Paul Jesmond who keew the importance of that son's birth, took the precaution of having it properly registered, and of keeping a copy of the registration. The chill was obristened by the resident chaplain, who, in his turn, faithfully kept the promise of secrecy that he had given. Paul took yet another precaution, which, for one so habitually carelless as him-li, seems to me somewhat remarkable. He gathered together the needful papers—his certificate of maringe, and the ocrtificate of his son's birth—and placed them together, with a long letter to his father, telling him all the story of his marriage, and begging, if anything happened to him, that he would be kind to his wife and child."

"Let little Guy succeed me, 'he wrote." Do not visit the offences of the father on the son. However faulty I may have been.

The state of the s

the matter. But, whou Maj r Esmond returned, and heard what had happened, he went at once to Colonel Brownlow, and told him the whole story. The Colonel was not try well pleased, and blamed Major Esmond for having connived at a seoret marriage of a young officer. Then Captain Hartigan was sen't to find the young wife, so soon widowed, and to communicate to her the intelligence of her husband's death. He found her with her infant son. She was fair. Her distress was territible when she leantful as a fream, and good as she was fair. Her distress was territible when she had dearly loved her husband. At first she had dearly loved her husband. Ask sake she conserved her had been she declined to go home to Esgland. She wasted to be left slone to die in pears where he had left her. It was represented to her how greatly such as course would in in in the prospects of the boy, whe con his granifather's death would in all problity to make the prospects of the boy, whe con his granifather's death would in all problity become Sir Guy Jesmond bene. For the child's sake she conserved her had have placed to her how greatly stead how the would not have a her would not ha

"Yes," replied the lawyer gravely. "Then news of Sir William's death was not known

is rich.

Mow to Save Money
and we might also say—time and pain as
devell, in our advice to housekeepers and
la lies generally. The great necessity existing always to have a perfectly safe remedy convenient for the relief and prompt
cure of the ailments peculiar to woman—
functional in regularity, constant pains, and
all the symptoms attendant upon uterine
disorders—induces us to recommend
attendity and unqualifiedly Dr. Pierce
"Favorite Prescription"—woman's best
friend. It will save money.

The J.ji Sham of sa Japanese newspaper
Nota bad publics io a for perusal whea in
barber's chair.

Then Tell It.

she is near—quite near?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer gravely.
"The Jis Sham no is a Japanese newspaper.
In the regiment when she left, and Colonel Brownlow, understanding that I was the family solicitor, advised her to come straight to me. She did not do so, but allowed a fortnight to elapse, and then she came,"
"Then you have seen her?" I oried.
"Yes," he answered, "I have seen her;" and the old lawyer was strangely silent after that.

"What do you think of her?"

"She is simply the mest beautiful woman lever beheld," he replied.
"And good as beautiful?" I asked eagerly.
"And good as beautiful?" I asked again "I could not judge; she was not with me very leng—though long enough to convince me that her claims are valid and legal. She is Lady Jesmond, and her son is Sr Guy."

"Heaven bless my cousin's little son, Sir Guy."
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"Heaven bless my cousin's little son, Sir Guy."
"Heaven bless my cousin's little son, Sir Guy." I managed to say, although my eyes were blinded with tears.

"I am glad, I am thankful that you bear it so well." said Mr. Benson, "I have never felts so anxious or so unhappy in my life as I have felt over this unfortunate business. But who would have thought that Paul would marry entir ly for heauty, and then hide his wife in the Neilgherry Hill.?" I do not know what would have been the result of this match if Sir W.lliam had lived."

"You say Paul married her entirely for heauty; surely he must have loved her?"

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"Out say Paul

"You say Paul married her antirely for her beauty; surely he must have loved her?"

"Yes, there is no doubt he dil," he replied. Stil there was a significant hestation in his manner.

"You do not like her?" I said, divining, as I believed, his true thoughts. I put the question so suddenly that he had no time to taink before he answered.

"No—indeed I do not," with an air of great relief, "But she will be here to-morrow, Miss Gordon. She would not come with me, but it was arranged that she shoul I fellow me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE EDUCATION OF "PUSSY."

The Venetian gondoier has a peculiar



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