Original MS. by Mary St. Leger Harrison
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under the pseudonym of "Lucas Malet"

(1885)

ice. Dauvray entered with generous warmth of feeling into the situation. She elected poor, not very admirable Bertie Inner into a hero. She glorified his devotion to the order of an exploding ~~and~~ passion. She lavished upon ~~her~~ him both her time and her imagination. She realized his self-seeking more keenly than — ~~too~~ possibly — Titania he realized himself.

~~Bertie~~ Mr. Inner justice he was profoundly touched by her kindness. He perceived in a higher degree that lively sense of and interest in the society of women which is undeniably more completely developed in the Latin than in the Teutonic race. To members of the former a woman always — fortunately or unfortunately — has a peculiar and exciting interest. She is never taken quite for granted, and reckoned — as Jacks Pudeley, for instance reckoned his wife — as a capital, good fellow and ordinary companion in arms. We Teutons are very decent and a trifle ~~stubborn~~ suspicious too. Bertie Inner was only half a Teuton, and he put a very high value on the enjoyment of his cousin's presence and ministration.

When the time came for ~~Mrs Percy Dauvray~~ Eleanor, to leave the Baths of Succa, she found herself singularly ~~an~~ unwilling to leave Mr. Inner as well. Quite a morning little scene took place ~~in which~~ during which a number of excellent things were said about friendship, and the delightful relation of brother and sister. The end of it all was that ~~Mr Inner~~ Bertie, Antonio, and the monkey, travelled back with Mr. Percy Dauvray, Jessie, Miss Keat, and that estimable woman Parker, to Florence.

The persons addressed themselves to be a good deal scandalized at this last eccentricity of Mr. Percy-Dauvray's.

Chapter I.

I

"Le roi est mort: ~~[illegible]~~

The house at Barrett Darcy lies low. From around it the well timbered parks rise ~~[illegible]~~ on three sides, in gentle undulations, towards the foothills of high heather-bound moor forming the south-eastern corner of the county. On the fourth, broad lawns slope down to the banks of the Tell — a quiet unevent ful stream that wanders indolently through miles after miles of rich meadow lands, past osier-beds and alders, and long lines of pollarded willows; under the wide arches of old brown sandstone bridges; by villages of gabled half-timbered houses, ~~[illegible]~~ and dwellings where the rooks congregate: past and nightingales sing in the early summer; and by ~~[illegible]~~ warm places — pleasant places in which Nature has her own way, still and leisure to see just in harmony ~~[illegible]~~ and labour for the general good of mankind, in an more direct manner than by offering ~~[illegible]~~ of sweet scents and colours — places overgrown with meadow-sweet, and yellow-flag, and pink willow-herb, and tall spikes of purple loose-strife and ~~[illegible]~~ docks and nodding orchis. — By there ~~[illegible]~~ the river wanders to mingle its current at last — some ~~[illegible]~~ miles west of the highest little modern watering-places of Sullying worth — into that of

of the historic town, and so finds its way ~~[illegible]~~ to the Severn, and the far distant unknown sea. The Dull is anything but dramatic. It indulges in no sparkling races ~~around~~ over rounded boulders, no plashings into deep ~~[illegible]~~ pools, no roar and rush, no petulance or bubbling laughter. The steady monotonous re[illegible] of the Midlands lies upon it. Like the men and women who live in the ~~[illegible]~~ green pastoral country beside it, it is moderate, neutral-tinted, dun, self-absorbed and silent. At first sight it appears to be some-what wanting in individual character. ~~And~~ Yet this quiet ~~[illegible]~~ midland stream is capable of yielding very ~~[illegible]~~ pretty effects of light and shade, of form and colour to those who will ~~take~~ take the trouble to look for them. And ~~it~~ undoubtedly its neighbourhood lends a singular charm to the grounds at Bassett Darcy. Just below the garden front of the stately Jacobean mansion it makes a sharp curve away to the right, round a thickly wooded spit of land, and, thanks to an artificial widening of the river bed, presents ~~again~~ to the eye quite an imposing expanse of smooth shimmering water.

The house itself shares, in great measure, the restrained and unemotional aspect of the river. It is a large, square building of the yellow-brown sandstone of the country; with rectangular windows and door-ways, and a low-pitched slated roof, but just visible ~~above~~ over the line of the ~~stone~~ parapet. This style of architecture is singularly innocent of surprises ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~

~~pending~~

surprise, it is full of solidity and sobriety; and altogether so dignified ~~[illegible]~~ to pander to a frivolous taste for the ~~[illegible]~~ superficially picturesque. The only incident in the ~~[illegible]~~ serious facade at all claiming attention is the great double flight of stone steps leading up to the hall door. These steps are ~~[illegible]~~ pleasant to contemplate. There is a generousness about the descending curve of the massive balustrade and an air of easy hospitality about the broad stair-way that proves decidedly encouraging to the guest arriving at Barrett Darcy.

Here the Underhays have lived for many generations — a strong vigorous race, with but little tendency to dwindle down to an unsatisfactory point in the person of the female representative. There is a certain virility, a healthy coarseness of fibre about ~~[illegible]~~ most of them, which promises ~~[illegible]~~ to the fat family over — even in these thin, eager, somewhat over-civilized times — a long continuance in the possession of their male. A mellow canvas in a carved and gilded frame, hanging in the dining-room at Barrett, sets forth in its most agreeable and impressive aspects the true Underhay ~~[illegible]~~ type. It represents a large red-complexioned gentleman in a curled wig, with a round white head ~~[illegible]~~ short nose — wide across the nostrils and slightly inclining to aquiline — a long full upper lip, smiling mouth, large lower jaw with plenty

of

of what - perhaps we must of course be content to call it; and prominent ~~bright~~ grey eyes under ~~strong~~ slightly arched eye-brows. His neck is thick and is encircled by a voluminous neck-cloth of the finest Indian muslin, ~~[illegible]~~ the point of a steel cuirass shows under his scarlet coat - ~~[illegible]~~ beautifully adorned with gold lace. The picture, ~~[illegible]~~ is by Sir Joshua Reynolds: and doubtless "Philip Lindsay Esq., Major-General of His Majesty's Forces, Colonel of the - Regim.t of Foot and ~~[illegible]~~ Governor of York - in North Britain" - as an inscription runs under a print from the original picture - fared very well at the hands of that most courteous and genial of portrait

portrait painter. — One cannot avoid a curious feeling as few the powerful lines have been gently obliterated. That the gallant general's eyes were not quite so clear, and that his ~~skin~~ ~~was~~ complexion was a few shades deeper in tone. One is pretty sure that ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ he must have been as man ~~[illegible]~~ ~~a very high physical~~ of strong animal passions; straight forward and honest in character, ~~[illegible]~~, but also not a little obstinate, arrogant, and tyrannical. A person ~~so~~ rather immediately sensible of his own importance in the ~~[illegible]~~ universal order of things; kind-hearted, yet ~~a little~~ displeased to bully and bluster, and eminently unfitted to appreciate the best of jokes it made at his own expense.

Most of the Underhill men have adhered pretty closely to ~~[illegible]~~ the above type; and, perhaps consequently, have not created for themselves ~~a~~ very definite place in history. The eldest son of the house was usually given into the army: in, with the exception of General Philip, whose portrait ~~[illegible]~~ hangs in the dining-room, the Underhills ~~[illegible]~~ until the present generation, have not ~~[illegible]~~ contributed any conspicuously distinguished soldiers to the service of their country. Perhaps Barrett Darcy is somewhat to blame in this matter, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ and has ~~[illegible]~~ helped ~~to~~ to check the full development of the family genius. Advanced thinkers tell us that the possession of ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ perfectly secure social position and the prospect of a ~~[illegible]~~ comfortable inheritance

are

are apt to harbour ambition, and strangle these finer emotions such as make for higher life and work in the world. We doubt: it is no mean happiness to be related in the mean: but, it is a species of happiness liable, they say, to be cherished some-what at the expense of distinct progress and higher endeavour.

It may be broadly stated, then, that most of the Indians have lived uneventful lives enough; — have mixed freely in the local society, married young, widdens hard to hounds, quarrelled hotly over county politics, consumed a very fair portion of port-wine; have been reckoned considerably important — an opinion they were disposed to share, sincerely therefore — within a radius of some twenty or thirty miles; and then, after a long and usually respectable, if not brilliant, career, death has called to them, they have prepared — perhaps a little unwillingly — to obey his summons, and to ascend to some not too spiritually minded or ecstatic quarter of the New Jerusalem.

Occasionally, however, even in the most physically and mentally conservative of races there occurs a sudden deflection from the accustomed type. It is probably only a case of reversion, or a return to an older strain of blood. Be that as it may, the individuals exhibiting these

the unusual qualities & tendencies appear to have as dark & original genius. He is tempted to emerge, to take a new departure, and ~~become~~ consequently, runs the risk of becoming confusing in our dim-light objectionable ~~[illegible]~~ ~~dark~~ in the eyes of his near relations. It is a case of the kind which forms the basis of this unfortunate chronicle. Scientifically considered this is the history of a deviation — of a doubtfully successful exception to a safe, though easy fitting, general rule.

In evening towards the close of October 1876. — a peculiar stillness seemed to reign at Barnett Parva. It was a stillness of expectation rather than of repose; and Mr. Mottiner Symes, sitting in the wide window-seat of the big blue bedroom over the hall, was unconsciously sensible of the silent pause which penetrated the atmosphere of the large house, and appeared even to spread itself over the face of the serious landscape outside. The rolling pastoral lands of the park showed as dull green, with a sandy brown where it here and there from the walks of the mitered space-graph. In the distance long beds of pale mist lay across it, out of which rose the trees and scattered clumps of hawthorn bushes. It was too dark clearly to see the colour of the latter: but one might perceive a warm sunset tinge over their dark foliage. Along the top of the hills, just outside the park walls, and about half a mile distant, the trees and cottages in Priors Barnett village rose in a dense mass against the sky, — the

turreted

tiled chimneys and gable-ends showing sharp and black against the light behind them. The sky itself, a pale opaque blue shading in to a rank of three coloured earth-mist below, was covered to the westward beyond the village, where the bare uplands met the sky-line with a fine net-work of delicate crimson and flame-coloured cloud.

Mr. Mortimer Sumner was quite a observation in many departments besides the sixth inestimable one. He was fond of perceiving analogies and correspondences between natural and spiritual phenomena. He had also cultivated a power of double consciousness; and though acutely aware of every sound that came from the great blue curtained bed, Bunny, old Mr. Matthew Sudeley — his strong, vigorous life slowly ebbing, sinking, failing, like the failing day — the doctor was also quite sufficiently unabsorbed to note both the quiet of the house and effects of the warning sunset outside. He had had, if possible, to drive back to Fullingworth that night: but he had half promised Mr. Jack Sudeley to stay to the end. He did not think the end was very far off now; and meanwhile he felt quite at liberty to entertain himself with a calm, if not sympathetic, observation of his surroundings.

Jack Sudeley, on the other hand, sitting at the further side of the bed and watching in the growing dim-ness, was anything but calm. He found himself in the intimate position

of

of a man who had a disagreeable message to deliver, and who dreads almost equally the opportunity and the absence of an opportunity for delivering it.

Jack Underhill was really an excellent fellow, and ~~[illegible]~~ notwithstanding a short reddish yellow beard and a white tie, realized very completely the ~~[illegible]~~ true Underhill type. He had plenty of pluck, of nothing tangible or material was he the ~~[illegible]~~ an arrant afraid: but, not even the influences of his sacred profession had supplied ~~[illegible]~~ his congenial backs of moral courage. He went in mortal fear of what is best described as a scene or an situation. There was nothing gloomy, sacerdotal, prophetic, or denunciatory about him; and unless he happened to be generally offended — like most ~~[illegible]~~ persons of his complexion he was a little hot-tempered — his things were less congenial to him than admonishing backsliders, pointing sternly to the path of duty, and ~~[illegible]~~ pre-telling the ~~[illegible]~~ plagues justly following on the wilful hardening of the heart. ~~[illegible]~~ Mr. Jack Underhill had not any special vocation for the priest hood, ~~and~~ that the exercise, during a period of some twenty years, of his ~~[illegible]~~ spiritual calling had not made him different, in any sensible degree, to the ordinary run of English provincial gentlemen.

At last there was a movement on the part of old Matthew Underhill. He shifted his position slightly, & began speaking in a thick unmodulated voice. There was an evident ~~difficulty~~ struggle and difficulty about his

articulation

articulation, and at first the words spoken were barely intelligible.

Jack ~~Rudeby~~ moved uneasily in his chair, and cleared his throat with a touch of nervous-ness. He glanced up (enquiringly) at Martinus Sewer as he did so: but the doctor sat quite still, — his high conical head, ~~[illegible]~~ hooked nose, long, drawn upper-lip and straight chin, with its ~~[illegible]~~ straggling and grizzled imperial, ~~[illegible]~~ silhouetted against the light background of the window. Jack Rudeby, looking up at him suddenly, was forcibly struck by the eminent medical man's resemblance to a goat; and then felt ~~a~~ a little ashamed of himself for having ventured to think of anything at all amiss under the existing circumstances.

"The scent's cold" murmured old Matthew Rudeby huskily, — "cold, cold. It's no use trying any more. Better give up and get away home. Don't you see, it's getting dark".

Jack ~~Rudeby~~ held aside the blue stuff curtain of his great, old-fashioned, ~~[illegible]~~ half-tester bed and leant forward.

"Can you hear me, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, I can hear you well enough, Jack" answered the old man, in the same thick, mono-tonous voice. "Pity they made a parson of you, Jack: but, you'll have it all your own way soon, parson or not. None of 'em can prevent that. You're as regular Rudeby, Jack, eyes and jaw and all. — But the scent's cold, he ~~[illegible]~~ went on, "and it's getting

getting dark and late".

Mr. Jack Ludeby was one of those easy-going, kindly-natured, unimaginative men who are never, somehow, quite prepared for the deeper and sadder experiences of life. They never get over a sensation of surprise at the neighbourhood of sickness and death. There is some super-abundant vitality makes these things appear so extremely improbable to them. Jack did not certainly bear his father with any very exuberant affection: but, as he put it himself he "felt awfully cut up at seeing the old gentleman lying there", and this idea of seeing made it also the ~~worst~~ more difficult to deliver message which he was quite well convinced would prove highly unacceptable.

"Never mind about me, sir", he said with a certain effort and speaking as distinctly as he could. "I don't want you to think about me, just now, but about my brother".

He paused, hoping that words might awaken a train of sleeping memories, and thereby make what had still to be said, easier in the saying of it. But Matthew Ludeby's intelligence - never a very active one - was clouded with the mist of weakness and ~~approaching~~ approaching death. His thoughts, as so often happens just at the close, wandered back to his days of youth and early manhood.

"Brother", he asked slowly "which brother? There was poor ~~Charley~~ Dancy. He was drowned at sea. And there was Sidney - fighting ~~for~~ Indeed, they

Auntie used to call him — never saw a better man with his gloves in ~~all~~ my life. He fought a bargee down in Barrowhole one Saturday night and served him up so that he couldn't move in ~~[illegible]~~ a month. Bless me, he was a fine fellow: but, your Mother never liked him somehow. He wasn't been here this long while. Is he dead, too, Jack?" he added suddenly in a sharper tone.

"I didn't want to speak to you about poor Uncle Godfrey, sir," Jack hurriedly answered: — "not about your brother but ~~about~~ —

"Eh! he's gone! I remember," interrupted the old man speaking faster and more clearly. "They're all gone, — my brothers and my old friends. God help 'em, you don't see such men now-a-days. — And Matt's gone. And your Mother's gone too, Jack. Eh! dear me!"

The tears came in Jack's ~~[illegible]~~ eyes, and ran down over his hard coloured cheeks. His pain was horribly painful to him. He would have liked to say something gentle and comforting to Matthew Hurdly at that moment: but, as a feeling of diffidence, perhaps of fear, came held him back. His relations with his father had always been of a rather rough and ready sort.

"Such is good help! Augusta was here, he thought!" Women are ever so much better at saying appropriate things than we are".

Matthew Hurdly stretched his right arm out stiffly, and fell down over the ~~[illegible]~~ bed-clothes to the head of an old wire-haired terrier that had been sleeping, rather uneasily,

uneasily on the bed beside him.

"They're all gone", he repeated slowly and sadly. Then he fondled the old dog's head with feeble, uncertain fingers.

Mr. Mortimer Symes got up from his place in the window. He was a short, thick made man and limped a good deal in walking. He came across to the bedside, and stood there for a moment looking warmly at Matthew Ludeby, who lay ~~ver~~ with his eyes half shut.

"I do not wish to distrub you unnecessarily, my dear Mr. Ludeby", he said in a low voice glancing across at Jack. "But I fear the time granted you for speaking – pardon my allud: ing to ~~pri~~ private matters – is likely to be limited. I cannot ~~consa~~ seek delay".

And with that he retired to his seat in the window again.

Jack Ludeby bent over the bed; – as the says is, he took his courage in both hands.

"Father", he said, "you remember my brother, you remember Philip".

Matthew Ludeby opened his eyes, and turned his head ~~sharp~~ sharply on the pillow.

"And what about Philip"?. he asked curtly almost angrily.

"He's here, sir. He's downstairs. He came ~~yesterday~~ early this morning: but, you've been sleeping a good deal, and we couldn't tell you sooner. He wants to see you. Won't you see him, sir, just for five minutes, – just once before:—

Jack Ludeby stopped abruptly. His words had produced an effect he had not looked for.

the.

Old Matthew Sudeley, filled with sudden strength, sat bolt upright in bed, — his face fine, high-coloured, passionate as it had ever been in the fullness of his manly vigour.

"I sent your brother Philip out of this house three and twenty years ago, and dared him ever to come back, he cried in a loud vibrating voice. "He broke your mother's heart. By her death-bed I swore I would never forgive him. And I never will forgive him, never".

Jacks was shocked, pained altogether amazed. He stood up.

"Upon my word, sir," he began: —

But a rapid change came over Matthew Sudeley. He stretched out both arms with a sudden, convulsive gesture as though he were pushing away from him an actual and visible presence.

"Eh!" he cried hoarsely, "good God, what — what's this?"

Then he fell back heavily against the pillows. The old terrier awoke with a start; and uttering a low whimpering howl, its hair bristling and its tail between its legs, crouched shivering up against the high foot-board of the bedstead.

Mr. Mortimer Symes came from the window again. He bent down over his patient, & laid his hand on his wrist for a few seconds in silence.

"The end has come even sooner than I had anticipated, my dear Mr. Sudeley", he said,

at

at last, turning up at Jack, who stood waiting.

The doctor turned his head and glanced at the dog ~~too~~ cowering down at the foot of the bed. "Singular", he said, half aloud with a slight lifting of the eye-brows, — "very singular indeed".

Meanwhile, Philip Lindsay, the subject of the pre-going conversation, waited, with what patience he could muster, downstairs, hoping for a summons to his father's ~~side~~ bedside.

It was melancholy work enough pacing up and down the gloomy, panelled ~~morning room~~ ~~library~~ saloon, with its tall, rectangular windows and dark old fashioned furniture, in the dim twilight. The room had that indescribable odour and chill about it which is wont to haunt rarely used chambers. The outlook from the windows, ~~was~~ was certainly ill-calculated to dispel the depressing influences that reigned within. The ~~white fog~~ white fog hung low and dense over the river, and crept up ~~over~~ the ~~the~~ sloping lawns towards the house. A black mass of trees, oaks and beeches, rose out of it just by the bend of the stream on the left, and beyond the long flat stretch of the park faded away into misty uncertainty under the growing darkness.

After many years of absence, this was hardly a cheerful home-coming for Colonel Lindsay. The place seemed full of ghosts, and ghosts are rarely good company. The Colonel had come back ~~[illegible]~~ longing for peace, hoping for a final reconciliation which might usher out

his

bitter memories of the past: but, as one half hour after another slipped by without sound or move: ment in the large house, and as the evening deepened towards the night, his hopes died slowly and sadly away, and ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ deep disappointment and regret ~~[illegible]~~ hopeless hung him.

For Philip Audley, though he had knocked about the world more than most men, and was by no means a weak or over-sentimental person, ~~[illegible]~~ had a great single-ness of purpose, and the ~~[illegible]~~ keenness of feeling which almost invariably goes with single-ness of purpose. His experiences of life had been of a somewhat stern and practical nature, making demands upon the ~~[illegible]~~ more sturdy, masculine virtues, and ~~[illegible]~~ giving but small opportunity for delicate self-analysis or self-culture. Yet there was a very genuine vein of poetry in him, too, — a clinging in thought to the same old homes, a deep desire for re-union with his father and his family, a great capacity for enjoyment of the gentler, quieter, more domestic sides of life. Perhaps the Colonel's reverence for natural, simple, homely joys had only been deepened by a certain denial and thwarting of desire that had befallen him. His emotions were rather the less vivid, because, ~~[illegible]~~ so far, they had been voiceless and unsympathized, kept ~~[illegible]~~ wicked ~~[illegible]~~ by the hands of unsympathetic circumstance.

Philip Audley had, among other tendencies which people with praise or blame according to their own taste in such matters - an almost

quixotic

quixotic indifference to his own material advantage. Hearing of ~~his~~ old Mr. Lindsay's serious illness, he came to Barnett Darcy, not impelled by any desire to ~~[illegible]~~ secure as possibly forfeited inheritance, but, with the simple purpose of entreating for pardon and for a renewal of ~~[illegible]~~ affection, before death should have made all such renewal impossible. Good-natured Jack Lindsay with his handsome wife and ~~[illegible]~~ herds of ~~[illegible]~~ noisy children might move over from the ~~[illegible]~~ rams: shackles hitherto borne at Old Lindsay and reigns at Barnett in peace and plenty, and ~~the Colonel~~ Philip would bear them no grudge in the future. All he begged for was an assurance that he was no longer an outcast, unforgiven, perhaps even forgotten — without place or part in his father's memory. But as time drew on, while the Colonel paced to and fro, stern & silent, in the old ~~library~~ saloon ~~[illegible]~~ drawing room ~~[illegible]~~ he knew that ~~[illegible]~~ all hopes of reconciliation grew fainter and fainter. He felt sick at heart.

At last there was a sound of foot steps crossing the hall, and of two men talking just outside. Colonel Lindsay drew himself up rather stiffly, and stood waiting in the middle of the room.

Mr. Mortimer Sykes entered first — compressed & pursefeloriate — limping slightly and making a little stumping noise with his gold-headed walking-stick as he moved.

"I might order my carriage immediately, my dear Mr. Lindsay, I should be extremely ~~obliged~~ glad"

he

he said, turning to Jack ~~Fenwick~~, who followed him into the room. "If you will kindly permit me I will ring at once" he added, moving a step as he spoke, to the fire place.

The two ~~men~~ other men, were left standing & opposite to each other. Colonel Enderby looked ~~rather~~ hard at his younger brother: but, it was too dark for him to ~~gather~~ make out the expression of his face.

"Well"? he asked, rather hoarsely.

~~Poor Jack~~

"My dear fellow, it's all over", answered Jack ~~Enderby~~, in a broken voice.

~~There was~~ The Colonel bowed his head. There was a silence for some minutes. Then Jack Enderby did an extremely unromantic thing. The long watching and the trials recent up-stairs had upset him considerably, ~~however~~ and his taste, ~~was~~ at no time, was over refined. ~~For the moment~~ He was conscious, too, that his humbler in the way of delivering ~~an~~ disagreeable messages was by no means yet over. He poured hurriedly out a couple of glasses of sherry, from a decanter that stood on one of the bare tables, and gulped them down hastily one after the other. His hands shook a good deal, he felt all to pieces, so to speak.

Dr. Symes glanced at him, and then at the Colonel, who ~~stood~~ waited ~~a~~ sweet and silent. Not withstanding ~~extreme~~ some certain superficials affectations and vanities ~~the~~ Hortimer Symes was an eminently kind-hearted man. He was also, as has already been stated, a pretty shrewd observer, and something of a diplomatist. He

never could see the object of telling people matters of an ~~[illegible]~~ unpalatable description unless it was absolutely necessary to do so. Just now he perceived that Jack Cudeby was screwing up his courage ~~[illegible]~~ with a view to blurting out information which was calculated to give acute pain to the living and reflect no small discredit upon the dead. He decided to intervene.

"The end was extremely sudden, Colonel Cudeby", he said, folding his arms, and speaking with that fullness of utterance which argues ~~a considerable~~ ~~[illegible]~~ satisfaction on the part of the speaker at the sound of his own voice. "A long period ~~[illegible]~~ ~~coma~~ ~~[illegible]~~ of coma, followed by a brief interval of consciousness — the mind was then considerably clouded. An vacillation to dwell on the past, reminiscences of ~~[illegible]~~ former friendships and interests, ~~and~~ an awakening of early impressions, but no active appreciation of ~~the~~ immediate surroundings. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~a~~ momentary flashes of the old remarkable vigour, and then", added Dr. Symes, ~~[illegible]~~ extending his hands with a slow downward ~~[illegible]~~ movement, "a final quenching of the light. — Your brother naturally was greatly affected. Even a man like myself, whose professional duties so often bring scenes of this nature before him, could hardly remain entirely unmoved. I need not enlarge on the subject to you, Colonel Cudeby, who must so frequently have with regards death in its most distressing forms,

the horror of it aggravated by the hideous and repulsive surroundings. "Familiarity fails to rob death of its terrors." — "But I now feel greatly relieved", he continued, with a relapse in an earlier conversational manner; — "sincerely relieved. With your father's remarkable strong constitution, I had feared a painful struggle at the last. I am thankful to say we were spared any thing of that kind".

The Colonel bowed as a sort of general assent to the worthy doctor's statement. It would be indelicate, he felt, to ask for intimate explanations before a third person. His native reticence, and the innate dignity which belonged to him put all further enquiries out of the question.

Jack Sudeley, meanwhile, was not slow to perceive the way of escape which Dr. Symes's discourse had opened to him. He stifled any conscientious scruples that assailed him.

"I did what I could, Philip", he said, in a slightly apologetic tone. "But it was just as Dr. Symes says. My father wasn't quite himself, you know. He's wandering a good deal, and one couldn't make him understand anything out of the common run".

"No, no, of course not", replied Colonel Sudeley. He spoke as if wrongfully accepting the position, and even setting the matter aside: but there was a sharp sense of bitterness at his heart. He was repulsed. His last chance

chance was gone. Philip Eudeely was not without a measure of pride. ~~[illegible]~~ He turned away, walked across to the window, and stood looking out into the misty twilight, while Mortimer Sumner indulged in a series of apposite: appropriate and somewhat wordy ~~[illegible]~~ reflections, ~~and Jack~~ to which Jack ~~[illegible]~~ responded with incoherent ~~[illegible]~~ monosyllables. — His father was dead, and in dying had given no sign. He himself was unpardoned. The injustice of the thing as well as the sorrow of it crashed out in Philip Eudeely. He could not bring himself to remain in a house, where his ~~[illegible]~~ coming had been so unwelcome. ~~He was [illegible] He [illegible] spoke to Jack Eudeely~~ He turned away from the window, ~~&~~ went up and spoke to his mother. ~~Jack Eudeely~~

"I must get back to Aldershot tonight," he said, quietly. "I suppose I can catch the night mail at Shirley. ~~I~~ I'll come down for the funeral, of course, if you'll let me know the day and hour".

"Oh! but you know, my dear fellow", began Jack Eudeely.

The Colonel interrupted him: —

"All right", he said, "I know you're very kind, Jack: but I think, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ Under the circumstances that better go, all the same, thanks".

Chapter II.

"Vive le roi!"

On the morning after his father's funeral Philip Sudeley was up and out early. He had passed a night in his old home for the first time for over twenty years, and sleep had been difficult of attainment. There was much to think about; much that was painful, difficult to forgive, to submit patiently to. Hours of urgent work in an agreeable bed-sitting. The Colonel was a lark enough when the light of a stormy dawn began to glimmer in through his window shutters; he would get up, and go out, and try to find good company out of doors.

He went down-stairs and out into the road of the village in front of the house door. The old worn-haired terrier got up from his place on the tiger skin before the hearth in the hall, and followed out after him. The dog seemed anxious for notice; he put his fore-paws up against the balustrade and raised his grey muzzle up into Colonel Sudeley's hand with a certain air of enquiry. The old master was gone; was this the new one?. The Colonel looked down and patted the dog's head for a minute;

then

She drew herself up and took a deep breath of the keen morn's air. Somehow her heart was very full just then.

"I am afraid I have let it go too", she said, half ashamed of her own emotion. "I suppose I didn't know how much I cared for the place till it came to a question of giving it up altogether. It cuts me a little at first".

~~[illegible]~~

The gaudy beauty of ~~[illegible]~~ a wilde autumn morning was upon ~~[illegible]~~ Barrett Darcy. ~~[illegible]~~. For the day was clear ~~[illegible]~~ after a night of rain and wind — a thin watery blue above, and below almost white, with a flame of yellow light along the Eastern horizon. A few specks of ~~[illegible]~~ light grey cloud — called of country weather-prophets by the ominous name of "mackerel" — stream'd up from the west ward; and it was flecked, ragged and dirty, a crop as bank of darker cloud still lurking behind the upland of Priors Barrett. The trees, roughly stripped of their coloured leaves by the night's storm, were black with wet and glistened in the sunshine. The coarse grass of the ~~[illegible]~~ green park ~~[illegible]~~ was as raw ~~[illegible]~~ green. The wind, chill with rain, blew the robin ~~[illegible]~~ down ~~[illegible]~~ twittes and twitters, as it left the wood over hanging the head of the sluggish river down behind the house. ~~[illegible]~~ Somewhere among the shrubbery, under shelter of the high red brick wall of the gardens on the left, a robin was singing — a tender lament for the dead summer and for the pain and cold of

the

the long bleak evening wintry. There were sounds to, from the large block of stable buildings on the right. The ~~[illegible]~~ murmur of voices, the impatient stamp of a horse, the rattling of pails and trickle of falling water, and, now and again, ~~the~~ a few bars of some tune, whistled shrilly came to Colonel Lindsay's ear, as he stood there looking silently at the strange yet familiar scene. — Memories of his mother ~~and~~ of his childhood; of quaint games and imaginings, when the woods by the river was thronded in delightful mystery, and the river itself seemed full of unknown danger and of promise, — when the flower-garden was a sweet enchanted region, and when every natural object perfect as spirit and personality of its own to be approached with wonder and ~~[illegible]~~ reverence; — when gardener and groom, too, seemed wise with all manner of occult wisdom, men to have a tight grip on fundamental facts and were not to be deluded by mere appearances, — when the keeper, in his gaiters and brown velveteen coat, with pockets big enough to hold a couple of retrieve~~rs~~ puppies, appeared a wild and daring character, fascinating yet somewhat alarming also, thanks to his careless disregards of animal life and his: : bounds experience in the matter of "vermin": — memories such as these, misplacing and associations which had thundered his years another now in ~~[illegible]~~ Colonel Lindsay. — For, it is all these ~~[illegible]~~ all that had been even befallen us, ~~[illegible]~~ written into some queer

kind

kind of sympathetic with whom the heart and conscience, and reading merely the fatal touch which can ~~[illegible]~~ testify to the invisible characters ~~with~~ their ~~[illegible]~~ significant legibility and makes us live our part lives over once more in pleasure or in pain.

He went down the stone stair, round the end of the great square house and down a wide gravel terrace with the shrubbery on one hand and the sloping lawns on the other. – He had wandered there years ago on a lovely summer evening with his gentle ~~[illegible]~~ sweet-faced mother, telling her in shy, half-awkward fashion the story of his first love and of Miss Cecilia Murray's many speechless – while Mr. Matthew Sudeley sat over his ~~[illegible]~~ wine in the large dining-room window, and the last glow of the sunset faded behind the distant woods.

In

In that pool yonder, under the alder stump, he caught a two pounds perch in the Easter holiday. This year he went to Harrow; and there was a place, just where the bank shelved into the water, among the rushes and broad dock-leaves now seen and withered with the chill of autumn. That he had seen a couple of water-rats, one Sunday after afternoon service, and that Spot, his old water spaniel, had missed the last one by a couple of inches. And there — but the tales would be endless. Each path, and bush, and flower-bed had its history, simple yet vivid, sad or merry of remembrances.

And since then, far-off, yet unforgotten times, the little, ugly, red-legged, blue eyed boy had grown into a man, had wandered far and wide, had seen strange sights and passed through strange experiences; his gentle mother had lain these many years sleeping in the church-yard on the hill above; his fair little love, the fair Cecilia, had married the not too reputable son of a wealthy brewer, and had drifted away along some quite other roads across the land of their life; the old squire, obstinate and tyrannical to the last, was dead. Philip Sudeley himself was eight and forty, he supposed that he had outlived most of his hopes and illusions. And, yet, the old home was just the same as ever. The rooks still clamoured as they left their nests, and the fish rose in the hazy stream, robins sang plaintively among the shrubs, men shuffled

over

over their works in the stable yards, and the rich damp clean smell of spring and fresh under the morning sunshine. The individual changes, drops away and dies, but place knows him no more; yet Nature can always find another bride to sing the old song, and the world blows as it will through all the long years, and the land water glad and fragrant at the kiss of the pale dawn, and plain daily labour goes on steadily unheedingly from generation to generation. Birds with impressive stable buckets chatter and groom whistle — some fancier at times — just as usual on the morning of the last day itself. and Lord

Colonel Sudeley, with the old white terrier trotting solemnly at his heels, paced slowly up and down the long ~~gravel~~ walks, thinking of these things. One of the under-gardeners, ~~disappointing~~ sweeping up fallen leaves and ~~[illegible]~~ litter of the smooth gravels, stopped his work, as he passed by and took a good long stare at the Colonel. "He do looked", as he told his wife that evening over his supper, "already as Mr. Jack Sudeley was come into it all: but he felt he'd like to know what sort of a lookin gentleman the other one was, considering the old ~~[illegible]~~ Squire was so terrible spiteful ~~against~~ against him".

Perhaps we, reader, may as well take a good ~~long~~ stare at Philip Sudeley too, ~~[illegible]~~ as he moves along under the garden front of the stately house in the woods and the morning sunshine and see what manner of man he is — outwardly, at all events. I am afraid it must be owned frankly, at starting, that he is not ~~by~~ at all an obviously romantic figure. The Colonel

is

is turned eight and forty, and is not an unpleasant looking — the facts calculatedly, in the estimation of most persons, to invest all suspicion of romance effectually on that head!. ~~[illegible]~~ Further, it must be owned too, that at no period of his life has he been reckoned a handsome man. But there is a certain air of distinction about him. He is rather ~~above the middle height~~ over than under middle height; well made and well set-up — broad across the chest and small round the loins; and withal, too, even in the medley of a rough shooting coat and heavy boots, that effect of dull self-pride and decaying self-ease is one of the most notable characteristics of a well-bred Englishman. His features are somewhat large and strongly marked, the nose aquiline, the mouth hidden under a heavy light brown moustache, — the ends of which the Colonel has a habit of pulling downwards in meditative fashion, whenever he has any thing a little on his mind. His jaw is square and solid; his complexion originally fair, but now tanned ~~[illegible]~~ and dulled by travel and exposure. His crisp short hair, a darker brown by some two shades than his moustache, is as thick as ever, and still unbroken with grey — a fact, which, though he is far from being a vain man, does certainly yield him ~~[illegible]~~ considerable satisfaction.

Philip Underby's eyes are the only point in his personal appearance meriting unqualified ~~[illegible]~~ praise. They are deep set under straight eye-brows, — real fighting eyes of bright blue; the pupils small, the iris large and peculiarly rich and clear in colour.

Such

Such eyes are habitually kind and friendly enough; but they can grow very hard and pitiless when the blood is hot and an ugly day's work has to be done. And our friends here had seen an ugly day's work done ~~do~~ more than once in his life. He had seen more than most men's share of battles, and hunger, and death. He looked at it steadily, not with the cold ~~or~~ quick movements of pitying wonder and disgust: — but chiefly with a stern sense of his own immediate duty, which was to put through the work in hand simply and even cheerfully, without any ~~vain~~ careful hesitation or speculation concerning the ultimate effect of his situation. His last sentence ~~somewhat~~ seems to imply ~~too~~ something of hardness and cruelty, I fear: but it may be questioned whether any man will ever be of much active use in this world who has not a residuum of brutality left in him. In any case it is certain, that (in some natures) along with a dash of hardness and cruelty, — if one must render earlier ~~terms~~ such unlovely terms — go tenderness of heart towards the weak and untortunate, delicate consideration for friends or kinsmen, and a devotion towards chosen individuals so ~~so~~ profound and constant that it is almost peculiar in its intensity.

The man of this temper who loves — still more, who loves hates with do it with a terrible completeness. Strength has its dangers as well as weakness: ness. They are touched with ~~stolen~~ dignity and splendour it is true; but they are too often touched, as well, with a species of desperation. These ~~the~~ simple, whole-hearted natures, under the ~~dus~~ dominion of ~~some~~ a fixed idea are humbly

difficult

to cope with. Nothing turns them aside, they go through fire and water, utterly regardless of the well-intentioned remonstrances of the bystanders to reach the goal — whatever it may be.

In saying this I do not mean to allege that suggest that the quiet, dignified and clear-headed middle-aged soldier, Colonel Rudedy was at all disposed, just now, to run mad upon horses or any such matter. The potential possibilities of a character may never be developed in a given direction, but the circumstances may remain latent to the end. Far from indulging in exaggeration of feeling or sentiment, he was calmly making up his mind to accept the inevitable; to part with a hope that, though half formulated, had been very dear to him, to retire gracefully from a difficult position; and not only conceal, but, if possible, even forget his own disappointment and injury.

For the Colonel paced up and down that gaudy morning, in front of the house at Barnett Darcy, not as master but as guest. For Old W. Rudedy had bequeathed also his property — houses, lands, goods and stocks, to his younger of his two surviving sons. Philip only inherited that which would have come to him had his elder brother, Matthew, lived, — the thirds of his mother's fortune, and a sum of money left in remainder, to him by name in his grandfather's will. He would no longer be a poor man, it is true: but, to some persons even the assurance that in future they are secure of a comfortable balance at their bankers, will

as: wholly consciousness of the subjective discomfort of knowing themselves to be the object of an underlying grudge. Their public and practical repudiation on the part of his fellows was hard to bear, ~~[illegible]~~ (misfortune) rude rebellion against it as well as in his heart, ~~[illegible]~~ It was not without a struggle that the Colonel schooled himself into acquiescence.

She stood still in the middle of the road walking looking ~~down~~ away over the river to the woods and the ~~[illegible]~~ levels of the gray pastures (and) ~~and~~ something very like tears came into ~~her~~ her eyes. ~~[illegible]~~ There was a (depth) ~~[illegible]~~ of very wholesome humanity in ~~[illegible]~~ (her mind) ~~[illegible]~~ It would have been very pleasant to have to settle down here, ~~[illegible]~~ with as wife and children — as Jack was about to do, for instance, — to see another ~~[illegible]~~ generation growing up about him full of hope and generous ambition; to move in ~~[illegible]~~ surrounded by kindly faithful faces and honest love, ~~[illegible]~~ to wards the inevitable but undeserved end. She could not help feeling, rather sadly ~~[illegible]~~ that she had missed a good deal in life. It was dreary, ~~[illegible]~~ to look at all this ~~[illegible]~~ established security and order, from the point of view of an ~~[illegible]~~ homely old bachelor. Colonel Sheldon chuckled inwardly with a queer ~~[illegible]~~ (smile) and turned ~~[illegible]~~ back to the house again.

