HER ONE ERROR.

OR

THE FISHERMAN'S BRIDE.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—Preparations are made for the marriage of Nelly Hartsom and Aaron. Nelly is kind-hearted and gentle, but she had thoughtlessly inspired the love of Saul Meghorn.

CHAPTER 2.—Saul Meghorn with feelings of disappointment and revenge retires up the sides of a cliff where in his agony he witnessed the bridal procession to the church in hot anger regretting that he did not kidnap Nelly, when he had a chance, and force her to marry him.

CHAPTER III.—Nelly and Aaron are in their cottage home, happy in their honeymoon, but a cloud has arisen upon the horizon. Saul Meghorn had taken up his abode near by. Nelly had met Saul several times, as he prowled around the neighborhood, which made her very unhappy, and Aaron was also miserable having learned from the landlord of the inn, that Saul and Nelly had previously been in love with each other. But, sadly enough, neither Nelly nor Aaron confided their stories to each other, and hence the cloud darkened.

CHAPTER IV.—A quarrel ensues between the husband and wife; Aaron swears that she shall be sorry for what she has said, and rushes away; Nelly is immediately sorry enough, begs and prays for his return; and night comes on with Aaron still absent, and Nelly in grief and despair, awaiting his return.

CHAPTER V.—A terrible storm is raging, which seems to take on an excess of fury on the jutting cliffs where Saul Meghorn had taken up his abode. Saul Meghorn comes home and has his old servant, Dorcas, dress a wound on his shoulder he says he received on the rocks, after which he goes out again in the storm. Deepgang is a large cavern in the cliffs, which the inhabitants of the village believe to be haunted, but we find it this evening, inhabited by two of Saul Meghorn's old pals, Simeon Foulkes and Mat Yawmans, who are relating stories of their villianies, when a signal is heard and by an ingenious contrivance a section of the rock swings aside revealing a passage from which steps Saul Meghorn.

CHAPTER VI.

Dame Rullocks stood at the door of her cottage, gazing out to sea, when her attention was attracted by an object horrying swiftly up the craggy pathway from below, as it drew nearer she saw it was a woman bareheaded, her long black hair flying behind her with the haste she made for the wind had fallen at daybreak.

"Gracious mercy!" cried the old woman—"it can't be—yes, it is—it is—my Nelly, my dear girl!" and with a step forwards, she caught in her arms the unhappy creature, panting, white as death. and as cold.

She uttered no sound, but grasped the dame with hands that were bleeding from the cruel rocks, and hurried her into the cottage.

Shaking all over, holding by the table to steady her limbs, with clenched hands and chattering teeth, she stood before the horrified dame.

She opened her lips, but the power of speech was evidently gone, as she put into the old woman's hand a scrap of paper, then stood with fixed eyes glaring at her as she read by the light of the lamp—

"Nelly, you will never see me again in this world! I know all your deceit and wickedness. I can bear no more. When you get this I shall be gone for ever!"

The good soul dropped the paper, as she clasped her hands, and the tears started from her eyes.

"Tell me, dear Nelly—come, come to me, dear!" and she turned to the wretched creature who stood as if turned to stone beside her.

Strong convulsions seized upon her; and while one ran for the doctor, a long half mile away, the rest helped the dame, or, for the most part, stood terrified in dumb amazement. "What is it?" "What ails her?" "Where be Franklen?" "Who's been to their place?" "How came she here?"

These were but a few of the questions put, and which none could answer.

The dame had thoughtfully put away the scrap of writing; but, alas! Nelly's remorseful ravings soon made concealment impossible.

"I have been wicked!"—"I killed him!"—"Oh! come back, Aaron—husband dear, come back, and I'll never, never say such things again! Come back! come back—I'll tell you everything, dear—everything, if you'll forgive your poor Nelly!"

Such was the substance of her exclamation, varied by shrill cries and fearful struggles, which they with difficulty overcame.

The doctor who had been called in, and been told of the circumstances, first assured himself that the note was in Aaron's handwriting, and then after examining the patient expressed grave fears for her recovery.

