Nerves

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BY CONSTANCE SMITH.

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Vansittart's you absolute fortune over which he had any disposing nower-as 'a proof'-let me see-h'ma proof of his perfect confidence and

affection.' At the same time"-Mr Trevennick straightered his small, spare figure in his chair and adjusted his double eyeglass afresh-"he suggests-no, 'requests is the word-he 'earnestly requests' that you will reserve the capital sum intact, to be applied, when the proper time arrives, to the education of your son"

That's just what I should wish to "Agnes Vansittart responded quick-"Of course, that money must be kept for Archie. No one else must

The family lawyer bowed, "Quite so. I may remind you, however, that some years must clapse before Master Archie can begin to enjoy the benefits of education, and-let me see, how old is he?"

Two years and three months, exactly." the young mother answered proud-"But he is a very big boy and forward for his age."

doubt, no doubt. Still, you would not think of sending him to school just at present?" "Oh, no! In six or seven years' time, perhaps."

Meanwhile no obligation rests puon you to keen this money lying idle. On the contrary, it is desirable you should benefit by the interest it would yield on investment. (Mr. Vansittart's request, you will kindly note, extends only to the capital sum-he says nothing about interest.) You should, of course, beespecially careful in your choice of an investment. I would recommend the debenture stock of a thoroughly sound railway. I don't venture to suggest consols. I could not ask a lady to be saisfied with 21/2 per cent."

"I should like to make as much money as I can for Archie," Archie's mother answered simply, "We could add the interest to the 'capital sum' every year, and keep it all for him, "Certainly.

Then that's what we'll do. Mr. Trevennick.

Mr. Trevennick bowed again, unselfish proposition, my dear lady. But I must beg you to remember that your own means will be somewhat -h'm-restricted, henceforward. Three hundred a year-without capital of any kind to fall back upon-is not a large ncome And you have been accustomed to expediture on a fairly lav-

'And I can cut my garment according to my cloth, I hope." Agnes Vansittart shook back her fair head, and a light of resolution shone clear in her "During these last two years-while the will couldn't be found, and my position was so uncertain-have 1 been extravagant?"

most commendable prudence. But that is no reason why you should live pen-WHY should insist on going beyond your late

husband's expressed wishen." Mr. Trevennick. If I only observed had agreed to say nothing till after

them just as far as I'm forced to ob- next week?" serve then --- " "Excuse me-you are not 'forced' to observe them at all. A request of this kind is not legally binding on you."

"That makes no difference It's a request no one would dream for a mo ment of disregarding." Mr. Trevennick smiled slightly. "There are persons, I fear-

ever, we needn't argue that point. The other is one entirely for your own considration. Only let me entreat you not to take any final step in the matter until you have clearly ascertained what your expenses are likely to be. If you remain in this house Agnes Vansittart blushed vividly, "I

am not likely to do that." "No?" Mr. Trevennick's "nall pierc-

ing eyes fixed themselves mercilessly on his client's agitated face. 'No, I suppose I ought to tell you. Mr. Trevennick. But don't tell any-

body else just at present, please. I amgoing to be married-before very long." Mr. Trevennick showed no surprise at his announcement. "Allow me" to offer my congratulations-my sincere congratulations. I am glad to hear you

A man dragged by a wild horse would cut himself loose if he could. He would not have his flesh bruised and torn for a min-

ute if he could prevent it. But many a man is dragged along by disease when he might just as well be well. The man who is losing flesh and vitality-who is wornout, run-down, tired all the time-is on the road to He is holding out an

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UNDERSTAND, | have decided on this important step. Mrs. Vansittart? Mr. For a lady so young, and if you will will permit me to say so-so attractive as yourself, a solitary existence has grave ontrol of this £2,000 drawbacks. I may venture to guess the only part of his the name of the happy man-Bruco

Johnson? And admirable choice-Agnes Vansitart's suddenly stretched out hand checked the incomplete sen-"Mr. Johnson-oh, no! How could

you think?" "I beg your pardon ten thousand times. But I understood that Mr. Johnson's admiration-his wisheswere well known."