"Well, it's no good quarrelling with facts", he said, half aloud. "We all get what we've been filled for in this long run, I suppose; and, it does not pay to cry over spilt milk. — Come along

Vic,

Vice" — to the terrier who sat on the gravel ~~walk~~ still contemplating him with an air of enquiry — "I'm going indoors like an reasonable fellow to get my breakfast".

Jack Sudeley, meanwhile, notwithstanding that at this moment fortune appeared to wear him with her broadest smiles, was in an unhappy frame of mind. His chief bee was troubled ~~with~~ ~~[illegible]~~ with unfortunate memories, or perplexed by the indifference of universal nature to the fate of the individuals of any such high or intimate matter. Jack Sudeley was ~~[illegible]~~ safely rooted in the conventional and commonplace and his ~~[illegible]~~ gesticulations were of a purely concrete description. But he was entirely unaccustomed to reducing one thing at a time, and just now he was a prey to many conflicting sensations. He found it dreadfully enfeebling. Jack's conscience did not accuse him. He knew that he had brought no ~~unfair~~ undue influence to bear on his father regarding the disposition of the property; yet, still he was painfully aware of embarrassment and discomfort in his elder brother's presence. ~~[illegible]~~ Not forgetting any morbid or ascetic ~~[illegible]~~ view concerning the inherent value ~~[illegible]~~ of suffering, it seemed to him as little he had that he should be so extremely uncomfortable when he was quite innocent of wrong doing.

He had come to the conclusion, the day ~~[illegible]~~ before that it was incumbent upon him to make Colonel Sudeley a handsome and appropriate speech on the subject of the property. But the hour

rooms had been full of people, there had been a good deal of movement and stir, and after the funeral a tendency in the direction of wine, and cold baked meats, and general conversation in a rising scale of cheerfulness. Gamage, the lawyer from Shrewby, had stayed to dinner. So had Dr. Mortimer Symes, – not that the latter gentleman had any intention of being wrecked socially with a country solicitor, he stayed for reasons of his own. He happened to have heard some dramatic stories of the terrible year of the Indian Mutiny, and he was anxious to make nearer acquaintance with a man who had been a not undisguised actor in them. Dr. Symes had gathered from the Colonel this latter fact, Ditto had really been no favourable opening for Jack Rudeby's speech; and as he was not by any means glib – indeed he lost his temper – and stood in mortal fear of public speaking and reporters, he had not tried very hard to find an opening since none presented itself unsought. For, this morning, the prospect of that same speech hung over him like a dark and dreadful shadow. While at the same time, he was conscious of an elation so lively, that it made him wash, put on his boots, and even tie his white tie – Mr. Rudeby had an instinct that it would be graceful to emphasize the outward & visible sign of his clerical profession at this juncture, – in time to be as a darling triumphal march which kept on thumping itself out

out in his brain.

"Matt can go to Eton", he thought, "and the girls can have new frocks whenever they want them. Baker says there's no end of ~~good~~ fine old wine in the cellar; and Augusta will look uncommonly well in the diamonds of my poor dear mother": —

Then he checked himself. ~~and~~ Grew suddenly serious, ~~and~~ thought of Jacob and the bribe. Of right, — and of the worst consequences in ~~some~~ some ways of ~~[illegible]~~ his misappropriation of Evan's blessing; and then, of the virtues of the law of entail and of the sacred institution of primogeniture — for Jack Sudeley was as devout a conservative.

"Every stick and stone on the ~~[illegible]~~ estate shall be strictly entailed on Matt, at once", he said, rather illogically.

~~[illegible]~~ He pictured the nice string of hunters he would have in three great barracks-like stables before the year was out; and then made another return upon his bottle, and wondered what ~~the devil~~ on earth he should say to him?.

When the breakfast bell rang at last, poor W. Sudeley felt anything but gay. The triumphal march died away into silence, and he would have sacrificed a good deal of pure pleasure in the ~~to~~ matter of ~~[illegible]~~ horses to have avoided the next half hour.

In Jacob ~~[illegible]~~, ~~[illegible]~~ with rather a rueful countenance came down into the square flagged hall. Colonel ~~[illegible]~~ entered the front door, letting a great rush of fierce westerly wind in with him. He

came

came forwards, holding out his hands to his brother and looking him very frankly and kindly in the face. There was a fine serenity ~~about~~ in ~~the manner of profound humanity~~ his expression as he did so.

"Good morning, Jack", he said. — "I've been ~~all~~ round the dear old place. I'm glad to find that with all the knocking about the world that I've had, I have not forgotten a single thing here. It seems as if I had ~~not~~ n't been away a day".

He paused a moment, and then added, quickly:— ~~"Goodbye~~ "God bless you, Jack, you and your wife, and ~~your boy and your children~~ the children. God bless you and your boys after you. — They're ~~fine~~ jolly, ~~plucky~~ plucky, little lads and will keep up the honour of the old name gallantly".

Colonel Lindsay turned away, & went across the hall to lay down his hat.

"Now to give me a bed ~~occasionally~~ now and then", he said:— "won't you, if I want to get away from soldiering some time, & have a breath of my native air?".

Jack Lindsay was touched, distressed, relieved all at the same ~~time~~ moment. The number and diversity of his emotions did not tend towards lucidity of thought or expression.

"Upon my word", he began, "I don't know what on earth to say to you, my dear fellow. I am in the most awfully awkward position, you know. I've been wanting to speak to you seriously ever ~~to~~ since all this came out about the property. It is n't right, you know. It's nationally hard on you, though I don't want

to

to say anything disrespectful about my poor father, of course. But, you know, he was very tight-handed with me. There was no getting near certain subjects. He was as close and reticent as could be about money matters. I give you my word I hadn't a notion till the day he died of the way he meant to leave things, and even then he only gave me a hint. — I don't understand it — I tell you I don't know how to look you in the face. I feel like — Well, upon my word I don't know what I do feel like", he added hopelessly — "It's most uncommonly awkward for me, and your taking it all in this wonderfully generous ~~way~~ sort of way ~~only~~ makes it all the worse, that's it over".

Jack Underby's voice grew as little shaky. He was genuinely moved — though his form of utterance was it must be allowed somewhat elementary.

The Colonel came away from the table on which he had laid down his hat. His mother's incoherent address had pleased him, and strengthened his willingness to accept the situation unreservedly.

"It's also perfectly right as it is", he answered, ~~cheerily~~. "You're cut out for a country squire, Jack — it will suit you a good deal better than preaching, eh? — And Augusta is just fit for this sort of thing too. What all about ~~shoulds~~ do I do with a great barrack of a house and an army of servants?.. — There, — we quite understand each other and needn't say any more about it. — By the way", he said frequently ~~added~~, "it seems to me there is no end of keep

on South Park, just across the river and he
wanting. Should put eighteen or twenty
hearts in it, at once, in your place. I suspect
you'll find the estate worth a ~~lot~~ lot of
looking after at first — things have been a
good deal neglected I suspect since my
father's not seen able to get about and see to it
them ~~very~~ himself".

Then the two men went into the dining-room,
chatting of stock, and crops, and draining and
kindred subjects. And by the time breakfast was
over, the triumphal march was thumping away
as ~~merrily~~ merrily as ever again in Jack Lindsay's
head.

That ~~afternoon~~ evening as he ~~was~~ ~~sitting~~ stood
smoking meditatively ~~[illegible]~~ with his back
to the library fire, Colonel Lindsay said: — "I think
Jack
Shall get long leave and go abroad in a time
then all this business is ~~settled~~ finally settled.
I dare say Edmund Drake would go with me — you know,
have seen
after all I ~~[illegible]~~ they're nothing of Europe".

He turned round and ~~[illegible]~~ staggered as big big tears
threatened to fall out on ~~his~~ hearth with
his foot.

"I feel as pleased as a school-boy", he went on, "at
having some money in my pocket to play
duck and drake with".

Lecture III

Retrospective.

A brilliant American writer has told us that, in order to acquire a really comprehensive and scientific understanding of the personality of any given man or woman, it would be necessary to go back to the Sandals of Eden and, beginning with our first parents, to trace the gradual evolution of the individual specimen down through the ages from the cradle of the human race to the present day. This doubtless is strictly true. It is indeed the aim & matter for devout thought: but surely such a course is hedged about with obvious impossibility; for were it not so, there is no saying to what gigantic proportions the biography of the most obscure and uninteresting individual might not reach!. Let me hasten to assure the reader that it is not for an ~~or~~ instant proposed in the present case to pear into the backward abyssm of things in this abominably voluminous and tedious manner, in the hope of there discerning the ~~[illegible]~~ ultimate causes of present effects. The narrator only desires, with all attainable brevity and concisenes to make a few statements which may serve to ~~[illegible]~~ throw some light upon the ~~[illegible]~~ fortunes and ~~[illegible]~~ conduct of certain actors

in this little drama.

Then he was about ~~[illegible]~~ two and twenty, was an event to the place which very sensibly affected Philip Sudeley's subsequent career. ~~[illegible]~~ He discovered one fine day that he was very deeply in love — in love, too, with a young lady whose fortune would be pretty well enclosed by the limits in which she packed her modest trousseau. The young man's tastes were neither dear or expensive. He had in fact been blandishly economical, drawing out his ~~[illegible]~~ pay as subaltern in a marching regiment with the slender sum allowed him rather grudgingly by his father, and never practically quarter-day with inconvenient demands for ad-vances. Now he intimated that an increase of allowance would enable him to marry, and that he wanted to marry very much indeed. But unfortunately for poor Philip he was not, and never had been, a favourite with his father, ~~all~~ whose stock of parental affection was ~~[illegible]~~ exclusively lavished upon his eldest son Matthew — a handsome, head-strong, ~~[illegible]~~ blustering fellow. Young Matt ~~[illegible]~~ had left the University where he had distinguished himself more in sporting and athletic than in learned circles, ~~[illegible]~~ very much in debt. ~~[illegible]~~ His father had just ~~[illegible]~~ discharged, so that ~~[illegible]~~ Philip's love affair and request for help came at a singularly inconvenient ~~[illegible]~~ moment. In vulgar terms, Mr. Sudeley did not see it at all.

"What did that silly fellow Philip want with a wife and a home? Job of squalling brats at his age?" he asked. "The boy hadn't half enough to do kicking his heels at one garrison town after another

another — a little good hard work was what he wanted, — that would knock the cobwebs out of him soon enough. And then, who the devil is this Miss Cecilia Murray?" he added not over civilly. "I never heard of her. Let Philip take up with some girl if he must — money — in his country they are known something about, and then it's he has plenty of time to talk about increased allowances and so on. If they're so much in love let 'em wait, — that's the only thing I can recommend to 'em".

Lieutenant Sudeley and Cecilia Murray proceeded to wait. Poor dear, there was nothing else very profitable for them to do under the circumstances since they were really attached to each other. They waited dutifully during the space of a year. Then the young lady began to lose her good looks a little, for she was one of those thin wider-vitalized blondes who do not wear very well. It became daily more evident that waiting did not agree with her physically, though the constancy of her heart might be as great as ever. It was a pity, for Philip was blessed with a large share of patient devotion. He could have waited faithfully a dozen years for Miss Cecilia and scorn at the end of it that she was every bit as pretty as the first day he met her.

Cecilia Murray's mother, however, was a lady of experience of resources of an eminently practical turn of mind. Her own marriage had not been exactly a conspicuous success, since her husband had added to various other incapacities the incapacity for living long, and had left her, as a still young and handsome woman with a family of portionless

daughters

daughters on her hands. Mrs Murray permitted herself no illusions in certain matters. She had realized with dis-agreeable distinctness, ~~that~~ that in the case of a young girl having little besides personal attractions to recommend her, time is of supreme values on the sides first and twenty.

"With Cecilia's style of loveliness perhaps in every thing", she said, with praiseworthy candour.

Acting upon this conviction the good lady did not ~~very~~ warmly encourage her daughter's lover, whose material prospects ~~disadvantages~~ struck her as lacking in any brilliant promise. She treated the young man with scant courtesy; and had ~~was~~ fact prepared to hear of the match altogether, when an unlooked-for occurrence caused her ~~trouble~~ suddenly to alter her opinion as to the eligibility of his suit.

It was in the winter time that young Matthew Enderby, troubled about money matters and thirsty for some fresh amusement, elected to come to the quaint cathedral town ~~where~~ in the north, where his brother's regiment was then quartered and spend a week with him. Matt was in very low water again; his debts were heavy, and he could not make up his mind to tell his father frankly about them. ~~Had~~ ~~[illegible]~~ Between horses and dogs, ~~pleasure~~ billiards and racing, and little runs up to London, the young gentleman's ~~affairs~~ had contrived to get his affairs into an sufficiently desperate condition. Mr Squire's temper was short at times even ~~with~~ with his eldest and best loved son; and Matt neither relished the idea of embarking in ~~correspondence~~ a slightly discreditable ~~to~~ confession

~~and~~ ~~of~~ on

or of risking his position of his favourite with his father. He was in that state of mind in which a man is willing to clutch at ~~any~~ remote ~~chance~~ and improbable chances of salvation. ~~Instead~~ Philip was devoted to him, he knew. Philip was a generous fellow and might be able to help him. At worse, Philip could be coaxed into weakening the whole thing to his mother — sure darling he was — and through her Matt might get the assistance he wanted without the unpleasant: help of a ~~a~~ personal statement. It was with these vague hopes and round-about intentions that he started on his pilgrimage to the northern city: he once there that desire to cut a figure, woo admiration, and get uniquely talked about, returned upon him to the exclusion of more prudent considerations. The week of his stay extended itself into three, and during these three weeks Matthew Sudeley might certainly ~~[illegible]~~ congratulate himself on having made a mark — of a kind.

One night, or rather early one morning the two brothers, and a ~~[illegible]~~ young fellow officer of Philip, Beaumont Pierce-Dawney by name were returning from a somewhat up-country bachelor's dinner-party at a neighbouring country house. Matt had taken rather more wine than was good for him, he had played cards and lost heavily. He was excited and angry, and tried to carry off his uncertainties by an extra amount of swagger and bluster. When the high two-wheeled dog-cart in which the three young men were going to dine back came to the door, Beau Pierce-Dawney said, with a significant glance to Philip: —

"You

"You'd better drive, old man. You've the standard of the lot, and that horse is a nasty vicious brute and stumbles with the bargain".

But Matthew chose to regard this as an unwarrantable act of interference. He was in the humour to pick a quarrel with any one, and the stout man's impertinable good-temper had been a source of irritation all the evening. With some ~~[illegible]~~ influence he ~~[illegible]~~ said he was tired the trap himself; he knew very well what he was about, he had driven out, and he was going to drive back again; — if Mr. Price-Dauncey was afflicted with nervousness he could walk, as far as he Matt, was concerned and welcome.

Price-Dauncey, however, ~~[illegible]~~ was far from quarrelsome; he got up ~~[illegible]~~ behind the dog-cart with a good-natured laugh.

"Sir, ~~[illegible]~~, I don't care a rap" he said. "I can stick on here tight enough. If the horse comes down you and Philip'll get ~~[illegible]~~, ~~[illegible]~~ the worst ~~[illegible]~~ rather, you know, not me."

This speech did not tend to soothe Matthew Pudsey; ~~[illegible]~~ the horse justified the evil opinion given of it, and the young man, half from vexatious half from temper ~~[illegible]~~ drove wildly and frightened and fretted the ill-conditioned ~~[illegible]~~ animal with a perfect fever. At last at the top of a long steep hill Matt lost all patience, and turning the ~~[illegible]~~ reins petulantly to his brother.

"Here catch hold", he cried. "I shall get mad and cut the traces to pieces in a minute. — I want to light my pipe. — Hold them up, you fool,

What are you at, letting him gander about the road in that fashion."

Philip ~~had~~ caught the reins as best he could; but the flap of them on the horse's back & as Matt then threw to him had thoroughly scared it, and it bolted. ~~Philip~~ He was almost helpless: he was sitting low and driving from the wrong side too, he could not get any purchase on the horse's mouth. Matt perceiving the danger, made a dash at the reins again with an oath, and succeeded in giving a violent wrench to the right hand one. The horse swerved, cocked its ~~his~~ fore legs, and came down like a bump of lead on the hard frost road.

The next thing Philip remembered was ~~[illegible]~~ standing out in the ~~[illegible]~~ road-way, ~~[illegible]~~ with Beau Pierce. Dauncey by him. He was not much hurt himself, but an indefinable dread was ~~[illegible]~~ upon him. He got ~~[illegible]~~ over to the further side of the upset-down carriage. There was a great heap of ~~[illegible]~~ stones on the grass by the road way, and across it, ~~[illegible]~~ just were the light of the ~~carriage~~ lamps fell, lay poor young Matt.-New Sudeley, — he would never ~~[illegible]~~ swagger, or play cards, or get into debt again in this world.

Some grief is unapproachable, it resists sympathy almost as an insult, and murders itself in black silence and gloom. So it was with W. Sudel-:ley. He did not say much about his son's death, but he brooded over it in ~~[illegible]~~ a heavy

speechless

speculiar individuals. He could not accustom his mind to it, he had a sense of unpardonable injury and wrong. The house at Barnett Darcy became a sad place. Jack ~~[illegible]~~ was up at College. He went home as little as possible. Though the fact of his being shaped by nature with many characteristics of his true Cudeley type made ~~him robbed welcome to~~ his presence rather welcome to an otherwise to his father. Towards Philip his squire felt with deep unreasoning bitterness. The thought that this boy for whom he had never cared greatly, who ~~[illegible]~~ did resemble the rest of his family either in looks or in ~~[illegible]~~ temperament, ~~[illegible]~~ would take his darling elder brother's place was hateful to him. Here: before Philip had been simply ministering to his father, he was ministering no longer, he was ~~[illegible]~~ obnoxious. If one of the two boys must go, why had not fate selected him?.. The squire could have spared him well enough, if it came to that.

Meanwhile, Philip himself was ~~[illegible]~~ half broken-hearted. Death, in kindly fashion, rubs out the remembrance of part faults and folly, and leaves generally a fair and gracious picture of those we have loved. Their virtues seem all to gather their own, and their vices ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ no ~~[illegible]~~ vital or integral part of them, but merely an unsightly much easily washed away and obliterated. ~~[illegible]~~ For since the days when Mate's tin soldiers ~~[illegible]~~ invariably wore glorious victories ~~[illegible]~~ on the floor of the Barnett Darcy nursery, ~~[illegible]~~ over ~~Philip's~~ his own unsuccessful squadrons

squadrons lying prone and scattered on the ground — he had always admired his handsome head. strong elder sister, and yielded him the first place willingly and even gladly. It was humible that Mate, who was so intelligent and talking, who promised to support the family name in such a generous open-handed manner, who enjoyed life so vastly, should have been snatched away at a moment's notice. But people were kind to Philip in his distress. Mrs. Murray, notably, was far kinder than she had ever been before. Her affection seemed to rise with extraordinary rapidity from zero to boiling point. She welcomed him to her home, and quite openly advertized the fact of her daughter's engagement. Perhaps our friend Philip, was rather pitiably inexperienced in these days. He accepted Mrs. Murray's attentions with the warmest gratitude, while it never occurred to him to enquire as to the root from which they might spring.

Mrs. Murray affection, however, was tempered with artistic taste. As time passed on, she began again to cast a doubtful eye on the young man's pretentions. He was in all probability the scion of a good position and large fortune now: but, then his father - as far as Mrs. Murray could make out — was the sort of man who might resume life in his own. Meanwhile Cecilia had other admirers. The good lady weighed the bride in the hand against the bride in the bush; and, unless the former should develop suddenly and unexpectedly

plumpness

plumpness, felt it would be advisable to relinquish her hold on it, and employ her hands in trying to catch the three other girls that were still at liberty. She announced one day, to the young man's surprise, that she had really given him time enough; it looked bad for a girl to be hanging on with a long uncertain engagement like this; Mr. Sudeley must ditty. Really no longer;— Cecilia, poor dear child, was growing uncheerfully worn and peaky.— Mr. Sudeley must marry her at once, on a good income — "such an income as will be in keeping with your position and prospects, you know" — or not at all.

Philip was a good deal startled both by the announcement and the time in which it was concerned. There was one chance in, specially, that offended both his taste and good feeling. Still he was very much in love. He wrote home to his mother to say he was coming, and then went down to Barnets Darcy resolved to renew his request to his father.

As long as he lived Philip remembered the events of that evening with painful distinctness. The dinner was not a cheerful one. The squire was moody and hardly spoke except to give an order to the servants. Mrs. Sudeley with gentle tact and self-sacrificing sweetness tried to ignore her husband's surly preoccupation and to talk as usual. But she was nervous, and the conversation soon died away again into anxious silence. As to Philip, he found his father's manner mystifying but reassuring; as the evening wore on, his resolve was in his mouth. When Mrs. Sudeley had left the dining-room Philip told his little story — told it in a modest, quiet manly

manly ~~fashion~~ way. ~~[illegible]~~ There was a trace of pathos in the young man's bearing as he pleaded his cause, which some hearers would have found affecting: but Matthew Sudeley was not easily affected. He turned his chair sideways, leaned his elbow on the table, and answered Philip over his shoulder without taking the trouble to look at him.

"I told you my opinion of the foolish business of your two years ago," he said. "It hasn't changed".

"You told us to wait, sir, and we have waited," ventured Philip.

Mr. Sudeley put ~~out~~ his hand on the decanter stand by him, and refilled his glass.

"And the girl's got tired of waiting, I suppose — thinks you can ask for ~~[illegible]~~ whatever you like now and get it. And you think the same, no doubt. Your in a pretty hurry, I dare say, to step into your ~~poor~~ dead brother's shoes".

"You've no right to say that, sir", flashed out Philip hotly. — "I've given you no cause for such an supposition. ~~[illegible]~~ Such an thought never entered my head — or her's either. She was good enough to come for me ever so long ago, when certainly nobody could accuse her affection of being mercenary".

"I'm glad to hear it", returned the elder man drily. "It's as well you should know just where you stand. If, you ~~[illegible]~~ thought your brother's death would improve your prospects, you ~~[illegible]~~ were mistaken, that's all. It won't make a penny's difference to you while I live". — Matthew Sudeley ~~[illegible]~~ swallowed down his glass of port, and then broke out suddenly and violently: —

"But

"But for you Matt might have been alive now. You were drunk".

Philip set his teeth hard; he went as white as the table-cloth before him.

"I don't drink, sir", he said, "and you know it. I was as sober as I am at this moment. Price-Dauncey was with us — he told you at the time".

"Price-Dauncey ~~[illegible]~~ was your friend not Matt's. What proof have I that he did not try to make the best of a bad job, and say what he could to shield you?"

"He's my friend, as you say: but he is a gentleman also like same, sir. He is not in the habit of telling lies".

How far sullen brooding grief had really perverted Matthew Sudeley's reason and made him harbour ugly suspicions against his son, how far he was merely actuated by ~~the~~ a killing desire to pain and ~~humiliate~~ humiliate the young man is would be difficult to determine. Probably the two ~~causes~~ causes were so subtly mixed to be capable of separation. He sunk his head on his hands and spoke with mutual deliberation.

"So much the worse for you, then, if you were sober, ~~young~~ man. Matt does not put ~~your~~ your conduct in a better light, as far as I can see. — You can drive ~~[illegible]~~ well enough when it pays you to drive well".

Philip sprang up from his place and came round without a word. ~~[illegible]~~ His expression of wrathful amazement and horror ~~[illegible]~~ unmistakable.

"What on earth do you mean, sir"? he cried: "What are you driving at? Do you know what a dastardly thing your words seem to imply?"

W.

Mr. Sudeley looked up at his ~~young man~~ son without raising his head. His dull eyes were blood-shot and his face flushed with passion as he answered: —

"By God, I'll tell you some people would say you knew very well what you were about when you pitched Malt out into that cursed heap of stones. This is as fine property and you were my second son — ~~[illegible]~~ Foul-play has been heard of for as lighter stakes than this and before now".

Some two minutes later Philip walked out into the hall, letting the dining-room door slam heavily behind him. As he did so Mr. Sudeley ~~[illegible]~~ moved forwards ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ into the firelight to meet him. She had been too anxious to rest by merely during this critical interview between her son and husband. She ~~[illegible]~~ came back into the hall again, & stood near the wide open fire-place, listening with deepening fear and sorrow to fierce voices in the dining-room.

Philip's ~~[illegible]~~ temper of anger died down as he caught sight of his mother. He put her arm round the frail delicate woman in a sudden agony of tender-ness.

"Come away, ~~[illegible]~~ into your room Mother," he said huskily. "I have got to say good-bye to you".

Poor Mrs. Sudeley clung to him trembling.

"Oh! you have quarrelled", she cried. — "My dearest, if you love me, go back and make it up with him. — Remember your father is very quick tempered. He often says things he regrets ~~[illegible]~~ later, when he has recovered himself. And he is very sore about dear Malt. You know how he loved him. He cannot submit to this

trial,

trial; it makes him hasty and bitter. His hopes were centred in Matt. — Lady Stern, too, he was seen trembled about himself. He was beaten tired Philip, cruelly tired and heartsick. Remember all this, dear. So and make it up with him, for my sake. If he was been a little hard with you, try to bear it — don't be stubborn, ~~dear~~ Philip. Try to meet him half way".

The young man did not answer. His father had entered the hall and entered Mr. Hudson's little sitting-room. He stood ~~there~~ in silence, still clasping his hands, and looking with sweet pitiful eyes earnest help into his face.

"No, Mother", he said, "this apology must come from him not from me. It can't be made up unless he withdraws certain accusations he has made against me".

"Then it will never be made up" — said Mr. Hudson, in a low voice.

"He has accused me of a hideous action", Philip went on: — "of something mean, vile, unnatural. I cannot tell you about it — I had better never have been born than have dreamed of it even for an ~~instant~~ instant".

Philip flung himself down on his knees before her, and held her about the waist, pressing his face against her gown: — "Mother promise me ~~always~~ that you, at least, will never doubt me. That you'll never listen to any suggestion he throws out about me — that you ~~to~~ will help me in your heart of hearts — ~~[illegible]~~ that you'll never let anything divide your ~~[illegible]~~ in me ~~[illegible]~~ promise me, Mother, to believe in me always despite I go".

In this poor boy's weakness Mr. Underhill found an unexpected value and strength.

"Stand up, ~~dear~~ Philip" she said softly.

She laid her hands on his shoulders and looked deep into his blue eyes: — "I believe in you completely and truly, Philip. Nothing can shake my faith in you. You in a ~~some~~ terrible delusion that has taken possession of your father's mind. The pain of sorrow — and remorse — not blood has made him accountable for it. Mingled with blood of an sometimes ~~[illegible]~~ which it is an impossible to drive away as it is ~~[illegible]~~ a mind overshadowing disease. Mr. Mr. We then have all to do, we ~~[illegible]~~ shadow of the remembrance of them or we shadow of the remem: brance of a ~~[illegible]~~ melancholy dream, into ~~[illegible]~~ infinite ~~[illegible]~~ of thankful help and relief — Please God it may be so in this case, and that helps very long you may come back to me again. — Mr. you are very dear to me, Philip. You have been the stay and comfort of my life — you have been very good and dear to me "all the days of my life". —

Mr. Underhill could not manage to say more. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ The two stood looking at each other in silence for a few moments. Then Philip sank down and kissed his mother, and went away.

The proverb says trouble rarely comes single. So ~~[illegible]~~ over ~~[illegible]~~ Philip Underhill. They seemed to come in legion just at this time. Mr. Murray was pitiless; & as the income was not his to income in the ~~[illegible]~~ one part, the bride was not for his coming in the other. The demolished are admirable cases of duty — based that ~~[illegible]~~ the young man must have gathered dreamfully to his father to cause this rupture and ~~[illegible]~~ denial. It seemed cruel & calculated to make not a cross person. Cecilia's happiness must not

he. ~~was~~ endangered. Mr. Murray felt it would be both immoral and impolitic to put a premium on filial disobedience, — on the ground that the Statutes entirely referred to Minds of Mr. Rudeby as a possible son in law.

So thus was an end to poor Philip's ~~[illegible]~~ wedding romance. He was still to be found primarily bereft: children of parents, home, and mistress, and turn upon the world as a mere soldier of fortune. With his faithful and affectionate nature Philip he was bound to suffer very deeply under this accumulation of misfortune. I do not wish to draw a fancy portrait of this young man and hold him up as a model of fortitude and virtue. On the contrary, I must admit that for a time after the final rearing of of his engagement is received as little doubt that whether Philip was not ~~[illegible]~~ determined to set out on that unprofitable journey, commonly known as "going to the bad". He was so miserable, poor fellow, that ~~for a~~ he was ~~[illegible]~~ sorely tempted to drown misery in debauch. But, perhaps his mother's prayers, perhaps a certain innate purity and sweet self-respect which ~~[illegible]~~ at bottom made vice disgusting to him, called Philip back before he had sunk very deep into the slough. He recovered his footing on the solid ground of good living, ~~[illegible]~~ and — not without a ~~[illegible]~~ (hard) sense of shame and self-reproach in face ~~[illegible]~~ his past ~~[illegible]~~ aberrations — took once and for all to worse courses.

Great publics ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~to his said.~~

See over

that public events, too, came at this crisis in his life. In his avidity the year 1854 - saw the beginning of a war which was now universally held to be highly discreditable, if not actually iniquitous. The fact remains, for what it may, the fact remains — happily or unhappily, there is no choice — that men may fight as gallantly in a bad cause as in a good one; and that the moral effects on individuals may be as salutary when they suffer, struggle and endure, in an unjust quarrel as in a just one. Philip Sudeley began to show what spirit he was truly of. He emerged, he distinguished himself. Later during the hideous months of the Indian Mutiny his name ~~also~~ became a household word for valour and activity. The plain slender young fellow, whose quiet manner had made him ~~a~~ sometimes a butt in the mess of his regiment, developed both mentally and physically. Indeed five years after the rebellion, a grand biography of distinction to soldiers who had the will to ~~be~~ take advantage of them; and Philip Sudeley's patience, constancy and courage had already marked him out as a person to be entrusted with delicate or hazardous work. In the young man who had not many his love, he decided to marry his friends and entrived, as time went on, to carve out for himself a sufficiently distinct ~~the~~ place in his world with that unusual multifarious mixture.

Certain simplicity and directness of purpose never left him. But as he grew older, Philip Sudeley was ~~certainly~~ not a person with whom it was advisable to take a ~~liberty~~ liberty. It came to be understood that some matters must not be spoken of lightly before him, — as woman's relations must not be mixed and, or a man's moral delinquencies to scarcely considered. Young men ~~who~~ were disposed to trifle found him as ~~to~~ rigid a bridgeside in matters of virtue and religion to his entire comfort of his neighbours — as person quick to slight expressions, status, and not altogether easy to ~~deal~~ with. Yet men were accustomed that he was humbly too, as faithful friends and a fine officer. His eight and forty the Colonel's position was acknowledged and assured. He had escaped many dangers, received many lacerations — and on yet, perhaps fortunately for himself he had been very true to the memory of his first love.

Prefer

lose.

And Mrs. Pudeley? Fortitude Lorring's husband and son, returning home left her but to resume her faints. But faints manifested (recurrent - encouraging) relaxation, if ~~not~~ a lessen and far more reviving diet. Mr. Pudeley did not trouble them. In days after days, and months after months passed by with out change or sign of relenting on the part of this squire towards Philip faints began to grow weaker and Mr. Pudeley began to grow weak also. The mourned after her boy. He had been as good and gentle son to her ever since the time when, dead in a round hollands pinafore and white stockings drawers he had trotted after her up and down the long passages at Barnett Darcy and about the sheltered single-walled gardens, fragrant with the scent of pinks and mignonette. Later, more school he had never failed to send her a weekly letter, containing an illspelled chronicle of rudimentary joys and sorrows. And afterwards, when he went with his army - while Winnafred many wakeful nights in his great blue bed-room over the hall she had wrestled in prayer for him and agonized over times, to her, emptiness letters that are captured specially to reveal young gentlemen of the upper classes - she had found time come home to her, ~~[illegible]~~, as quiet and simple, and tenderly thoughtful as ever. Only once did she venture to break the silence which her husband maintained upon the subject of his quarrel with his son; and then the Squire's fierce unreasoning ~~anger~~ violence terrified her into patient ~~[illegible]~~ submission. Again, Mr. Pudeley ended dying to her love, but she could not forget him. A time went on she felt with a strange habit of sitting silent and unemployed

enthroned in the large dusty saloon overlooking the broad smooth lawns and large meadows. She would not go out much; she shrank from meeting her neighbours; we even from stepping in and out of the cottage, with a basket of dainties on her arm, which she distributed ~~abundantly~~ along with ~~with~~ the most sulphurous of tracts and the very mildest of personal advice. Sometimes she seemed bewildered, and hardly to know what she was doing. Unpleasant rumours got about concerning her; people said poor Mr. Sudeley's mind was going.

Medical services, in that remote and daily attentive person of Mr. Ridewood of Sleaby – it was before the day of Mortimer Syner and the local pre-eminence of Silkingworth – proved itself baffled. There was no ~~disease~~ organic disease discoverable and yet the poor body was evidently sinking.

The feeble flame of Mr. Sudeley's life flickered up pitifully when ever her husband entered the room. Hope lingers with us and old habits assert themselves even when the sand's have run very low and the feet of the mourners are near the door. She told him that there was "nothing ~~to~~ really the matter. She was only very weak and would be better again in a day or so". But the day on which Mr. Sudeley would be better never dawned. That flickering flame sank slowly down till it was quenched in darkness, and ~~[illegible]~~ Mr. Sudeley lay dead. She had paid the penalty of too great faith and love. Pity her should be of a strictly limited order, one some times fears, if they are to bring their profession in a comfortable dividend on this side the grave.

Matthew

Matthew suddenly married his wife very heartily. He had loved her truly according to his lights. The instincts of many years had made her presence necessary to him and her death seemed somewhat of an impertinence. It was the only independent action she had taken – barring a certain tremulous support given to Philip's love affair – since he married her. Matthew suddenly could hardly understand it. He was ~~[illegible]~~ sad, lonely ~~[illegible]~~ angry; and his anger, as he walked mechanically, resolved itself into ~~[illegible]~~ implacable hostility towards the son, whose action, he persuaded himself, was indirectly ~~[illegible]~~ but certainly connected with his wife's long illness and death.

Book Second
A Year of Friendship
Ch. I.

II

The Strands begin to say things.

"[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]"

Compared with many of its sister towns situated along the shores of the Gulf of Genoa, Derzia cannot claim to be a very pretty place. It is too full of the stir of machinery, the clank and clang of hammers, and the dirt of work-shops to be altogether pleasant. The beautiful old ship-building trade, formerly the wealth of this part of the coast, is fast dying out; but a few half finished wooden vessels, with an odd branch at the prow, stand on the stocks in the large half-deserted yards on the grey sea-shore. Iron and steam, strong and impetuous, have it pretty much all their own way now-a-days. The famous Corniche Road, too, is here narrowed to a sort of straggling street between high vineyard walls and tall painted houses: and — whether it appears as a sea of pale mud, or is smothered in paler and at least equally objectionable dust, — is always, wet or dry, a perfect pandemonium of rough two-wheeled waggons, loaded with heavy cotton bales,

sacks

sacks of rags or white great barrels piled up to an astounding height, and of staining mules and horses, and yelling drivers and grating tram-cars.

See if you leave the busy little town, with its terrified streets, and wander up the steep paved lanes behind between the vineyards, and it – when you have passed the last of the red ~~and or~~ and yellow walls and step out into the open olive-grounds above – if you stop and turn and look back, the scene is very moving and inspiring even here. For you are in Italy, after all – beautiful, passionate, terrible Italy.

About a quarter of a mile out of Genoa, going eastwards towards Genoa, you come to some rusty iron-gates in the high, red-plastered wall that skirts the high-road on the left. A broad carriage-way leads from these gates up across some flat market-gardens, – in which the peasants work, with sleeves and trousers stripped up showing bare, muscular brown arms and legs, – then turning sharply to the left at the foot of a natural cliff of buff-coloured rock, supported here and there ~~with~~ by masonry. After some thirty yards or so, the ~~[illegible]~~ road turns to the right, and climbs the ~~high~~ hill, shaded on the South by a line of dwarfed and distorted pines, and with broad spaces of grass on ~~either~~ each side of it, bright in the spring time with flame-coloured gladiolus, red orchis, and blue feathery hyacinths. Another zigzag, through some yards terraces, and behind rocks – among which

which the ~~fig~~ fig-trees root themselves, and straggle a mass of ~~with~~ smooth grey branches, ~~and~~ grey roots and glossy dark-green leaves, — and then, at last, you reach the final bit of the ascent: — a broad carriage-way still gravelled with little black and white pebbles from the ~~seaside~~ neighbouring beach, a wall of bricks and rocks on the left hand, and on the right a drop into the vineyards below. On either hand the road is bordered with hedges of prickly pear, mostly near, where in the cicalas, with their great eyes and bobbing faces sit fiddling all day long in the hot sunshine. The carriage-drive ends at last in a ~~the~~ ~~two~~ wide gravelled terrace in front of a small, orange-red, stucoed villa.

Standing on this high terrace, where the roars of the road, the railway and the town — the ring of hammers, crack of whips, ~~[illegible]~~ and wild cry of the muleteers — reach one ~~[illegible]~~ softened and harmonised by distance, the scene is a very noble one.

In the South the purple sea-river and meets the sky-line. The grey curve of the narrow beach trends away in a bold curve, here bordered by gleaming towns, and there broken by some dark, densely-wooded promontory, part cape after cape, and headland after headland, to the west-ward. Just below lies the town, built in ~~[illegible]~~ massive blocks of tall, many-windowed houses; which have flat or low-pitched roofs, and are painted every conceivable colour from the lightest green or yellow, to the deepest blue ~~[illegible]~~ or chocolate. At the back of the town and rising tier above ~~the~~ tier up the sloping

post. Hills and vineyards and gardens, with now and again some gaily coloured villas or the tall campanile of a village church. Here and there two lines of cypress follow each other in a dark and mystic procession down the hillside, marking the boundary of some land-owner's property. Across the olive-grounds stretches in a white silver belt around the ~~shores etc~~ shores. Across them are wild cypress of ~~to~~ great white beaches, and sweet bay and myrtle, with the granite, blotted form of an umbrella pine disengaging itself sharply in places from the undergrowth. Across again are dusky pinewoods; and then, at last, your eyes rest on the bare arids mountain sides, towering up in the searching sunlight till the summits ~~embrace~~ are crowned by a pilgrimage church or monastery, or rising naked, unadorned and bare against the sky. The Apennines behind Serzia may be described as giant bands pointing seaward, with deep ravines and water-courses between the gigantic, outstretched fingers. Only the ~~to~~ trees, and beaches, and boats are pale. All the rest, woods, mountains, sides, purple sea, and sides, purple sky glow and palpitate with intensity of colour. Shiles in the extreme West, above the deep blues of far off hills and capes, towering up into the clear ether, are the glittering peaks and dazzling snow-wastes of the Maritime Alps.