One fearfnl conviction was borne in upon the minds of all: Franklen's boat was gone—the nets and other appurtenances remained in the little stone hut he had built for their shelter; but the boat and oars were gone.

"He went off just in a passion like, maybe," said the elder of the two young Rullocks—who kept up the search longest—as they slowly returned homewards.

"Ay, and that awful night needed all a man's coolness and thought," added the younger. Neither spoke of that which was the inevitable conclusion: they paused as they came to the door of the cottage, and heard the plaintive voice within, in that incessant wail, which since her violence had abated the bereaved creature had never ceased.

The time was at hand when life would succumb to the new trial, or the faculties be restored by the new impetus given.

* * * *

On a bleak, ungenial morning in May, Nelly Franklen became a mother—still unconcious of her loss, unawakened from that mysterious swoon into which reason had fallen; though the few words she had uttered gave more token of coherency.

"A girl."

The same tender hands waited on her as had done in her first agony of grief—the good doctor and the dame, with a gossip or two, without whom such events are not duly honored.

"Good——" The medical man checked himself in the exclamation, as he handed the child to the dame, who, in her turn gave but one glance at the newly-born, and turned her eyes upwards with a gesture af horror and dismay.

The gossips approached; one busied herself about the young mother, the others had turned to the child.

"Merciful——!"

"Heaven save us!"

"Hush!" uttered the dame, in an authoritative whisper, indicating the bed and its occupaut by a sign.

A clear, calm voice spoke form the bed, rational as any in the room.

"It is dead?" she said.

A faint cry seemed to answer the mother's question.

"Bring me my baby."

Dame Rullocks hesitated, as she looked at the medical man.

He signed that she should comply.

The newly-made mother clasped it in her arms turned her languid eyes upon its infant face, then uttering the words—

"My husband!" a glance round told her he was absent—she burst into tears. The first she had shed since that terrible night.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER THE STORM.

She was saved to life, and from worse than death; those blessed tears seemed to lift from her heart the icy numbness of despair, which had oppressed it.

At first she took but little notice of the new claimant on her love. In her yet uncertain state they carefully guarded from her knowledge the strange visitation entailed upon the hapless innocent; it was not difficult, for the child was quiet to a miracle—sleeping for hours at a time, and, when it woke, would lie with its eyes wide open, fixed on vacancy, but seldom making any sign till some one came to take it up.

"It beant natural-like for a babe to be so quiet at times, and that strange look in its syes——"

Dame Rullocks shook her head. "Poor lamb," she said softly, "it be right enough, never fear—it be right enough; it's just the weight of her trouble like, poor soul; and no wonder, is't, Kitty? the wonder be, I think, how she come thro' at all.

Many were the consultations, attended by due head-shaking and consnming of snuff, held over the singular disfigurement of the child, by the doctor who had attended the mother; and a brother medico, whose greater experience and allowed skill yet failed to devise any remedy.

They had propped her in the bed with pillows one afternoon, and the curtains were drawn back from the windows, that she might feel the warmth of the spring sunshine, which was making everything bright and glad without when she said—

"Give me my baby. Please take off that shawl; it makes her so heavy for me."

The dame hesitated but for a moment. She saw the time was come; longer concealment was impossible; she was only glad they were alone.

With more of animation in her pale face than she had yet displayed, the young mother took her child in her arms, and laid it tenderly before her; the dame still left a corner of the covering unremoved.

"Nelly, dear!" she began; but the young woman had thrown the shawl aside, and, as she did so, uttered a cry—

"My baby, oh! my child, my darling! what have you done to it?"

"Nelly, lass, she'll grow out of it; doan't thee, my child, doan't thee vex; the doctor says——"

The mother heard her not. Clasping the wrist of one hand tightly in the fingers of the other, she swayed to and fro above her infant, and cried and sobbed vehemently.

"I know, I know!" she said, in broken accents; "oh, baby dear! baby dear! what shall I do for you—oh! what shall I do?"

That evening she would part with her child to none.

