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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 many 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 on my part."

"Thank you, my boy!" exclaimed Mr. Trevor, 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.

Throwing myself down, I reclined upon a corner of fallen leaves, concealed by the undergrowth, which still permitted me to enjoy the peaceful beauty of the scene.

"I will!" she suddenly cried. "There is no one here to see and no one anywhere to care."

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

"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.

"Mademoiselle!" was all I said, though I saw that she was English.

"Such a start! Such a blush! It rose over her eyebrows; flooded the sunburned neck; affected, I verily believe, the snap of a dry twig.

"Mademoiselle! Pardon me. I would not have presumed to make my presence known had it not been for this misfortune," said I respectfully.

"Nymph hid her face. "Will you permit me to attempt the rescue?" I persisted.

"Oh, sir, have pity! I thought I was alone. If you can assist me pray do so!" she answered, striving to conceal her fears.

"I had not intended accepting the invitation on account of my uncle's health," I replied, "but if Miss Ross will favor me with her hand—I stopped and looked at Beatrice.