Towards the latter ends of April, 1899., about six months after Old Matthew Enderby's death, on a burning afternoon, the subject for a very dainty

little

A picture might have been found on the terrace up at the Villa Mortelli.

Low, broad parapet of stone, succeeded and painted the same orange-red as the house, guards the terrace in front. Looking down over it there is a sheer drop of some pie and twenty, or perhaps thirty feet, into the vineyards below. At this time the leaves were just breaking, and a delicate veil of green spread lightly over the face of the vineyards.

At corner of the terrace away from the carriage drive, with her back against a battlemented and somewhat dilapidated arbour — sunlitened in Wistarias and climbing rose — sat a young girl. She rested one elbow on the low wall by her side, and held in the other hand a great red umbrella. — Not one of those mean, little, scarlet parasols that Bachin affected to wear some few years ago, but a wide, honest, peasant's umbrella, big enough to shelter a whole family from sun or rain, and decorated round the edge of it with a barbaric pattern, woven in starring blacks and whites, and yellow.

Young lady was very simply dressed in a plain, light cotton gown, which made however an admirable foil of freshness and crispness in every fold and frill of it. Her figure was slight but delicately rounded, and her face was charming: — not strictly beautiful, perhaps, for there were delightful little touches of individuality about it which prevented its being this a stereotyped and stricken order of female loveliness. It was just that, an entire, charming face; bright, sweet-looking, and with

is a rule of morning dawning upon it, and on
Herti of ~~[illegible]~~ antelopes which wade over the
bed ~~[illegible]~~ to that thin young body
rises as an attractive child. Thus is as "years"
who had ~~all~~ already reached the twenty period
of life technically described as "years of dis-
cretion".

Hair, — fair with golden light and nobody
knows it — was gathered up tightly at the
back, showing the shape of her head, and
curled prettily about her forehead. Her complexion
was fair too, with a clear, healthy tint of red
in the cheeks — the rose ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ a little uncertain in line, ~~[illegible]~~
but daintily cut above the ~~[illegible]~~ tip and small
curved ~~[illegible]~~ nostrils, — the lips mobile, rounded and
sweet, ~~[illegible]~~ bright wanting in the generous
curve above the lips which make some
mouths so wholly beautiful. Her eyes, a clear
blue-grey, ~~[illegible]~~ set perhaps just a little too
near together, ~~[illegible]~~ the more highly shaped
and opened well. There was nothing too positive,
too definite in the ~~[illegible]~~ girl's face. Her long
eye-lashes and arched eye-brows were but
a few shades darker than her bright hair. —
~~[illegible]~~ Together this young body was charming; and
charming too, with that peculiar, ~~[illegible]~~ under-
~~[illegible]~~ describable charm that belongs to
certain women, — a magnetic quality not de-
pendent on faultless or physical beauty
in its existence, but on something equilibrium and
proportion — especially to the masculine sense —
~~[illegible]~~ which seems to emanate
from the whole person.

certain

this woman has as unique power of establishing a relation — I do not know how else to put it — which almost even man has not come across. How it is done I cannot tell you; for one may be very sensible of an effect, and remain entirely unable to analyze the cause of it. Only I felt that even woman whose name was dear to us, through the long centuries, with a glamour of magic about it — so that the very sound of it makes the blood pulse more quickly — must, in some degree, have shared that strange power. Helen must have had it, or Troy town would never have suffered long siege, and fire, and final desolation! Her three graceful and noble sisters must have had it. Their remembrance is enshrined for ever in the Ballades des Dames du temps jadis of François Villon, — stately, poetic, and untouched by inevitable tears. Catherine of Siena must have had it, or never could she have stolen, and held, and (have) kept, so humble to her dividing. Julie d'Étange — must she not imprudent of fictitious heroine — must have had it or M. de Wolmar would never have married her, any more than Saint-Preux would have broken his heart for her, among the rocks, above the blue lake at Meillerie. — There, and many times, for the lift would be as long as of potent and perilous women. Yet, we had better forget them, the sensible middle-aged people, and let them fade away into the great unknown along with "the sins of yesterday year". Saying all this I do not, for a moment, deny the simple fact that was anything very wonderful, extraordinary, or epoch-making about the young

a girl, sitting in the Italian sunshine, on the terrace up at the little red villa; nor do I, for a moment, pretend to compare her with the queen of fiction, fairy and legend who seem never to come down into the daily grind of a struggle. The indefinable charm I have spoken of exists in many and very different places. It belongs exclusively to no one age, or class, or nation; it may be found alike in saint and sinner. It may look out at you alike from the face of a labourer's daughter, bending over a washing and ironing board; and from that of a child in the nursery, progressive class-room of a modern board-school; and from that of some well-bred and well-known woman moving in the rarest, inner circle of London or Parisian society. Still it is not very common, perhaps fortunately, as the rains. The plain, steady, common-sense work of the world would hardly keep on quite so regularly if it were very common. And it is only fair to add, too, that hundreds and thousands of women have been surrounded highly and bred heartedly who possessed no trace of it. It is a peculiar gift to chosen individuals; it comes to them in nature, and was never learnt or taught or aught yet. Duly ~~[illegible]~~ wherever you do meet with it, the colour grows richer, and the paces rarer, and the laughs about with the hope of another victim, and life either spreads out before you strangely fair, and deep, and full, or is stamped, ~~[illegible]~~ forever after with the memory of a ~~[illegible]~~ great regret.

The [illegible] just beyond the shadow cast by the big umbrella, sitting huddled together, basking in the sunshine, was a good-looking boy

the monkey, — a grotesque and amorous little figure, curious in contrast with the heart of the young girl. Centuries of disappointment and futile endeavour seemed to have moulded the bone skull on his head. Occasionally he scratched round and scratched his back with one thin, brown hand, or made a hideous, rapid grab at the wall, green lizards that came glittering up and along the sunny wall. The young girl moved even so slightly, he looked round ~~at her~~ sharply at her, with that quick up-lifting of the eyelids and glaze of the sad, strange eyes, which go to make a monkey's face so inexpressably pitiful and painful.

Vicalan drifted in the rose-bushes, while the green-log, at the old bank away along the river-side, ~~[illegible]~~ to the left, held up the dirous immortalized by ~~[illegible]~~ in a drawer; the jungles of bells came down from one of the village churches on the hillside above, and the grate of wheels and cry of the muleteers came up from the crowded roads below. Little, flaky mists swept across from the deep mountains, rather scattered as few bores ~~[illegible]~~ fetlock ~~[illegible]~~ of the rose on the twisted arbour, and the wandered away out to sea. And the dreaming young girl sat dreaming — looking lazily out over the brilliant scene, now under the ~~[illegible]~~ shadow of her red umbrella, while the brown monkey beside her barked in the mad sunshine, musing, perhaps, in perplexity of spirit on the many grief and woes of his strange half human race.

Here seemed as pause, as space of sweet sunny waiting up at the Villa Quartetti that afternoon:

: noon

on. The lights were lit, and the curtain was up, and the stage was set and ready. When would the rest of the actors come on?.

About five o'clock the young girl large reserve was brought to a close by the rattling of a carriage up the steep roads between the tree hedges and the grinding of the loose gravel under its wheels as it drew up at the front door.

He had watched the carriage even unless it turned in at the main gates of the high road, — had stationed ~~[illegible]~~ herself a little, and sat up with a growing expression of interest and vivacity in her pretty face.

"Malvolio", she said ~~[illegible]~~, beaming towards the monkey as she spoke; — "I perceive that there has been a slight mistake. Your poor master is arriving surely quite needlessly at Derzies railway station at this while. He is sure to be execrable when ~~he~~ he returns. He will not be able to forgive surely the burning he exceeds with continuing as civility". — Prepare yourself, my dearest little heart," she added, "there will shortly be remarkable development in this situation".

The monkey gazed at her anxiously, as though trying hard to understand. He scratched his ugly little head, wrinkled up his fore head, and grinned rather wickedly. The girl watched him attentively for a moment or two, and then laughed gaily and softly, as a child does, with a delicious anticipation of coming amusement.

Nothing is delightful in the way of a change, isn't it my excellent Malvolio"? she said to the monkey.

Lord Sudeley was a long-suffering man; as a rule he

would put up reciprocally with as large an amount of discomfort. But he had come to visit Mr. Pierce. Tourneau, at the Villa Rustelli out of the purest sense of duty. She was the widow of a dear friend, and the colonel had a high sense of the claims of friendship even in the second degree. Still it must be admitted that these duties in his sole ~~world~~ mortal power small annoyances are liable to take a very strong hold when the mitigation of his gout out of the carriage colonel Pudsey certainly felt far from urbane. He was drenched with dust, and scarred with the blazing afternoon sun. He ~~[illegible]~~ had left his travelling companion seated over the remnants of an ~~[illegible]~~ excellent luncheon in ~~[illegible]~~, shaded walk of a Provence café. The Marquis of Edmund Tyrrhe, smoking pensively, in that cool and shaded place ~~[illegible]~~ had seen distinctly irritating. He could have found it in his heart to use some rather forcible expressions concerning the few miles of road out from Pisa. He was persuaded to state on oath, if necessary, that they were simply the most hot, arid, ugly and generally insufferable miles of road in the known world.

A middle, plausible, Italian coachman rang the bell, and then banged carelessly on the door with the handle of his whip to hurry up the servants within: but, no sound was audible indoors. Bells, apparently, were answered with ~~[illegible]~~ truly artistic deliberation at the little, red villa.

Pudsey stamped his feet to settle his trousers down over his boots and beat himself a little with his gloves to get some of the ~~[illegible]~~ dust off his coat

it, looking rather shrunk and injured all the
while. It was extremely unpleasant to think to be
returned home absolutely neat ~~and~~ and clean. He
glanced critically at the ~~wooden little~~ pair of much
weedy, ~~to~~ carriage-horses, who stood with heads
hanging wearily down and steaming flanks.
Then he turned impatiently to the door again.
"Confounded it is waiting", he said. "I really think
is the right house. Why on earth ~~can't~~ don't they
answer the bell"?.

Jumping up as he spoke, whilst suddenly became
aware, in the first place, of the presence of the
young lady who stood watching him from the
other side of the terrace. He was conscious of a slight
shock of surprise, ~~of~~ and of a sincere wish that
she ~~to~~ might not have overheard his somewhat
hasty observation. He lifted his hat, adjusting it in his hand, & passed round in front of the
horse's heads, and walked across the terrace
towards her.

The girl, too, came a few steps forward. Her light, cotton
gown showed as very red in the shade of her
big umbrella. Her eyes were very bright, and she
was smiling. It was a smile one did not easily
forget, — brilliant, irresistible, delicious to look at,
and liable to retain a prominent place subsequently in one's mental vision.

~~Too~~ She came forward, the worker scrambled
down off the wall and followed her, seizing
the bridle of her dog with his bare, warm, hands
~~[illegible]~~ for support. He chattered angrily
at the carriage and the approaching stranger,
his queer wizened countenance distorted with
emotion. Meanwhile, the ~~to~~ good-looking Italian
driver

him, leaning ~~up~~ against the mantel of his mistress's horses, laughed and made grimaces at the poor little creature, exciting him to a painful pitch of miserable fury.

"Good Goodness", said the ~~young~~ girl, looking up at him ~~[illegible]~~, and still smiling:- "I am afraid you have altogether forgotten me.. I am so sorry. Indeed it amounts to being a little humiliating for me, for I have the most perfect recollection of you. You were always so kind to me".

Philip Goodly felt slightly embarrassed. He was not accustomed to be addressed after the fashion by mere usually pretty young ~~[illegible]~~ ladies. Since the far off days of Cecilia Murray his experiences in the matter of women's society had neither been very large or very intimate. He had an almost quixotic reverence for the sex,— such as reminds one of mediaeval persons in vows to say, could only be maintained at the expense of ~~[illegible]~~ the presence of accurate knowledge.

~~He was~~ a frankness in the young lady's expression, and a graceful self-possession in her manner, however, which the poor boy found reassuring. He surveyed her closely, perhaps a little stiffly, but he could not help smiling too,- ~~[illegible]~~ Its expression had 2. ~~[illegible]~~ such as revisiting kaleidoscopically in her face. ~~[illegible]~~ "Good to know you ~~[illegible]~~ "Single ~~[illegible]~~ years have made a good deal of difference, it must be owned. You are Miss Pelice Dawson".

The girl laughed softly and kept up her eyebrows with a little air of vexation and ~~apology~~ regret. "Yes, yes," she said:- "nine years make a lamentable

the difference, of course. They changed simple Jessie into elaborate Miss Price. Dawnay, and they put dolls and bonbons out of the question; ~~and~~ That last is especially trying for me; I have not as hands of bonbons as ever. Your taste in dolls was not - well, how shall I say it? - exactly professorial, Colonel Frederby, but in bonbons I found it rather "nice".

There was a ~~certain~~ carefulness and ~~dis~~ distinctness in Miss Price-Dawnay's pronunciation, which one frequently meets in English persons who are ~~greatly~~ constantly in the habit of speaking a foreign language. Her words did not run into each other in the slip-shod fashion so common even among our well-bred and highly educated country women. They seemed to stand apart, and each maintain a full and separate value. This little mannerism had something both pretty and amusing to the attention in it.

Philip Frederby, quiet, reserve, middle-aged man as he was, felt delicately amused and interested in the charming young creature before him. It is ~~[illegible]~~ very strangely pleasant as one gets on in ~~life~~ years and the glory of the day grows pale, to meet with some ~~one~~ thing as fresh, and ~~[illegible]~~ gay, and fearless as this ~~[illegible]~~ girl. To the Colonel there was a touch of pathos in her radiant youthful self. ~~[illegible]~~ She stuck him as a charming child still, and he answered her little speech with a certain smiling gravity.

"We might manage the bonbons still, I dare say, if you wish it".

"Oh!" she cried, "Thanks, I have yet, then, something to

this for, and you are doubly welcome. To tell the truth we have been slightly ~~dodd~~ wanting in amiability and animation, lately, here at the Villa Nutelli. Your arrival is in every way agreeable: we have wanted something to change the current of our thoughts".

Lord Sudeley bowed his recognition of the ~~[illegible]~~ civil, ~~[illegible]~~ observation

"But Mamma will be impatient to see you", the young lady continued." And, meanwhile, will you kindly discharge that intolerable driver. She is really sending our poor Malvolio into fits by jeering at him. ~~[illegible]~~ There we will come indoors, please. - Oh! Here is Parker, she will tell you what to pay that wretched ~~[illegible]~~ driver. They always overcharge, it is their recognised system. Parker is the only member of this establishment who can manage them."

The person indicated, a tall, angular, hard-featured woman, stood in the door-way, delivering herself of a sermon of Dante Osservatori in curiously "hard" Italian.

"Mario is to take Colonel Sudeley's things down to the hotel later, Miss Jessie", she said, ~~[illegible]~~ looking sharply at Philip and addressing his companion." Mr. Peice. Tea[illegible]y's waiting for you in the drawing-room. Maria's taken in tea."

The Colonel, assisted, whether he would or no, by Parker, - who indulged in ~~[illegible]~~ biting comments on the shiftiness of Italians in general and Genoese cab-drivers in particular, - finally succeeded in satisfying the demands of the coachman. Then the long ship cracked, and the

tried

side, little horses jerked up their heads, and the carriage rattled away down the steep road between the pink roses hedges in the ~~burgeon~~ sultrous sunshine.

"Shall we come indoors now"? asked Jessie Pierce-Dawson.

She closed her umbrella, and picking up Malvolio in her arms, turned towards the house. As she did so, Lord Sudeley was sensible of a quick movement of repulsion almost of disgust.

"Surely you are not going to carry that monkey", he said heartily. "Here, let me take it".

"No, he would probably bite you", she replied. "And that would be sadly unfortunate beginning to your visit. He is very spiteful with strangers. But Joffin carry him when his master, my cousin Bertie Friers is not at hand, — don't I Malvolio".

Lord Sudeley could offer no further objection, yet somehow he did not at all like it. Perhaps it was the result of a long night journey from Paris, perhaps he had got sunstroke standing ~~out on~~ balancing on the terrace without his hat, but ~~Pierson~~ he was ~~not~~ undoubtedly aware of a queer and ~~[illegible]~~ decidedly disagreable sensation as he passed from the glow and splendour of colour and sunshine outside, into the dim, chill, entrance hall of the Villa Mentelli. It seemed to him as if some where else, long long ago all this had happened before. (He knew it was a foolish absurd fancy, ~~[illegible]~~ it annoyed him. It) Surely ~~this~~ it was not the first time he had followed the graceful, flitting figure of this young girl up the cold, white, marble stairs, while the inside faces of the still chattering and but half pacified monkey grinned back at him over her shoulder?.

Beaumont Pierce. Dawnay's widow.

The Villa Mortelli is a plain house. It was seen its best days too, and everything about it was grown a little ~~[illegible]~~ a little dowdy and antiquated. The peasant owner is only too happy to let the upper suites of rooms to any family, Italian or foreign, with a taste for quiet and ~~[illegible]~~ economy, who can be induced to rent them; while the surroundings of the house are left pretty much to their own devices, subject to a periodic ~~[illegible]~~ tidying up on the part of the peasant overseer, who looks after the vine-yards and market-gardens below.

It is a decidedly plain house. The ground floor on either side the front door ~~[illegible]~~ has but a couple of heavily ~~[illegible]~~ grated windows to it, and is given over to kitchens and ~~[illegible]~~ chilly flagged store-rooms opening into a central hall. There is a low entresol, with ugly little square windows overlooking the terraces: and above, again are two floors of large and rather handsome rooms. The lower of these two suites opens at the western end into the flat roof of a building originally, no doubt, designed for a coach-

house

ures and covered yard. The roof is supported on an arcade ~~with a row~~ arches and massive square pillars and covers quite a considerable area of ground. The house with the said building or loggia is painted – as has already been stated – a deep orange red. The window frames outside wooden shutters to them, originally a vivid blue in colour, are now weathered by the action of rain, and sun, and sea winds to a dull neutral tint.

Beyond the house, ~~and~~ on the same level as the terraces, ~~is~~ and divided from it by a dilapidated wooden palisade, is a square flower-garden: — a neglected wilderness of a place, a mere tangle of roses, camelias, lilacs and blue flowering shrubs, with lilies and hyacinths below them straggling about the ill kept beds as they please. Some lemon trees are trained against the back wall, facing the southern sun; and in the centre of the garden, where the four weedy gravel paths meet, stand a clump of not over productive orange-trees. On the low red boundary wall are large earthen vases full of fantastic shapes, containing plants of the tall sword-leaved aloes.

Immediately behind the house rises a cliff, up which a light iron stair-case leads from the back of the loggia to the vineyards above. Higher is a slope of coarse grass, the rising ground being crowned with a thick little wood of scrub-oak, ilex, and fir.

Jenné Price-Dauway, with the monkey in her arms, went quickly upstairs, and unfastening the landing, threw open the tall ~~double~~ narrow doors of the drawing-room.

"Manoa"

mamma", she said, in her clear detached tones, "here is Colonel Sudeley. He has driven out all the way from Lewa".

Inside of the little red villa is in harmony with the exterior. It, too, has seen its best days. The room into which the Colonel found himself ushered by his charming guide, was long and high, with a vaulted and richly panelled ceiling. The two southern windows, ~~wooden~~ were shaded with half-closed shutters and red blinds; while the one at the far end of the apartment ~~[illegible]~~ divided like the others with faded yellow brocade curtains, stood wide open onto the ~~flat~~ flat roof beyond. The sun shining in through it ~~it~~ filled the ~~room~~ air with warm, mellow light. There was an effect of worn out splendour about the room. The others of the large couches and chairs ~~[illegible]~~ showed ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ frayed and threadbare at the points of greatest contact; the plentiful gilding ~~of~~ on the tables and mirror frames was a good deal tarnished: but the glorious sunshine streaming in enriched and harmonized it all. Even the marble floor, but sparsely covered with rugs looked only agreeably cool in the glowing atmosphere.

Mrs. Price-Dauncey with both hands outstretched and a considerable rustling full black silk and grenadine skirts, came rapidly across the room to greet her guest.

"My dear friend", she ~~[illegible]~~ exclaimed, "this is indeed a pleasure!.. How very good it is of you to come to me".

Colonel Sudeley bowed over the ~~[illegible]~~ handsome woman's hands as he held them.

"You

"You are so kind, Mr. Price-Dawson," he responded gallantly. "Engaged long ago always to obey your summons."

"Nonsense. I know you invented it. But it is so long ago, too, since we became mere at all that I really resolved to trouble you — ~~adv~~ Still, I am so relieved because you have been ~~very~~ helpful to me in that part." Besides say I am exacting, that I demand too much. ~~[illegible]~~ There are odious accusations you know. They make one nervous of asking as service from even one's best friends at times."

Mr. Price-Dawson put up one hand, and pushed back, rather impatiently, the ~~[illegible]~~ folds of ~~[illegible]~~ the black lace mantilla which was fastened across her dark hair and hung down in a cloud about her shoulders. "I have been in great perplexity," she said. "Your visit is more welcome." Her voice rapidly and there was an air of anxiety, almost of enthusiasm in her ~~[illegible]~~ reception of him, in which a manner more than Philip Sudeley might have found occasion for a ~~[illegible]~~ lacerant sense of elation. Quickly however, he was not given to exhibition of personal vanity. He inferred Mr. Price-Dawson's pecuniary affairs were in disorder — it had happened more than once before now — and that she wanted him to set them straight for her. He inferred a very romantic reverence for womankind in general in all this same. He was ~~[illegible]~~ rather fond to take up an ~~[illegible]~~ extremely practical position in regard to this lady. He had no sentimental hankering after relations of an intimate or emotional character."

And yet ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor Price-Dawson with her well-set head, pine-wood face and luminous brown eyes, as she greeted her guest so charmingly in that ~~[illegible]~~ pale, faded

faded name at the Villa Rinaldi, was unquestionably a woman, whom one might easily have seen expired for desiring to ~~[illegible]~~ impose over acquaintance with. She was tall, with a fine ~~[illegible]~~ supple figure, and stately carriage. Her black hair had none ~~[illegible]~~ of that greasy gloss on it which the Italian mother black hair amplifying but as beauty. ~~Her~~ Her complexion was dull it is true, but her skin was even in tone and delicate in texture. She looked lived as women who lead an indoor life, and wore ~~[illegible]~~ fragrant atmosphere ~~[illegible]~~. There was an ~~[illegible]~~ richness of suggestion — so to speak. and ~~and~~ an interest about her, ~~[illegible]~~ such as usually go with mental and social values than with ~~physical~~ ~~[illegible]~~ activity. The Colonel was aware that his 'wife' would seem a slightly original and exactive one, strangers listening to her fluent speech, and ~~[illegible]~~ noting her rather stormy beauty. He might very well have wondered as little why this striking-looking young woman had elected to live merely as his ~~[illegible]~~ wife ~~[illegible]~~ the solitude of a quiet country house.

"You are not. Has heart altered", she went on, moving back a step or two, and ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ looking at her guest carefully.

"I wonder whether that is good news or not", answered Philip, smiling. He was a little put about by this attentive scrutiny.

"Undoubtedly it is good news". ~~Mr.~~ Pierce. Dauncey laid her hand lightly on Colonel Sudeley's arm. — ~~[illegible]~~. — "You have come, and I am very grateful — There is the whole matter. — Now come and have some tea. You must be tired after your long journey. Come

~~[illegible]~~, Come and sit down comfortably".
"I am so disgustingly dirty", remarked Colonel ~~[illegible]~~ as he followed his wife up the long room. ~~[illegible]~~ He had been wishing to make this ~~[illegible]~~ a whole day ~~[illegible]~~ from the moment he came in. "I am really ashamed of appearing before you in this state".
Mr. Price-Dauncey ~~[illegible]~~ stopped a moment, & turned to him, ~~[illegible]~~.
"Yes some little manners are of ~~[illegible]~~ about dirt, Colonel Hardcastle", she said. "Mr. Wat reminds me of so much."
Seeing that his young conversation the ~~[illegible]~~ girl had been standing aside, watching her two companions with a gay little air of interest and amusement. Now she ~~[illegible]~~ moved away, and ~~[illegible]~~ stepped out into the loggia.
"I am going to have reminiscences", ~~[illegible]~~ she murmured." We will retire ~~[illegible]~~ Malvolio, and return at a more convenient season."
"Dear child", called Mr. Price-Dauncey after her; "remember the sun. Have you got a hat".
"The morning is up", answered the girl, looking back and smiling brightly – left perhaps at her step-mother than at Philip. ~~[illegible]~~." And the sun never affects me. I am going to watch for poor Bertie".
"Be straight: you would come straight to Derzia by train", ~~said~~ Mr. Price-Dauncey said to her ~~[illegible]~~ this: "I did not like your arriving there and finding no one to receive you. I deputed my cousin Mr. Innes to go & meet you".
~~Mr. Price-Dauncey~~ She sat down ~~at~~ by the tea table & began ~~[illegible]~~ rearranging the cups and saucers,

dancer. A silence fell on her, and for a few moments she appeared to be somewhat oblivious of the presence of her guests.

Philip sat down in the nearest chair, and crossed (cross his legs) first one side and then the other of his thick moustache into the thumb and fore-finger of his ~~right~~ left hand, in a meditative fashion. Several things in the course of the last hour had surprised him a little. He ~~[illegible]~~ did not feel quite at home with his new acquaintances.

"Mr. Pierce. Dawson handed him his tea cup she looked up with a sudden change of expression. "What do you think of my step-daughter?" she asked. The question was so wholly unexpected that ~~[illegible]~~ Colonel Rudolph ~~[illegible]~~ paused for a moment before commencing. During that pause he was ~~[illegible]~~ acutely sensible of the clear tones of that young girl's voice - talking partly mechanically to the mother - which came in along with the sunshine ~~[illegible]~~ at the open window.

"I think that your step-daughter has grown into a very beautiful person", he said at last, with a certain seriousness.

"Oh, you too!" cried ~~[illegible]~~ his hostess; "Perhaps there was ~~a~~ the faintest savour of irritation in her ~~[illegible]~~ manner. Any way she did not enlarge upon the subject. She talked on, desultorily enough about 'up' Yorkshire matters, friends in England. The Colonel joined, and so did he ~~[illegible]~~ some minutes. Then arrived one or two questions about Matthew Rudolph's & last illness, about Barnett Darcy, and the disposition of his property.

"It seems to me you have been very badly used, Colonel Rudolph",

Indeed", she said, at last. "And I suppose, with your usual generosity you submitted to it as the just, wild Witton as single heiress".

The Colonel smiled. He was not accustomed to the overflowings of feminine sympathy or the picturesque. Help of feminine statement. They struck him both as amusing and violent.

"That is rather a hard way of putting it, you know" he answered. He did not particularly enjoy ~~being~~ dabbling in our affairs ~~in~~ with Mr. Pierce. Dawnay — or any one else for that matter. — "My father had a perfect right to leave his property as he liked. He knew that I was provided for under my poor mother's will".

"But that sets in a recognized custom in these things. You must have always expected to inherit the place eventually. You must have looked forward to it — dreamed about it, taken it for granted. To it seems to me a wretched injustice".

"Why as bad as that", said the Colonel. He wanted to take the matter ~~to~~ as lightly as possible. "I've wandered about the world too much to be fit to settle down at my age into ~~the~~ a regular country squire — at least that's what my father thought no doubt — and quite reasonably too. Of course seeing so much out of England, I have lost touch of a whole lot of things — it's so inevitable. Now my brother's been on the spot all the time, he knows all about the place, ~~and~~ so he is much more fitted for that sort of life than I am. He's a capital fellow" — added ~~the~~ Colonel Suddenly, ~~generously~~ heartily. — "He's a first rate farmer, and a sportsman, and he's a useful man too, in the county. He's got a lot of common-sense. Then he's married,

you

you know, and we've got a family — and that, of course, makes a difference".

"I really can't see that it makes the smallest difference". ~~Mr. Pierce Tramway~~ looked up at him very ~~[illegible]~~ quietly. "A man at your age — specially graduate in your profession ~~too~~ — is in the prime of life. You haven't taken a vow of celibacy, I suppose. You may marry too".

Lord Pudsey, shook his head — he ~~looked~~ looked at his boots, he ~~and~~ smiled — but with no exuberant ~~[illegible]~~ cheerfulness.

"No, no, I shall never marry, my dear Madame", he answered quietly.

At this moment Jenny ~~came~~ came in at the open window. "Bertie has arrived", she said. "He has driven back. He will certainly be very cross".

"Fair game", remarked the Colonel, getting up and setting down his tea-cup; "that should have given Mr. Jones all the merciful trouble".

He turned to him with the most dainty and reassuring ~~of~~ air of amusement. Certainly she was admirable company.

"I don't see why. It does not in the least signify. Bertie is rather grateful in his heart of hearts to any one who will supply him with a legitimate excuse for ill-temper. He enjoys being ~~[illegible]~~ — the girl made a graceful little outward ~~[illegible]~~ gesture of her two hands: — "like that, you know, slightly ill-used and injured".

"Jenny you are malicious!" — Mr. Pierce Tramway spoke sharply, and her face darkened.

The young Countess ~~[illegible]~~ her hand, for a moment, carelessly

~~[illegible]~~ caressingly on her stepmother's shoulder.

"What could I say, little Mamma"? she asked.

"It was a choice between Colonel Cudeby's peace of mind and poor Bertie's reputation".

There was a sound of footsteps on the stairs. The monkey gave a queer sharp cry, and ran quickly in at the open window and across the room. It looked even more grotesque and uncanny, perhaps, when ~~[illegible]~~ it scrambled into a mere animal and ~~[illegible]~~ went horribly on all fours, than when it stood or sat upright in an assumption of direct and human attitudes. As the door opened the monkey sprang nimbly off the floor, into the arms of the young man who entered, making as it did so a strange complaining noise.

"Poor little abomination", said Mr. Innes, as he stroked and fondled the creature.

He came on slowly into the room, looking rather hard at Colonel Cudeby meanwhile.

"I'm sorry you have annoyed Mrs", he continued. "I have had the misfortune of missing you".

Somehow ~~[illegible]~~ Philip ~~[illegible]~~ did not relish being taken so entirely for granted. He would have preferred a more formal and regular mode of introduction.

"I am afraid", he said, ~~[illegible]~~ stiffly, "that I have given you a lot of unnecessary trouble".

"No, no", answered the other man. "Pray, don't mention it. It didn't matter. It passed the time, you know; and that, after all, is one of the most interesting ~~[illegible]~~ occupations one can do in one's calling".

Mr. Bertie Innes, judging by his appearance was in age something over thirty. ~~He~~ He was a good-looking

looking young gentleman with a dark, pale and rather sleepy face; short pointed black beard and moustache; and black eye-brows, nearly meeting above his nose, and running up a little at his ends. He was dressed with elaborate precision in his latest English fashion: but, ~~there~~ ~~was~~ an indescribable touch of foreignness in the ~~cut~~ cut of his garments ~~[illegible]~~ made ~~[illegible]~~ the Colonel ~~[illegible]~~ pretty ~~[illegible]~~ sure an Italian tailor must be, after all, responsible for the production of them. In his button hole Mr. Amer wore an extremely fine white gardenia.

"Sit we down to tea right away, dear cousin Nell," ~~[illegible]~~, he said, subsiding languidly into a large arm-chair, and addressing Mrs. Pierce. "Dearway."

"I conclude you drove out from Genoa"? he added, looking towards Colonel Sudeley.

It was observable that his voice was singularly full and sweet; while his dark eyes were nearly as mournful as those of the monkey ~~[illegible]~~ on his knee.

~~[illegible]~~ The Colonel acknowledged briefly, that he had driven out from Genoa.

~~[illegible]~~

"It is a heavenly road", said Mr. Amer very gently. — "Three lumps of sugar, dear ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor, please, you always forget my number. And a lump for Malvolio, too please. There, there, quietly my poor lamb. Let us avoid ~~[illegible]~~ unnecessary violence", he went on, as the monkey snatched chattering at the piece of sugar ~~[illegible]~~. ~~[illegible]~~ She held out to it.

~~[illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~

on any reasonable hypothesis

and he ended not ~~as a matter of~~ accounting for it. But again there came over him the ~~too~~ absurd and ~~[illegible]~~ haunting feeling that all this had happened before. Mrs. Price-Dawson with her infinite expectation and limpid beauty, leaning back against the cushions of the bride's sofa that ridiculous [illegible], handsome ~~[illegible]~~ man, with his unfathomable eyes now and radiant, and the charming young girl, ~~[illegible]~~ her bright burning face bent down over the unspeakably little figure of the monkey — or he bit ~~[illegible]~~ angrily at his morsel of sugar — all seemed part of a fantastic, dimly remembered masquerade. The Colonel felt vaguely disturbed and uncomfortable. He did not ~~[illegible]~~ in the least enjoy learning the right way of the ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ to wonder in this fashion ~~[illegible]~~ and slightly sinister fancies.

~~[illegible]~~ Philip did not stay very late at the Villa Rinelli that evening. He parted from himself on the Terrace. Antonio, the Italian cook, in a white linen jacket, blue trousers and very wrinkle smoking cap, with a ~~very~~ large pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, a fine grey moustache and the air of a distinguished field marshal — at least — stood in the door-way, holding the Colonel's travelling bag and bundle of maps and waiting to show him the way down to the hotel at Sergia.

The day — in which the stars and crescent moon shone with a cold, steady radiance — stretched a vast dome of purple black over land and sea. The water lipped and murmured on the beach far below. The croaking of innumerable

frogs

It came from the reservoir away among the vineyards. Warm & warm air, laden with rich faint scent of oranges and lemon blossom swept round the house from the tangled garden beyond. Up at one of the villagers on the mountain side there was a fiesta, and every house was illuminated with rows of candles along each window ledge, gleaming and twinkling faint and yellow through the clear air. The foreground of terraces, and vineyards, and road-way lay flooded with moonlight and blotted with black shadows.

"Good-night, my dear friend," said Eleanor Price-Dawson.

She held Philip Enderby's hands in both hers, and looked at him with a strangely wistful, appealing expression in her fine eyes.

"I don't know how to thank you enough for coming to me. I shall expect you early to-morrow. I have so much to talk over with you. Tonight I would not trouble you — but I need your help —"

Eleanor checked herself abruptly. Bertie Bruce scuttled slowly out from the house, & stood beside them.

"Well", he said, in his rich, soft voice, "you and I will catch all the colds in the world out here without any shawls. ~~There is a chill in~~ The night is romantic, no doubt, but ~~chilly~~ unfortunately it is also chilly."

~~[illegible]~~

The ~~[illegible]~~ girl treated Colonel Enderby to one of her brilliant smiles, as she bade him good-bye.

"Au revoir", she said, "and the bouquet, shall I really have it?".

Turning back when he had gone half way down

the

the carriage road to the west wing gallery, Colonel Hudsby would still see Mr. Fraser and Jessie Pierce Dawray. They stood together, side by side, on the terrace in the pale moon-light, as black figures and as white one. Suddenly the young girl's laughter rang out clear and sweet through the silence.

"Truly our signorina is an ~~expressive young lady~~ angel!" said Antonio, ~~[illegible]~~ dreamily. "It will be a sad day for the red villas when Madame marries her daughter". Fred Clyden

Chapter VI.

In which Mr. the Colonel takes stock of his position

It appeared to Mr. Edmund Drake that he waited a very long while for Colonel Sudeley in the smoke-room of the Grand Hotel at Dizia that evening. The good gentleman's mind was not, it must be conceded, at the ease which feeds willingly and hospitably on itself. Solitude and meditation had never struck him as salutary in any degree whatever. There was, indeed, nothing recruit-like about Mr. Drake's appearance; his native air certain light and roving quality which made him ~~[illegible]~~ suggestive of an elderly but still active bachelor butterfly. With heart-worthy diligence he was wont to flutter from amusement to amusement, killing time jubilantly and with admirable gaiety of heart. He was a constant diner-out, he liked balls, garden-parties, and festivities generally. He hunted ~~[illegible]~~ with the Midlandshire hounds from the beginning

beginning of November till the last ends of March; both rooms in one of the narrow little streets of Piccadilly for June and July; found himself among the purple heather of the Scotch moors or by the side of some trawling salmon river in August; paid a round of visits in pleasant country houses ~~during September and October~~ with a view to shooting in September and October; and settled down again for his serious business of the winter in his capital little bachelor establishment at Bellinghurst, in the time for the third meet of the season ~~on the Northamptonshire~~ – which, as everybody knows, ~~takes place~~ at Barnet Bower. April and May were of months, to speak with W. Drake. He was very grateful any one who would only get to him an enjoyable method of passing them; and when, this year his old and valued friend, Philip Sudeley, had journeyed as far as the Continent, W. Drake accepted the idea with alacrity and enthusiasm. ~~W. Drake~~ He had a pretty little taste in pictures and music of the lighter sort; and as the homes of the arts he ~~loved~~ cherished a great kindness for Italy. It seemed to him rather clever and wise of his friend to visit that profoundly picturesque country, now and again. He liked to be able to say, "When I was in Rome in 57. – or when I was on my way to Venice in 65." – It sounded well and served to impress some fair neighbour at a provincial ~~dinner-table~~ dinner-party with the notion that she had the honour of sitting by a travelled & intelligent ~~cosmopolitan~~ man of the world, who might be expected to look at life generally from a comprehensive ~~[illegible]~~ and ~~[illegible]~~ cosmopolitan standpoint. And it must be admitted that

men now. Though rounded in the central region of his person, though gray about the moustache and whiskers, though bald, — yes, lamentably bald on the crown of his head, which rose white and shining above a thick semi-circle of grizzled hair — even now, Mr. Drake's face was penetrated with a constant desire to mislead and captivate the men: :bers of the opposite sex. His vanity in this matter was deliciously naïf. He professed a deep and rewarding knowledge of feminine peculiarities; and seemed, in point of fact, an eminently modest and well-conducted person, based to represent himself as a terrible rake, a very Don Juan of a fellow, ~~bulle~~ full of sinister dissimulations and as inflammable as gun cotton.

~~Ag~~ Shortly after 9 o'clock he entered ~~the~~ the smoking room that evening, Mr. Drake received him with a lively sense of satisfaction. He laid down the meagre pages of Salvigniani, ~~[illegible]~~ from which he had been vainly trying to extract some small amount of mental sustenance, with an air of evident relief, & applied himself vigorously to conversation.