"I don't know about that. At least on my side there never was any idea. The young widow's blushes grew deep-"It is to Mr. Adye that I am engaged." she concluded falteringly.

"Adye? Not Julian Adye?" Mr. Tre ennick's countenance clouded visibly. Excuse my surprise, Mrs. Vansittact, but is not Mr. Adye still at Cambridge. 'in statu pupillari'? I certainly understood that he had not yet taken his degree.

"He takes it next week," the per turbed fiancee said hastily. "You must have seen his name in Tuesday's Times, Mr. Trevennick. He has come out Sixth Wrangler." "So I was informed," Mr. Treven-

nick did not seem much impressed with this important fact. "This success assures his prospects.

He will be able to get a mastership in some good school quite easily." That is very satisfactory.'

"And-he is older than I am." Mrs. Vansittart went on hurriedly, answering the mute disapproval in the old olicitor's face. "You know, Mr. Trevennick, though I've been married so ong, I was only two and twenty last February, and Julian is 23."

"Is he indeed? I had forgotten." Mr. Trevennick spoke almost absently, for him. He was thinking, "Then she could not have been more than 17 when that woman married her to old Vansittart. Poor girl Poor child?"

"Well," he said aloud, rising and gathering up his papers, "I think, I need not intrude upon you longer, Mrs. Vansittart. Accept my best wishes for your future happiness. Should you change your mind on the subject we have been discussing-I refer to the disposal of the interest of the £2,000-

"I shall never change my mind on that subject, Mr. Trevenick. "I don't believe you will," said the lawyer to himself, taking note, for the first time, of the firm line of Agnes Vansittart's pretty lips made with one another in repose. "Strange! should never have imagined there was so much grit in her; she seemed so

pliable in her mother's hands." "I have the honor to wish you good morning," he added aloud, as he bowed himself out with old-fashioned cour-

"I told Mr. Trevennick of our engagement, Julian," so Agnes Vansit-'On the contrary, you have shown tart informed her lover an hour later. "What made you do that?" the

young man responded, sharply, almost irritably, annoyance clouding his face -a singularly handsome face, ovalshaped, with delicate clear-cut fea-'I'd like to carry out his wishes in tures, a powerful brow, and a weak the spirit, not merely in the letter, mouth-as he spoke. "I thought we

> "I know, dear. And, indeed, I've not breathed a word to anybody else. Only it seemed almost due to Mr. Trevennick. That was not the real reason of my speaking, though," with a sudden burst of candor, looking up at his averted cheek with something like an estasy of tenderness in her soft eyes. 'The truth is. I'm so happy-and it's the first time in my life-I had to tell somebody-and I knew Mr. Trevennick ould be trusted not to talk." Julian Adve turned round with what

ounded like a smothered groan. "My poor Agnes!" he muttered, and

snatched her to him passionately. But when he released her, a minute ater, the cloud of gloom had not lifted from his young face. Rather, it had grown deeper and more settled. 'Well," he said, getting up from the sofa, where they had both been sitting, and walking slowly to the window.

"Very quietly. He was quite-kind." "I needn't ask whether he approved your choice. I know he dosen't like

"how did Trevennick take your

Agnes uttered a deprecatory "Oh!" Then added. "He evidently thought you younger than you really are. So told him your real age-and that you vould positively take your degree in few days' times."

"That was rather rash." Adye reurned, in a voice that had grown ioarse all at once. How rash?"

Because it's more than likely that shall never take a degree at all." "Julian!"

"Dont say 'Julian' in that tone" -swinging round suddenly-"as if you thought I was talking nonsense. I'm elling you the plain truth. Unless a miracle-in the shape of a thousandpound bank note falling from the skies at my feet-takes place before the end of the week, I can't take my degree." 'Hut-how?"