How shall we pretend to reason, or say this or that is natural, or contrary to it? The very thing which they had feared to shock her with, studiously had concealed, lest, suddenly beheld, it might even unseat her reason wholly, was to restore her suddenly to action, to reconcile her to life, endear to her the one whom that very affliction would alienate from the regard of others.

After breakfast Nelly announced her intention of getting up, as deeidedly as though she anticipated the vehement opposition which was immediately raised.

"Dear heart, not for the world!" cried the dame.

"I must! I am quite strong!" was the firm reply.

"Nelly, dear, better wait a bit," suggested Meg.

"I wouldn't for the world help yon to such a thiug," added the dame.

But Mrs. Franklin was obstinate. "I have tried you all long enough," she said; "1 am strong. and its time I went to my own place." She stopped a moment—"And there's my child to see to."

"At least, wait till the doctor comes; he will look in to-day, he said so, and hear what he says," urged Meg. So far, the invalid yielded; but she would not part with the infant meanwhile.

The doctor came, and heard without astonishment of his patient's resolve. Perhaps he had some experience in the moods of the sex. He offered uo objection to Nelly's resolve, rightly judging opposition would work more harm than compliance, and that occupation was the only balm which could just now avail her wounded spirit.

CHAPTER VII.

WIDOW.

Two years have passed. A group stood at the cottage door of Dame Rullocks; just as in past times there had often stood such a group, in bright summer and golden autumn evenings.

But one was gone, who had many a time so stood, and the dame, beside deeper furrows and a paler cheek, wore a widow's cap.

At her side stood the young woman we have known as Meg Stratton; she was Tom Rullock's wife of a year past, and, judging by appearances, even should his brothers decide on celibacy, the noble name of Rullocks would not fail of representatives.

Patty, the dame's handsome daughter, stood just within the door, an infant of some months in her arms; a small urchin just beginning to walk, clinging to her gown.

The dame was speaking, but she had hardly finished before her impetuous daughter broke in—

"Well, mother, I can't see it. I am as fond of Nelly Franklen as any of you; though, of course, living away in town, I couldn't do for her as you and the rest did. But I can't see it. It's like a flying in the face of Providence, I call it—shutting herself up, and moaning and pining away to a ghost, and making that poor child no better."

"Nay, Patty, I think she's cheerful enough with Ida," said Meg, gently. "I found her the other evening singing to her as she laid on her lap, and the dear little thing imitating of her, in her sweet, quiet way; they didn't seem pining."

"How does she manage at all?" asked Patty.

"She works day and night, I believe," and Meg; "many a time before daybreak Tom says he's seen a light in her window. She does a deal of work for the shops in town, you know, Patty, the men's things, and then she knits and nets, too, so fast and well; the best she gets in the ladies' work, baby things and that."

"Hard enough it must be."

Up the broadest pathway that led from the beach, across the downs, towards the Rullocks cottage, came the young widow and her child.

The mother had carried her little girl up the ascent, but the moment the top was reached it evidently begged to be set down, and ran towards Meg, who advanced to meet them.

Nelly came with her up to the cottage-door, and was greeted affectionately by the others; but they did not ask her in, nor invite her to share the meal then preparing. It had been done so often, and so invariably declined, that it had ceased to be repeated.

"Your eyes look tired, my child," said the dame; "you work too hard by candle-light—you should give yourself some rest."

"I rest all to-morrow," said the widow, in a low voice, which was strange, at first, to those who had known Nelly Hartson, but had long ceased to be so.

"Sunday? yes, of course, so we all do," said Patty, quickly.

Mother and child were dressed in deep mourning, of the cheapest material, but made and put on with taste and neatness.

In that brief time what a change had come upon her—once the beauty of Sandcombe village!

"What does she say?" asked Patty, when the little girl, unmindful of the advance made by the other child, had timidly approached her, and, touching her hand, lisped out some infantnie request.

"She is asking you to sing," said Nelly, without a change of voice or countenance. "She always does to any one she sees for the first time."

Mother as she was, Patty was somewhat taken aback by this request, and at a loss how to reply; but Meg, more accustomed, lifted the child in her arms.

"Shall I sing to Idy? I can't sing like mamma, but I'll sing about the robin, shall I?"