"It's half as bad place this," he said: "and really they gave us a first-rate dinner. They're trying to work the hotel up to popularity just now, you see, it's being quite new, and good eating pays as an advertisement. There are ~~a~~ a very tidy set of people here, too, 'pon my word all round. A very effective-looking Russian woman ~~a~~ first of opposite me at table this evening — I wished I'd been nearer to her. You must observe her to-morrow, indeed. Upon my word she's worth looking at. She ~~[illegible]~~ embarking a English person

here

•

is of course, — little, red-haired fellow with thin lips with a face like a ferret. He got ~~married~~ his wife, and a couple of sisters-in-law — Stakes there to be by their order — with him. Very pleasant ~~[illegible]~~ well meaning sort of people, you know. The English people also seem to be pretty fair. But there are really a dozen Germans, — crabbed, worried, ill-dressed lot, I mean. Became ~~abroad~~ over just after 66, you know, and the Germans were ~~at~~ of a sensitive order to them, in all conscience. But their hard (They can't forget it even now.) war, had regularly insulted them. Their swagger is ~~distinct~~ disputing, exclaimed Mr. Pirates, simply disputing".

Then hurriedly back on the broad orange and black covered divan, fitted against the wall of the room. "Brutus", he said, under his breath, "Then tell to humming a gay little air from La fille de Madame Angot, to restore his interrupted equilibrium. Meanwhile Sudeth meanwhile sat hurriedly down in an angle of the semi-mauritian divan, which along with a few ~~little~~ marble topped tables, and a generous supply of mirrors and pictures constituted the entire furniture of the hotel, the light-coloured room. His sympathies were in no means strongly Baltic, so he ignored the subject of his friend's discourse, and applied himself to matters nearer home.

"So glad you like the place", he said". Should you mind staying on here a day longer?. It seems that Mr. Pierce Dauncey wants to talk over some business matters with me to-morrow. Probably I should be of the slightest use to her; but I don't like any way. And she wishes us both driving there to-morrow night. You won't mind

uide, Drake, eh?"

"Delighted, I'm sure", ~~[illegible]~~ replied the other man, cordially. "I'll be glad to have a talk in the morning, you know, and just run in to lunch in the afternoon while you're here".

Drake suddenly was not in particularly good spirits ~~[illegible]~~. He lighted his cigar, & sat smoking in silence, staring vaguely at the ~~[illegible]~~ well-laid banquet floor between his feet.

Drake however wanted to talk. He fidgeted ~~[illegible]~~ with Saliguani, hummed Madame Engel with increasing vivacity, and at last, no longer able to contain himself, embarked in an inquiry.

Well," and how did you find Mrs. Prince Dauway", he asked. "Truly saw her once years ago. Good-looking woman and promised to improve".

don't know that she's altogether fulfilled that promise," frowned the Colonel, drily. "But as far as looks go, she's handsome enough still".

Drake fidgeted ~~[illegible]~~ about again for a minute or so.

Well, and what about the little girl", he enquired lightly.

. she's grown up as little girls will".

ulty?"

en 'pulty", ~~[illegible]~~ said Philip, with a certain irritability in his tone.

w things are more vexing to your thoroughly-paced gossip than to be answered in their poverty. Stickers are S. Karlum. But ~~[illegible]~~ Edmund Drake was not easily put off. He returned valiantly to the charge.

ny body else there?" he asked, after a time.

Colonel

Colonel suddenly raised his eyes with a questioning expression.

"Here, — where," he said, — "Oh! at the Villa Martelli? Yes, a nice, ~~good~~ quite little young person, who put in an appearance at dinner — dame de compagnie, I suppose, or something of that sort. Had an interesting, ugly mother. Had a cousin of Mr. Price's Parisian's, a young man." The Colonel leant back, and crossed his legs. "I didn't quite fancy the young man somehow," he added, meditatively.

"Oh! one rarely does ~~like~~ fancy the young man, you know, when one's getting well on to twenty-fifty," remarked Mr. Drake, with a ~~little~~ chuckle. "Well, ~~I don't~~ I shall turn in now, I think, suddenly. Had I might, ~~[illegible]~~ recommend you to do the same. Nothing like a good night's rest, in Naples one rounds, after a long journey, you know."

~~[illegible]~~ Philip however, did not take the excellent advice thus offered him. He sat up rather late. Once Mrs Sallie, who had waited, dressed in funereal black, with a washing

over

on his arms and that tired disheveled head, looked up to see if the English Colonel had not at last retired, so that he might put out the gas and go to bed himself. Sally had a noble head and pale finely chiselled face, set in a frame of ~~[illegible]~~ ~~the~~ crisp black beard and crisp black hair, suggestive of some mighty and world-weary Roman Emperor. But, in point of fact, his soul was more in harmony with his disheveled feet than with his imperial head. It was a common, patient, numi-: portant little soul, quite capable of thrilling into ecstacy over a trip of five francs. The mark of a stupendous history and civilization was stamped itself in royal characters on so mean Italian face — behind which really in nothing at all except rightly amiable ~~vacuity~~ ~~vacuity~~ vacuity. Sally looked in at the smoking-room door, saw Colonel Pudsey was still there, and went humbly away again to meditate in silence and loneliness, among his table-cloth ~~[illegible]~~ glasses and decanters.

Philip ~~[illegible]~~ sat, and smoked, and ~~[illegible]~~ thought, — or rather ruminated; for whom some of the Colonel's types are not actually engaged about some practical matter ~~they~~ ~~[illegible]~~ can hardly be said to think. Their mental processes are chiefly pictorial, fanciful; ~~[illegible]~~ it is a matter of words and ideas, not rather of scenes and impressions. The gas burned with a yellow, unsteady light, revealing very fully the washed-up of the room. In the corner ~~outside~~ just beyond Mr. Drake's enemies, the lively not to say uproarious, party of Teutons were playing cards, and indulging freely in those strange inter-: jectional snortings and grunting that form such an integral part of German conversation.

surroundings were far from romantic, and yet the pictures which presented themselves to Philip Enderby's mind were undoubtedly touched with the delightful haze of romance. The events of the afternoon had stimulated his memory to a remarkable degree. He seemed to see poor, good-looking, rackety Beaumont Price-Dawnay once more, as he lay tossing restlessly on his warm camp bed through the long hours of the semi-tropic nights — half, wild with pain and exhaustion, crying tears of impotent misery and weakness, and raving about his young wife and his "darling little Jessie" whom he would never see again. ~~[illegible]~~. Philip Enderby had been with poor Beau, when he died; and had journeyed — with all the fervour natural to such a moment — to look after the dying man's wife & child. He had kept the promise, too, with perhaps unusual faithfulness — for the fervour of the watches besides the death-bed, wore down sensibly, as a rule, after the funeral; and what was originally embraced as a sacred duty, appears later on as something allied to a ~~[illegible]~~ bore. But, Philip Enderby had really ~~[illegible]~~ applied his mind to helping his friend's widow; he had extracted her jointure from a recalcitrant father-in-law; had advised her successfully regarding her affairs on several occasions — ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor had rather a gift for getting rid, what are vulgarly called, tight-places — and had held himself ready, at all times, to come to her if she should need his help. For the last few years ~~[illegible]~~ their relation had been as close intimate as it is time: yet the Colonel had never ~~[illegible]~~ regarded himself as released

from

his old engagement.

The servants ~~[illegible]~~ finished their game. They got up with a sound of loud talk and laughter, a scraping of chairs and shuffle of boots back on the marble floor. Sally looked in for a moment, tried but acquaint in what case state of things might be revealed to him. But Philip suddenly sat still on the orange and black divan, his legs crossed, his steady, blue eyes staring at nothing in particular, a queer smile about his lips, and the stump of his cigar fading from crimson heat to grey ash between his fingers. A fair, young face smiled at him from under a great, red umbrella, and a light slender figure flitted before him in the gloom of a wide dusky stair-way, and merry mocking words wandered in through the sunny window. A hundred dainty little movements, and charming glances faced themselves on his remembrance; and all the while, with an ancient, original countenance, a monkey grinned and chattered at him, and a young man – well, no, not exactly a young man, but a ~~very~~ decidedly younger man, any way, than Colonel Sudeley – stood by, mournful cynical, and it must be owned, most unnecessarily good-looking at the same time.

The Colonel ~~got~~ sat up – shook himself. He did not half like his own imaginations. His state of mind was decidedly abnormal, and it annoyed him.

In his thoughts wandered back to Cecilia Murray, his old love. Yes, he had been true to her; very true, on the whole, even when it was quite useless to be so. A certain tenderness came over him ~~now~~ now, after all these years, whenever he ~~remembered~~ thought of her.

Ah! how different things might have been!, if he had married her years ago, & if, in due time Barnabas Tabrey had come to him! — Philip had ~~been~~ visions of happily, wholly prosperous settled life, with a wife who had become a sort of second self to him, and a troop of growing boys & girls around him, — hunting three or four days a week, riding over his Board days to Slowby; going to church solemnly on Sundays; ~~living of pleasant homely matters~~ 'busy' with pleasant, homely matters; building good cottages; giving away beef and pudding to the labourers ~~wives~~ wives at Christmas; wandering about on nice, dull, damp mornings, with a spade in his hand, arguing seriously because there were so many plantains ~~on the grass~~ in the turf on the lawn: — ~~Poor~~ ~~Nobody~~ He sighed. — Yes, notwithstanding his assertions to Mr. Price. Dalroway ~~that also~~ a few hours ~~ago~~ before, that was the life he was really cut out for — plain, sensible, and responsible, touched with kindly humour and backed with dignified comfort. Renunciation is not such a easy matter after all. You may part of your own free will and not because you are compelled to: but, you will feel as hungry for the food you deny yourself as for food that is denied you. Should Sudeley now forgiven ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ his father ~~[illegible]~~ he harboured no grudge against minger motives: but, he was not very ~~[illegible]~~ cheerful ~~[illegible]~~, all the same.

He got up & took one or two turns up and down the room. ~~He stopped suddenly in front~~ Then, Moved by a sudden impulse, he ~~stopped~~ stood still in front of one of the mirrors, and took a good, long, honest look at himself.

The impression he received was not an encouraging

one

[illegible], [illegible].

"Drales was right", he said, a little incoherently. "I'm really tipsy. It's all very well, but there are a number of things you must do before ~~[illegible]~~ if you're going to do them at all. — ~~[illegible]~~ A little fighting would be rather a comfort, just now", he added.

~~[illegible]~~

Colonel moved across to the ~~little~~ table again and picked up his cigar case & box of fuzees.

"Bullets go to heads. ~~[illegible]~~ I'm ~~a little~~ out of sorts, I think, to-night. The day after to-morrow we'll go on to Sperzia — St. Pierre. Dawson will have said his say by then I suppose".

As outside the door, he nearly collided with Sallie — ~~nobody~~ yawning, but smiled and still clinging to his wapkin. Philip suddenly was struck with sudden compunction, he said ~~something~~ a few civil words to his mess about having ~~keeping~~ sunk up so late.

His ~~[illegible]~~ bowed & smiled faintly — as well-bred, ~~[illegible]~~ Uniqs discovered Cesar.

"Cesar accustomed", he ~~[illegible]~~ remarked, vaguely. "The Sensual gentlemen have but lately ~~[illegible]~~ finished. I waite to see to the jar".

And with shuffling pot-steps he passed along with the empty ~~[illegible]~~ smoking-room.

The "dessous des cartes."

reason, which he would have found it a little difficult to ~~explain to another person~~ define, Colonel Cudlerby put off his visit to the Villa Mentelli, next day, till afternoon. He did his best to maintain a very British ~~[illegible]~~ and an imprescribable frame of mind. Accompanied by that lively and self-important little man Mr. Trales, he explored the not very promising town of Sorgias in the morning; looked in at the ~~[illegible]~~ lofty, stuffy, panelled church, and pronounced it 'mouldy'; — loitered ~~[illegible]~~ for a few minutes at the great straggling ~~[illegible]~~ station, and remarked, with a grain of contempt, 'how slovenly and slip-shod all the Italian rail-road arrangements appeared to be'; — loitered down on the grey beach, in the brilliant sunshine, watching the great blue-green rollers come in in endless succession, and heard in hollow thunder and sunny foam at his feet, and declared he had seen at the Minster fixer 'ground sea' on the West Coast of England! The Colonel was ~~heard~~

sensible of a strong instinct of self-protection at this juncture. He felt the desirability of cultivating a number of whole-some British prejudices — the feeling amused him, even while he recognised its wisdom.

At half-past six o'clock he arrived at the little red villa. The day was absolutely clear, & the whole place seemed to sleep in the sun, glowing sunshine. The front door stood open on to the terrace. The bell rang, waited; rang again, and then, getting tired with the delay and the heat, went indoors and upstairs.

The drawing-room door stood open too. From within came the sounds of a piano. Some one was playing brilliantly, almost riotously, a valse. There is an indescribable under-lying pathos in dance music, — every body recognises it: — a heart-ache behind all the laughter, a weariness below all the rapid movement, a question, a doubt, a misgiving under all the radiance and joy.

Lord Indesly did not quite come to acknowledge the penetrating sentiment of the music just then. He knocked at the door, and, as no servant was visible, and then walked straight into the room. In he did so, the valse sank away into a tender, regretful passage. Mrs Price-Dawson was at the piano. Apparently she was absorbed in her own performance. Her pretty head was turned back, and her light figure showed up with a very telling distinctness against the shaded corner of the room beyond the instrument. In a low chair

by

her side. Mr. Inner ~~was~~ lounged, slowly cutting the pages of a yellow French novel and whistling the air of the valse softly as he did so. At the sound of Colonel Cudeby's footsteps he looked up: "Ah" - he said, quickly. End Ref

The young girls looked round. ~~Her face was inscrib~~ She got up quickly and came forward, her ~~drawing~~ faces irradiated with one of those delightful smiles.

"We are very late", she said. "Did you get tired of us all last night?. We expected you to luncheon at half past twelve; but, perhaps you did well in not coming. You would have found Bertie and me alone. Miss Reale has gone up to Simla, ~~and~~ Mamma has one of her bad headaches and is invisible".

Mr. Inner, meanwhile, rose slowly from his chair. "Hope they gave you decent rooms", he drawled in his sweet, drawling voice. "I ~~did what~~ spoke before hand, I did what I could. I was assured that you would be treated ~~en prince~~; but, a hotel keeper's business is to take one in, you know".

Mr. ~~Mr~~ I did very well, thanks", Colonel Cudeby answered rather shortly. Then he turned to Jessie again, and made one or two necessary and civil enquiries respecting her step mother.

"Mamma's headaches are very distressing", she said. "They are nervous. ~~Mamma~~ When they ~~come~~ come on, Mamma succumbs; she disappears entirely. As for us, we are very sorry, of course; but, we have grown accustomed to it. We wait till she reappears, and then we proceeds as usual. Bertie suffers at times, too", she added. "But he does n't disappear. He remains, and shames

to

amuses him".

"In that case Mr. Bruce is wanting deserving of much pity", said Philip. "This young ~~girl~~ lady was really very captivating as she stood there smiling with an air of mischievous innocence from one to her companion to the other.

"He is her intimate friend, ~~at~~ as good deal, sometimes" she answered. "Bertie is not easy to entertain. He ~~[illegible]~~ becomes tired of everything. He says he has got beyond it. ~~[illegible]~~. He has a most beautiful voice, Colonel Audley; but he won't sing now, he says he has got beyond that". - The ~~[illegible]~~ pleasure is others to me".

The girl spoke with ~~[illegible]~~ some warmth. Mr. Bruce went on quietly cutting the pages of his novel.

~~[illegible]~~ "My dear little cousin ~~Jessie~~, he said, ~~gently~~, "your experience of life is as yet, happily for you, very limited. Pleasure ~~[illegible]~~ seems you as little serious".

"I may don't", cried Jessie quickly, putting up her eye-brows. "Those are the most lively objections to serious".

"Serious", he answered. "For an English girl your education has been deplorably neglected in that particular. - But if you knew ~~[illegible]~~ more of the world, you would be vividly aware that the desire herself of a reasonable being consists in getting beyond things. ~~Like~~ Colonel Audley", he added, ~~[illegible]~~ glancing up suddenly, "if he is not unpleasantly conscious of having got beyond a whole number of things by now".

"Are you"? said Jessie, almost seriously.

The whole spirit of the conversation was distasteful to Philip. ~~[illegible]~~. He ~~disliked~~ had taken a dislike to Mr. Bruce.

er, she thought him, an insufferable at moments, even when offensive, with his languor and his drawl, and his over delicate manner. The question, too, reminded him to with the irritating distinctness of his unsatisfactory colloquy with the barking dwarf in the smoking room the night before. He paused a moment before answering. The girl repeated her question, looking at him with his face also the while with an amused expression upon herself.

er", he said, rather sadly; "I'm afraid I have got beyond as good many things too, Miss Pierce-Dunway".

". dear me", she sighed, "what a pity".

While she thus gazing questionly at him. The Colonel felt himself singularly moved by that lingering inspection.

ntil then he laughed gently.

"Told you so, Jennie", he said. "The law is of universal application — see it holds equally good in the case of myself and Colonel Pudsey. If I may venture, in passing, to associate my humble name with his illustrious one — everybody gets beyond everything, to put it vulgarly. Some almost part their hair ~~[illegible]~~ with novel of Dandelin.

The day will come, Jessie, when a new genius — even one from Paris — will come to give you any very active satisfaction". ~~[illegible]~~

, no, no", cried the girl piteously. Her pretty eyes filled with tears, and she moved two or three steps away from him and received to ~~[illegible]~~ the ~~[illegible]~~ Colonel".

don't say that, don't spoil it all! It is isn't true, Bertie", she cried. "Say it isn't true", she

went

but we bringing to Colonel Cudlipp — coming so close to him that he perceived quite strongly the scent of little bunches of green violets, which she wore in the brooch of her dress. "Tell me it isn't true, tell me Deborah always go on enjoying things. Enjoying them so much now. Don't let Bertie make me miserable".

This moment ~~[illegible]~~ Philip ~~[illegible]~~ stood undoubtedly in need of all the self-protective instinct which he had sought to cultivate earlier in the day. The situation was as slightly dangerous one. For an instant he was tempted to do an exquisitely silly thing. He was tempted to gather this pretty, appealing child into his strong arms, and swear — and swear, in this world, quite impossible to keep — that neither Mr. Bertie Ferrier or any one else, should ever give her a moment's trouble again. — Fortunately, however, most people only do as little of the foolish things they are tempted to do. Colonel Cudlipp drew himself up. He even moved a little further away. His heart may have beat rather quick for this moment; but, that he could not prevent.

Glanced at ~~[illegible]~~ Bertie ~~[illegible]~~, who leant easily on the top of the piano, and watched him with a suspicious of lurking amusement ~~[illegible]~~ in the expression of his dark, handsome face.

"My dear young lady" he said, quickly, "if people get discouraged and miserable, they have generally only themselves to thank for it, in the long run. One needs never, except through one's own fault, get beyond enjoying the things which are really (worth it) (worth) ~~[illegible]~~ living".

There was a pause after the Colonel had thus made his ~~[illegible]~~ confession of faith. Then

MW

her shoulder — but so mildly and amiably that it was impossible to be very angry with him.

"Pardon me, Lord Lance, but I wonder whether you really believe that".

At this moment Mr. Percy Dauncey entered into the room, closely followed by the austere form of Parker — bearing curiosity, eau-de-Cologne and various eccentricities.

"Colonel Enderby" ~~[illegible]~~ she said, with a certain wearing of manner which not without charm of a kind, ~~[illegible]~~ "I have been expecting you. Why did you come at earlier?"

Eleanor

She stopped ~~[illegible]~~ looked rather hard at the Colonel, evidently remorseless as little savage, at this young girl with her flushed face and white white eyes, and lastly at Bertie Lauer leaning indolently on the top of the piano. Her expression changed sensibly, and she spoke ~~with a little~~ with a grain of uncalled for asperity and decision.

"Now you may take all these things back into the little drawing-room, please. — I am not very well today, not equal to much", she continued addressing Philip, "still I cannot afford to waste the precious hour of your visit. I should like to have ~~a little~~ some quiet talk with you, Colonel Enderby. Will you come with me into my sanctum?! It is cooler there, and we shall be alone".

Then she ~~[illegible]~~ placed her hands on her stepdaughter's shoulder, and said: —

"Now look tired, Jessie. Take a book, ~~[illegible]~~, & go to your own room & rest".

"Indeed

"do you" enquired Mr. Jones, gently, "do you, Corsan ~~Bone~~ Nell? Is your scheme of universal benevolence to be left out in the cold, or will you kindly devise a suitable occupation for me, Miss?"

Prince. Dawson turned to him with a hard in her eyes: — "Give your money for that monkey", she said, briefly.

Mr. Jones. — The idea is an admirable one. It has my provided for. Thanks. I may ~~to~~ give for that monkey."

Prince. Dawson looked at Philip. "Let us come", she said, as she turned towards the door.

Colonel followed her. Inwardly he was quite as much reluctant to do so. He liked plain sailing, a simple straight-forward manner of conducting life; and he began to suspect that Miss sailing was in no means the exponent of this slightly eccentric household. He was becoming conscious that a good deal was going on around him that he could not fathom, and he did not in his heart enjoy it.

Mr. Jones was alone. He subsided into the deep arm-chair again.

"Nell becomes enigmatical", he said, half out loud.

Philip Rodney was already on the look out for cab, currents, and sudden rocks, and shifting winds; his talk with his hostess, that afternoon, was by no means calculated to reassure him. The preparations in it in the way of smelling-bottles and cushions, were in themselves sufficiently suggestive of an approaching hysterics, to a man unused to the habits and requirements of womankind. Then,

to an effect of exhilaration, of handle relaxed ~~and~~ emotion which was observable in Mrs. Pierce-Dawson's manner, perplexed him. In a word, he was ~~just~~ as little afraid of this strong hand: some woman in her present mood. She struck him as likely to make trouble unfortunately, and prove ~~[illegible]~~ somewhat unmanageable if they were not enlisted with. Mentally he retracted his decision ~~[illegible]~~ learning Persia on the rumour.

In some desultory conversation as to his plans, — where he was going and what he proposed to see, — Mrs Pierce-Dawson ~~[illegible]~~ said, with a ~~[illegible]~~ of certain solemnity in her tone: —

"Mr Sudeley, you must excuse my having asked you to put your self out of the way and come here to see me, on some merely frivolous pretext. I want you to see as good as to give me your advice in difficult and delicate matters. There are reasons which ~~make~~ seem to give you a certain claim in this question — you ~~[illegible]~~ were my husband's best friend, and so in this case I ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ instinctively turn to you. Will you permit me to speak quite freely?".

Colwich assented courteously enough. What else could he do?.. Yet he was sensible of a growing discomfort. The room was cool: but the shut and darkened window produced an ~~[illegible]~~ effect of airlessness. It was sweet too, with the scent of flowers, and his hostess, with ~~[illegible]~~ her serious intense face sitting in the broad old fashioned sofa opposite to him, made a sufficiently telling ~~[illegible]~~ and graceful picture. But Philip wished to be impressed. Perhaps he was suffering a ~~[illegible]~~ reaction ~~of~~ after his moments of keen pleasure in the

drawing.

drawing-room just before. He was not in quite a sympathetic attitude of mind; and yet his loyalty to his old friends in arms made him wish to be helpful to Mrs. Pierce-Dawnay if he could.

"I have a great confidence in your judgment", she went on. "I admit that rarely, I can't be as dispassionate as I want to be. But I think you, Colonel Hedley — think of all I owe you as it is".

"Oh, don't say that", he interrupted: — "Your husband was my very dear friend. I have merely tried to pay — very inadequately — a debt I owed" — The Colonel paused. His expression was pathetic, modest, charming, as he looked down at her.

Eleanor Pierce-Dawnay, was a ~~woman~~ person of quick perceptions. She had a very high respect for ~~him~~ her companion. She felt, too, at that moment that a dividing wall was — so to speak — broken down between them, and that they had moved several steps nearer to each other in ~~his~~ intimacy.

"Now, I know", she ~~exclaimed~~ returned ~~gu~~ warmly, "and that gives me more confidence now. I am humbly perplexed — you must advise me. Tell me", she went on, speaking ~~rapidly~~ quickly, "tell me, what shall I do with my step-daughter, with poor Beaumont's child?".

Philip Hedley was startled.

"Bless me, Mrs. Pierce-Dawnay, what do you mean?".

"I don't mean understand me", she answered. "I don't mean anything very extraordinary. Jenie has reached an age when it becomes necessary to think of her future; she is attractive, she has had many admirers: ——

"No doubt", murmured Philip almost involuntarily.

"Foreign

"Foreign ways are different to English ones, you know. Parents feel it also as much more active interest in their children's affairs than is customary at home. They look forward. They consult with some elderly friend, they decide on a course of action and carry it out".

Phil began to see what was coming. Under these circumstances the position he was called upon to occupy might well be exceedingly disagreeable. But for some reason, he was not in the least inclined to look at the question of Jessie Price-Dawson's future from humorous point of view. He was moved to declare and share in worrying for that young lady's happiness quite hotly.

"We must handicap her", he said, "in all business matters I am happy to be of service to you in any way I can: but, this question is altogether outside the range of my capacity. I have not any qualification for the post of adviser regarding your step-daughter's future. Remember I have not seen her since she was quite a child, a schoolgirl. I know absolutely nothing of her character and vocation – any interference on my part would be simply grotesque." — Philip leant back in his chair, and looked anxious. "I am sorry, but I mustn't refuse to discuss this matter," he continued. "It places me altogether in a false position. Surely there are some one else – your cousin Mr Innes for instance, is far better qualified to advise you, Miss Dawson".

Lightly the words were out of his mouth, Philip regretted them. He turned a little sick at the notion of that sanguine, disillusioned young man having

a hand in the fate of the guilty child she had implored him, so passionately not to let Bertie make her miserable, only half an hour ago. The Colonel felt as if he had been guilty of an act of treachery. He was furious with himself.

His hostess, he was perhaps a trifle nettled at his very plain refusal to do what she had asked of him. But she immediately dominated her disappointment. "I understand your feeling," she said; "I really expected you would object, but I respect your decision. No, we can't let this conversation end like this. I must explain myself a little further. At the risk of annoying you, I shall go on." — Eleanor sat up, she leant her elbow on the arm of the sofa and fingered the carved wood work of it rather nervously as she spoke. — "I'm mentioning Mr. Innes you have touched the root of all my perplexities. He is my second cousin — he was seen living with us, off and on, for the last two years. Bertie's career had not been an altogether fortunate one. He has had a good deal to endure, one way and another. I think," she added, with a ring of genuine feeling in her voice; "that Mr. Innes seems of some little help to poor Bertie. Colonel Rodwell, you must bear with me, you must let me tell you about him." —

The Colonel was growing decidedly restive. He was suspicious of their confidences, he began to distrust where they might lead to. He wanted to get out of it, to get away, to go out of doors, to do anything, but sit here in his listening in this sweet, airless, oppressive atmosphere.

"You are tired, Mrs. Pierce-Trevor," he said, getting up and standing before her. "Don't you think it would

would be best to leave the story of Mr. Turner's visitors till to-morrow morning, Fish you are tired?"

end Fish

"It would do me a real favour, Colonel Sudeley, if you would listen now". - She turned her face to him suddenly, it seemed pale and haggard in the evening light. - "Pray, pray listen now", she went, speaking low and hurriedly, clasping her hands and leaning towards him with her eyes fixed on his face. - "You are tired and time, and I am horribly tiresome. I am in great distress - I can't tell you altogether why, you must take my word partly on trust. - Perhaps I shouldn't have spoken so soon, but I am low and nervous today. Notes all that pitiful murmuring, and glare, and glitter outside - it distracts me. I am getting worse out, and I can't be cautious, and clever, and diplomatic any longer. I have wanted some one to speak to for weeks and months: — Of course all this seems weak, excited, ridiculous, exaggerated to you: but, listen to me, Colonel Sudeley, not for my sake, but for his sake of my dead husband, who trusted me — for his sake, hear me out".

Colonel sat down again. It was all very painful, very unpleasant: but, it would be nothing short of brutal to leave a woman pleading so in earnest in that desperate way, and Philip was very far from being a brute.

"Go on" — she said, eagerly. Mrs. Price Dawson pulled her handkerchief hard against her lips - she was altogether unstrung. She had a choking sensation in her throat, and for a few seconds was on the edge of an outburst of hysterical sobbing. But she mastered herself by ~~a strong~~ an effort of

will

wife, which her countenance could not help and: warning. She set her teeth, gave herself a little: but little shake, and then began speaking again calmly.

"Bertie's mother was an Italian", she said. "Her father was a banker in Milan. I used to see with them a good deal years ago, before I married — however that's neither here nor there. — Bertie was young and no profession. — He fell wildly in love with a young Italian lady of good family - a distant connection of his mother's. Her parents had set their daughter, they would not hear of it. Bertie was not good enough for them, I suppose. They made their religious this objection. It was always thought we are indeed a case of the worst of fates, that poor dear Bertie, of all people in the world, should suffer in this cause of religion". — Mrs Eleanor shifted her position slightly. She avoided looking at Colonel Redcliffe. — The young lady married as her parents desired her — she did not pretend to care a rap for her husband. She was a beautiful, self-willed, emotional creature. — I need n't go into particulars, this story is not a pleasant one. Poor body knew what was happening. Bertie had sacrificed his youth to their infinitude pulpit. It was blighted his whole life. The lady still cares for him — I have seen terrible scenes at times: — but, he no longer cares, I think, for her.. Yet if her husband were to die he would marry her, to remove the scandal he is bound in honour to do so. — Bertie's sense of honour is very fine". Prince Duncan raised her eyes with a movement of pride, as she finished speaking. For this life

ife him, Philip could not help smiling, a little. "Yes, it is", she cried with energy". He no longer cares but, he wants. He will not think of any one else. His Italian friends hand him as a "preux chevalier, as very model of constancy".

paused, turning up almost defiantly. Colonel Sudely clearly his chest. He had ~~[illegible]~~ disliked this young gentleman from his first, and that fact, probably, made him somewhat merciless. Personal feelings do vitiate strongly so commonly with our judgments of others, and often, ~~as~~ ~~to~~ lead generals to consider such excellent justifications in their ~~[illegible]~~ evidence.

"That is a mistake on the part of Mr. Somers's friends", he remarked, drily.

The flush came into Mrs. Prince-Dauncey's cheeks.

"Yes, from your point of view I dare say it is; yet remember Bertie is more of an Italian than an Englishman. The standards in these matters are different here. — But, for the last few months I have been growing dreadfully anxious. I have noticed, I have feared, that — well that he was very much drawn towards Jenie. He won't marry — he will never marry any woman but the Countess Polomei. — But, Colonel Sudely, think, think if Jenie comes to care for him".

Colonel Sudely stood up, all of a piece, as this saying it.

"Send him away", he said tersely. "There is just that one thing to do, send him out of the house ~~at once~~ directly".

Mrs. Prince-Dauncey flung back her hands wildly.

"I can't, I can't", she cried. "Anything in the world but that".

Mrs Philip stared at her for a moment in dumb amaze-

-ment

-ment. She ~~was~~ was pale and scared. Then as the meaning ~~[illegible]~~ of her strange outburst began to dawn upon him, he turned away half in pity, half ~~in~~ with a sense of repulsion. The situation was obviously complicated.

~~Prince Dawnay~~ Eleanor had risen to her feet. There was ~~an~~ a silence. Presently she spoke.

"I have been crazy," she said hoarsely. "I have lost my head and betrayed myself. I have ~~[illegible]~~ put myself to a severe test. Colonel Rudeby, if you are a man of honour — and I know you are that, you will believe what I say now, and then you will get out of your mind forever ~~[illegible]~~ my miserable self. Forget all. Never in this world even dreams of this — nobody knows it."

~~[illegible]~~ Strachan

It was a fine dignity about the woman at that moment.

Philip Rudeby bowed silently. Words were ~~just~~ hardly out of the question. Mr. Prince Dawnay moved ~~[illegible]~~, and began ~~[illegible]~~ nervously arranging some cut flowers that stood in a dish on one of the tables.

~~[illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~ The Colonel's mind was penetrated with the remembrance of Jenni. Poor child, her ~~[illegible]~~ prospects, all things considered, seemed to him sufficiently melancholy. Again he felt a strong movement of pity, of tenderness towards her. ~~[illegible]~~ It seemed frightful that such a pure, innocent, gay young life should be bound up with this dark and fruitless history. He had just been listening to. He stood absorbed in thought. If only something could be done to help her!

Mr.

d Saundlers

Ward

Mrs. Prince-Dawnay ~~sat~~ left of Virginia that lower, and turned ~~to~~ above Sir Norm rather impatiently. With ~~that~~ whatever sentiments of hurt and indifference, with whatever vague thoughts of possible assistance she had begun her interview with Colonel Cardeby, at this moment in her shame and wounded pride ~~under her~~ she denied most cordially to get rid of him.

"You became ~~tired~~ here to-morrow, I think you said"? she frowned at last, over her shoulder.

Philip was not prepared for that question. It jarred him to come to a sudden decision.

"No" he answered slowly; "I think I shall probably remain here a few days longer — that is, of course, if you will permit me to do so"

There was a ~~pain~~ perceptible interval of silence before Mrs. Prince-Dawnay's answer came.

"That will be delightful", she ~~warm~~ said at last. "Shall we come with that Sheik now? — This heat and the flies will be terrible. It seems to me ~~[illegible]~~ rather ~~of~~ a species "here" month, I think I won't stay now", Colonel Cardeby responded. "I rather want a walk."

J. U.

come back with my friends. Drake to dinner".

As they into the were going back down to the hotel that night, Mr. Drake suddenly stopped short in the evening yellow light of one of the gas-lamps, the quaint, painted, main street of Jerusalem and looked full at his companion.

"It's really like leaving your relations somehow, Judy," he said. "It's not merely the breaking up of our plans, though, of course, I'm sorry for that: but I take for granted your reason was good for doing so, and so I accept it without any fuss". — The good little gentleman turned on again with his quick, self-indulgent smile. "I don't know what it is, but, hang it, Judy, I feel nervous about you".

Lily Judy laughed in a very cheery, reassuring sort of way.

"Bless a wonderful imaginative Drake", he said. "Why, what on earth do you think it is going to happen to me"?

"Don't mind the widow", observed the other man, rather inconsequently. "I'd trust her, I think. At bottom she's a good woman — slightly, of course, and all that sort of thing, — but, I'll look her to be sound enough here" — Mr. Drake turned quickly towards the region of the heart. "Sound enough here, you know", he repeated. "But that little girl, — where on earth, Judy, somehow Night uncommonly shy of "that decidedly pretty little girl".

And Judy looked down, he kicked the loose gravel on the walks of the hotel garden, which they were just then crossing — with his foot, and laughed again, but this time somewhat impatiently.

"It

"turn round to come," "so said," "you'll never set
eyes on Prince Dauresan again, so really
I don't think that very much matter".

Venice was yet a remedy.

Nothing was committed merely to be lost of action. It was Colonel Sudeley's habit to stand by it even when it failed — on more mature consideration — to commend itself very highly to his judgment. Unsuited, however, hardly to Sir Cecil Ironalti to the Beaumont Price. Mauvray's memory hardly by a quick hit in the women where such critics seemed to him such a critical and hamper me. Philip had decided that evening behind to stay on at Zerbia. He was going to stick to his work, he was going a somehow to see Stefano through. And yet, when the cheerless light of a very wet morning, he ~~[illegible]~~ bade ~~good~~ farewell to kind, fussy little W. Drake and ~~[illegible]~~ and the ballet gentleman back merely and his baggage with the rattling ~~[illegible]~~ omnibus which was to convey him to Genoa, Philip ~~[illegible]~~ became conscious that perhaps he had undertaken a very foolish piece of business. It was all very well to talk of loss of action: but, the unfortunate thing was that he had done it at all. He ~~did~~ could not see his way in the least. ~~He~~ He turned back with the ~~[illegible]~~ large night painted hotel

hotel – which looked particularly frivolous and flimsy on this ~~[illegible]~~ gloomy morning – ~~[illegible]~~ in muttering but as sweet temper. ~~[illegible]~~ he said to himself that he had got himself into this whole thing was a nuisance and deucedly ~~[illegible]~~ "wayward fly" — and, it must be owned, he said it with a will.

Colonel's temper was handicapped, when on sallying forth, some few hours later, in a mackintosh and heavy boots ~~was~~ in defiance of the drizzling rain, he met Mr. Amer just turning in at the gates of the hotel garden. ~~[illegible]~~ Bertie ~~[illegible]~~ was holding up a large umbrella, ~~and~~ picking his way carefully along the slippery pavement, and looking mildly disgusted yet resigned. He had on a very light overcoat, and over the inevitable white gardenia in his button-hole a trifle brown at the edges of the petals from the wet.

nodded blandly to Colonel Rudesby.

rejoice you rather like this sort of weather.

It seems homelike," he stressed with a sweet wistfulness of expression, which was anything but appealing to a man in an irritable frame of mind.

minutes before the Colonel ~~[illegible]~~ had undoubtedly felt no special objection to the rain. The dull day was really rather a relief after all that gaudy sunshine. But for some occult reason as Bertie ~~[illegible]~~ spoke his opinion ~~[illegible]~~ went round to another quarter with all the velocity of a weather-cock on a gusty day.

"It's the most heartily morning I ever saw," he replied, with

considerable
is, artificially." The whole place looks miserable. It seems to me, this country can only look decent in a blaze of sunshine".

Mr Ward smiled faintly. "I understand just what you mean".

He as leisurely surveyed the large hotel-built round three sides of a square and coloured a pink with splendid imitation of stone pilasters and florid mouldings painted in pale yellow and the shadows they were boldly ~~imaginative imagined~~ supposed to cast painted in pale green.— Then he turned and gazed down the many coloured street behind him.

"I understand perfectly what you mean" he repeated. "It looks very like the inside of a theatre by daylight. You know. giving English people dislike that, it makes them as artificial. As for us, we often prefer our theatres, daylight or gas light, to anything else in the world".

"It appears to me very cheap and flimsy", said Colonel Rudeby. "I can't think much of the beauty of a country, where it can be spoilt by a fine heavy rain".

glanced critically at the other man's clothes as he spoke. Mr. Ward deep flushed involved him. Today Philip took great exception at his hat. It was too low in the crown, & too curled up at the sides — "Just like a shop-boy out for a Sunday", he said to himself.

As we have satisfactorily disposed of the country, let us go on to the people"? Bertie resumed with much composure. He found a delicate pleasure in keeping his companions standing there in the rain. "They reminded me, now, very much of fowls on

a

it day, dejected and draggled. It's a little fool merely this morning that really had to come out. I wanted to stand about on one leg with other fools and make melancholy little noises. ~~[illegible]~~ There is a natural desire for communion among the wretched, you know.—I feel much better since I have stood about here with you".

He was going a little far. The Colonel drew himself up.

"Thanks I'll walk on", he said ~~[illegible]~~ curtly, ~~and turning~~ and ~~walking~~ passed rapidly down the dispirited street.

