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SELECT STORY. CYRIL TREVOR'S WOODNYMPH.

Some years ago I stood musing on a balcony overlooking the Base Plant at Pau.

Through the window I saw my uncle, Lucius Trevor, reclining in an armchair.

"A proceeding in the abstract natural in particular, unpleasant," I replied.

"In my opinion," continued Mr. Trevor, "it is not good for a young man to wander about the world with plenty of money in his pocket and no responsibility to steady him."

"Oh, as my more," was my cynical response. "Only, preferring to be married for merit rather than money, I should like to know something of the young lady herself, and thanks to follow up."

"Thank you, my boy," exclaimed my uncle, rubbing his hands together.

"Nevertheless, I was greatly annoyed. One afternoon, not many days after the preceding conversation, I strolled across the bridge over the Gave, intending to walk off a fit of ill-humor.

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough "The nymph of the stream," I murmured. "Here she comes!"

"Crash, crackle, splash!" The brambles on the other side were parted, and a young girl, about 17, well formed for her age, her feet were concealed by sabots, and she wore a short cloak, like that of a French officer, over her dress.

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As she stood, with hands clasped over her bosom, her eyes shining with a strange light, fixed on the quivering brambles.

"Who can tell?" was the reply, as she pushed aside the brambles, with a merry laugh, the wood-nymph vanished out of sight.

"I wanted to follow but dared not, retracting instead, the dusty way to Pau, oppressed by a strange sensation of loss, and dizzy with new ideas.

"Poor little thing! Decidedly that saboteur must be obtained."

"I had intended to wait the issue with my patience at my command, but she sprang up hurriedly, a vivid blush dyeing her lovely features."

"Determined only to explain my uncle's conduct, I started up, and carrying back from her a single word of my search, I searched the crowded rooms and corridors of Lady C's villa, and at length found her seated in the conservatory, screened by large flowering plants from observation, the very embodiment of modesty and reserve."

"You seem merry, sir," I remarked, crossing, throwing down my hat.

"A very proper form of mind," he chuckled, gathering his legs up sharply and shooting them on one side of the rapidly.

"The time passed with terrible rapidity. Beatrice told me that her aunt had come a few days since to the villa, and after a long conversation with Mr. Ross had carried off to Pau. Making good use of my time, a bond of sympathy was binding us very closely together when Madame at last broke in upon our solitude."