The child clapped its little hands, and a faint blush stole out upon its cheek. Evidently the robin was an old favorite.

The song was sung; Nelly the while looking on gratefully at the good-hearted performer. The child sat rapt in silence, evidently drinking in the sounds; its head half turned aside, one small arm laid around the singer's neck. There was no need to bid her thank the good friend when the song was ended. The kisses on the lips of the kind woman came from the little affectionate heart.

"Ay, how sorely she is changed!" exclaimed Patty, as they disappeared from sight. "Think of that being merry Nelly Hartsom!"

"But she's very beautiful still," said Meg.

"Ugh! I don't know; she made me shiver like nigh a graveyard—and that poor child! how awful! did you notice?"

"Yes—mother, did you see? just coming as it was last year this time."

"Ay, it be a mystery, surely; it wants but ten days to the chlld's birthday."

"And it's two years since he was lost?" asked Patty.

"Yes, to-morrow."

"Well," said Patty, "it seems a pity she couldn't have settled again, and made herself and that poor child a comfortable home. It would have been better than pining their lives out yonder alone."

The dame sighed. "Ay, I wish she could ha' fancied my lad, poor Dan! he was right set upon her; and she'd have made him a good wife, and he would have stayed among us; but the Lord's will must be done!"

"She'll never marry now, I suppose?" said Patty.

"Nelly isn't the girl to take a man for his money; or there's one, if I'am not mistaken, has been long set on having her, and would make a lady of her, and not a bad man neither."

"Him that lives down at Deepgang?" said Patty. "What is his name?"

"Meghorn."

"Mercy me! if she refused our Dan, she wouldn't surely take up with that dark, stern-looking fellow."

The dame shook her head. "One musn't judge by looks, Patty; Saul Meghorn did the part of a Christian man by them poor souls as run upon the Shark's Teeth last fall; and when the brig went to pieces on the rocks under the fog bank—when the signals wur blown over—you mind it Meg—he went off himself to help them; ay, he be a good, Christian man!"

"It's a pity Christ'n men can't look it," responded her daughter.

"Mother, the dew is falling; shall we go in now?" said Meg.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Do not tell your wife of things you would not wish her to tell you.

Did you ever go within a mile of a soap factory? If so you know what material they make soap of. Dobbin's Electric Soap factory is as free from odor as a chair factory. Try it once. Ask your grocer for it. Take no imitation.

The only man contented with his lot occupies it in the cemetery.

Nothing else can equal Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for any form of sore throat. Try it once.

"Oh, what a snap," ejaculated the tramp when the dog bit him.

The coming lobbyist will wear more whiskers than diamonds.

A clergyman says, "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment cured me of diphtheria." One among many.

The First Typewriter.

I saw a few days ago a model of the first writing machine made in this country. It was patented in 1843 by a man named Charles Thurber, of Massachusetts, and is a really amusing affair in its very clumsiness. It consists of a wheel about a foot in diameter which turns horizontally upon a central pivot; the rim of the wheel is bored with twenty-five holes, in each one of which is a rod-bearing at the top a glass letter and at the bottom a similiar letter of steel. The paper sheet is so arranged that the line to be printed is under the rim of this wheel, and the letter wanted is swung into place by turning the wheel; when in place a rod bearing it is depressed until the steel letter or type touches the paper. I should say that even the fastest operator could not write more than half as fast as a man with a pen. Yet it was a writing machine, and Thurber succeeded in getting people to invest $15,000 in this curious device. At present there are no less than forty-seven different kinds of typewriters made and sold in this country, and in New York City alone there are said to be more than three thousand expert operators making a living by type-writing.—From the Charleston News and Courier.

In every love affair, one party gives the love, and the other the gratitude.

The fortune hunter is not after the girl whose complexion is alone rich.

The production of lymph doesn't appear to be equal to the consumption.

The man who teaches people to waltz is well up in society circles.

The fool overestimates himself, the wise man is prone to modesty.

A Knight of Malta—an evening spent in a beer tunnel.

The Pittsburg couple who eloped on skates probably fell in love.

There is nothing improbable to a jeatous woman.