"He is a very good-hearted ~~[illegible]~~ barbarian, after all, I believe, though he doesn't like me", ~~said~~ said Katie Inner to himself, with commendable candour, as he picked his way across the hotel garden. "The British flavour is a little too pronounced perhaps: but, poor man, he can't help that. I wonder what dear cousin Bess really intends to do with him. Her inventive genius is startling at moments".

That same ~~afternoon~~ day Philip suddenly had ~~an~~ a short conversation with Jessie which seemed to throw some light on the situation. ~~and his suggestion~~ The rain had almost ceased, but the ~~[illegible]~~ dark pale, ragged clouds still hung low on the hillsides, while the whole ~~[illegible]~~ landscape seemed clothed in an cold tones of indigo and grey. The Colonel had been for a long walk. He had been trying hard to arrange his ideas, to make out what was the next step he had better take. To stay and do nothing to mend matters at the little red villa ~~[illegible]~~ was out of the question, and yet for the life of him he could not arrive at any distinct conclusion. ~~He~~ All his plans had been

out, and he found himself standing in a small little foreign town ~~[illegible]~~ offering ~~[illegible]~~ but small powers of occupation or entertainment to a man of his station, with as difficult and delicate piece of diplomacy on his hands! ~~[illegible]~~. The Colonel felt himself ~~an slightly~~ somewhat ill-used ~~[illegible]~~ person, as he walked up to the front door of the Villa Mortelli that afternoon, dizzying ~~[illegible]~~ spring afternoon.

As he was going in, ~~[illegible]~~ he heard his name called, & turning round saw Jessie coming from the tangled garden beyond. ~~[illegible]~~ She was wrapped in a long ~~[illegible]~~ cloak, with the ~~[illegible]~~ hood of it pulled up over her head ~~[illegible]~~ framing the oval of her fair young face with a dark line. There was something feverish in her excitement. ~~[illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~

The ~~young~~ girl had gained an almost tragic interest in Colonel Rudeby's eyes since his conversation with her stepmother. Her fears were those of her own household, poor child. It was sad. Altogether she shivered, the Colonel as a very appealing little figure, standing there among the dripping leaves and rain washed flowers in the dull afternoon light.

"I so glad you have come", she said. "It has been a horrible day. Miss Read has had bad news from England, she is going away to-morrow. Today she has done nothing but pack and cry. Mamma has devoted herself to Miss Read. Bertie went out early, he escaped. That is the disadvantage of ~~[illegible]~~ being a ~~young~~ girl, you

cannot

but escape, you must stay."

Jenie delivered herself of this statement of her wrath over looking ~~up~~ with a pathetic frankness into Philip's face.

"I'm wretched," ~~[illegible]~~ she went on, turning away and pulling impatiently at a straggling rose spray, which as she touched it sent a tiny cataract of ~~[illegible]~~ water onto the ~~[illegible]~~ shining gravel below. "I want the sunshine, I want to be amused".

The risk of lowering the Colonel lamentably in the opinion of all sensible readers, must admit that Jenie's petulant outburst, far from seeming to him silly or reprehensible ~~[illegible]~~, touched him ~~a great~~ considerably. Unfortunately, you see, Philip ~~[illegible]~~ was not ~~one of the~~ the hero of one of ~~[illegible]~~ an admirable middle-class pictures,—a person thinking with respectabilities and moralities, whose life is ruled by common-sense and a ~~lively sense of~~ lively ~~[illegible]~~ discernment of what is probable and of the market value of a given article. He ~~was~~ was merely a plain, simple-minded gentleman with a very tender heart under his ~~[illegible]~~ stern manner, and a ~~[illegible]~~ vein of poetry and romance in his ~~[illegible]~~ composition which at moments sadly jeopardized the strictness of his judgment. Ah! There will always be men, I fear, in this singularly ill-regulated world, who never find a graceful young girl more winning than when she laments that there are crosses in her rose-bower, or sheds charming little pearl-like tears of desire for the moon or some other equally unattainable object.

"I'm very sorry you are wretched", ~~[illegible]~~ he answered, gently. "It hardly seems fair over it".

Wretched self-

"Indeed it might be keep itself for older and" — he hesitated a moment, rather at a loss for the right word — well, different sort of people to you. It does not seem quite appropriate at your age. But I am afraid I cannot bring back the sunshine for you".

Philip paused. He would have given a good deal to bring back the sunshine for this pretty child, in more senses than the immediate and obvious one. He felt rather fiercely towards Mr. Price. Dam: way at that moment. (He formulated an accusation against her.) She wanted to get rid of the girl to serve her own purposes. It was unfaithful of her — in thought she accused her of being a dangerous and unscrupulous woman.

Gen looked up at him with charming doubt in her.

"I don't know that," she said. "I believe you would do what you could. I like you very much, Colonel Sudeley".

Philip like many light-handed men, retained even at eight-and-forty a certain capacity for blushing. There was undoubtedly a deeper hue than usual in his face, as he spoke anywhere: "as much as in the days of dolls and bonbons"?

"Quite as much", Gen said promptly. She drew the dark cloak more closely about her shoulders.

"Do you mind walking with me a little way"? she asked, after a moment's hesitation. "It is no cold standing still".

The Colonel did not mind it in the least. He was very much interested in Gen Price. Dawway and in her future. He did not attempt to conceal that fact from himself. Why should he? Her

fatherless

but had been his dear friend. Philip had ~~[illegible]~~ refused rather hotly ~~[illegible]~~ (it is true, to) to co-operate actively with Mr. Price. Dawson this day before. But, then, Stuart was before all the facts of the case were before him. No wonder is quite consistent; even the most honest minded among us can ~~always~~ find excellent reasons for following ~~our own~~ our own inclinations.

By way, it happened that on that damp and sombre afternoon Colonel Sudeley had ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ a little walks with the young ~~girl~~ lady, which tended to make him ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ entertain a much more amiable opinion of Venice and its surroundings.

"Thought the other day I should like to talk to you", ~~[illegible]~~ she had said when they were fairly started on the broad road leading down through the vineyards. "I want to ask you several things. I think you have influence with Mamma, perhaps you could speak to her. It is no doubt true, I want to go away. Mamma says she requires retirement: but, I don't in the least require retirement. I was much happier at Florence. We went into society at Florence. And Bertie was nicer at Florence. He has been ~~queer~~ strange lately. He says all sorts of disagreeable things. He is very melancholy. He sits and stares at me".

~~[illegible]~~

A frown of relief ~~[illegible]~~ came over ~~[illegible]~~ Philip's - he could hardly have said precisely why.

"Do you mind very much being stared at?" he enquired, looking ~~[illegible]~~ at the ~~[illegible]~~ girl by his side and smiling.

~~[illegible]~~ "It is very creepy to be stared at by somebody who

looks

is dismal and does not speak", she answered quickly. "Bertie is fond of reading scientific books about the origin of all sorts of things. He firmly believes that ~~we~~ we are all descended from monkeys. I am inclined to think it must be true too, sometimes; for his eyes ~~look~~ are exactly like Malvolio's. Then he sits, and stares, and says nothing. It is not pleasant."

end Layer

The girls gave a little shudder; ~~Mass~~ and then went on speaking again, with that peculiarly distinct and clear enunciation.

"I think Mamma would go back to England. She says it is too expensive, and that the climate does not suit her. But I want to see it. English girls have so much more liberty, they have so many amusements. I should like England".

Ethel suddenly ~~paused~~ stopped. This struck him as rather a happy idea. Jessie stopped too, & turned to him. They were standing beneath one of the crooked, ~~dwarf~~ dwarfish ~~little~~ fir-trees bordering the carriage-road, about half way down to the iron gates.

"! you want to go to England", he said ~~[illegible]~~, briefly.

"~~[illegible]~~ I want immensely to go. We could settle down and really know people. Here everybody who we know goes away sooner or later. Only Bertie, and Mamma, and Jermain".

"I want me to ask Mr. Pierce-Dawnay to take you home to England", said Philip.

"! do, do," cried the girl softly but fervently. She clasped her pretty ~~little~~ white hands in an imploring manner, while her ~~[illegible]~~ long cloak, flying back in a ~~[illegible]~~ sudden gust of wind, ~~showing~~ revealed ~~very gracefully~~ her slim graceful figure. Colonel Pudeby's

heart

[illegible] warmly towards this charming young lady. She confided in him with such engaging frankness. He felt more at home with her, out of doors in the glorious sunshine, than in the lofty rooms and faded elegances of the little red villa.

"I'll call to Mrs. Price-Dauncey", he said, after a moment's reflection; ~~with considerable decision~~. "I think it would be an excellent plan. I dare-say I could be of some use to you, find you rooms, you know, and that sort of thing. Then you might have a couple of months in London during the season & come down to Middlandshire afterwards. Your father, my dear old friend", he added gently, "was a Middlandshire man — you would like to see his county, wouldn't you".

Little it was the prospect of seeing poor Bessie Price-Dauncey's native county, or whether other and less retrospective enjoyments floated before Jenny's eyes, I cannot say: but, she certainly smiled upon her companion with a brilliant and delighted smile.

"I know you would help me", she said.

Meanwhile, "Philip went on; we must try to make things a little more cheerful for you here. Let me see, to-day's Thursday. Supposing you & Mrs. Price-Dauncey come and dine with me at the Grand Hotel on Saturday if it's fine. There's a very nice restaurant opening out the gardens, you know. It wouldn't be exactly exactly, but it would be a little change".

"It would be delightful", ~~[illegible]~~ said Jenny. "I like going out. I like a restaurant, ~~and~~ I like the lights, and the people moving about, and the little tables,

and

the tinkle of the glasses and things".
Colonel Suddenly smiled. It touched him, somehow.
There was a wonderful freshness and response in
this young women.
"I have a great faculty for enjoyment", he said,
with a certain tone of regret in his voice. ~~It made~~
~~him feel very old, and he felt old at that~~ By contrast
he felt very old at that moment; and the Colonel
who hitherto had accepted his increasing years
with praiseworthy indifference and resignation,
~~had was beginning~~ was ~~to~~ dimly conscious of
entertaining a deepening grudge against ~~the~~ the Theen.
"Rain is coming on again", he ~~resumed~~ continued, after a
~~minute~~ silence. "We'd better walk back to the
villa — I mustn't let you get wet".
"No moment", cried the girl — "~~You~~ About England.
You must be as little careful how you approach
Mama. She may not like it. You needn't not
say that the suggestion came originally from
me needs you?".
Mrs Price-Dalloway, undoubtedly, ~~looked~~ was very
engaging, ~~at that moment~~ just then. Her innocent flower
of a face ~~was~~ upturned, her ~~rounded~~ sweet
round mouth ~~was~~ a little O, her ~~an~~ whole atti-
tude ~~ambitious~~ questioning and eager.
"I want very much to go", asked the Colonel. He
~~looked at~~ watched the ~~young~~ girl keenly.
"Yes, yes, dreadfully", she replied.
"Very well. I will do my best. I will be as model
of discretion — But now we must turn back, the
rain? It has down on us in fine minister".
"Ernie, Jennie, where have you been?" cried
Mrs. Price-Dalloway as her step-daughters entered
the ~~Ex~~ chilly hall of the Villa Mortelli some
~~quarter~~ ten

later. "We have been greatly alarmed about you. Antonio and Parker have been searching high and low for you".

Sorry of fact that whole of Mr. Price-Dauway's household were gathered together in the hall — Antonio in his embroidered smoking cap and gold rimmed spectacles; Parker upright & severe; Marie, the waiting maid, with her square figure & high cheek-bones, — Miss Reat, her mild frog-like countenance and pale protuberant eyes still beaming behind the lilac shade over her packing, and her grey alpaca gown having a huge frill of ribbon about it wholly irrelevant with the deferred mental attitude. Betty Innes was standing near his handsome cousin, a rather inscrutable expression in his face. And finally Malvolio — clothed in a little red jacket, with a big frill round the neck of it, his long brown arms showing particularly lean and skinny out of the short open sleeves — filled, apparently, with an unusual spirit of levity, performed a series of wild and unfitting gymnastics about the shining marble balustrade of the stairs-case, in the back-ground.

"We have been alarmed about you, Jessie" repeated Mr. Price-Dauway. "Nobody knew you had gone out. We have been very much agitated."

The girl pushed back the dark hair from her right hair. Her eyes were dancing. The merry air and exercise had deepened the delicate pink in her cheeks. There was a dainty air of defiance about her, a sudden assertion of personal liberty, as she stood in the

middle

middle of the enquiring group.
"Was quite safe", she said, clearly. "Colonel Ludlow
had been good enough to relieve the Lادیس of a
very dull day by taking me for a walk".
"Really" — murmured Mr. Innes, under his breath.
"I should have left words, Jessie, and saved us
this anxiety", said Mr. Prince Dawway, but the
voice lost its guilty tone at first.
An excellent woman Parker writes many dismal
reflections regarding the dire consequences of
set tests, dress — so to speak — the young lady
portrait ~~on~~ in front of her, without more ado.
Philip Keat's short round figure ~~person~~ disappeared
into, presumably in the direction of her half
filled trunks. Colonel Ludlow waited only for
a few minutes. He excused himself, & started
back through the now pouring rain for the town.
~~[illegible]~~. Decidedly there was something ~~rather~~
unpleasant ~~[illegible]~~ mysterious about the atmosphere
of the Villa Mortelli — ~~not~~ and, yet, on the
whole Philip Ludlow was glad that Mr. Drake
had started alone that morning for Spezia.

Chap. ~~XIII~~ IX

VI

treaties in a vocation.

[illegible]

Inclined it is, of course, an acknowledged fact that marriages are made in heaven. In other countries — as Mr. Pierce Bannan had occasion to point out to Colonel Sudeley — they are made chiefly by the parents and guardians of the contracting parties. This, on the face of it, would not seem to be an unreasonable custom, but — in Germany anyway, — British sentiment revolts against it.

British sentiment is a very remarkable and curious thing. It is not to think about. — Not to think about for the same reason that the origin of matter, and the origin of evil, — I do not wish to bracket the two together in thought, only in speech; let us, by all means, avoid the heresy of the Manichees! — and the origin of life, and a good many other profound subjects are not to think about, namely, because they are incomprehensible. British sentiment is entirely incomprehensible. It has a high disregard both for logic and for experience. If carefully considered it may generally be found to embody an impulsive and apparently successful denial of the axiom that it is impossible at once and

the

same time to serve both God and Mammon. And on the statement there was a second thought. — It is a gentle entertaining one to the social historian, though it is inevitable if we teach ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ seriously, but to frame faithfully, and then set down his observations. — With what vigour and dignified alacrity the ~~[illegible]~~ respectable Englishman entrenches himself, behind his Open Bible and flung as text, almost anywhere with do, his own examining faces; and with what consistent and right-handed indifference he treats the practical application of ~~[illegible]~~ the majority of individual injunctions in daily life!! If thus we gauged the attitude of the staid respectable Englishman present as matter in sincere tears or equally sincere laughter, as we regard it from the ideals or the realities ~~[illegible]~~ strange person. We do not intend to deal in the ideals, and therefore man permit ourselves a comfortable little chuckle.

and Lee

It to return to the text. English marriages are made in heaven. — Which, being interpreted means that the ordinary Anglo-Saxon is a very quiet and domestic sort of animal, who requires a wife. Having, however, at the same time a curious necessity for the backing up of his own inclinations with, not only, the Divine sanction, but a warm and overflowing divine approval, he has exalted marriage to the very highest place in the catalogue of good works and has indeed made ~~[illegible]~~ virtue of necessity with a vengeance. Such sentiment has come in to, in all the force of its corporate weight, and has virtually inundated us with

admirable

inviable veil on this subject, concerning which it has evolved a whole literature of fiction and biography. Far be it from me to speak lightly of that literature. It commands my highest respect, it is excellent, it is salutary; but, it is also, slightly unauthentic, and may be briefly described as the abolition of suburban villas, solid works, and side-whiskers.

In that humble, ~~[illegible]~~ teachable, scientific spirit, in which the social historian seeks to approach all phenomena and all questions presented to him — desiring always and only more clear understanding and fuller light, — if, I say, he ventures to ask mildly, and what about those marriages which figure the deliverable category of their ~~[illegible]~~ conjugal infelicities to public scrutiny in the Divorce Court; or those other, still sadder, marriages that ~~[illegible]~~ end amid brutal words, ~~by~~ ~~still~~ and yet more brutal actions; or again, those other marriages which drag on amid distaste, and recrimination, or, at best, dull, paralyzing indifference and cold-neck through long, weary years — are all these made in heaven? British sentiment backed by British respectability says the enquirer, first of all "not to be coarse"; and then goes on to intimate that these are not true marriages at all — "the parties never really loved one another"! Well, that, of course, would be a most consolatory explanation of distressing phenomena if one could accept it. But, unhappily, observation and experience do not bear it out very fully. Alas! lives, the lives that lead to marriage, shelter that marriage purport ~~[illegible]~~ as very commonly life, or as gateway opening into regions

more

It is distinctly purgatorial — world's handiwork seems to be predominated and predestinate, let divine bodily from above. Experiences rarely justify the exalted notions of supreme destiny and diligent arrangement of the part of the Higher Power. In nine cases out of ten, that love is more the result of ~~[illegible]~~ propinquity than of predestination. No celestial architect is required to raise for love a fair and fateful dwelling place — let British sentiment arise! in arms into British respectability frown and thunder as they may. His bowers may be builded easily enough by any man and woman, out of such common-place materials as a dance, or a song, a light laugh, a lingering pressure of hands, or three meaningless tears that come so easily into a young girl's eyes.

He would seem to be very humble minded. He bids no heralds and ambassadors go before him with blare of trumpets & warning of banners. He comes at hap-hazard along quiet country lanes, among gleams of moon-light over dewy bowers; he meets us on the crowded city pavement amid the shouts of the drivers and under the very feet of the omnibus horses; he has even taken to travelling in public railway carriages in these latter days, and that with a disregard of class almost painfully democratic. He is quick, and subtle, and fearless, yet he comes softly and silently, stealing up without observation. And at first we laugh at his pretty face, which is as the face of a merry earthly child. But his hands show we later their grasp like hands of iron, and his strength is as the strength of a giant, and his heart is as the heart of a tyrant. And he gives us to drink of a cup in which sweet is mingled with

bitter

life; and the sweet, too often, is soon forgotten while the taste of the bitter remains. And we hardly know whether to bless him or curse him, for we have changed the things; and we cannot tell whether to weep for the old world we have lost or shout for joy at the new world we have found. — Such it does for the great majority; a matter terrestrial rather than celestial, and of doubtful happiness after all.

It is high time to leave these easily enunciated generalities, and return to ~~Mr~~ Eleanor Price. Dauncey, whose communications had produced anything but an agreeable impression upon the mind of ~~Principal~~ Colonel Ludeby.

Price. Dauncey, ~~was~~ notwithstanding many faults & shortcomings, was a woman of a large and generous nature. She was clever; but, clever rather through intuitive sympathy and emotion, than through force of intellect. She could boast no general scheme of philosophy, with its careful ~~even balanced~~ balancing of evil against good and good against evil. A calm and widely comprehensive view was almost impossible to her. It was not the least comfort to her to trace the logical sequence of events; nor could she lose her ~~wide~~ inherent horror of individual suffering in a quiet scientific appreciation of the orderly development of the law of cause and effect. She did not care a jig about necessary consequences: but, she cared deeply that a man or woman — specially perhaps the former — should be in pain or sorrow, or want. She had a ~~natural~~ native impulse — of which possibly she was a little proud — to dry tears, bind up broken hearts, and administer almost dangerously strong doses of pity

and

consolation. Such a woman is forever plunging wildly à corps perdu into situations, of which, when the first excitement of her feeling has worn off, she is liable to get as little tired. Relations with her are likely to be stormy. You had better make hay while the sun does shine; and keep pretty constantly in mind the fact that it certainly not to shine very continuously.

Into a young woman, handsome, ardent and romantic, Eleanor had - for good or evil - met with Beaumont Pierce Dauway. A tall, fair-haired, young soldier in bitter grief for the death of his pretty young wife, with a broad band of crape round his arm and a lovely, little, motherless child by his side, is undoubtedly an object calculated to awaken a warm thrill of commiseration in every female heart. Eleanor forgot his other gentlemen of her acquaintance on whom she had been wont to expend a certain amount of thought and consideration. Marriage with a bachelor seemed to her a very insipid affair. The ideal office of a woman was that of consoler, the ideal condition that of motherhood - even of step-motherhood if necessary. Eleanor consoled the young soldier to such good purpose, that in three months from the date of their first meeting he had married her.

I not pretend to offer any theory regarding the origin of their marriage, and pronounce it heavenly or any thing else. My business is merely, in as faithful and diligent manner, to record facts. Beau Pierce Dauway was a great, simple, good-natured young gentleman, who, when the halo of romance which surrounded him in his character of broken-hearted widower, had faded and

he

was looked at in the light of common day, presented no very ~~wonderfully~~ wonderful or mysteriously affecting characteristics. ~~Before~~ Eleanor wanted an office. She wanted to go on corresponding; but, unfortunately Captain Pierce Dawson did not ~~know~~ now stand in the slightest need of consolation. He pronounced himself to be "as jolly as a sand-boy"; and was immensely bewildered when he made it that his beautiful wife was not at all pleased at the announcement. – Mr Clark, still bolts devoted and ~~anxious~~ bewildered ~~Poor~~ poor Pearce was ordered out to India, and ~~Pr~~ Mr. Pierce-Dawson took to wandering. She had been a good deal in Italy before her marriage, and the ~~Arcadian~~ fascination of that strangely absorbing country drew her back to it again. After her husband's death she stayed on. England had somehow become distasteful to her. She had an craving for the sunshine, the flowers, the rich emotions, the glamour and endless suggestion of southern life.

Independent and sympathetic woman, with no duties dependent on her position to regulate her action and satisfy her imagination, is apt to run a little wild. ~~Mrs Dawson~~ Eleanor Dawson had many lovers. She could not ~~exactly~~ be accused of driving them to death, because ~~to~~ before the poor things had arrived at a fatal stage of exhaustion she got tired of each one of them in ~~turn~~ turn, and cautiously hopefully ~~barbarously~~ ~~cast~~ ~~away~~ on some fresh steed. Schemes of emigration, the debased condition of the Italian peasantry, the emancipation of woman all engaged her attention in turn. One year she ~~worried regarding~~ & raised wild about ~~over~~ the suffering of animals, and made herself sick with horror over the revolting details of scientific cruelties. Later, under the

influence

lences of some of these decent ~~set~~ and somewhat
cumulative British Christians, who really haunt the
cures of the Mediterranean during the winter months. Mr.
Peice-Dawnay grew anxious as to the future of her
soul. She went to prayer-meetings held in the
inured ball-rooms of large hotels; she read ~~to~~ trying
little books - by obscure authors - bound in the cruders,
~~and~~ most uncultivated of colours on unfamiliar
issues to prayer. (and so forth) She subscribed largely to societies
for the wholesale conversion of German Jews, and
other equally practical objects. But ~~Mr. Bracondale~~:
~~Mrs~~ Eleanor's sympathies were really too wide & deep
to flow long into, in the artificial barriers of any
one sect or system. Nothing but a general reconstruc-
tion of society ~~in a~~ shorter sermons, and crying, and
hymns would be forever abolished, and an universal
panacea applied to this poor world's creaking
joints, half blind eyes and deaf ears, would
~~satisfy the~~ pacify the passions of pity which was
growing within her. She began earnest into rather
dangerous company. Persons fluent of speech and
generous of subversive ideas began to haunt
~~her Bracondale~~ her little apartment in Florence,
and keep up loud and enthusiastic discussions
into the small hours of the morning. When a
woman takes to revolutionary politics, be it
however so mild a form, she is indeed skating on
very thin ice. A convent, a lunatic asylum or
a husband, ~~or~~ either will do, - perhaps, even, rightly
considered, there is a certain affinity between the
three - becomes imperatively necessary.
Just at this critical period of her career, Mr.
Peice-Dawnay happened to meet her cousin Bertie
Ives at the Baths of Succas, where she was spending
part

of his summer. She had not seen much of him for a considerable length of time. They had certainly chatted as friends for one another long ago: but, Bertie Amer in those days had been a young man with the world so much at his feet to make many claims upon his cousin's pity. She had enjoyed dancing with him, flirting with him and so on well enough; but she had not entered into the serious business of her affections. She had only regarded him as an agreeable and decorative set of superfluity.

At the Ballet of Succa in 1874. W. Amer presented a very different spectacle to his charming and same-hearted cousin. He was just recovering from a serious illness. He was weak and depressed, miserable in mind and body. His large brown eyes had a look of melancholy in them which went straight to Eleanor's heart. An old man servant of his father's, known by name, and an ill-favoured little monkey appeared to be his only companions. He appealed to Mrs. Pierce-Dawnay's imagination just as a specimen of suffering humanity, and then as a relative. Family affection was a habit of asserting itself with remarkable vigour in the heart of a woman, when the object of that feeling is an attractive man.

Eleanor Pierce-Dawnay resisted neither family affection nor the moan of suffering humanity. She devoted herself to Bertie Amer, and he repaid her with sincere gratitude. He went further. He confided in her. He told her the details of that history which two years later she briefly recounted - as has already been stated, to Colonel Frederby. Mr.

Pierce-Dawnay

ie. Dauncey entered with generous warmth of
eling into the situation. She erected poor, not very
admirable Bertie Amer into a hero. She glorified his
evolions to the order of an exploring ~~and~~ passion. She
carried upon ~~her~~ him both her time and her
imagination. She realized his sufferings more keenly
were – ~~too~~ probably – than he realized them himself.

~~Protestations~~ Mr. Amer justice he was profoundly touched
y her kindness. He professed (in a ~~highest degree~~) "that lively sense of and
interest in the society of women, which is undeniably
more completely developed in the Latins than in the
Teutonic races. To members of the former a woman
always – fortunately or unfortunately – has a peculiar
and exciting interest. She is never taken quite for granted,
and reckoned – as Jack Rudeby, for instance,
reckoned his wife – as a capital good fellow and
ordinary companion in arms. We Teutons are very
decent and a trifle ~~stubborn~~ suspicious too. Bertie
Amer was only half a Teuton, and he put a very
high value on the enjoyment of his cousin's presence
and ministration.

When the time came for ~~Mrs Percy Dauncey~~ Eleanor, to leave
the Baths of Succa, she found herself singularly
~~a~~ unwilling to leave Mr. Amer as well. Quite a
morning little scene took place ~~in which~~ during
which a number of excellent things were said
about friendship, and the delightful relation of
brothers and sisters. The end of it all was that
~~Mr Amer~~ Bertie, Antonio, and the monkey, travelled back
with Mrs. Percy-Dauncey, Jessie, Miss Keat, and
that estimable woman Parker, to Florence.

The persons addressed themselves to be a good deal
scandalized at this last eccentricity of Mrs. Percy-
Dauncey's.

way's. But the majority of her acquaintance — knowing her real goodness of heart and bearing in mind the excellent reputation she had, through as young and pretty woman, and her own mistress for so many years, she had always enjoyed, — the majority, I say, contented themselves with smilingly shrugging their shoulders, and observing that the charming widow had exchanged a general scheme of benevolence ~~to~~ for a particular one. Yet it must be owned that a decided change came over her way of living. The promoters of Jewish conversion found their attention quite at a discount; no better encouragement or subscriptions were any longer forthcoming. Mrs Eleanor began to go out as good deal into society, instead of entertaining the reformers of society at her own house. Three better gentlemen made a valiant attempt to regain their former position with her. They hinted, broadly, at the moral danger consequent on putting the hand to the plough and afterwards looking back: — looking back, too, in the direction of, as specimen of that most noxious half of mankind which eats its heads in idleness and hugs the aristocratic idea. They denounced W. Innes as a viper, a serpent, a hateful parasite on the wounded and shuddering body of corporate humanity. To all of which rather violent language Bertie replied, by saying, in his softest tones, one evening to his hostess: —

"Dear Cousin Melt, think you must let these amiable maniacs come here any more. They are, no doubt, immensely amusing; but you may have a little too much to pay in the end for that

style

of ~~w~~ comedy. Our moods regulate our entertainments more or less by the length of our purses, you know".

15

must be owned, too, that with all their many virtues women have not nearly so innate a sense of the lesser dignities of living as men. They cannot, perhaps owing ~~[illegible]~~ want of physical strength, pay so much attention to that outwards ritual which makes life proceed, even in private, with self respect and punctuality. An establishment in which there is no man is liable to be uncertain as to hours, nefey as to meals, unmethodical in many ways, and even occasionally - though one mentions it with fear & trembling - hardly as careful of cleanliness as it might be. These wonderful women of the future, the result of several generations of High School and University culture, who are going to improve us vastly in so many ways, may possibly add ~~[illegible]~~ masculine appreciation of small dignities and privacies to their other excellencies; may have learnt to prefer kitchen meals to miscellaneous editions of teas and toast at odd hours, and to regard morning wrappers as part of the livery of that slavery from which they finally believe they have escaped for ever. But meanwhile, there is no denying that a household gains ~~[illegible]~~ visibly in good-temper and outwards regularity from the moment a man becomes a ~~[illegible]~~ member of it. Women are forever ~~[illegible]~~ making short cuts to comfort, — a man, on the other hand, walks straight along the high-road towards that desirable object, and, Fortune favoring, generally succeeds in reaching it the first.

complexion of Mr. Percy Dawnay's little establishment

certainly

Finally improved very much from the time the Mr. Jones, Antonio and the monkey became recognized members of it. Bertie, who had inherited considerable financial capacity from his English father as well as considerable emotional capacity from his Italian mother, took his cousin's financial affairs in hand, and set them on a more secure basis than they had been for a long while. It may be added that he had an excellent taste for the decorative side of life generally, and continued to create a very graceful <u>entourage</u> for himself and his relations. Jenie at this time was just eighteen, and was to "come out", as the phrase is, that winter. In point of fact she came out very effectually. Bertie Jones forgot some of his private griefs in watching the girl's brilliant enjoyment of society; while ~~Mrs Francis Dorrance~~ Eleanor threw herself into all her accustomed energy into the situation. Jenie was, undoubtedly, a success, and her step-mother was honestly delighted at that fact, — all the more so, probably, because her relations with the young girl had not always been entirely satisfactory in the past.

Owing to her sundry and manifold schemes for the temporal and spiritual welfare of mankind ~~Mrs Francis Dorrance~~ Eleanor's interest in her step-daughter had been somewhat sporadic in character. If Jenie was ill, then she gathered her into the arms of affection and lavished tenderness upon her. But Jenie was very rarely ill. She grew up as some fair, healthy plant grows up in a fertile soil, strong and straight. She made few demands upon the sympathy of others; there was a refined vigour about her, and a happy immunity from the nervous affections which so often beset

growing

ing girls. Mr. Price-Dawson had elaborate theories regarding education, drawn alternately from Rousseau's "Emile", Richter's "Levana", and from the works of the early Woman's Rights prophetess she happened to have come in contact with. Practically Jessie held to the teaching of Jean Jacques — though innocent of any acquaintance with the writings of that much abused philosopher — and followed where nature led her. She had a remarkable aptitude both for music and languages, though the theory of the one and the grammar of the other meant little enough to her. Her talent was essentially practical and verbal, as dense in some things articulate and rapidly expressive.

Her step-mother's hobbies she had neither inclination nor equally limited interest. Jessie, from a child, had displayed a great capacity for being bored. If people became too earnest or importunate. She would just go away and leave them. It is to be feared that her sense of obligation to the needs and claims of her fellow creatures was not very lively. She loved sunshine, movement, exercise, all natural objects; she established relations with all manner of living creatures, was friendly with gold-fish and intimate with cats and canaries. Then poor Mr. Price-Dawson becoming troubled — under the auspices of her revivalist friends — about the condition of her own soul, and extended her solicitude to Jessie's soul also, the girl met her anxious and penetrating words, first with amusement and then with something very like anger. For, indeed, in the fullness of her youthful vitality and the keenness of her powers of enjoyment, Jessie Price-Dawson heeded

about

as much conception of the deeper needs of the human spirit, as a butterfly, hawking on a gay summer's day over a bank of honey-suckle and wild roses, might be expected to have. She declined to take the slightest interest in the emancipation of her sex, being - as she said - quite unconscious of being enslaved; the Italian peasants continued to wear charming dresses, even though they might be deprived by ~~some~~ imaginative persons of the short of some other necessaries of life; as to the Sermons, ~~for~~ they ~~were~~ were extremely ugly, and, as she added with an irritable wrinkling up of her pretty little nose, they also usually smelt. Poor Mr. ~~Prince Bannerman~~ Eleanor's enthusiasms were met by this radiant young creature with calm common-sense.

It was something curiously baffling to her in her step-daughter's personality. Sometimes the elder woman, whose large and generous nature demanded warm affection and intimate intercourse, would ~~exercise~~ exercise her power to fascinate the girl. Jennie would smile in her brilliant way, and say:— "Mr. now, little mamma, now you are adorable". But when her step-mother went on to entreat for more love, as proof of trust and sympathy, Jennie became bewildered - even ~~contrite~~ coy - and would ~~turn~~ retire, gracefully but ~~decidedly~~ firmly, to the self-exacting society of her gold-fish or canaries. Then Mr. Prince Bannerman would turn away, right round bitterly and turn heavily - metaphorically speaking of course, - into the arms of the socialists, or anti-vivisectionists or any other misery-mongers who happened to be handy at the moment. Step-mothers, poor things, have established a very unenviable reputation

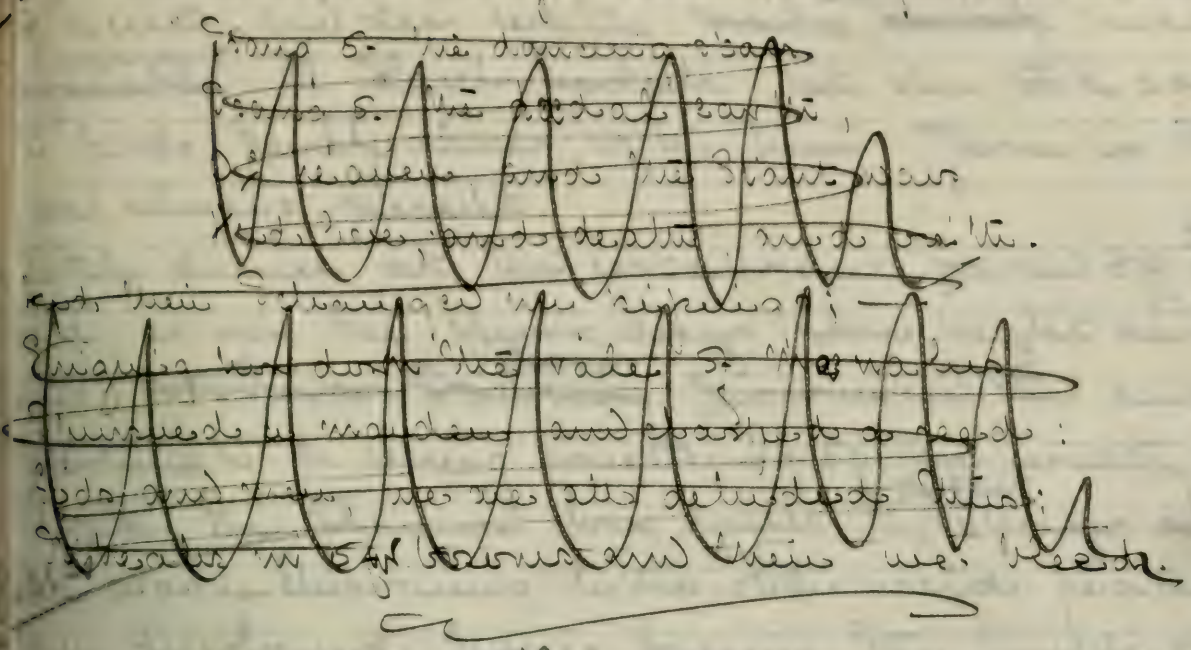
in

in literature. In real life, it may be questioned whether they are not frequently more amused against than among.

Mrs. Pierce. Dunnay's wife was very gay, witty, in Florence. She was admired, fêted, petted. She would have had more than one admirer, whose attentions were weighted with serious intentions; but, the girl hardly had an inclination to be slightly annoyed with administration when it ~~was~~ as ~~such~~ put on an unfortunate complexion. She was as ~~[illegible]~~ spontaneously warm as a kitten, and as untroubled by sentimental perturbations.

Mrs. Pierce. Dunnay's humour meanwhile was changed notably during these two years. Her mind had been invaded by a new idea, which came to hold it with tenacious and intense help and intensity. She wearied of Florence, she began to long for solitude, for silence, for an immunity from the distractions of society. — Pierce Dunnay had made his fortune, and so it felt out that in the autumn of 1876. Mr. Pierce. Dunnay's bachelor miscellaneous ménage removed itself to the comparative retirement of the little red villa.

in which Philip makes an important discovery.



in retrieving his ~~[illegible]~~ you may acquire a habit, and how soon that habit will come to fit you as easily and comfortably as an old glove. Colonel Pudeby had been told on his first arrival at the Villa Mirelli that he would walk up there every day for the best part of the morning first thing, and that ~~[illegible]~~ each recurring visit would prove less irksome to him than the last. He would have refused to credit the statement. And yet in fact he was becoming more than tolerant of that diurnal pilgrimage. I am afraid the Colonel can hardly be acquitted of a charge of procrastination just at this period. Every day he started with an intention of speaking frankly to Mr. Pierce-Dawson about the advisability of a return - for a time, at least, to England. Every day he went back to his hotel at night without having delivered his piece of advice. It was difficult somehow. There never seemed to be a good opening or a fair opportunity. Mr. Pierce-Dawson didn't wish his guest to ~~[illegible]~~ participate in his more private visits. He avoided all journals and intimate communication, and entertained rarely, visits being agreeable on broad general grounds. She

was a clever woman with a considerable habit of society, and she really ~~made~~ was ~~[illegible]~~ uncommonly ~~agreeable~~ pleasant to Colonel Hedley: but, she took care not to find herself alone with him. Jenie or Mr. Innes was always present.