He crossed the room and stood beore her-very white, with quivering ips, but no longer trying to avoid her

"Don't you remember my telling you that day in Amberley Woods"-she nodded-"what a bad business I made of my first two years at the varsity? Cards, billiards, Newmarket - the wretched old story. I behaved like a fool, and worse. But never after I knew you, Agnes! You believe that, don't you, dear?"

She held out a small shaking hand. "I believe everything you tell me. Juli-

"Don't be kind to me!" he cried boyishly, backing away from the proffered hand. "Not just now. It-cuts so hor-Well, from the day I first met you I tried to do better. I gave up those follies: I began to work in earnest. You know I did work to some

His voice, with its appealing note, its suggestion of tears close at hand, was pathetically youthful.

"I know, darling, I know. I'm so "But the consequences of those first two years remained. I was in debtup to my ears. It was a case of bor-

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rowing-or coming down. I had no security to offer a money-lender-no re-lations or friends behind me. I was at my wits' end, when a man, a fellow in this neighborhood whom I knew slightly, offered to lend me twelve hundred, took his offer, I wish I'd cut my throat first." "I don't see-

"How should you? He has suddenly demanded his principal. I've always paid him the interest regularly, but the principal I can't pay at present, as you know. Once I get a mastership I can wipe the loan off gradually by installments-that's what I always hoped to do. I told him this; I begged him, like the man in the parable"-with a dreary stpile-"to 'have patience with me,' and "And that means---

"That unless he gets his twelve hundred in full by the end of the week he'll interfere to prevent my proceeding to my degree. And that mans-"

What, Julian?" "The end of all things. The ruin of my career, the loss of you, Agnes! Don't look like that, Agnes!" He threw himself on his knee beside her. She took his miserable face between her hands, and, stooping down, put her

lips tenderly to his. "Not the loss of me," said she, "I vould marry you just the same.

Julian." "Do you think I would marry you under such circumstances?" he cried indignantly. "To bring disgrace upon you-to be a pensioner on your bounty. and live on old Vansittart's money No, no, Agnes! There are some things a man can't do for a woman, however much he loves her. Unless I can find a way out of this-

'A way must be found." She snoke with a sudden decision. "Perhaps I an find it. Is this creditor of yours a poor man, Julian?"

"No-very well off. Made beaps of money in South Africa some years ago,

You know him, I think-Bruce John-'Bruce Johnson' Mrs. Vansittart turned very pale. "Is he the man?

Yes, I know him. And to herself she aded: 'It was only last Monday that I- Is this merely a coincidence or something

"I am sorry." Bruce Johnson said, quietly, "that my demand should have been made at such an inconvenient moment." He leaned back in his handsome writing chair in his handsomely furnished library-a well-looking, well mannered, well-dressed man of forty, a slight smile crossing his thin, cleanshaven lips, his hard, fight-blue eyes considering gravely the pale, distressed face of Agnes Vansittart, seated a few paces off. "But, as I've already explained to Mr. Adye, I cannot see my way to withdraw it. It is kind of you Mrs. Vansittart-really, most kind of you-to interest yourself in the matter, and if anything could induce me to reconsider my determination it would be your intervention in Adye's behalf. I should have so much pleasure in obliging you, if that were possible. But, at the risk of appearing discourteous. I fear-I fear I must refuse to abandon my original position. I cannot do other-

wise than I have said." "You mean." Agnes replied in a low voice, "that you will not?" He raised a deprecating hand, "Pray

don't put it in that way. It is so painful for me. She rose abruptly to her feet. There

was not spirit enough left in her for so much as a glance of scorn. "Since my errand has proved useless," she said, in the same subdued

I need not detain you further And she moved toward the door Johnson anticipated her politely, "Allow me," said he, his slim fingers on face. the handle.

