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PLYMOUTH, IND.

NELLIE'S HERO.

BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

"It was talked about when you were
your cradles, dear, and even then
there was a jesting 'agreement,' that
when you two grew up you should be
married. And surely you might do
no worse than marry Mr. Allen the 'tor.'Nurse Gleason, who was just like a
mother to motherless Nellie Huntly,
finished pouring the jolly she was
making into a gorgeous mould, untied
her white cap strings, and taking off
her spectacles, rubbed them energet-
ically."And now, Miss Nellie, do get down
from that table—there's a dear child
and go dress for the company.
Your father will be waiting, and right
tight hell'll be over. Come, dearie."

"No, I won't!"

The diminutive figure, perched upon
the kitchen table, swung its little
slipped feet back and forth, and
pushing a cloud of yellow hair
from a rosy face, looked up into the
honest countenance of the woman
with a pair of mischievous eyes."No, Nellie—that's a darling—don't
make me go. I've been shut up in all
the horrid boarding-school for two
years—now that I'm home for good,
don't make a martyr of me. I can't
bear it—indeed I can't! And I won't!"All sprang to their feet in an instant,
the ladies pale and trembling—the
men somewhat startled.

"What is it?"

Nellie's face was pale, as she asked
the question. Without a word Allan
Trevor sprang upon his horse, and
rode away in the direction of the
sound, followed by a half a dozen of
the men.In a short time a horseman was
seen returning, galloping like mad
toward them. It was Mr. Huntley.
He threw himself from his panting
horse and hurried forward—pale and
agitated."It is in the coal mine over there!"
he exclaimed hurriedly. "There has
been an explosion; a portion of the
shaft has fallen in, and nobody knows
how many are buried alive there."A scene of excitement followed the
dreadful announcement. Some of the
ladies fainted—all were terrified; but
Nellie Huntly stood quiet, and
outwardly calm. When her father
had dashed she laid one small hand
on his arm."Get my horse, please, papa!" she
said, "I want go there, I may be o
some assistance!""Nellie, are you crazy, child? You
must not think of such a thing!""Yes, I know all that, papa, I'm not
going to talk about it—I'm going
right a: once. Miss Benshaw and
some of the ladies will accompany
me, I am sure!"Who would have believed it of
those gay ladies of fashion and
fri-
-vity—but no one forsook our little
maiden in her hour of need.The horses were hastily saddled—
the servant who had accompanied them
followed with tea and wine, in
case some unfortunate should be
rescued, and they set off at once.Arriving at the spot they found a
terrible scene of excitement. A
crowd had collected around the shaft.There were women crying and wring-
ing their hands; some on their
knees, beseeching Heaven for mercy
on the dear ones shut out from their
eyes by that awful bank of earth.There were men standing sullen and
gloomy, with arms folded on their
breasts, and in their faces grim des-
pair—while the very air seemed
heavy with groans, and sobs, and
prayers, and ejaculations.As our party approached, a lull fell
on the tempest of grief—something
seemed going on; a group had gathered
around a tall form and were
begging and expostulating. It was
Allan Trevor. Nellie's heart stood
still as she heard his words, in a firm
clear voice."I beg your pardon," he began,
hastily. "I mistook the way. Like
Paul Try, I hope I don't intrude?""No," responded Nellie, saucy, and
a trifle cool, "not any more than he
did."A flash shot across the clear, dark
cheeks of the intruder.He replaced the hat which he had
doffed, and with a low bow, dis-
appeared."Miss Nellie Huntly, I've a mind to be
downright angry with you!" ex-
claimed Nurse Gleason, as the door
closed. "The very sickest young man
in the country, and the one your papa
wishes you to be especially gracious
to.""Do not try to dissuade me. I am
convinced that there is hope, and if
you assist me, I may save some life.
There is an opening sufficiently large
for one man to descend with a rope!"Before Nellie could approach him,
he had hastened to the pit; the necessary
preparation was made, and he had
disappeared from sight in the
bowels of the earth. With a horrible
feeling at her heart, Nellie sank upon
her knees. She dared not pray. She
knew that at any moment the shaft
might easily become detached (the
slightest jar would do it), and would
bury the mouth of the shaft from
view. This was the awful fear which
filled the hearts of all gathered there.It seemed hours—ages—that she
knew there merrily imploring
Heaven's mercy. At last a wild
shout pealed upon the air, the rope
was pulled from below, as though a
weight was attached to it. Slowly
they drew it up, and so one man was
saved. In a few words he explained
the case. The miners were all dis-
abled, and must certainly have per-
ished, but for the superhuman
efforts of Allan Trevor, who bearing
each man in his strong arms to
where the rope was waiting, proposed
to fasten it to their bodies, and so they
would be rescued.A few days afterwards, a party set
off from Huntly Place for the pur-
pose of passing the day among some
old ruins, which were considered pic-
turesque, and quite the thing for ex-cursionists to "do." They were go-
ing on horseback, and a merry time
was anticipated.They reached the ancient ruins,
found them "all that fancy painted
them," strolled around the garden
connected with the old buildings,
played croquet and flirted, and final-
ly sat down to dinner, about as contented
a party as one would wish.At last there came a moment—if
Nellie should live to see the next
Centennial, she will never forget that
moment, when the last man was safely
landed and the rope came up alone. At that instant a low
rumbling sound was plainly audible; Nellie bowed her head."Oh, my God, what shall I do?"
she wailed; with sudden desperation,
she sprang forward."Lower the rope once more!" she
cried. In her heart she had determined
if he does not come up this
time, I shall go down there myself.
At least we can die together.With deferential glances at the
young girl, the men obeyed her man-
date while the others stood near,
awed and silent.Sinking upon her knees, Nellie
waited in awful suspense, for that
which was to come. The rope de-
scended; it dangled loosely for a
time, then there came a feeble pull.
With loud cheers of encouragement,
the men above drew it slowly upward.
Oh, the agony to the waiting
heart, which now for the first time
was unveiled, for Nellie knew beyond
doubt, that she loved Allan Trevor.At last—last, the end of the rope,
and fastened to it, pallid and nearly
lifeless, the form of the brave man
who had nobly risked his life. Risked
in behalf of the rough and uncouth
men, who, as the death-white face of
their preserver appeared above the
awful chasm rushed forward, and
wounded and bleeding as they were,
lifted him in their arms and bore him away.
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phia, was spending the winter in 1876
in Cuba. During his stay there he
met Major James Hopkins, formerly
of Ohio, who served in General
Thomas' division during the late war.
Major Hopkins had formed an attachment for a
worthless young man named John-
son, and that her parents had post-
ively forbidden her having anything
to do with him, many believed that
she had run away from home for
that reason to lead a life of shame.
Others held that she had either ac-
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had become lost and died in some
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