Little dinner at the restaurant passed off ~~charming~~ excellently; and, as now the spring days were bright and long, ~~Mr. Prosser Bramway~~ Eleanor pronounced this an excellent opportunity for seeing something of the country around Venezia. She planned long drives to distant villages ~~along~~ on the coast, - charming little old-world places with tall, discoloured houses facing the purple sea, where dark-eyed girls - women - show in pale ~~pink and blue and~~ white garments, innocent of stays, present a rotundity of outline and ~~exquisite~~ delicately ~~tones~~ tone of ~~colour~~, yellow, pink, ~~and~~ or purple, not unworthy of ~~[illegible]~~ some classic picture. Stand in long lines hauling in the seine - nets ~~up~~ on the ~~shingle~~ ~~sand~~ shelving beach, or lay out their meshes washing to bleach on the rough, grey shingle. The Corniche road ~~[illegible]~~ leaves the ~~coast~~ ~~bare~~ bare shore line sometimes here, ~~for the coast~~, and diverges inland among the ~~pine~~ ~~[illegible]~~ wooded rather, where ~~the~~ nightingales sing; by deep rocky water-courses, where the narcissus ~~grow~~ with its ~~the~~ fragrant flowers - sheaf of sword shaped leaves ~~grows~~ grows down ~~by~~ the stream side, - by orchards where ~~the~~ fruit-trees are all white and pink with innumerable blossoms, and in the ~~[illegible]~~ cool grass beneath them - fresh with the winter rain - the fat velvety ~~flower~~ ~~[illegible]~~ blossoms of the bee-orchid show dark against the full ~~[illegible]~~ rich green. And to all these scenes Jenie Price-Bramway's bright

presence

rence but ~~and~~ an indefinable charm. The girl was so frankly and facilely glad. ~~Certain glamour was coming over Philip Ludeby~~

Certain glamour was coming over Philip Ludeby's spirit. He was in no haste to urge the return to England - Sperzia had faded into the far distance, Pure Mr. Drake might continue his little tour alone. The Colonel was growing curiously reconciled to this lazy way of life; ~~curiously reconciled to his surroundings~~ he was very well entertained, especially when Mr. Inner - is shown ~~he applied~~ in private he ~~applied~~ occasionally applied not very flattering epithets - and his monkey were out of the way. He began to have something warmer than mere toleration for the three large faded ~~rooms at~~ shady rooms at the Villa Nuritti. He was, in fact, insensibly collecting quite a gallery of pleasing ~~little~~ mental pictures, in every one of which the central figure was that of a fair ~~young~~ girl, - leaning lazily back in ~~[illegible]~~ a carriage, her hands full of flowers ~~and the~~ while the fresh sea-winds ruffled her hair; loiter in the sunny terraces under the shade of ~~the~~ a red umbrella; wandering among the tangled luxuriance of the neglected garden; sitting, ~~brilliant and vivid~~ and playing, brilliant vivid music, at the piano, in a dusky corner of the large drawing-room; ~~[illegible]~~ now and then a trifle tired or pensive, asking some small service which it was a kindness privilege to render her. Mr. really Colonel Ludeby was very well entertained just now!. He did not analyse ~~the~~ the situation; but he most distinctly ~~began to~~ appreciated it.

The second Sunday of his stay at Sorzia. ~~Philip Ludeby~~ it

happened that he did not make his way up to the Villas till quite late. Several things detained him, and contributed to induce in him a humour not ~~[illegible]~~ completely in sympathy with the atmosphere of that peculiarly constituted establishment.

The morning, Philip ~~[illegible]~~ fulfilled the duty of attending the English service, held in one of the back rooms of the hotel. There are three separate things which the British Tourist demands, and goes to the hotel which does not hesitate to supply them — no respectable Anglo-Saxon host-ess with an eye to the Main hold!. Two of these things are for the body; the third is for the soul — as ~~[illegible]~~ proportions not without meaning perhaps. The British Tourist must be accommodated with sponge-baths, open fire places, and an English Chaplain. The Hotel manager at Dezzia had early realized the existence of this Trinity of requisites ~~[illegible]~~ on the part of his clients, ~~[illegible]~~ and had done his best to meet these ~~requirements~~. Drake's acquaintance, the little 'fenet-faced' clergy-man officiated; while his attendant ladies, — having apparently desirous of making the most of this apostolic permission, the good man was 'leading about' a wife, a sister, and two sisters-in law — with laudable zeal ~~and also~~ moderation, ~~[illegible]~~ supported by an antiquated and tinny piano, to supply the musical portion of the ~~service~~ performance. The sermon — that unfortunately inevitable incident in the ~~[illegible]~~ Anglican ~~[illegible]~~ church service — consisted of an extempore address on the ~~subject~~ Belshazzar's feast. The subject is sufficiently full

influence ~~the~~ of mysterious suggestion in the original narrative. Unlucky the preacher elected to ~~after~~ treat it from a symbolic point of view. Every thing was diligently explained to mean something else; and in proportion as his grammar became more doubtful and his style more obscure the worthy little man's voices waxed louder and louder, and his aspect became more combative and defiant. He taught he absolutely believed for the a thing of himself entirely manifly suggestive of an exegetical and doctrinal chaos. ~~Genesis~~ Genesis bound to scripture texts is something singularly grateful to the professorial palate in their style of discourse, since one is so frequently fated to hear it. To the unsophisticated layman it is slightly bewildering, ~~some~~ and often but doubtful help towards the understanding of matters ~~spiritual~~ eternal.

Philip Sudely being but a simple-minded person, did not deem any sensible measure of illumination in the latter part ~~radiated~~ of the exercise of the morning. In the afternoon he went in a ~~[illegible]~~ walk among the hills — the ~~afternoon~~ day was radiant, ~~and~~ the air quick with the health of the sea breeze.

Coming off the main road at the outskirts of his town he passed up the steep paved ways between the vine-yard walls to a little village church, with a tall red and yellow painted campanile, ~~[illegible]~~ standing on the hill side about a mile from Sorrja. It was ~~[illegible]~~ the hour for afternoon service. The bells jangled harsh and insistent in the high tower. ~~Whilst~~ On the low walls fronting the ~~[illegible]~~ spaces before the church door ~~[illegible]~~ men sat and lazily chatting and laughing. ~~[illegible]~~

The

village priest — a kindly bright-eyed man in a worn cassock and rusty ~~velvet~~ skull-cap — wandered, his hands clasped behind him, and his all-bearing figure some what bent, from group to group, speaking a word to one and another with genial familiarity.

Under the church, dim ~~[illegible]~~ with the coloured light of ~~[illegible]~~ stained windows and heaped walls, a large company of peasant women sat on knees — the ~~[illegible]~~ gay silk handkerchiefs tied over their heads making them look like a ~~[illegible]~~ great beds of gaudy spring tulips. The air was warm and heavy with a lingering odour of incense, — there was a suppressed murmur of voices, the of footsteps, and rustle of garments.

In character of English traveller Philip ~~[illegible]~~ felt he had a right to look at anything that presented itself. ~~[illegible]~~ He stepped within ~~[illegible]~~ the open church door: but, I grieve to say, there were uncertain uncultivated and protestant tendencies in his spiritual constitution which prevented him being in very warm sympathy with the scene. ~~[illegible]~~ He turned out of doors; and Catholicism, with all its splendour and wide appeal to the imagination, has ~~[illegible]~~ little enough of out of doors about it. It lets in the sunshine through cunningly ~~[illegible]~~ painted glass, on which it has ~~[illegible]~~ portrayed the world the ~~[illegible]~~ ex-: ceptions of the ends and aims of mortal existence. Our friend the Colonel was ~~[illegible]~~ tempted to fancy the white light of truth ~~[illegible]~~ painfully stained ~~[illegible]~~ by passing through this coloured medium.

What as it may, ~~[illegible]~~ he had seen as

much

ch. as he cared too of the village church. He turned up a narrow path at the back of it, and so into passing through the belt of olive trees - whose shimmering ~~shades~~ silvery shade is not so much shade, after all, as ~~delicate~~ brown light, - through aisles of myrtle and tall Mediterranean heaths, in the straight aisles of which the withered blossoms ~~were~~ turned golden brown, ~~[illegible]~~, he reached the outer edge of the pine woods higher on the mountain side.

Below ~~[illegible]~~ lay the ruin, yards and gardens, and the corner of town ~~glass~~ glittering in the keen daylight. Beyond the sea stretched away to the southern horizon. The bells of the little village church clanged out wildly for ~~a minute or two~~ ten minutes more, and then, with a fierce crash and bang, ceased suddenly. No sound broke the silence save the whisper of the wind in the ~~[illegible]~~ pine-trees, rising and falling in a ~~slow~~ soft and rythmic cadence, like that of summer waves on a quiet sandy shore. A great repose, as Sabbath stillness, came over the beautiful land.

Philip suddenly threw himself at full length of the deep brown bed of fallen ~~pine~~ needles. Much as he lay there in the ~~[illegible]~~ warm sunshine looking up at the ~~[illegible]~~ red barked branches and dark glossy foliage of the pine trees outlined clear and sharp against the deep blue-purple of the sky. Pleasant thoughts ~~[illegible]~~ and ~~[illegible]~~ hopes came to him. ~~[illegible]~~ Vaguely hoping that he could hardly have set out in words; yet which brought to his soul deeper meaning than all the ~~[illegible]~~ organ-like profundity of the sermon he

had

listened to that morning, and as larger years and fuller trials that impaged forth in the rich glorious of the church with its warlike pictures and banners down below

e, - let philanthropists and ecclesiastics, and other energetic, misjudging and actively virtuous persons say what they may, - it is very good, at times, to get away into silence and solitude. To get away from all the noise and struggle of man, into his arts and sciences, and magnificent schemes - so often abortive; and his poor little spans of luxurious self-conscious years; and his mixed motives and uneasy efforts. - To get away beyond all history, into the sounds of wailing and battle, their stains of sin and of blood: - beyond all the philosophies with their vain attempts to square the circle and reconcile that which can never be reconciled: - beyond all the formulas and all the creeds, with their bitter hatreds, their arbitrary assertions and negations: - beyond, yes, beyond the very sense of right and wrong itself - back, back to the great serene heart of Nature. A heart beating with primal and exhaustless energy, yet calm and restful; filled with the rapture and repose of limitless power and victorious attainment. It is good to go back and lie on the warm bosom of the eternal mother, the folds of whose garments are the high mountains, whose feet are set in the laughing ocean and whose life is the life of the world. To lie there while the world slips away from the sense of its own paltry joys and sorrows, from the narrow hopes and fears of the individual life; to be

wonderment with the glorious order of created things, — the flesh and spirit no longer conscious of weary fighting and division, — to dream of the everlasting mystery of birth and growth, and of the pulses of strength and of the failing of strength; and of decay; and of the mystery of transmuted force, of life again returning out of death to begin once more the ceaseless round of existence anew. To dream of the mystery of night and morning, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, rain and shine, while through all the constitly ages the Eternal Wisdom and Goodness broods for ever over the broad bright lands and sea. — "What is man that thou art mindful of him"? Go back, back to the mother of all, and listen, lest peradventure she may speak to you.

Slip Cudeby lying there, under the pine-trees, in the afternoon sunshine, had a perception of unspeakable trust and confidence, of belief in a final reconciliation far away, far off out of mortal sight. For a little space he dimly grasped the strange secret of the Buddhist Nirvana, — that state of acquiescent contemplation, ~~without movement without pain~~ painlessness and impersonal, without movement, without desire, which in the estimation of some of the ~~wisest~~ purest spirits constitutes the highest conception of perfect and enduring bliss. "Thanks God for this beautiful world", he said to himself quietly and reverently.

The sun was sloping towards the West, and the shadows were growing long, when he rose up at last. Voices of the peasants making their way back from the village church ~~so~~ came up ~~from~~ on the

sea.

...heard from the winding bridle path below. The rabbit, indeed, was broken, but the unfortunate it had made remained for a while yet. Philip wandered down towards the vineyards, amazed, filled with a solemn gladness — like a man who has seen a vision and spoken, face to face, with the gods.

Ah alas! These happy moments of clear insight and illumination are but moments after all. The discords of our over civilized and artificial life soon drown the music of the spheres; the fair face of heaven is too soon obscured again by storm of passion; while jealousy, self-will, hatred and fear, like evil beasts, rush up and trample under foot the fruit-full land. "Man never continues in one stay" — which is, after all, extremely fortunate for the dramatists and writers of fiction. Let us console ourselves! for indeed life at this admirably ideal level would interfere fatally with our excellent system of large profits and quick returns.

Such suddenly as he loitered among the olives, thought that perhaps he would not go up to the Villa Rustelli at all that evening. The silent hour on the mountain-side had done much to loosen the chain of habit that was fastening on him. He was aware of a sudden sense of absolute relief from the life of the villa — from Mrs. Price-Dauncey with her say secret and dark beauty; from Bertie Jones with his soft voice and air of a mild Mephistopheles. He had drunk deep of the cup of nature. He could hardly go straight back and drink their thin "vin ordinaire",

uisaire", and listen to the social gossip of a lady who was more than half in love with a gentleman of rather shady antecedents, who in his part was greatly desired to adore her esp. daughter. The good Colonel, you see, permitted himself, to state the case as tersely just then, and the contrast it offered to his late emotion was too glaring. He paused, with a slight movement of disgust. Leaned against the gnarled grey trunk of one of the old oaks, and felt for his cigar-case. He had been a good deal moved. A smoke would steady him.

Suddenly, he muttered, "Dame not quite in the humour for these people just now".

In saying this the Colonel was conscious of making a mental reservation. "These people" did not include Jenia Price-Dauncey, somehow. He thought, with a sense of relief, of the girl's bright, glancing looks and guileless laughter. She was as fresh, and natural, and far from all subtle undercurrent of sinister meaning as the resinous scent of the pine-trees or the babble and glitter of the mountain streams.

"I wonder understand it all well enough", he thought. His clear eyes softened and he smiled quietly to himself. "She would never strike a false note, or be out of tune with there sort of feeling".

Mrs Sudeley's smile broadened a little. It changed its character from tenderness to amusement.

"I wonder which of my feelings she would be out

...t of time with; through" he added. "I am afraid I am beginning to be as little too much aware of that young lady. Is it possible that she is growing ~~[illegible]~~ dangerous?"

...alked on down the hillside, not looking very carefully where he was going, but ~~just~~ following mechanically along the path.

"They do go back to England half a dozen good-looking young fellows with her over head and ears in love with her in the first month".

...as surprising how vindictive ~~[illegible]~~ he felt at the thought of those same good-looking young fellows.

"Why the devil shouldn't they be in love with her? What more ~~reasonable~~ reasonable — and what possible success is it of mine?"

...ddenly stopped dead. The vision had faded. He was no longer face to face with the gods. But he was face to face with something which at moments is hardly less overpowering and incomprehensible, perhaps, than the presence of divinity would be; — he was face to face with his own heart. He was ~~[illegible]~~ conscious of a keen self-revelation, which filled him both with pain and pleasure — with a ~~[illegible]~~ sense of exhilaration and yet of remediable folly.

"I am in love", he said. "I, at eight and forty — I, who have never cared for a woman in that way since Cecilia Murray — I, who reckoned myself as safe as a church — an elderly friend and adviser, interested of course, filled with a sort of fatherly regard. I am in love — in love with a beautiful girl of barely twenty".

~~[illegible]~~ He was aware of strangely conflicting emotions —

nature. It is so keenly pleasurable to have strings of vivid sensations: — to let the imagination dwell on one faces and forms, which seem to gather up in itself the lovely purpose, unnumbered hopes, the delights of untold possibilities. And when the faces and forms in question are those of a young girl, innocent, inexperienced, before whom the years stretch out as a land of promise, flowing with milk and honey - there is indeed an inexplicable charm in the picture!. Human hands to write noble poems on the blank pages of the maiden's book of life; to keep it free from all stains or stains, from all knowledge of sin, and sorrow, and disgrace. There is a palpable of reverence, almost of piety mingling with the love of an honest man for a pure girl, which makes it the most exquisite, perhaps, of all human sentiments. ~~"He is the first that ever burst with that silent sea"~~. He is the first that ever burst with that silent sea," — and in that thought there is, for certain natures poetic raptures, an aroma fresh as that of mountain flower, a living delight as in the health of the wind of morning.

Philip Sudeley drew himself up to his full height. He rejoiced in his fine physical health, in his vigour of body as he walked rapidly along the deep paved lane between the vine-yard walls. He was still in his prime, ~~[illegible]~~! Mr. Pierce Dauncey herself had told him so, — and it was true.

But these gracious thoughts did not last long.

Where

in and sadden over followed + practical considerations of disagreeable urgency. Reason critically examined the situation, and clearly appeared disinclined to strengthen the bands of emotion and desire. Eight and twenty years is a wide interval between the respective ages of wife and husband. Not only is the disparity ~~intolerable~~ ungraceful: but, Colonel suddenly realized bitterly that it might ~~[illegible]~~ amount to being ~~[illegible]~~ actually perilous. He was not a vain man, and was not disposed to over-estimate his own powers of attraction. Then, too, his quick appreciation of what is natural harmonious ~~[illegible]~~ influenced him. Perhaps, unnecessarily at this juncture. The high value he set on the freshness and ~~[illegible]~~ spontaneity, which were such conspicuous qualities in Jessie, made the idea of her marrying a man whom it would be absurd to call anything but middle-aged almost unbearably incongruous. Philip revolted from anything in human relations which appeared to him distorted, or approaching, ever so faintly, to what he would have called grotesque.

~~[illegible]~~

"Except old man with a beautiful young woman tied to him is a hideous object", he mutter out at last. "People sentimentalize over it and call it ~~[illegible]~~ touching and pathetic, — it is disgusting. Do I want to condemn a pretty woman, some fifteen years ~~[illegible]~~ younger, when she is at her best, to hitch me up in bed of a night, and reduce me into gruel, and helping to wrap warm round my ~~[illegible]~~ gouty old feet — and perhaps — there's no saying how low one may fall at

last

"to walking ~~[illegible]~~ about by my table d'hôte chair at
some beastly watering-place".
and Rudolf shook himself.
"Ah! disgusting" he said. "No, no, I'm no fool
ever to have thought of it. It's all utter folly
and madness. — Somebody ought to clap me
into a lunatic asylum. A man's not fit to
be about horses who is liable to lose his head
in this sort of way".
and Rudolf dined by himself in the restaurant
that evening. He did not feel in the humour to meet
the ferret-faced clergyman and his following and
the other miscellaneous collection of guests at
the table-d'hôte. He sat alone at a little table,
by a large French window standing open onto
the hotel garden. There was a sound of many feet
in the main street of the town as the
sun sank down in. Companies of young men strolled
up and down, singing together in full deep voices
a wild, wailing chant, which seemed to speak
of "old unhappy things, and battles long
ago". Then suddenly there came a snatch
of violin music, dying again — as
the player passed on between the high
painted houses — into silence into a plaintive
lingering cry. The walls porter, in long green
coat plentifully decorated with gold lace, briskly lighted the numerous gas-lamps
in the square garden; stopping now and again
to exchange a word or two with the Colonel's
black-headed little waiter, who had dawdled
out napkin on arm to take a survey of
things in general between the courses. There
was a blending of light and movement and
rich

colour, and light. resulted laughter, ~~and~~ with more suggestions of age, and weariness, and regret hardly ever absent from Italian scenes. The country is too ancient, it measures too much, ~~and~~ the life of today merely plays like a fitful indifference on the great stream of memories which ~~which~~ sweeps ~~in amongst~~ past us with such awful strength and indifference.

This ~~[illegible]~~ had left peace ~~of~~ among the semi-woods on the still slopes of the Apennines. The war came again, crashing, crushing forward generation after generation, ~~through the~~ down the manifold ages of history: — the same stories told over and over again through ~~and~~ an endless procession of human life; the last, the man of today, troubled with the same questions, the same ~~to~~ maddening terrors, the same degrading necessities and as far away too, apparently, from the ~~[illegible]~~ ideal of ~~[illegible]~~ absolute truth, as the stern dark ~~the~~ old Roman's of the Republic; or the splendid and licentious Romans of the empire; or the savage hordes of ~~the~~ barbarians Goths, and Franks and Lombards — or the semi chivalrous children of the Middle Ages — or the glittering, rapturous sons and daughters of the Renaissance — or the weary watchers for the dawn of returning liberty in the long, sad night of Austrians and Papal supremacy. — Well fed, well clothed, well off, solidly English, sitting comfortably at dinner at the open windows of a modern hotel, and looking out calmly into the narrow street of a ~~very~~ unimportant Italian town, as still haunted and oppressed with as

perceptions

...ption of these things. The part seemed to
...en-shadow and absorb ~~overshadow~~ him, ~~to threaten~~
...threatening to ~~overshadow~~ swallow up
...is individuality. Thousands of men had wander-
...ed along the flowery paths of love, all unsuspecting,
...as he had. Thousands of men had ~~turned away~~
...staked their life's happiness on a woman's smile
...and the clasp of a woman's hand. Thousands
...had turned away disappointed, sick at heart,
...crushed with unsatisfied desire. Day sure,
...thousands had got all they dreamed of or
...hoped for, and, in the end there of, wearily and
...worn. It was the old, old story over again. —
...The black-headed waiter, who had found
...conversation agreeable rather to the neglect of
...his obvious duties, hurried in suddenly.
"Shall Monsieur the Colonel have dessert? There
...was an excellent compôte of fruit?"
"Monsieur the Colonel would not have
dessert — Monsieur the Colonel had arrived at
conclusion. He went up to his own room and
dressed himself for the evening with scrupulous
precision. He stopped a moment in the hall
on coming down again and asked the porter for
a light for his cigar. The man brought it, and
then remarked, as he helped ~~the~~ Philip on
with his over-coat.
"They have company at the Villas Mortfeli
to-day. The English lady, a little boy and
a maid. Antonio, Madame Pierce-Dawway's
servant — who no doubt like Monsieur had often
been — has been down to secure rooms for
them".
Lord Inderby did not ~~pa~~ bestow much attention
upon

on this announcement, he was busy with his own thoughts. He was going to tell Mrs. Price-Dawney that, as she had honoured him with her confidence, he would strongly urge upon her the advisability of an immediate journey to England. He was also going to say Good-bye. He had settled definitively to go on to Spezia to-morrow.

Chap XI.

~~[illegible]~~

A s'mid night..

Good resolutions are a pleasant crop to sow. The seeds spring up so readily, the blossoms open so soon and make such a brave show – specially just at first. We are full of self-congratulation! we point to our patch of garden ground with ~~[illegible]~~ pardonable pride, and ask if anything ever promised better. But when the time of flowers has passed, as to the fruit?.. Well, it must be admitted that the fruit has a bad habit of maturing but slowly; ~~[illegible]~~ and that the worst of it is it does before it is well ripe. Every body knows what an unsatisfactory thing worldly fallen fruit is. After all the trouble it has given us in the earlier stages of growth, we grudge to let it ~~[illegible]~~ lie on the ground and rot; and yet if, in an economical spirit, we gather it together and eat it, it has an undeniable tendency to prove unwholesome, and produces that inelegant and painful disorder vulgarly ~~[illegible]~~ known as the colic.

Lily Pudeby's good resolutions were in very full bloom ~~[illegible]~~ as he walked up on that Sunday evening to the little red villa. In saying this the writer does not, for a moment,

to raise a smile at the Colonel's expense. Far from
it. ~~to~~ To those who look ~~below~~ below the ~~sur~~ surfaces and
recognize how very seldom men and women ~~are willing~~
to actually sacrifice their own desires to the ruling of
an idea, there is something ~~very~~ fine in such as
Jeanie's disinterestedness of purpose, in ~~the~~ her
voluntary self-abnegation, in her readiness to do
~~violence~~ violence to her own feelings if by the doing
of such violence he can preserve ~~contradiction~~
~~[illegible]~~ what appears to him an ideal fitness
of things. There is a grain of heroism, surely, in an
~~honest~~ honest acknowledgement of one's own
inabilities, — a heroism all the more rare of
attainment because unsurrounded with romance
and glamour, because not in the very heart existing.
Jeanie boldly had determined to stand aside, to efface
herself, not so much as to hint at her own feelings.
They were strong, ~~[illegible]~~ — strong enough in all conscience,
as he proved to himself, almost with shame, — but
he himself was ~~[illegible]~~ stronger. He looked the matter
fairly in the face, judged it and turned away.
He thought it would be little short of dishonorable
to trade upon Jeanie's innocence and inexperience, to
use his love, still more her age ~~and~~ or loneliness as a
claim upon her pity... The Colonel, by the way,
accredited Jeanie with a number of virtues, of
the existence of which ~~[illegible]~~ her conduct
and conversation had given her limited indication.
But, then, lovers have a ~~[illegible]~~ proverbial
power of ~~raising pyramids of straws~~
~~[illegible]~~ balancing
inverted ~~[illegible]~~ pyramids, going to sea in ~~[illegible]~~ and
successfully performing other feats of a kindred
nature, impossible to a faithless and unbelieving
generation

vation. —
he young girl must go to England, he thought. She was pretty enough and original enough to make a distinguished marriage. She should marry some man young, brilliant, hopeful as herself. And then that small voice, which is not the voice of conscience, but the voice of something quite the reverse of conscience — devout persons have gone so far as to fancy it the voice of Satan himself — when this voice began to suggest objections to such an inconvenient question: — where, for instance, it enquired, "What and if this imaginary brilliant young man turn out a gambler, or a profligate, or a drunkard"? — Philip Audley remained firm and clear sighted. The fate which lay before Jessie, in the future, it was no business of his to predict. God knew; and it was not for him, Philip Audley, to indulge his own passion under the specious pretence of acting special providence to her, and protecting her from possible trouble. His duty was to leave her free, free as the air! Here, of the spring night. To speak his mind fearlessly to Mr. Price Dawway, and then go away and forget. — for Philip had no morbid craving to pose as a martyr, or to hug a useless regret — that he had ever come near being romantic due to the captivating young lady from her father's old and faithful friend. As personal appearance went Philip had rarely shown to greater advantage than he did on this occasion. The fighting light had come into his blue eyes and his jaw was set and square. Strong emotion, in some men, produces a singular effect.

that was the right course for him to pursue the Colonel

it of gentle. It refined and chastened the face. The school boy was six or eight years under his actual age, as he walked up rapidly through the sheltered river-shore among leaves where the warning moonlight touched them seemed like a thin rain of silver.

Turning a sharp path across the vineyards you avoided the many zig-zags of the carriage-road. The path comes on the right and at the foot of the terraces on which the house stands; and, passing along close under the wall of massive masonry, joins the main road some twenty yards further on at the bottom of the final ascent.

Lewis suddenly reached the end of the path and turned along under the wall he heard voices on the terrace immediately above him. He could not see the speakers, owing to their position and the intervening screen of leaves. Lewis he was always a very well meaning young man — not good-looking, and not very sharp, you know. We saw a great of him at one time — more, in fact than I really wished — not that I want to say a word against him, pray understand that; he was perfectly inoffensive."

He suddenly recognised a slight shock. The voice of woman's, how mellowing alternately querulous and threatening in the tones of which struck him as unpleasant yet dimly familiar.

"But it must be the same", he heard Mr. Ames answer, — there was no mistaking his soft utterance. "The description tallies admirably, except in one particular".

"What

at particular?" — This drawly by the woman.
i sometimes a little offensive now, at least to me,
dear Kent. But people must develop, you know, in
twenty years. — He is still not very sharp, as you
put it, and is eminently respectable".
Mr Sudeley walked on quickly out of hearing. He
had an instinct that the foregoing ~~[illegible]~~ conversa-
tion concerned him pretty nearly. Taken all round
it was not a flattering piece of criticism; still he
derived a peculiar, if unchristian satisfaction from
the knowledge that his ways offensive at times to
Mr Nettie Jones. — But that woman's voice?.. He
could not fit a name or personality to it, and yet
he became momentarily more and more convinced that
he remembered it very well. He ~~[illegible]~~ walked fast
along the vineyards path, cutting ~~[illegible]~~ impatiently at
the straggling weeds ~~[illegible]~~ by the side of it as
he did so, and then turned to the right up the carriage
road. The ~~[illegible]~~ steep slope
of the ground compelled him to slacken his pace.
He were reaching and barking up at the old reservoir,
among the tall green canes in the gulley on the
left, and the sharp metallic note of the ~~[illegible]~~
locusts came from the woods further; but, Colonel
Sudeley, with all his lines of nature, was not in
the right humour to find pleasure in these things.
His pride rebelled against the ~~[illegible]~~ false position
in which he found himself. The fact of having
overheard something not intended for his ears was
intensely annoying to him. That woman's voice
~~[illegible]~~ troubled him. All the uncomfortable
side of life at the Villa Mortichi, which had ~~[illegible]~~ nearly
~~[illegible]~~ faded out of the range of his vision during
the last ten days, suddenly rushed into the fore-
ground

made against, with the trees distinct enough. The lines of duty and wisdom had shrouded pleasant enough when he left Jerzica some half hour ago: but now they seemed to grow somewhat confused and blurred. He felt suspicious, vaguely disturbed. This movement of suspicion extended itself even to the beautiful night. The grasshopper became a burden, the frogs with their ever lasting chatter an absolute nuisance. The scent of the orange-hair wandering down on the wind from the darkened gardens beyond the house, was sickly in its sweetness. There was a magical influence about the night, as baffling and perplexing as the dim sense of familiarity which that woman's voice had evoked.

At top of the hill Colonel Sudeley paused. The scene before him was a quaint and fantastic one. The usually sober little red villas seemed fairies to have put on a gala dress. The terraces stretched away, bathed in pale moonlight, some were as broad shafts of pure pristine and yellower light streamed out across it from the hall door. The gardens was gay with a number of little coloured paper lanterns, swaying gently in the breeze, and throwing here and there in high relief the blossom and foliage of the adjacent shrubs, with spaces of darkey shadow between. From the garden came a sound of voices. But that which specially arrested Colonel Sudeley's attention was a pair of white figures on the terrace directly in front of him, — one that of a girl, the other of a child some five or six years old. The two were playing

Ligettus

together, running lightly to and fro, laughing and calling to each other in tones fresh and clear as bird-notes. There was a weird unearthly effect in these pale flitting figures. For a few seconds, watching the twilight & light streaming out from the door-way, they would become materialized, invest ~~the~~ flesh and blood; then stepping back into the moonlight again, they instantly regained ~~their~~ a vague ethereal character.

Philip fascinated; ~~the~~ he stood still watching them. Under the circumstances it was difficult to know exactly how to act. He could not bring himself to walk up calmly to the young lady in the midst of her mystic evolutions, and greet her with some stereotyped remark upon the state of the weather. His heart made him recoil instinctively from so very unimaginative a mode of procedure. And there was something more restraining than mere good taste in Philip's just now. He was in that heightened state of moral and emotional consciousness, in which conventional ways of conducting oneself are quite the least easy or obvious. Seeing Janie again in the light of the confession he had so lately made to himself, the poor colonel was almost painfully aware how much she was to him, how delightful he found her presence, what a tender and yet penetrating value her every look and action had for him — how terribly sweet it would be ~~[illegible]~~ to hold her in his arms, to hold and keep her forever next his heart. And yet as she laughed with merry meaningless laughter, and ran with light quick foot-steps after the laughing child, she seemed cruelly beyond his reach — a creature of some young fair-off ideal world! — Yes, love was indeed working. In Philip suddenly the dear, tremulous, delicious heart-ache had fairly begun

ance, and I, for my part, entirely refuse to
ilty him. The piteous moment only comes for each
one of us when that happy passion is
cured for ever.

Suddenly the child set off running straight
long the terrace, looking back and calling to the
young girl behind him as he ran. Catching sight
perfectly of Colonel Luderby's tall dark figure
in front of him, the boy swerved with a shriek
y of fright, and would have fallen headlong, if Philip had not stepped forward
and caught him by the arm.

"Hush, my little man," he said kindly, "or we
shall have you tumbling on your head."

He paused on hearing the child's cry. She stood
still for a moment, and put up one hand, with an
instinctive movement to smooth the curls of her
thick hair. Then she came forward slowly. The
moonlight fell softly upon her straight slender figure.
Her head was thrown back and
there was a charming half-defiant smile on
her face.

A desirable blossom which had shown no trace
of Philip Luderby's patch of good resolutions
wilted and faded miserably at this juncture.
In point of time, if it ever comes to perfection, promised
to be a detestably bitter mouthful. He was rapidly
passing out of the region in which a man thinks
and reasons, into that far more interesting and also far
more dangerous one in which he merely feels. He will
fight gallantly with the rising tide of his own
passion. He would go away
to-morrow. It would be folly and worse than folly
to ask this mere child to marry him,

and

— yet, how he could have loved her! — How gladly he would have consecrated all his life to her service. With what fullness of satisfaction he could have bore her off from this crowded hot suggestive Italian land, and watched her nature unfold its full sweetness in the long still English summer days, in the broad green country and the innocent northern sunshine. He fancied the girl would be far more at home at Deer Park stately old Barnet Darcy than in the sultry artificial glamour of the Villa Martelli.

This flashed through Philip Ludlow's mind as Jessie, in flowing white garments, came forward in the cool moonlight. The garden with its tawdry coloured lanterns, its jet pale murmur of [illegible], and tinkle of coffee cups, lay behind her. She was stepping westward away from it and all that it implied — away from Bertie Jones and his sub-acid humour, away from Mr. Pierce-Dauncey and her [illegible] dark, restless affection, away from unknown bachelor with hoarse half-remembered voices, away from that little wanton evil spirit of a monkey — away from all that was [illegible] towards the peaceful and gracious solemnity of the spring night — and towards him.

Old Ludlow dropped the boy's hands, which had rested in his. He put the child gently away from him and stood waiting. His eyes were very clear and steady, but there was a certain pain in his expression, — as of one to whom a good gift is offered, yet who [illegible] would, for very delight in it, be reluctant to put from his hand and take.

it.

The little ~~boy~~ boy, who did not apparently at all
hide his indifference to Philip's ~~[illegible]~~ part
of his own social presence, ran up to Jessie, and
pulled at her dress, saying: —

"Who is he? What does he want? Don't let us stop
playing because of him".

She looked fully at the colonel for a ~~[illegible]~~ minute,
then she ~~[illegible]~~ bent down towards the upturned
face of the child, and said, with ~~a~~ her peculiarly
clear and detached enunciation: —

"Then, Johnnie, and I will tell you who he is. He is
a kind friend, and a famous soldier. He has seen
great battles and strange countries. And he never
hide ~~out~~ when he was a little boy and nearly fell
down on the gravel. — And", she went on, very ~~gently~~ softly; he
promised to help me to get away from the little red
ribbon and go to England, but I am afraid he has
forgotten ~~[illegible]~~ all about that".

"I don't want you to go away, Jessie", ~~replied~~ ~~cried~~ returned the
boy, promptly. Evidently he regarded most things
from a ~~[illegible]~~ personal standpoint. "I want you
to stay here and play with me".

Suddenly came ~~[illegible]~~ and stood ~~[illegible]~~
near ~~[illegible]~~ Jessie. Her words had been wonderfully
pleasant to him. She ~~[illegible]~~ rested one hand on the boy's shoulder,
with the other pushed back the heavy mass of
brown hair from his forehead, and all the while
looked up with something between amusement
and appeals at the man standing opposite to
her.

Philip felt a quickening of the pulse, and an
certain intoxication of the senses such as he had

a long day.

mmm pr ~~[illegible]~~ many ~~[illegible]~~. He would go — yes
, he would go — but, ~~[illegible]~~ still it was not in human
ature to cut short the present moment.
. still want ~~to go~~ to get away to England very much then"? he
ked.
n't care so much about it tonight", she answered,
still patting her hand over the boy's hair, "because
ane answered. But to-morrow, or the first day it
rains, or Bertie is cross, or Mamma has a headache
I shall want to go as much as ever".
ide of ~~[illegible]~~ relying, was rising, rising in Philip ~~[illegible]~~
ty, but he struggled ~~against~~ with it ~~[illegible]~~ manfully.
~~[illegible]~~.
ane came ~~[illegible]~~, to-night, on purpose to speak
, Mr. Pierce-Dauncey on that subject", he said.
ought to have done so sooner, but the days
ane slipped by and I have had no suitable
opportunity. I did not forget all the same".
e looked down and gently patted the child's
ulder.
s not fancy you are one of ~~the~~ people who easily
rget their ~~[illegible]~~ promises, Colonel Hudeby. ~~I~~ I said
s just now, I don't quite know why — but I do not
really think it".
ip took a long breath. He had some difficulty in
~~[illegible]~~ replying as calmly and unconcernedly as he wished
to.
must n't speak to me like that, Miss Pierce-
-Dauncey", he said. ~~[illegible]~~ "It makes it rather hard for me to say
to you that which I came here to say".
e glanced up quickly & attentively.
came come to bid you good-bye", he went on
doggedly. "I am obliged to leave for Spezzia to-
morrow."

word".

The receipt of that journey to Persia had become to Philip in the last hour, a formula in which he instinctively took refuge. So with the words held a world of meaning other and above the actual statement.

"Mr. Drake", said the girl. Her expression altered curiously. "I don't care for Mr. Drake".

"Drake!", said Philip — "Eh! I'm afraid there is a good deal more in it than can justly be put down to his account".

"You will come back again"?. Jessie spoke with a man's engaging little air of entreaty.

Philip suddenly shook his head rather sadly.

"Think not", he answered.

The girl turned away almost petulantly. Her soft white skirt swept against Philip as he stood by her, and stirred the loose gravel, as she moved, with a quick rattling sound. She threw herself forward, leaning her elbows on the low terrace wall, and looked out over the dim vineyards into the deep purple of the night. Her attitude showed very markedly the supple beauty of her figure — the strong delicate lines of the back from shoulder to waist, and the graceful curve of her well-set hips under her fitting white bodice.

"No use, Stan," she said, "Mamma will never go to England if you leave her to herself. She will stay, and stay, and stay. I do not know how it is, but Italians who people have been some time in Italy they cannot go away. They are under a spell. They must remain. Mamma is like

Wait.

is. If you leave us we shall stay here always. – Don't go, Colonel Rudolph", she ~~exclaimed~~ cried suddenly standing up and turning to him. "Or if you won't go come back soon again. Every thing has been so much pleasanter since you came. Mamma has been delightful to me, we have had no little scenes. And as to Bertie's melancholy, it did not matter. That comes one does to think about". She spoke very simply and frankly looking up into her companion's face. One thing that helped to make this young lady so truly captivating was ~~her~~ an apparent absence of all self-consciousness. There was no ~~slow~~ effect of straightforwardness in her little speeches which, especially when she had been ~~of any sort~~ of coquetry.

Philip, he was hardly pleased. If there was a studied egotism in Jenny's request, he did not very carefully consider it. It was enough that the fair young creature, standing there within a yard of him, begged him not to ~~do~~ desert her, told him her days were pleasanter for his coming, trusted him then in her beautiful and fearless innocence. The moment was a critical one. Just then, however, the ~~little~~ boy, who had smiled ~~very~~ mischievously at their interview, in which his usually ~~[illegible]~~ personality seemed to count ~~[illegible]~~ for nothing, lost patience altogether and broke into open remonstrance.

"Come along, Jenny", he said, pulling at her hand. "Let's go and play. Or else take me to mother. I want to go to mother".

Bertie Huer came out of the garden. He ~~stood~~ ~~[illegible]~~ leaning against the gate-post for a few seconds, watching the little group at the far end of the terrace, and then sauntered slowly towards them.

"Come

along, Jennie, - don't you know? Do come" shouted
the boy. The corners of his mouth began to turn
down in an ~~very~~ ominous fashion.
"Don't cry", she ~~exclaimed~~ answered quickly. "I do not like
children when they cry".
The critical moment ~~[illegible]~~ was over. Which suddenly
returned timidly to settle again. He had been surely
tempted, but he had resisted the temptation. He
would be true to that best he could see.
"Do talk to Mr. Price. Dearest", he said to Jennie.
"You will trust me to do my best?"
"Yes;" ~~[illegible]~~ "As to that I trust you very
fully. But, all the same, we shall ~~[illegible]~~ stay on
here indefinitely if you go away".
"I must go away", ~~said~~ Philip spoke gently and gravely, looking
very full at the charming young girl. "I ~~[illegible]~~ must
go for a very simple reason — I dare not stay".