About to pass him, she suddenly stopped short. "There is nothing that would persuade you? Nothing I could do" she

ventured impulsively. Agnes had read a good many novels during the years of her ill-assorted not dwell upon." marriage; in the realm of romance she could find momentary forgetfulness of the woes and worries of her daily existence. Vague reminiscences of her reading returned upon her at this moment, suggesting the possibility of Bruce Johnson's consenting to spare Julian-on condition that she rescind- father ed her refusal of last Monday and married him. She felt herself quite capable

of accepting the condition at that mo-

But Bruce Johnson was a man of the latter end of the nineteenth century. He only smiled and replied. "That's hardly for me to say, is it? But from a paragraph in this," signing toward a fresh copy of the county paper which lay on a side table close at hand. "I learn that you are now, happily, pos-

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sessor of some independent means. And, of course, if you were generously inclined to make an advance to Mr Adye-

Agnes started violently. It was as though a thought she had scarcely dared whisper to herself had been suddenly cried from the housetops. "You mistake," she said, with an ef-fort. "That money is not mine to do

as I please with. It is a trust from my husband—for our son."
"Indeed!" Bruce Johnson said polite-"That is a pity. Then I'm afraid I have come to the end of my sugges-

"I have seen Mr. Johnson, Julian," Agnes said, when Adye came to visit

her late the same day. "Have you?" Adye responded, "So have I," he added after a moment. The twenty-four hours that had clapsed since he first revealed his position to Mrs. Vansittart had done sorry work upon the young man. His face had grown haggard and his eyes were heavy and bloodshot with want of Tears filled Agnes' own eyes as

she looked at him. "He is hopeless," she said, in a heartbroken voice. "What shall we do, darling? I've been thinking, thinking, and

there seems no way-"There's only one," Adye recined, flushing darkly.

began fingering the light ornaments on to see the cemetery during her stay in the mantelpiece. "Johnson him sug-gested it to me. Very impertment of manifestly a most inappropriate seahim, no doubt. Still, if you were will-

"Oh, Julian. you can't mean-you

ing-

wouldn't? Don't, don't ask me" His face grew almost sullen. "Then you did think of it " 'As a temptation." She classed her

'As a horrible temptation-one I dared Why?" "Why?" she repeated. "Why? Be-

cause that money is not mine. Oh, if only it were mine, you should have it Vansittart answered. And thereupon all in a moment, darling. But it not moved by some unaccountable impulse, mine at all; it's Archie's. It was left she told her boy the tale. Not supme in trust for Archie by Archie's pressing her own share in it; suppress-

"You owe so much to Archie's father" he speered.

She shrank suddenly, as though he had offered to strike her.
"He was my husband," she said, in a low, resolute voice. "I will not betray his trust, now he is dead, or"she stopped short, dropping her eyes. "Go on," the young man said.

'Or rob his son"-under her breath. 'Not even for you." "Who talks of robbing the boy?" young Adye demanded hercely. "Can't been right. But perhaps this one repay Archie, as I would have repaid | didn't care much." Johnson if he'd have given me time. long before he's old enough to make

use of the money?" "I know, I know you would," Agnes cried piteously. "It's not that I doubt don't thing she was overscrupulous?" you, dearest-it's not, indeed. But we you, dearest—it's not, indeed. But we "You seem anxious to justify herean't command life, or health, or cir- mother." Archie half smiled "I say cumstances. Supposing you were to nothing against her action, nothing die before you could? Oh, I thought against her at all, except that she all out last night"-she broke off, clasping her hands afresh-"and it can't be done-it can't be done."

the very words she had herself used to Johnson a few hours before. her eyes to shut out the sight of his quickly over her faded face. angry face, the young man's heart smote him, and he caught her in his

"Agnes, Agnes, don't cry so. Only, for the love of God, try to understand what this is to me-to both of us." She kissed him and clung to him, raining tears upon his breast. "I do understand. I do. My heart is broken, I think, Julian. I'd die to save

you this; half a dozen times over, if young." "But you won't do the one think that would save me, without more ado?"

bitterly. "That." she sobbed. "I can't do. Oh, you must see why. Say you see! Do you suppose it isn't agony to me to say no? Ah, don't misunderstand me! I

can't endure that!" He lifted his head suddenly. His quivering features had grown all at once hard and calm. "You'll find there are some things I can't endure, either," he said. "But I've upset you. I won't stay longer now. Good-night and good-bye, Agnes."