The joys of reunion.

"My dear Jessie", Mr. Innes began, ~~[illegible]~~ languidly as soon as he was within ~~speaking~~ comfortable speaking distance: ~~[illegible]~~: ~~[illegible]~~ – are you disposed to perpetuate an act of virtue and go and warm Cousin ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor? He is becoming a little nervous, I am ~~[illegible]~~ ~~already~~ quite nervous already. – You are eminently welcome, Colonel Sudeley", he added, with gracious ~~[illegible]~~ emphasis. "Some relations of mine have just kindly come to see me today. We have not as much in common as one could wish – my fault, of course, I am – and though family affection goes a long way, and fills up many gaps, conversation now is becoming the least shade difficult. I have been looking forward to your arrival with longing and hope. Would you come and say something to them? We should all unite in a movement of ~~[illegible]~~ gratitude unfeigned".

"I will be very happy to make my self useful" said Philip, stiffly. He ~~[illegible]~~ detested Mr. Innes with amazing cordiality at that moment.

It is no good of "you;– ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~. Then

he

addressed to Jennie, at whom he had glanced more than once while speaking. "I wonder if you know how exceedingly becoming that dress is?" he remarked, in a meditative manner.

"It can not matter whether I know it or not;" — she replied quickly.

"What people do, you mean", continued Mr. Amer, still looking at her, and lifting his eyebrows slightly. "Commends me to your fundamental good-sense, Jennie! It never deserts you".

"I do not say that", [illegible] answered, with some warmth. "Oh! no, of course not, [illegible] If you had it would have tended to disprove my statement with irritating rapidity. But you leave nothing to be understood. Your taste is always admirable."

"It is more than can be said of your own, at times, Mr. Amer", [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible].

A number of subtle [illegible] dangers of telling had contributed to [illegible] Philip's self-control. [illegible] He was bitter and [illegible] hurt his temper pretty thoroughly. "That fellow, with his [illegible] and warm insinuations, wishes to make her an artificial and unbelieving as he is himself", he thought; and, thus he added mentally certain decrees concerning Mr. Amer's future destiny, considerably more vigorous than polite.

He meanwhile, stood at home, [illegible] with an air of [illegible] interested surprise. "Pure was comes in to take a garden", he said. "Perhaps it would be safer. Her eyes is [illegible] expressive; and medical men say that moonlight is dangerous. It affects the

intelligence in some cases. Shall we come"?.
Some things are more acutely irritating than that
when persons should ~~[illegible]~~ triumphantly retain
the dignity of demeanour when you are conscious
of having ~~[illegible]~~ lost your own. Bertie Howes
practised this pleasing form of torture frequently
upon the members of his acquaintance. He entirely
agreed to be ruffled; he became ~~[illegible]~~ gentler
and more serenely polite and gracious that it was all.
He ~~[illegible]~~ was perfectly ready to pardon small insolences
~~[illegible]~~ and help those that cursed him; and
this, not because his spirit was penetrated with a
conviction of the inestimable value of the graces of
humility, but simply because it was not worth
while to get excited. Men and things were profoundly
unsatisfactory. This world is a most unsuccessful
speculation — bound to go wrong and purse as bore.
To ~~be~~ genuinely get excited or ~~[illegible]~~ angry,
implied that you had expected things to go
right and were proportionately disappointed. It was
~~[illegible]~~ under-, it was exquisitely foolish to
be disappointed; and if there was one thing Mr.
Howes dreaded it was being foolish. He did not dread
anything else very much. He was under the impression
that he had ~~[illegible]~~ taken the measure of the
possible evils which could befall him — He believed
he was equal to meeting them. He had not very
much, he thought ~~[illegible]~~ either to gain or to lose,
barring his belief in his own personality. That
would be a sickly loss and intolerable one.
As ~~for~~ to Colonel Lindsay, Bertie ~~[illegible]~~ had a
considerable respect for him. ~~[illegible]~~. He fancied
that he understood the three main ~~[illegible]~~ character traits
completely. He knew quite well that Colonel Lin-
dsay

by dilitered him, but it would have appeared about as reasonable to Bertie to be annoyed with him on these grounds as to be annoyed with rain for raining with deliberation, or with a spider for exercising a diet of flies. People are the result of their circumstances, of inheritance, ~~[illegible]~~ nationality, education. To be offended with them, poor dears, for what they cannot possibly help, for sympathetic and antipathetic traces of their choosing and beyond their control is simply absurd. And so it comes about that materiality and real parsian creed produces some aspects of the highest christian endurance and toleration, — a really admirable glad suffering of fools, combined with a beautiful absence of any vindictive desire to wax the said fools in motion, ~~[illegible]~~ with the ~~[illegible]~~ intention of grinding the folly ~~[illegible]~~ out of them.

Immediate consequence of Mr. Amer's ~~[illegible]~~ philosophy on the present occasion was that he entertained his companion with agreeable conversation ~~and~~ as they walked slowly after Jessie and the little boy down the length of the terrace ~~[illegible]~~. His face was mild and ~~[illegible]~~ serious, his manner calm and soothing. He ribbed the Colonel as one treats a slightly insane patient, who should be agreed with and humoured. Bertie ~~[illegible]~~ dawdled, listened, gazed down over the terrace wall at the rural yards and at the town below. ~~[illegible]~~ did his best, in fact, to lengthen out the little walk as much as possible, and completely to engage Colonel Sudely's attention.

~~[illegible]~~ attention.

Philip's wealth already ~~[illegible]~~ under these blandishments. He ~~[illegible]~~ mingle he had seen as little rough on Mr. Inner; ~~[illegible]~~. He did not care to emphasize that movement of roughness. He had plenty on his hands already, without complicating matters by a brush with this ~~[illegible]~~ imperturbable young gentleman. He dawdled too, and listened very civilly to Mr. Inner's advice as to the best way of seeing Italy, and other kindred matters, while his eye followed Jessie's retreating figure with ~~[illegible]~~ lingering ~~[illegible]~~ with jealousy. They went in at the ~~[illegible]~~ dilapidated gate of the garden. Bertie was saying: —

"I should come in as visitor, you know. Florence is visitance is delightful in winter. And there is generally interesting society there, society that ~~[illegible]~~ represents a good deal of material to the imagination. Yes, you should see it, Colonel Sudely. You would form an element — perhaps a new one. Society would be obliged to you. By the way, my cousin Mrs. Kamble who is here a visitor could tell you a lot about Florence. She was there a good deal a few years ago, before ~~[illegible]~~ her husband poor Eugene died. There were original traits in Eugene's character. Mrs. Kamble had ~~[illegible]~~ some experiences, strange, while she lived in Florence."

And Sudely happened to look ~~at~~ hard at ~~[illegible]~~ Bertie Inner as the latter finished speaking. His thoughts had been engaged with ~~[illegible]~~ some ~~[illegible]~~ somewhat perturbating personal considerations, ~~[illegible]~~ and he

had

hardly noticed what the other man had been saying. The two were standing quite near each other in the narrow gate-way. Sanguine at him suddenly Colonel Rudeby was aware of a singular expression about his companion's face. He instinctively of gazes as though he was watching him with some distinct pure.
He then put his hand over his eyes for a moment, with an indolent, half-disgusted gesture.
"Forgive me", he said, "how vulgar of these watches little lanterns look after the moonlight; and yet Jenie and I were rather pleased with our brilliant illumination at first. Here now - though I own it is a lamentable exhibition of my taste - I think it has a certain value. It presents a contrast, and there is a great deal to be got out of contrast. They are very teaching. They make one aware of a number of sensations one might otherwise miss. And at my age I begin to cherish sensations - that is if they are not too vivid".
Musing on as he spoke with the geranium, garden, and then at Philip, and smiling amiably, added: -
"Musing of contrasts, Colonel Rudeby, here is a sufficiently striking one". - It is a little unkind to use of the lady certainly, but that, about it unavoidable. "Let look, there, at my cousin Jenie Pierce-Dunway and my cousin Cecilia Farrell - née Murray".
Rudeby came a few steps into the garden to. He started and could hardly repress an exclamation. He was conscious of a sudden

luminous

[illegible] in [illegible]. The solid ground seemed quiet as church and then slowly settled into place again.

[illegible]

[illegible] the pair weedy gravel paths met in the centre of the garden, with the light of a row of swinging lanterns fully upon her, [illegible] her white figure dimming in bright relief against the multitudinous background of leaves and flowers. She was speaking with considerable vivacity and animation — apparently describing her late game of play. By her side listening to her clear speech was a tall, thin, [illegible] young woman who had [illegible] indeliably [illegible] her hands into the folds of her skirts. She wore a plain tailoring help of dark material; and gave the impression of being a tired careful overburdened individual; of having retained a state of youth in which she was indifferent to fashion. Small in stature, [illegible] and was unequal to those graceful of gesture and manner so important to every woman who retains her natural desire of appearing to advantage in masculine eyes. [illegible] It is a connecting link between these two very dissimilar persons stands the little boy — holding the hand of the elder woman, kicking about the loose gravel with his boots, — putting in a remark from time to time in a thin, [illegible] treble tones.

"Yes you have not tried yourself, Jennie" said Stan [illegible] Harrell, with an [illegible] "[illegible]". You have been very kind in amusing Johnnie so long."

Young girls laughed gently. She looked wonderfully sparkling in her fresh face and quick graceful

its movements. The curtain the head disappeared but this letter showed altering to Colonel Sidney had apparently passed away, leaving a trace, some faint light in a brighter in her blue-grey eyes and a slight vibration in her voice.

"Scarcely ever tired", she answered, "only I am used, and then I just go to sleep. Mamma says I am remarkably strong. I am very glad of that. I am not fond of sickness or sick people — it all seems unnatural, you know".

Sylvia appeared a little perplexed; she drew the chair closer to her and replied: —

"Sleep may be unnatural. I am sure I don't know. It is very common".

He smiled. He glanced at the two women working under the orange tree, and then at Philip Sidney.

"Contract interests you?" he enquired.

The Colonel's expression had evolved itself into some amazement, into one of considerable pettish. The position was a painful and embarrassing but he was determined to carry it through with high hand.

"Since I have the honour of knowing that sadly", he said with some dignity of manner. "She has probably forgotten me though, as it is a long while since we met. I must ask you to mention my name to her, to recall me to her remembrance".

The lawyer made a gesture of assent.

"All means. But here are Mr. Price. Tomorrow and my worthy aunt Mrs. Murray just coming

by out S. that away with the little arbour. ~~Just~~ Leak is Queen his. ~~Mrs. Burns~~ Eleanor is not in her Cabinet mode to night, I care to say, therefore it is advisable to serve his master.

~~And~~ Mr. Price. Dawson did in fact, sweep up the two gentlemen in a rather ~~[illegible]~~ unnecessarily [illegible] manner. She stood towards in the Philip silence, and then stepping aside ~~[illegible]~~ said: —

"Well Rodney ~~[illegible]~~ Mr. Murray. — Mr. Murray assures me that you and she are old friends — that was the time, was n't it? — old friends, Colonel Rodney".

Philip bowed ~~[illegible]~~ profoundly to a voluminous figure which filled the ~~door way~~ archway of the arbour.

"Perhaps Colonel Rodney won't admit the friend. Philip", ~~she~~ said the lady, with a large and slightly bitter ~~[illegible]~~ archness of address. "We women remember ~~[illegible]~~ every little event in our quiet monotonous lives. But with ~~[illegible]~~ you gentlemen it is so different. A thousand things happen to you, you know, ~~while we sit at home with our [illegible]~~ and decadence the old recollections, while we pour things sit at home with our [illegible] work, ~~[illegible]~~ and our memories and our regrets — Oh! dear me".

~~[illegible]~~

Philip felt ~~[illegible]~~ rebuked.

"I have an excellent memory ~~to~~, he ~~[illegible]~~ quickly. ~~[illegible]~~ I am sure you said.

"— What?" exclaimed Mr. Murray, rather sharply. Then she turned to Mr. Price. Dawson with an

multitude of great ~~[illegible]~~ geniality of demeanour.

"We have always watched Colonel Pudsey's career with so much interest, you know. ~~[illegible]~~ The papers have not been silent. They have given us his promotion, very deeply interesting information at time. Have also paid to Cecilia, I wonder if ~~[illegible]~~ we shall ever meet Colonel Pudsey again! Did you hear that it should come about through Mr. Wright's son, my dear Bertie, in this unexpected way — really, you know, it is very, very singular".

Mrs. Bluebe accompanied these words, revealed a remarkably even and ~~[illegible]~~ glittering set of teeth. Mr. Murray was ~~[illegible]~~ an old woman but she was extremely well preserved — almost too well preserved ~~in reality~~ internally. She was stout, high-coloured, and undeterred itself, apparently, both of herself and of this situation.

"Dear aunt, what greater happiness can befall an unworthy relation than to give you pleasure? It is indeed pleasant to give them a pleasure, you know. But in this case it is pleasure an insult to receive ~~[illegible]~~ ricochet some how; and in the giving, I ~~do~~ am insult to receive in a measure".

Miss Murray looked a rather hard at the young man.

"Nie," she said, quickly, "you are talking ~~[illegible]~~ nonsense — Come," she added addressing ~~[illegible]~~ the Colonel, "come & speak to Mr. Farrell".

Lip ~~[illegible]~~ finished himself, bowing again stiffly mechanically. He had ~~[illegible]~~ a vision of a pale, worn, anxious woman's face, and ~~of~~ a trembling tightening about the muscles of his throat as he tried to ~~[illegible]~~ deliver himself a ~~[illegible]~~ civil and appropriate greeting. — Last time he had seen this woman she was pretty and young. He had loved her devotedly. He had kissed her at

parting —

this! — It seemed cruelly malicious on the part of circumstances that he should meet her again this ~~[illegible]~~ day of all days in ~~the world~~ his life, when the ~~[illegible]~~ cherished sentiment of years had faintly died down into ~~[illegible]~~ a grey ashes, and the clear white flame of a ~~[illegible]~~ young passion was ~~[illegible]~~ quickening the deep places of his heart.

A perceptible space of time after Colonel Luderly's introduction to Mr. Parnell there was a ~~[illegible]~~ awkward silence. No one seemed disposed to take the ~~[illegible]~~ initiative. Then Mr. Murray began to repeat, ~~[illegible]~~ with an air of being quite delighted to say some thing, her former admirer after the lapse of time, the ~~[illegible]~~ unfailing memory of woman, the interest excited in her mind by Colonel Luderly's career, and the strange (and agreeable) chance of this ~~[illegible]~~ encounter.

"Eder," remarked Mr. Lucas, gently, "how far one really misses meeting old friends. Sometimes it strikes me that ~~[illegible]~~ there is a grain of conventionality in our pleasure of satisfaction. I dare say Jane feels in the matter but I think ~~[illegible]~~ the sight of old friends makes fills me with unmitigated ~~[illegible]~~ rapture. You are fond of athletics of this kind, what do you think about it Lucas ~~Bobbie~~ Nell?"

"Dad, it ~~[illegible]~~ was ~~[illegible]~~ better if you drove to the hotel ~~[illegible]~~?" ~~[illegible]~~, replied Mr. Parnell, addressing Mr. Murray, speaking to her Mother. Her face was burning painfully and that ~~[illegible]~~ did not improve her personal appearance. "It is getting very late for Johnnie, and we have not see our rooms yet, you know".

"Do you squeeze my hand so tight, Mother", asked the little boy pettishly. "You hurt me".

"I

"I think Jimmie would be better in bed", said Mr. Pierce-Dawnay, suddenly. There was rather a dangerous light in her eyes.

As some was drawn to the "town", Cecilia Farrell went on. "I think I had better start soon".

"I hope to see you again, Colonel Frederick", said Mr. Dawnay, with much warmth of manner. "I understand you are staying at Denzia".

"Immediately I leave town", he answered. "But I hope you will pay the pleasure of calling on you in the morning if I may".

Only he had spoken, Philip was aware of having committed an indiscretion somehow. Betty Dawnay said "Mr", softly, under her breath, and Mr. Pierce-Dawnay frowned suggestively.

"Forgive me, I am so sorry".

"Might from 'my neighbour's account you would be here for some time longer. Well, well" Mr. Murray went on, shaking one fat hand, with the multiplicity of jangling bracelets, at him playfully — "we shall see, we shall see, perhaps we may make you change your mind, you know, not withstanding the shall good. for nothing Betty's sarcastic arcasms about old friends".

The excellent lady with many expressions of affection, retired for the most delightful of evenings to leave of her hostess.

"I go indoors with Steve" said Mr. Pierce-Dawnay. "See that Mr. Murray has her shawl and things. You will pardon my remaining here", she continued turning to Cecilia. "Betty you will take care of your aunt — Antonio can go, too, you know and carry the child".

Jessie obediently followed in the wake of her father's motor's question she ~~[illegible]~~ turned very close to Philip's under her. Moved by a momentary feeling ~~[illegible]~~ she stopped ~~[illegible]~~ and looked up at him, with a strange mixture of anger and entreaty in her warming face.

"In good time, you are educated, my child mean go? she said quickly, "I must behave myself remain here at the little red villa. I make my curtsey, Colonel Sudely. I have been received in war".

Look out Philip to the guide. The whole meaning of pursues of the man rushed together in one clear over-mastering injure. He stretched out his arms to ~~[illegible]~~ grasp and keep her.

~~"Jessie" he said,~~

"Jessie" he said, "Jessie, I can't part with you like this".

The girl ~~[illegible]~~ vehemence heard or heeded him. Having delivered her soul of its burdens resentment she turned and fled. He saw her tall figure drift swiftly across the semi-darkness of the terrace, ~~[illegible]~~ flash with clear relief for an instant in the yellow light of the door-way, and then disappear within the house. ~~[illegible]~~ To follow the girl was impossible, it meant coming face to face

with that painfully beautiful old person Mr. Murray, it meant making a confession which seemed sentiment alike condemned. He took a long walk, at his table, and went back to speak in vain to Mr. Price-Dawson.

Lady Maguire had, without his knowledge, been so absorbed in the ~~[illegible]~~ tales and notes of the little scene between her step-daughter and her guest. She was suffering an access of nervous irritation. She had flung herself down in a wicker chair beside the ~~[illegible]~~ table with its silver and its coffee-cups, and as Colonel Sudeley came up to her she broke out, with ~~a tone of [illegible]~~ vehement ~~[illegible]~~ protest.

"Help us, Mr. Sheldt as woman.. She is the most abominable old vulgarian. She sets every tongue in my head on edge and her miniatures are little short of an insult. There is a manœuvre langue, it must be!. Wedded Cecilia to Lord Sudeley. Tell me what in earth was made you decide to make of the Sforzas, like this, at the hour's notice?"

She ceased speaking, ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor ~~[illegible]~~ raised her eyes to Philip's ~~[illegible]~~'s face. ~~[illegible]~~ Something in his appearance arrested her attention. He stood still, ~~and~~ almost rigid before her, yet there was a singular ~~[illegible]~~ intensity & concentration of purpose about him. The answer to her question came promptly ~~[illegible]~~ enough:

~~[illegible]~~

"You must pardon me, Mr. Price-Dawson ~~[illegible]~~.

must give you my reasons for going away
but they are imperative, believe me, also the
same".

Rehead contracted his as from ~~[illegible]~~
half annoyance and half struggle.
"I do understand you". ~~[illegible]~~
understand myself only too well", ~~[illegible]~~ answered
the school, not without a grain of bitterness.
~~[illegible]~~ A sound of footsteps and voices came from the
direction of the house. The guests were ~~[illegible]~~
departing. Miss Parker talk and angular stalked
to the garden.
"you're going to stay out here, ma'am", she said,
"you must put more on. Mr. Hines sent out this
shawl. ~~[illegible]~~ meant to ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ bring one out
from way".
Hines's manner towards her mistress was not weighted
with any over-abundance of ceremony. Their
~~[illegible]~~ acquaintance, dated from the days of ~~[illegible]~~ sensible
more and more helpless spirits child, and a savour
of that relation ~~[illegible]~~ survived between them still.
Mrs. Price-Pauncefoy submitted very readily to have
the shawl wrapped about her.
"Hines seems put out there lambkin thinks?" Parker
shut on.
"Leave that to Antonio. You can't reach them",
answered ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor ~~[illegible]~~.
The waiting-woman smiled ~~[illegible]~~ grimly.
"Can reach them just as well as Antonio, ~~[illegible]~~ Hinds
~~[illegible]~~ he won't be back for the best part of an
hour, ~~[illegible]~~. The candles are burnt right down,
they'll set fire to the paper before long".
~~[illegible]~~
"do as you like, you always have your own
way

is the end, my dear.

Mrs. Price-Dauway got up.

"Come on to the terrace," she said to Colonel Anderson. "Tell me," she added as they moved away, "are your reasons for going connected in any way with the letter you met here tonight?"

I'd decided to go before I saw your guest this evening. I'd already mentioned the fact to your daughter."

Price-Dauway leaned against the low terrace-wall.

"It is very abrupt," she said.

The garden Padner extinguished the coloured lights one by one. There was something rather fatal about her full form. It was difficult to imagine that the hard-featured, brier woman side with "the harsh" derive a satisfaction from cutting short the pretty frivolous, superfluous brilliance of these waning lights.

Dip watched her in silence for a moment, then he spoke simply and earnestly. The fact that he was sternly putting out all his own gay-coloured lights, just as Padner under was putting out the gay-coloured lights, lent a penetrating quality, a ring of simple eloquence to his speech. He alluded to their former conversation, he reminded Mrs. Price-Dauway that she had asked his advice — now he gave it. She had spoken of her step-daughter's future — if she takes the young girl home to England, her country and kindred will find a place for her there. "Foreigners and half-foreigners," he said, "seem to me likely to make very

"poor sort of husband". For her own peace of mind as well as for Jessie's welfare, he urged her to go and go soon, to renew intimacies with her own and her husband's relations, to pick up the threads of English life again.

He ended quietly. ~~[illegible]~~ When he had finished she stood, with an air of abstraction.

"It is what you advise, then?"

"That is what I advise. I ~~[illegible]~~ have weighed the matter over as carefully as I knew how. That is what you ought to do".

Prince Dawnay raised her shoulders ~~[illegible]~~ imitably.

"You are mistaken, mistaken", she exclaimed.

"No, I am not — I wish I was mistaken", said the colonel sadly. "Heaven ~~[illegible]~~ forbid the last fortnight very pleasant Mr. Prince Dawnay, it is not to please myself that I go away".

~~[illegible]~~ wanted ~~[illegible]~~ to embarrass on this text and make a civil speech, — but somehow the words stuck in his throat, the speech refused to come off.

Prince Dawnay shook hands with him in silence — Then ~~after~~ when he had got a few steps away she called after him.

"Do not start early tomorrow"?

~~[illegible]~~ Colonel Sheldon turned back.

~~[illegible]~~ shall go "In the mid-day train", he answered.

At the end of the terrace he took a last look at the Villa Turchetti. The moon had set some hours before. The house loomed up as black ~~[illegible]~~ shadowy mass, with a window here and there, faintly lighted from within. The orchestra and cicalas had concluded their long concert. Only the muffled roar of the surf sounded up from the beach, and the night winds whispered

and

and rustled, among the still leaves of the hedge flex Fear ~~the that~~ at the near end of the upper vineyards path. For ~~before~~ the ~~[illegible]~~ light of his lamp twinkled ~~to~~ yellow amid the rich purple foliage of the night. So shrouded suddenly the lark's triumphant pæan of the substance of a dream, ethereal unsubstantial. The pretty play was played out, the curtain had come down, the ~~[illegible]~~ inevitable was over; the common-sense-a-day world claimed him as its own once more. He believed, at that moment that ~~to~~ he had said good-bye for ever to all extravagance feelings of joy or sorrow. Wife, child, home — these he had never lost of his heart's ~~joy or~~ pleasure and reason's pain, were not for him. He would go away, go back to his soldiering, ~~[illegible]~~ again: it had consoled him ~~once~~ long ago, perhaps it would serve to console him ~~again~~ again. The knight, with ~~a~~ a species of ascetic satisfaction of the ~~[illegible]~~ innumerable rows of black hats of Alderhurst, ~~[illegible]~~ of the lonely barracks buildings and the church crowning the rising ground, of the bare dirty wastes of the Long Valley, ~~with~~ with and the encircling ranges of sombre fir-trees and stretches of dark heather. As far as love and pretty young girls went he would honestly accept his age and disabilities, he ~~[illegible]~~ would put that side of things away for ever, and patiently attempt to consider himself shelved in quiesturis erotic.

"In my words, knight" he said to himself while walking up the narrow street of Benjica between the ~~[illegible]~~ tall frowning houses; "upon my word ~~[illegible]~~ 'Thanes' had as pretty hands day of it"

It was Mr. Tower, slim, a shade over-dressed and with an air of exquisite security, ~~[illegible]~~ met him.

"Good night, Colonel Rudeby," he said. "Is it true that we have the privilege of having you to-morrow?" — Still not withstanding the prospect of getting home a happy man to-night. Have the heart of a child. Travel in the wholesome of a clear conscience. ~~[illegible]~~ What pleasure ~~[illegible]~~ is comparable to a sense of accomplished duty?.

Using his hat he passed on in the direction of the villa without waiting for any answer.

Ship Rudeby had a momentary inquiry to find himself face to face with Mr. Tower at a distance of twenty yards, with accompanies in the form of pistols, seconds, and a surgeon. It made the task of his renunciation more hard, for at his left that mysterious young gentleman behind him in full ~~suspicion~~ perspective at the Villa Montelli.

"[illegible]

W. Prues guids himself unequal to the occasion.

[illegible] was in a somewhat excited frame of mind. Like many persons of a peculiarly [illegible] with such character, she had at bottom an great capacity for moral support, she was in truth extremely dependent. She found it impossible to keep things to herself, she was compelled to confer, now, to talk. Very often [illegible] she made most compromising mistakes in overflowing to quite the wrong person.

[illegible] indoors and upstairs into the [illegible] drawing-room, which looked [illegible] dejeuning dimly in the feeble light of [illegible] a pair of candles set on the piano. Jessie had been [illegible] earlier in the evening. Some loose music was scattered about, and a little bouquet of flowers which Bertie Prior had given the girl when she came down dinner had faded in [illegible] on the [illegible] lid above the keyboard. Mrs. Prior-Tranway regarded these indications of her pretty step-daughter's late presence without any very warm signs of satisfaction, or even

material hindrance. It won't do, I feel, to appear rather to aggravate rather than modify her agitation. She darted her well-shaped hands together with strong impatient gesture, and began to pace backwards and forwards up and down the whole length of the long room, her black lace mantilla swaying into the alternate drooping and half-angry raising of her head, while the train of her black silk dress made a rustling noise as it dragged over the marble floor.

Then came in, at the same moment, and came in to us in a dramatic fashion. He evidently went so far as to turn in his box of the photo-player merry girl, sounding. Down in haste as he came up again.

"My dear Cousin Nell, you are still up. There is an unexpected bit of good fortune. Let us talk."

Prince-Dawson glanced at him from under her dark eye-brows. Her nostrils dilated slightly. The lost ~~[illegible]~~ bites as hard well-bred horse which bears back its ears, half in nervousness and half in viciousness.

"Life is dreary, if one doesn't mind", ~~[illegible]~~ Prince continued. "Dawson slightly exhausted. Free from anxiety of the effects of my dear aunt, Mrs. Murray's society. It needs walking off, I admit. Don't let me interfere with that salutary process. We can talk just as well as".

"A delectable old woman", said Mr. Prince-Dawson over her shoulder, as she swept up the room

to argument.

"Here we over. Just that matter", he answered in a sudden argumentative tone." She is not desirable, ~~but~~ she is rich heiress. I am rather interested to, you know, Eleanor at Stuart. Find the powerful women rarely get only quite happily to settle. ~~[illegible]~~. But I am really sorry for ~~the~~ poor aunt all that same. She complained she had to make good marriages for her daughters, and now all that highly desirable husband's ~~[illegible]~~ relations to have anything to do with her. She has had to take back on Cecilia. Cecilia has a hereditary genius for driving her aunts".

"Poor Cecilia thought Cecilia were in help of a fool", said Mr. Pierce-Dawson vicariously.

"But she is a good fool — and ~~[illegible]~~ that is more help of a good thing. ~~[illegible]~~ Tonight horses her deadly. She simply routed our valiant Colonel".

Pierce-Dawson stirred abruptly in her agitated walk.

"What do you mean"? she exclaimed.

The inner heart back in her chair, rested her ~~[illegible]~~ elbow on the arm of it and fingered the tips of her fingers together into the air of a man who fills of a gracious sense of well-being.

"Oh Trilby cherubim", he said. "It was just one of those delicate little chinoiseries that makes life more tolerable to a short period. I queried a good deal from certain things which my aunt said when we first mentioned her name. I ascertained that Stuart had not met since the palmy days of youth, and that ~~[illegible]~~ that remote

epoch

...e he had been seriously smitten with Cecilia.
...ecilia had also, entertained tender feelings towards him —
...ior of course to her connection with that
...ausible scape-grace, ~~[illegible]~~ Farrell. I was
...ieased to notice a distinct change in her, poor
...ear soul; but, what would you have?. Does
...on't it so clearly consider even body".
...ice. Fanny walked on again. Her head was
...ut, she looked anything but delighted at this
...ite novelties.
...e sweetly smiled down and bitter to the Colonel.
...ow on his part was not quite as civil as he
...ight have been to me. But I bided my time. I avenged
...delicate revenge".
...ma", she interrupted dreadly. "Do what
...arrels have got with Colonel Sudeley"?.
...o Jeremiah quarrels, I assure you. He was the
...ither's contemporary to me — but I don't mind that,
...it is a mere matter of temperament. He can no more
...elp it than that walnuts but historic person, of
...hom we used to be told in our youth, could help
...ing read nothing when he eat a gooseberry. I avenged
...self so much on unfortunate self, dear ~~[illegible]~~ Neff, on
...the unscrupulous, unscrupulous, vagabond humanity.
...have a large share of those primitive ~~[illegible]~~
...instincts of fallen man which make dirty
...ortunately little boys in the gutter, throw a handful
...of mud at the nice clean well-conducted little
...boys who only by chance sitting up in well
...appointed carriages. I planned a Zitlinia scene.
...Hit the sight of Cecilia hurt where our friend
...as she was standing talking to Jerrie under
...the orange trees. I can picture the contrast".
...The Jews laughed ~~[illegible]~~ softly to himself.

"It

was dramatic. The poor Colonel really behaved very well. But, to use a vulgar phrase, it knocked his wind out of him for a few seconds very effectually."

Price. Dauncey was at the far end of the room. She spoke with a trace of hesitancy. "I felt seeing Cecilia again, under the circumstances." "But — Surplice Jones said — I mean I don't quite catch the point of the contrast with Jenie".

"Can help us, Eleanor, where are your eyes"? cried Mr. Amer, holding up his hands. "Why, the man, to put it barely, has simply over head and ears in love with Jenie"!..

Price. Dauncey came slowly down the length of the room. Again the pallid appearance of laying back her ears, and turning the white of her eyes. As she peeped the opposite man she said with some strong values pitted in the calm of her manner.

"I think so too, do you?.. I am very glad of that".

There was a moment's silence.

"I think that is quite kind of you, cousin Nell", he observed." Her mr Jenie had plenty of pitying already?.. Merely perpetrated a passing practical joke. You go far there it seems, and with no fair cause. Why should you wish the poor man to be hurt"?

"I want him to be hurtled", she answered, keeping her eyes fixed on the floor." Because the highest regards to Colonel Pudsey. I desire earnestly to secure his happiness".

Pretties

To Inner remained, very still. The air of impatience had
totally vanished out of his face.
"Come, me," he said, "but would you mind sitting
down, Eleanor?. The scraping of your chair is getting
a little into my nerves. It irritates me. I confess, for
example, I don't clearly apprehend the meaning of
your last speech".
Upon Bertie Inner looked very hard at his companion.
Facing on Mr. Price. Dawson might appear this man
certainly exercised a remarkable influence over her.
He knew quite well that ~~a panic~~ the chair was
safe and that a ~~[illegible]~~ dangerous and
painful scene lay before her — too dangerous and
painful it might prove, she could not yet as
~~[illegible]~~ determine; but that it would tax her
courage and ~~[illegible]~~ fortitude greatly she was
already aware. The inner tremors of ~~[illegible]~~ hardly
gratified excitement ~~[illegible]~~ it would be
fair easier to her to say what must he said morning
to afternoon. Yet ~~[illegible]~~ when Bertie Inner looked steadily
at her, and pointed to the sofa ~~[illegible]~~ opposite
to him, she wavered only for a moment, and then
sat down.
"It is better", he murmured ~~[illegible]~~. "Some ~~[illegible]~~
dialogue no doubt, but I repeat I do not clearly
understand what you mean".
~~Eleanor Dawson~~ Eleanor leant back among the large
sofa cushions. Movement and feeling had brought
a glow of colour into her cheeks. In her richly elaborate
hat gone, with the soft lace falling back from her
auburn hair she was undoubtedly a distinguished
handsome and distinguished looking woman.
Physically she gave way before her companion,
~~[illegible]~~ as nervous ~~[illegible]~~ tremors shook her; but, mentally
the

wondered barely against his influence. The body
in her eyes, and clasped her hands tightly together
stray hair on her head.
"Mistress is encourage, Colonel Sudeley," she said
softly. "To be quite frank with you, Lucile is secure
with future, and I believe that he would make
her an admirable husband".
Lucy did not more, but he turned very pale indeed.
he said, with a queer stuttering intonation.
was some thing like the cry of an animal in
pain.
Eleanor sat upright. She tried
her hands and the veins stood out on her throat.
he wanted air, she felt as though she would
faint. It was dreadful to hear this man
suffer: — but it was almost equally dreadful to
realise why he suffered.
"It takes it like that, Bertie", she cried with
sudden violence. "It is hideous. You will drive me
mad."
Lucy hardly heeded her mistress. He smiled
a little. Eleanor covered her eyes. His
face and that painful mockery of
a smile turned her utterly sick.
understand perfectly well now, thank you, Nell,"
he said gently." "Gallantly spoken! Was he prepared for
this thing; his own misguided scheme, was as
valid of just suffering what is most probable. Over
the hideous so, faith one at critical moments. It
matter one to bear misgivings with perfectly
well. It is not so successful with real ones. Well,
I am myself healed, Eleanor. I owe the
deserve of this to a very long time. I had
not thought of this combination. Jenie's future
demands

under a victim of ~~course~~. course — but I am to be
liberated this time I see, not Colonel Sudeley".
"It could do I do?" she exclaimed. "I have suspected,
feared how things were going with you: but, I
did not dream it had gone as far as this. And
again," she added, with a sort of gasp, "it may
mean to nothing after all".
"What thinks?" the young man - answered, with
that same wistful smile. "Something will
turn out as you wish — at least if you help
me".
~~[illegible]~~ must help on", said Mrs Price. Pauline.
She threw back her head, her face was hard and
set. Then ~~[illegible]~~ almost immediately she ~~[illegible]~~
relented again with a look of pleading,
with a wild longing to justify herself, to prove
that her motives were commendable. "I do it for
the best Bertie. I believe it is right. It seems
the safest thing I can do for the child. And
she can come for her happiness as nearly as
I?.. ~~[illegible]~~ has I not, after all, practically her
mother?.. Know I know best?.. must we I, ~~with~~
~~[illegible]~~ be most capable of
judging?.. Do you think I could see so base and
faithless as to do this thing lightly or thoughtlessly:
No?.. I have prayed, I have prayed over it —
God would not see so cruel as to let me make
a mistake? I have mind lived his guidance".
He knew laughed. It was not an agreeable laugh
exactly.
"Mind that care, I of course, have nothing further
to say. If the higher powers have been duly
consulted, persons ~~[illegible]~~ such as I am are out of it
clearly. — Still you may ~~[illegible]~~ hint me just as
little,

..., ...ssui Bell", he went on. "It was my last ...e. Hardly allowed that it amounted to a ...sis even. It was the remotest of chances — ...t just a chance still. Jessie is in Africa. I ...ended Jealous the lucky worlds turn — that something might possibly happen if we could ...in wait".

...ice. Tarway's explanation hardened again ...ectibly. If he suffered, at least, she suffered ~~...~~ too.

...lly, he said after a minute or two, "my position is a miserable one now I come to think of it. I have been ~~...~~ thinking a secret desire during the last few months to nothing help than the death of a woman I ~~loved~~ ~~...~~ adored — a woman who gave me all ~~...~~ she had to give." ~~...~~ Bertie paused — "~~...~~" "Now the news that she ~~...~~ has developed some fatal disorder would give me — well, not unmixed pain. Isn't that charming?"

"Make yourself out for worse than you are" — ...e interrupted.

"I think not. I ~~...~~ appear like a ...en despicable animal, and let me at least be honest and admit it. The ...est thing about me has been my faithfulness to the memory of what was, in truth, a ~~...~~ ...er from ~~...~~ pretty thing — Suddenly his utterance would ...ser it "a very ugly word. But even that last ...ide of honourable feeling has now become uncommon. In Italy and in the ~~last~~ past "twelve months".

"I would not make you happy", said ~~...~~ ~~...~~ Pleasure ...ously." Jeanne ~~...~~ watched her from baby ...ood. — There was a strange want in her nature".

"Ma

~~1~~ 10c.