He was gone before she could dash away the tears that blinded her. The house door clanged behind him as she stumbled to the stairhead. "Julian!" she cried after him from the window. "Julian, come back! We will find some other way. Come back, dear." He stopped short in the garden, but shook his head. "Not tonight," he answered briefly.

"Tomorrow, then?" "Tomorrow, perhaps."

But "tomorrow" did not bring him and on the Saturday following-four days later-in the same corner of the ountry paper where the week before the details of Mr. Vansittart's tardily tiscovered will had been set forth for the study of the curiour, there appeared this paragraph:

"A painful sensation was caused on Wednesday last in Cambridge by the discovery that Julian Adye, one of the scholars of St. Margaret's college, had committed suicide in his rooms by shooting himself through the head with a revolver. The unfortunate young gentleman-who bore a name well known and respected in Streat field (where his late father was for some years senior curate of the parish church, and his grandfather filled for over a quarter of a century the responsible office of town clerk) and the surrounding neighborhood-was only 23 years of age. His university career had been one of marked distinction, and only last week he figured in the mathematical tripos list reproduced in our columns, occupying there the honorable position of sixth wrang-He was to have proceeded to his degree on Thursday next, and is stated to have been absolutely free from pecuniary anxieties. No motive being assignable for the rash act, the jury

at the corner's inquest very properly returned a verdict of 'temporary in sanity. "I almost wonder you didn't think of it for yourself." Adye turned aside and imagine why his mother should wish Archie Vansittart was at a loss to

"You'll lose one whole afternoon of Agnes rose up, terror in her white the races," he protested. "And we shall certainly bump Caius tonight. Mrs. Vansittart did not often act in opposition to her body's views. But on this occasion she stood firm. It seemed that she was desirous of visiting a particular grave in this cemehands and wrung them bard together. tery-the grave of a friend who had died young, leaving none, save herself to care for his last resting place.

"That sounds rather tragic," the 19year-old undergraduate remarked. "His was a tragic story." Agnes ing nothing save her personal identity with the woman who had fought and

"Poor chap!" was her son's commen when she had ended, "But you think she did right

conquered, to such biter end.

Archie?" "I suppose so. Oh, yes! Of course it was the square thing to do-would have been for a man, certainly. Somehow, one fancies a woman who cared much might have stretched a point in his favor. I don't say she would have

"She did." Agnes clasped her thin fingers tightly round her knee. "I knew her-rather well. She-her conscience wouldn't let her. Surely you seems to have been awfully stupid, and he, too, for the matter of that. Otherwise, between them they might surely 'Say, rather, you won't do it." her have found some better way out of lover retorted, using, unconsciously, the dilemma-better, I mean, than the poor fellow blowing his brains out." Mrs. Vansittart rose up out of her

Then, as she put her hands before son's armchair, pulling her veil down "There was no way. Wrai way could there be?"

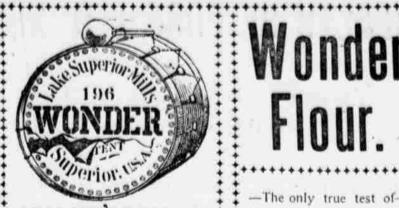
"Oh. heaps of ways, if she'd had the wit to suggest them? She had a certain amount of property; she might have raised money on her house or furniture or something. I suppose she knew nothing about business matters. Women seldom do," said the boy loftily. "And you say this one was

"She was," his mother answered, in toneless voice, "very young. Don't let us talk about her any more."-Gentlewoman.



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AMERICAN PLAN, \$3.50 Per

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Day and Upwards.

For shoppers

Day and Upwards. I. D. CRAWFORD,

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