…i. I am to wait for a wife till I find a faultless
…woman, I ~~was~~ shall wait through all eternity," he
…added. — ~~[illegible]~~ "One man
among a thousand have I found; but a woman among
…all those have I not found.""
…ere did you get that abominable sentiment
…rom," ~~[illegible]~~ demanded Mrs. Price-Dauvray.
…Of that very acute book, the Bible, cousin ~~[illegible]~~ Nell.
…ey are the words of a person who is reputed to
…have had a pretty wide experience of women.
…y French novels, that you sometimes quiz at, say
…the same thing, only they put it in less conventional
…language. — I am as well aware of Jennie's peculiari-
…ties as you are; but I should understand her. I should
…never ask of her what she could not give. I should
…be contented with very little — from Jennie."
…would quarrel," she said, bitterly.
…, he answered, "it is a way husbands and
…wives ~~[illegible]~~ have. Everybody knows that. Still
…that knowledge has never lowered the marriage
…returns very sensibly ~~[illegible]~~ yet, I believe."
…rice-Dauvray leaning heavily back against the
…cushions. "He loves her — he loves her," she
…repeated to herself, the words ~~[illegible]~~ hurt ~~hurt~~
…her as she said them.
…es got up, he came across to the sofa and
…at down by his cousin. His face was very ~~white~~
…pale still — it looked ghastly with his black ~~[illegible]~~
…hard and great, sad ~~[illegible]~~ dark eyes, — but he
…had regained much of his usual indolent
…manner.
…Let us talk over this matter reasonably
Eleanor, ~~[illegible]~~ without any heroics. — We both
…admit that Jennie has certain peculiarities which

~~[illegible]~~
May

more difficult to deal with. A man with have
to pay a certain penalty for loving her".
Suddenly with love her to make to ~~[illegible]~~ be
worthy of this penalty, she interrupted –
~~she also [illegible]~~
him, her. But remember he is ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ five and twenty years
her than her at heart, and he was bred in an
entirely different world to hers. He will worship her,
to write the miserable of looking at her from a
~~[illegible]~~ point of view – looking at her as she
really is. He will make her into an idol. Some day
something will happen, which makes a demand
upon her, she ~~[illegible]~~ will fail him. He is
a fine fellow, in a way, straight as stupid one. He
will blame himself, and forgive her. It will happen
a second time; and then shall I tell you what
he will do? – ~~[illegible]~~ He'll just quietly go and
blow her brains out. The man is incapable of
adjusting himself, he sinks all of a piece. ~~He~~
~~[illegible]~~ He is a rigid English puritan, you know
the type".
I don't mean to insinuate anything against
Jenny, cried Mr. Price-Dauncey, her eyes blazing
with a sudden ~~fierce [illegible]~~ fierce jealousy for the
girl's honour.
Poor child! ~~[illegible]~~ – Jenny will never
commit any of these indiscretions that society
judges very harshly."
There was a silence, then Bertie turned ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ his cousin ~~[illegible]~~ and looked at her very steadily.
"But what are you going to do? – let him go away
in morning?"
Looked back at him with an expression of passionate
~~[illegible]~~ anguish

pity and despair in her handsome face.
"I must go, if he wills. But I shall make him
perfectly understand my wishes as to Jenie's
future first".
She placed her hands on Eleanor's
his hands as they lay clasped in her lap. The
color rushed into her face, she ~~shook~~ closed
her eyes, ~~[illegible]~~ with a sudden shiver ~~shudder~~ which
trembled all through her frame.
"~~[illegible]~~", he said softly ~~[illegible]~~. "Think a moment. Are you
quite determined?"
"Yes", she cried wildly, shaking off his hand.
"Wholly determined, ~~[illegible]~~ irrevocably determined.
Jenie must go — she must go. It must be done
at once".
"Well", he answered. Then he got up slowly from
his sofa. "It is very late", he went on. "You had
better go to bed. Shall I get you a candle?"
"No, Bertie", cried Mrs. Price. Turning in desperation ~~desperately~~
stretching out her hands to him: "For God's
sake don't hate me".
"My dear, I don't hate you", he replied wearily.
"You have been wonderfully kind to me, and
have borne with me with a great deal of
patience ~~[illegible]~~ at times when I must have
been anything but pleasant company. It would
be detestably ungrateful to hate you. — No, I
have not fallen into that depth yet. — And
perhaps you are right, perhaps it is all, as you
say, for the best. — Only it is a little difficult
for me to take an optimistic view of the matter
just at present. I can't help thinking of myself,
first, you know, — it is a tendency inherent in
human nature, we all have it in our degree.

saints

is and remain alive'.

looked ~~at~~ down ~~at~~ on the grounds, and shrugged his shoulders in a ~~[illegible]~~ lazy, hopeless sort of fashion.

'Life sometimes seems like a living man bound to a corpse — it is not a graceful metaphor, but it just expresses my sensations. Lately I have had an insane hope of getting free from this — this ~~[illegible]~~ tied this cords myself and I tied them a little too cleverly. I shall never get free, never. That makes ~~one~~ a man a trifle irritable at times.' — He ~~broke~~ glanced up at her suddenly, ~~[illegible]~~ with a kind of this eyes from, and short laugh. — 'And this corpse always', he said, 'right on to the end — and then beyond, ~~[illegible]~~ probably blank darkness and nothing! Delightful company is it not?. Cheering prospect for a healthy young of three and twenty?'

Here noble ~~[illegible]~~ impulses in Wm. Peire-Dawson: he had a moment of ~~[illegible]~~ selfish magnanimity.

'My sense of honour is unentramelled', she said, — and in the ~~[illegible]~~ no thought of self was present ~~to~~ to her mind. 'It is false. Go away; Bertie, go away out of this ~~[illegible]~~ beautiful baleful country, which seems to have made ~~[illegible]~~ perverts of all — go away and begin life again'.

Dead silence to her feet. She looked ~~[illegible]~~ almost tragic in her dark stormy beauty, standing there in front of him — It was for the young man to realize the depth of the nature of her ~~[illegible]~~ feelings ~~as~~ towards him, merely, I suppose, say. That he had ~~[illegible]~~ as an impression of them is ~~[illegible]~~ pretty certain; his ~~[illegible]~~ it is impossible ~~for~~ a woman ~~to~~ should love a man clearly, but that he had again, merely

in a thousand little ways. But Bertie Trevor was
with a generous gracious and tender sentiment
towards certain persons, with a tolerance his cynicism
had or affected. He had avoided ~~the board~~ ~~[illegible]~~ examining
Sir Everard's feelings that special point ~~[illegible]~~ very
and modestly. – At this moment however he was
guilty of a ~~[illegible]~~ act of cruelty: we, then in
extenuation of that act it must be allowed, poor
Mrs. Price-Dearway's ~~[illegible]~~ magnanimous ~~[illegible]~~ outbreak, he answered
smiling: –

"It is all very well, but I am not fond of whitewash
in any. ~~[illegible]~~ K. Heaven knows I can be seen to demand
on Sue as well as on Kdam. Shall we talk of it
with me? – Jenie"?.

Price-Dearway shrank back as if he had struck
her. The glow of ~~[illegible]~~ generous enthusiasm
died out of her face leaving it thin and
~~[illegible]~~ hard. She dead is steady, very, with her hands
on the arms of the broad sofa.

"Your pardon", he ~~[illegible]~~ resumed ~~[illegible]~~ hastily ~~[illegible]~~ filled in the sudden
interruption. "I forgot myself – I ought not to have
said that. But don't, for heaven's sake, turn
devil's advocate and attack me. You know just as
well as I do that that cause of honour – call it
false and overstrained if you wish – is the one
thing that ~~[illegible]~~ keeps me from ~~[illegible]~~ giving utterly to
~~[illegible]~~ evil and gives me some kind of self-respect.
Without it I should be worth nothing at all –
I am worthless enough as it is. – I may be
superstitious, but I don't much fancy any Fate
that would be very successful which began
with the turning of that poor stupid rag of
honour ~~[illegible]~~ overboard".

Eleanor

Eleanor was silent. Peter went away the room, lighted a ~~[illegible]~~ one of the wooden candles standing on the mantel-table by the door, ~~[illegible]~~ and brought it to her. Small acts of ~~[illegible]~~ needs must be supplied and small civilities commended with even when our human hearts are raw and bleeding. The decencies of civilization take no note of the more intimate emotions.

Peter handed her candle and the light of it ~~[illegible]~~ fell upon her face he was moved with compassion towards her.

"Poor terrible tired, Bernie", he said kindly. His friendly solicitude was perhaps even harder to bear than his indifference. ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor felt it — she was chilled through, though the night was warm. She too, was bound — she feared — bound hard and fast, and embarkingly to the corpse of a dead love.

"I am tired", she answered, hopelessly — tired of my life".

He smiled at her kindly again, and raised his hands with a deprecating gesture.

"I am I, remain Self", he said, abominably tired of it. But you and I are cultivated persons, ~~[illegible]~~ so we won't take any violent measures to rid ourselves of that fatiguing personage, will we?.. In face of the blank darkness I addressed to quite now it might ~~[illegible]~~ be a mistake: — We'll leave all such desperate doings to highly respectable barbarians like our ~~[illegible]~~ friends the Vicar & Colonel. — Good night — mind you don't slip on the landing stairs. The floor is just like ice ~~[illegible]~~ outside".

XII

Episodes in the life of a negative Saint.

~~Hosanna of Vragatania and~~

~~Saint~~

Mr. Inner had said of her, Cecilia Parrett was a woman, had a positive genius for doing her duty. From this statement it may be deduced, almost entirely, that her temperament was neither a consciously artistic nor a consciously original one. I make the above comment not without a ~~[illegible]~~ movement of hesitancy and as a translation of the inner man; for that word Duty has ~~been~~ ~~also~~ come to be the shibboleth of ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ the virtuous English in so eminent a degree that any person using it lightly and with an implication of possible limits to its supreme worth and value, runs the risk of finding himself written down as somewhat dangerous and disreputable ~~[illegible]~~ character.

Indeed the sacrosanct grace of Duty has been so slandered, so warped and insisted upon ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ that to-day it surely must be uplifted above all fear of detraction. It is the polestar of the Anglo-Saxon night. We all steer ~~within~~ by it — or by what we reckon to be it — and demand that others shall steer by it too. It appears to be set far above in heaven, immovable everlasting. It is a name to conjure with. A fetish

prepare. A critic of refuge shows argument treatise
is fail. Hobbes, Leviathan, the most engaging
writer about the same ideas of duty in that
way. Body can look at it from their own point
of view, viz. its power to enforce the rights of their
fellow creatures, without the aid of the
graphic benefit of its name in the mouth of poets
cases. One may even go one's further, and
admit frankly that the great practi-
cal use of such as recognized watch-
words as Duty is that the mere
mention of it is sufficient to cause what you
are (then) agreeably (about) to do what you please. Cerberus has got his sops. So on your way
rejoicing. But the majority not having virtue
will be required of you.

Years and times will go you come across some sincere
and noble souls, who having been indoctrinated
with the conception of Duty takes it home to his
heart, and tries faithfully to work it
out in daily life — a somewhat silly and mis-
ent proceeding no doubt, founded on an absence
of the power of observation and generalization. This
simplicity of minds, however is becoming more and
more infrequent. It takes its rise in an abnormal
development of the conscience, and may be described
as a sense of universal obligation to the
disagreeable. It is the occasion of much tyranny in
unscrupulous persons, and affords us a limited
source of joy to the subject of it, since he is always
striving to conform to a distinct ideal of con-
duct prescribed by others. It induces a spirit
as far away from the strong inward conviction of
the artist, or the numerous calm of the philosopher
as

fulfilling very well its aim. It distorts and confines the narrow, and rubs down all the sharp edges of the individuality. It takes away all the inspiring sense of freedom and leaves the poor soul wandering through as dull world, the sport of circumstance and of man, but never without written guides. And the old, old doubt, does that that there is not something very beautiful in this submission of self to the idea of Duty?. It never will give us great poets, great artists, great men of letters, or even great statesmen: but, it gives us men and women to be reverenced even when smiled at, and whose failures are often more noble than other's victories.

~~Such a Female Hamlet~~ It may be asserted of Cecilia Bell, Hamlet, that she belonged to that rare, ~~admir~~ admirable and somewhat depressing type of humanity. Her over-mastering sense of duty had caused her to see the grey tint of one person and thing after another. It had prevented her abandoning herself wholly to any one emotion, it had held her in a constant attitude of self-restraint and self-repression. Life had ~~always~~ seem but an attenuated and dust-coloured affair to her. She had ~~come~~ habitually come in only for the seconds best, for meagre satisfaction and common ends that were far from (genuine) robust and full-bodied as common ones should be. Both her pain and pleasure had been set in a low key. Some women would have found a very sufficient opportunity in such a drama in passages of Cecilia's career. But in her case, poor dear, conscience was supreme, and its ~~war~~ action was paralyzing. The question of what she ought to feel usurped the position of what she actually did feel, and cast a dreary blight over all the her emotions.

in.

Lady Theo, the worst of it is, such a woman gets so little sympathy. A half-starved, quiet, religious existence such as Mrs Varnett's is simply unintelligible to society at large. People generally referred to her with regretful almost condemnatory reflexions on "poor Cecilia". Mrs. Varnett knew this, she hardly resented it: as time went on she grew to accept the situation unreservedly. She became "poor Cecilia" to herself; and this was with a curious blending of sentimental self-pity – the adjective had still a touch of exploitation in it. She felt that she was very far from being a success; that she was a slightly inconvenient adjunct both to her own and to her husband's families – a person who never had guests or was likely to give cause for exuberant congratulations.

It had died her spirits to see Philip suddenly. It had confirmed her at her mother's request – to accept Eugene Varnett. To accept not only the honourable pedigree to his name, which Mr. Murray filled with such lively self-glorification, but to accept, also, his many debts, his uncertain humours, his restless wanderings from one foreign watering-place to another in search of health, actually in search of "play". Pity had made her ignore a very undeniable amount of indifference, selfishness, exactingness, in his character – for Eugene Varnett was not a wholly pleasant person to live with. It made her "get over" the tender sorrow caused by death of her little babies, she after the briefest experience of the doubtful, joyless life of this planet, decided to leave it for a more peaceful

...ceptible and congenial atmosphere. It made her decide to bear Mr. Eugene Varnell's or much the same principle as that which had decided Stephen for her years long ago. Finally it made her ~~bear~~ bear her patient neck under Mr. Murray's not very light or ~~very~~ easy yoke, and they spiritually live she supported materially that well. Pleasant and still vigorous old woman.

Mr. Pierce-Tanneray had said, Cecilia always was more or less of a fool, and as Mr. Muir had decided, she was undoubtedly a good one. Varnell's income had never been so large one, and her husband's comfort and amusements naturally took first in the list of necessary expenses. There is something lovely in a woman of gentle-bright and refined feeling in dining quiet with a varying hotel waiters and ~~visits~~ foreign servants — whose respect is carefully regulated by the size of your rooms and the floor they are situated on. At the time when Cecilia Varnell met Colonel Loderby at the little seaside Villa, her life had a more anxious under the many difficulties and provocations of ~~[illegible]~~ her lot. Her complexion was by no means good; her hair had lost its trace of youthful brightness and was heavily streaked with grey. Her features, always large, had lost the relief of youth and had become somewhat distinctly emphasized. Her whole face had crystallized into an habitual expression of resigned discontent — unbroken however with petulence. Many well-bred English women — and Cecilia ~~had very [illegible]~~ could have claimed to be good. Reducing on her father's side, ~~[illegible]~~ at all events — ~~[illegible]~~ merely a singular resemblance to young turkey pullets. Mr. Varnell, with her small head,

ement nose, the fine shoulders, all ~~wonderful~~ ~~graceful~~ but figure, and general air of generous development reminded one forcibly of one of little lady-like but somewhat disturbed-looking birds. You recognised the fact that she was a good woman and what is technically described as a lady: but, you had a lingering after the cheerful, resolute, self-confidence and freely rounded contours of women either a little above or a little below her in the social scale.

Has been hinted that Cecilia Farrell married life was not a conspicuously happy one, and that her husband's conduct towards her left nothing to be desired; still ~~about~~ it is only fair to add that probably the fault was not exclusively on Eugene's side. Cecilia's virtues were not of the order ~~calculated to make~~ calculated to make her ~~and such are extremely~~ a lively and sparkling companion, and W. Farrell was ~~a~~ a gentleman of many moods none of them almost regrettably lively. It is a melancholy admission, yet ~~[illegible]~~ the best excellent women would probably have had more power for good over Eugene Farrell. Like so many excellent women, Cecilia's sense of humour was radically defective; she took life hard and anxiously — was almost equally alarmed by her husband's fits of despair ~~and by his alternately~~ ~~[illegible]~~ his fits of gaiety. The ~~[illegible]~~ sorrow grew to be an irritation, a weariness to her light-hearted, mercurial lord and master. She represented all the virtues, the duties, sides of life to him. In short he took her as, humbly enough, bred in the bone.

Day sitting in the garden of the Palazzo Rocca,

Rome

eighteen months after his marriage a higher
fate came to Eugene Parrett. He had gone through
as painful scene with his wife the night
before, after making some certainly not very
creditable disclosures to her on the subject of recent
loves at Nice et ailleurs. The summer breeze ruffled
the leaves of the little plane tree, and wafted
across with the long sighs streamers of
the 'Courrier' white zars. Dust and miscellaneous
shreds of paper swirled up in a purposeless
cancer of the brown gravel and then sank to
rest again. Eugene Parrett curled up the ends
of his pale moustache, watched a mere struggling
with a couple of refractory children, ~~and~~
~~[illegible]~~ heated a small
person with remarkably high-heeled boots
in a somewhat comprehensive stare as the passed within
ken, ~~and~~ then smiled ~~and~~ slapped his thigh gently, ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ as though he had arrived at the solution of
a difficult problem.

"Poor woman!" he said, "it surely quite
not unnecessarily. She shall return to the condition
of primitive woman. She has all the making of a
capital heart of burden in her. She shall walk
behind and carry the working pot and the fire
poker".

He turned to his bride, and began forthwith to
put his bright ideas into execution. It saved him
a lot of trouble, it is true; yet it may be questioned
whether it made Cecilia a happier woman
than Eugene's better half.

Unnecessary to follow the course of poor Mr. Parrett's
matrimonial

2/2

[illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ infelicities [illegible]. [illegible] it is [illegible]
[illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] of duty, [illegible] and
[illegible], [illegible] (then ~~re~~ adapted this life) requisite ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ quantity of [illegible], — [illegible], since the
[illegible] of [illegible] woman had ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible]
[illegible], [illegible] very [illegible] to her, [illegible],
[illegible] herself as [illegible] of burden to her mother and
[illegible].

The morning following [illegible] to
[illegible] Price-[illegible], [illegible] Farrell
[illegible] out
of doors at ~~an early hour~~ a comparatively early hour.
The [illegible] [illegible]
~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ in the [illegible]
[illegible] of Mrs. [illegible]'s toilette. The boy
wanted, he said, to go down to the beach; ~~and~~ a
[illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ of course, [illegible]
[illegible] with his desires. He was pretty child,
with a round head, light brown hair, and ~~to~~ rather
[illegible] features — quick, eager, light-hearted, ~~[illegible]~~
[illegible] his father. His disposition was good, as ~~the~~ his
[illegible] yet [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ mother told [illegible] twenty times
a day. Whether it was likely to be improved by
[illegible] worship and absence of discipline, was
a question she did not ask.. Probably at six
years old Angus Farrell's disposition had been
[illegible].

[illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] to ~~to~~ be
taken down on the beach till he got into the
[illegible] garden, and then he suddenly changed his
mind. The [illegible] at ~~[illegible]~~ Denzia [illegible] in three
[illegible], and its garden was of very [illegible]
[illegible]. — A square ~~[illegible]~~ plot of ground
~~[illegible]~~ with

with the flat building round three sides of it. [from a note sheet] It was divided by high ~~walls~~ & ~~[illegible]~~ ornate iron railing. Iron large raised beds, planted with palms and ~~[illegible]~~ ordered with flowers; a couple of stone fountains on opposite sides ~~[illegible]~~ circles with the broad basins. The upper one supported by a trinity of porpoise-looking, green-mottled dolphins;- ~~[illegible]~~ in the sort gravel paths, gay borders, and an innumerable company of yellow wooden chairs set in long lines ~~on~~ bordering the path-ways and waiting - usually vainly - for occupants. Behind the flat roofed, painted hotel with its ~~[illegible]~~ wide balcony, rows of yellow shutters, and red and grey awnings. The hills ~~[illegible]~~ (make [illegible]) quaint cupolas ~~on [illegible]~~ (outline against) the deep blue of the sky.

Mrs. Fanelli and her boy came into the garden ~~[illegible]~~ it was ~~[illegible]~~ in with sunshine, save where the left wing of the building cast a ~~[illegible]~~ sharp-edged blue shadow on to the ground. The long leaves of the palms rattled in the ~~[illegible]~~ wind, alive with the breath of the mountains and the sea. The windows of the restaurant ~~[illegible]~~ on the ground floor stood wide open. ~~[illegible]~~ There was an invigorating crispness, sparkle and perfume in the morning.

Mrs. Fanelli ran up the stone basins of the fountains quite high in her enjoyment after the beach.

"Oh Charles, we'll be an 'ere", he announced initiatively. "It's cold. It's better for my health than the sea. There's plenty of the waves

[illegible] so [illegible] you know [illegible] and their
[illegible] as always [illegible] about in [illegible] world.
Farrell dragged a yellow wig down out of the
room with the cold shoulder and sat down submissively.
She had tucked up her petticoats quietly higher, with
the decently improper instinct of an English
woman about to paddle in a wave. She had also
put on their best, [illegible] — the upper leathers
of which were some what crumpled across the tops —
and a large tweed dress hat surrounded by a
[illegible] arrangement in green gauze veils. Her
[illegible] perched a black clip, and her
natural modesty on her jacket — [illegible] articles
[illegible] in [illegible] and [illegible] in cut. In
her hands she held a large white [illegible]
[illegible]. The outward purity of which was [illegible]
considerably from the action of rain and hot
[illegible] with various miscellaneous objects. Un-
[illegible] at this moment, Mr. Farrell's [illegible] appearance
was [illegible] the modern idea of the [illegible]
and [illegible]. She looked [illegible] unfeeling not at
home.

The last part of the minister's journey was complete.
He [illegible] in the voyager of his little boat
up the clear water [illegible], under the
[illegible] of the vicarage dolphins. He was then
[illegible] walking [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] in a mode of
warning, now and again, as he leaned dangerously
over over the side of the [illegible] boat. Moments
[illegible] were quite the happiest of her
life. She had her boy all to herself. She [illegible] was
[illegible] half [illegible] ashamed of her own [illegible]
delight in watching his neat little figure
and active movements. In this particular morning

e looked specially ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ enquiring in
s clear blue and white linen suit and ~~[illegible]~~-
broad-brimmed hat. Cecilia leaned back
in her yellow wicker chair; life for the moment
was sweet, it was uncomplicated.

Marlett Johnson speedily tired of his boats and
gave it over for that afternoon his entertain-
ment.

"Mother", he exclaimed suddenly, "there's the
man who was up at Jenny's last night. He's
gone in house. His heart in his window just
behind you. I shall go and have a chat with
him".

Farrell's ~~[illegible]~~ gracious
ness of his mental self life passed away with
a bark. ~~[illegible]~~

"Johnny, don't", she ~~said~~ answered quite sharply. "I don't
wish you to".

~~[illegible]~~ boy stood for a moment at his mother. He
was unaccustomed to such peremptory prohibitions.
Mademoiselle says "I must" is a bad to waiter
because the ~~man~~ (the man) gentleman. Isn't he a gentle-
man"? he enquired, after a moment's reflection.
Right behind them the child's voices ~~[illegible]~~ were
very audible, and the open window of the
restaurant was directly behind her. Poor
Cecilia moved nervously on her chair, and her
thin face went crimson.

"Hush", she answered. "We'll go away now.
We'll go down to the beach. You'd like to go down
to the beach, wouldn't you, darling"?

The darling, unfortunately, was possessed of an
enquiring mind.

"But to know why I may not go and talk to that

man

"no;" he repeated. He stood in front of the fire with his feet planted well apart, his hands well on the back of his head, and an abominable expression of alertness in his usually vacant countenance. "He seems to be a very civil sort of fellow", he added with a little critical air, which would have ridiculed any body but his own precious self.

"Well, Johnny", she said, getting up in a condition of the liveliest embarrassment. "You're very naughty and naughty".

"I'm not", he retorted promptly. "It's naughty to be so fast and it's naughty to take off my hat in the house. Please don't do either".

Which concise statement of the moral code the boy took a few steps to the right, from whence he could command a full view of the window and the table on which Sally was briskly setting out Colonel Rudedy's breakfast.

"Hullo, Sam, good morning", he called out to the Colonel, who stood with his back to the window, rubbing - rather vainly - to interest himself in his letters. "What's on to-day, Sam?" he says I ought not to speak to you".

"Well, Johnny, why are you so naughty? Pray don't", exclaimed Mrs. Varnell, red, pitiful and distracted.

Rudedy had come down to breakfast feeling very far from cheerful. He had at considerable cost, done what he believed to be the right, and yet his initial attitude was by no means self-congratulatory. He was suffering from the moral slump which almost invariably follows on doing

that. He was not so much disturbed to regret that action to go back on what he had done, to face with its sense of futility and indifference. The excitement which had gone out of it, it had turned dull and leaden, heavy, burdensome, uninspiring. Yesterday the world had been touched with poetry. Indeed the poetry was gone, and everything had become very common-place and mechanical. Even so, the prospect of an interview with Mr. Murray was far from agreeable to him. His mind was distributed to analyse the sensations produced in his meeting with Cecilia, but he knew very well that the whole affair was extremely awkward and uncomfortable. Young Wilfrid was a good-natured, jolly fellow, some five years his elder, Mr. Jack. In the end it was Jack's fault, warped towards his old friend and his own cousin. He believed he was tired of the excitement of the bar's infinite, he longed to get back to a life intricate and more normal, fetching and surrounding. He was in the act of planning an escape by stealth, a few days hence, he might dissolve travelling partnership with Mr. Drake — she was awaiting his arrival at Sperpa separately, starting for Venice — and journey back to the sheltering monotony of Ralph Davey, when little Jimmie Farrell's shrill voice caused him to turn suddenly to the window.

"good-morning, young man", he said kindly. "I could not help feeling a certain interest in

the

the child. "You are not afraid of me this morning, Stein?"

"Of course I'm not," answered the boy with a shade of dignity. "I'm not so silly as to be afraid of anything by daylight."

Cecilia, meanwhile, was suffering a small nightmare. She was ~~[illegible]~~ quite aware enough of her own account, ~~and then~~ added to which, she ~~had~~ was in a ~~[illegible]~~ fever of nervous relief as to what Mrs. Johnnie might elect to say. She had moved ~~[illegible]~~ a little aside, and stood in the full ~~[illegible]~~ blaze of the sickly sunshine, helplessly holding her large umbrella in one hand, and looking as ~~[illegible]~~ lamentably ~~[illegible]~~ disheveled and dowdy with a female as Christabel Underby stepped out into the gravel ~~[illegible]~~ holding out his hand to the little boy.

"Call it Christabel," she said, smiling — "never, I'm afraid, to be afraid of anything in the daylight."

~~[illegible]~~

The fatal ~~[illegible]~~ impulse of a "very dry throat" Mr. Farrell there then rushed ~~[illegible]~~ wildly into speech.

"Please don't let Johnnie 'scare you', she began. "You were just going to 'scare' — don't let him 'scare you. We are going down to the sea. It is such a fine morning, that I thought him out early. He was very kind of you to promise to go and see my mother. She will be so glad to see you. She wishes she could say any time after half-past eleven — at least I believe she wishes she could by then. I am afraid I may not be in: but the number of our sitting-room is ab-- on the right — no, on the left I mean, of the stairs: I care".

Miss Farrell, understandably generalized ~~[illegible]~~ as

very spectacle to her former lover. She had not been a very effective figure at any time; and constant carrying of coloring pots and tints. poles had by no means increased her power of taking the stage well.

Sir Pudeby was chivalrous. It pained him to see any woman, and specially this particular woman, at a disadvantage.

"Thanks, I shall find my way", he answered. Then he added kindly, looking down at the pallid boy. "Come now I am leaving here today. If I had stayed longer this young gentleman and I might have made better acquaintance. I dare say we should find a lot to say to each other. — I've praised Sparrentado unduly, to him in return as disagreeable fight last night".

"He was very quiet last night", began Farrell, calculating wildly at an subject. He had been planning all the afternoon in the sun. Hilda spending Sunday quietly. I don't quite approve of going out on Sunday. We might have as well have stayed in Genoa yesterday and gone to see the Prince. Doorway's today. But my father wished to go yesterday, and so, of course, I could not object".

He made this confession with admirable sufficity.

He already seemed imitated Pudeby was little on edge. He had a movement of irritation.

"Still consult Miss Hilda's inclinations before your own, Mr Farrell", he said.

"Miss Hilda's Hilda's own", replied Johnnie, imitated "Hilda's Hilda's maid

Jennie's - do you see Mulvey?. I don't like her. She called me a miserable little brat yesterday. I'm not spoiled and I'm not a baby, am I? Are, Mulvey?"

The boy drew Paulie, ~~[illegible]~~ to the exit from the tram car. The conductor, his face drawn up in a little pleased frown, turned his back and stood aside while waiting as if in the passage of some person of exaggerated distinction. Then Mrs. Price-Dauway emerged from within the vehicle, giving the smiling conductor a royal nod of her head in passing, gathering her black mantle tight down over her handsome bust and shoulders, swept in as the men came after and up the road gravel drive into the middle of the hotel garden.

"Say Mulvey, if that maid of Jennie's is coming coming here, I don't stay. I shall go down to the beach right this off, you know."

The Johnnie Fanelli, in the course of his wanderings about the continent of Europe had acquired a due help of mistrust and a power of expression decidedly beyond his years.

Eleanor was not extremely well as she walked up the garden. There was an entire indifference to observation, and a certain concentration of purpose in her whole appearance which was ~~distinctly~~ impressive.

"Come along Mulvey let's go down to the beach" said ~~Johnnie Fanelli~~ the child, twitching petulantly at his nurse's limp skirt.

Eleanor, who was nearly opposite to the group by the restaurant window, suddenly turned her head.

"You are Miss", she ~~said~~ exclaimed quickly, coming towards

Colonel

Colonel Sudeley. Her face was pale, almost sallow, and her brown eyes ~~looked dark~~ seemed sunk, and there were dark circles round them. She looked worn and aged. Mr. Farrell, with a woman's quick reading of the outward signs of trouble, said to herself wonderingly: — "Why she has been crying". "I to see you at once, Colonel Sudeley. Must talk to you — I have something important to say", Mr. Price-Dawson went on as she came nearer to him. She hardly noticed Cecilia Farrell.

"Why, Bridget, you know she has not had her breakfast yet", remarked the little boy.

~~Dawson~~ Eleanor changed her shoulder slightly: — "What dear child, again!" ~~dear~~ ~~said Dawson~~ ~~soon~~

"I quite at your service", Philip ~~[illegible]~~ returned courteously. ~~[illegible]~~ He looked, he thought, looked capable of developing dangerous energy if she was held waiting. He did not care very much about his breakfast ~~that~~ ~~[illegible]~~ not then — neither did he care very much for Mr. Price-Dawson's visit, either, he what matter. He had delivered his ultimatum, he wanted to get away, he did not in his heart wish to see the question ~~again~~ — and what on earth could she want with him?.. It was a nuisance her surging down upon him in this violent way. But then everything was a disputing nuisance this morning. Standing ~~in the sunshine~~ talking or rather listening to Mr. Farrell, in the sunshine without his hat was a nuisance of the first water. You will observe that Colonel Sudeley was by no means in an heroic frame of mind.

"Go, Johnnie", said Cecilia. She was rather pale at heart. The Colonel's last speech seemed to imply

ply something of a reproach, — and she was, poor dear, particularly susceptible to reproaches. She disliked Mr. Pierce-Dauncey (to) deeply, I imagine, because she was afraid of him. She would get quite pale and speechless with fear and he alone with her son.

Meanwhile, stood, as tall as Saul, in the centre of the hotel garden.

"Speak alone to you," said Mr. Pierce-Dauncey. "Walk over somewhere and sit down and talk. Talk." she added, "unmistakably, "how abominably stupid everybody is today!". What unknown terrible of Mr. Parnell's is not coming back to hurt? — "We will go inside here, Colonel Sudeley. You can have your heart out and talk to you. It is simply scorching here, out of doors."

XI

VI

Two ways of true-love.

[illegible]

. . . . . .

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Rowney sat down just opposite to Colonel Pudsey at the other side of the table on which his dessert was laid in the window of the restaurant. She nibbled the kernel of her mandarin at the ends, and flung it indifferently on to her shoulder. She unfastened her long kid glove and drawing from it a few little dress on the table before her. She pushed her chair a little back with the air of the wearer of the white unfamiliar garment. "In — exit", she said, impersonally, looking across to her companion. "I can talk to you just as well as, and it will look ~~[illegible]~~ more natural if I am one paper".

He was well to say "Sequi-exit", but how on earth is a man of ordinary sensibility — ~~[illegible]~~ — to guess at a man suffering reaction after considerable mental excitement — and if he calculate to direct a wicked ~~[illegible]~~ (knowed) glance, and inquire with the mien of a lady of ~~[illegible]~~ fashion, a woman with such an ~~[illegible]~~ wistful and tragic ~~[illegible]~~ countenance is fitting opposite to and watching him?

Really

"I'm sorry Edward Prudence, with a delicate mixture of amusement and annoyance: — "really Phillis you would find it more convenient to get up in the ~~morning~~ salon. The breakfast can very well wait".

"I've ~~[illegible]~~ answered quickly" Prudence. Just as a cup of coffee is your bitter, to keep up appearances. Fill up and with your breakfast, I assure you it really "is best".

Sir gave her a cup of coffee and a slice of bread. Mam with her mouth full of pieces fire in at an disadvantage, unquestionably: "We, Stan ~~[illegible]~~ what could he do?..

Prince-Prudence was ~~[illegible]~~ very curious of ~~the~~ seeing Lilla besides herself. She needed also Stan to prove she could get more out of Phillis. Just ~~[illegible]~~ this situation, Stan ~~[illegible]~~ mercenaries ~~[illegible]~~ associations of women and for a, ~~[illegible]~~ not only, little bitter and all Stan rest of it, should help her to maintain her self-control. She felt hideous and tried her coffee, speaking also Stan while rapidly — hurt as Stanley ~~[illegible]~~ exciting a serious decided result. — ~~[illegible]~~ again

"Hold me you were ~~[illegible]~~ obliged to go away to day. Eleanor refused to tell me what reason compelled you to go. Phillis Prudence annoyed at Stan reason. You do great honour to your delicacy of feeling, but Stan are afraid alone a mistake. Perhaps were here Stan morning to entreat you, must carefully to reconsider your decision".

~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor ~~[illegible]~~ did not raise her head, but she glanced up at Sam his a moment, from under her double eyebrows. The rest of her face was very pale; as she held her head in Sam position.

position. Her words were difficult to comprehend, but that instant we understood the secret of her anxiety. She was evidently trying hard to ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ keep firmly ~~[illegible]~~ his hands. Only a strange expression in her eyes and the certain action of her hands betrayed her inward agitation.

"If do not blame myself to me one opinion in this matter", she continued, without giving Philip time to make any rejoinder. "But another person stands on side — and that decided me to come to you. You must remember I have already warned you that foreign ways are different to English ones — that must be my excuse for speaking to you ~~[illegible]~~ plainly and without fine words circumlocution. We may be ~~[illegible]~~ in error as to your reasons. For that bare you have only to tell me so. I shall not resent, knowing I should certainly regret it".

~~[illegible]~~ Pleasure paused. Philip pushed back his knife and fork. He leant back in his chair. He knew quite well what she was going to say. ~~[illegible]~~ Again the queer parallelism of situation that all this had happened ~~[illegible]~~ to him before — which words he remembered on the day of his first visit to the Villa Mortelli — to the perplexity of him. It was disturbing ~~[illegible]~~, yet he could not break away from it. His will seemed in a state of ~~[illegible]~~ suspension. He must let her speak, and what would happen, happen. He was powerless either to hasten or prevent the course of events.

Meanwhile Mrs. Pierce-Trevorian, keeping her eyes fixed on the rim of her coffee-cup, in a solemn

Suddenly, you have any peculiar ~~to~~ interest in my step-daughter, if you prefer her — Oh, how shall I put it? — if — will you pardon my saying it ~~Martha~~ blunt? — you are in love with her, don't go away. Stay — I am sure my leave to do so. There is no reason on earth to show I would more willingly give Jennie Vane to you".

Sip ~~[illegible]~~ leant his ~~[illegible]~~ elbows on the table and hid his face in his hands. He the towards ~~[illegible]~~ beaming, worship, desire — which had left him last night to ~~[illegible]~~ sad and anger — rushed in his soul again. He was as shine now, but ~~the~~ shook like a leaf ~~[illegible]~~ at that moment.

Price-Dawson sat up. She watched him keenly and anxiously. After a few seconds she spoke again in the same low voice.

"I tried, believe me, to do my duty by my husband's child: but, at times I saw clearly it would be better — far better — for both of us, that she should pass into stronger and safer keeping than mine. And in what keeping would she be so safe as in your — her father's and my best and truest friend? — And Jennie, surely, is a very fair hunt to offer any man? She is very lively and gay, and sweet-tempered. ~~[illegible]~~. She is very winning, she never to carry the sunshine with her smile. Her dreams and night-mares are all her own — if she has any faults", Mrs Price-Dawson, went on slowly, "they are of my making. I have not always been very kind to her, poor child".

Sip suddenly looked at his companion as she said this

She sat staring in front of her.

there last few words. Her face was very sad. [illegible] She appreciated [illegible] obliviation, all the harshness and bitterness of her feeling towards Jerrie, during the past year, came to her mind. There had been moments when she had come near absolutely hating the young girl. She was still mentally [illegible] her viewpoint into Bertie Lower of the night before. She had come to [illegible] the Colonel that morning in a storm of jealousy, of revenge, of wounded self-love, and of genuine fear too: — she wanted to save Jerrie, [illegible] quite as urgently as she wanted to save herself. [illegible].

[illegible] had reached a half [illegible] in which silence, or [illegible] were no longer possible to Philip Sudeley. [illegible] had to face the situation and admit it.

"Yes, Mrs. Pierce-Dauncey", he said at last rapidly and [illegible] quietly; "can you honestly say that Jerrie is fitting Sudbands for a beautiful girl of twenty?.. Jerrie eighteen and nine — every year it makes me sensibly older. Jerrie isn't a child in time; Jerrie isn't a [illegible] inexperienced position or brilliant picture to offer a woman. My fighting days are in all probability over — younger men, men of the modern school are constantly forwards in my profession, and me, old-fashioned soldier are pretty well out of it — Jerrie practically no career before me. Have I, have I any right to go to a woman, in the first bloom of her youth and beauty, who has so much to give — go to her like this with my hands empty"?

Eleanor turned to him swiftly. Their eyes met.

...t. The bored look fell in the face.
...no loves her — yes", she said.
~~Suddenly flushed, pushed back his chair and gave up~~
~~...as if receipt, upon hearing the news~~
...p suddenly took a long deep breath. He pushed
...way his chair and stood up. A receipt for
...ssement was upon him. Just then the glad
...ou rush blew back the wall, closed shutters
...: the northern window of the restaurant
~~...~~ and the sunshine streamed in silent the
...ge bright room flooding the dust where he stood.
~~...~~ Something more than sunlight
...lumined the Vier ^ whole ~~...~~ face at the moment.
...was radiant with the flame of a great and
...autiful passion. His eyes were misty with tears.
...s her?" he cried, with a strange short laugh.
"Love her?. Love her better, God forgive me, than
...mything in heaven or earth".
...ence. Dauncey sat still in the shadow. She
...attered her mantle hastily up over her shoulders again.
...e was aware of a sudden chill.
...e is a very fortunate girl", she murmured.
...ven she rose and began slowly putting on
...er gloves.
...wish we go now, I imagine, Colonel Rudeby?"
...he enquired acutely, ~~...~~
...nd with Jealousy a faint spice of malice in
...er tone.
...t "I know that" he answered. "I cannot say
...et. Your presence seems wonderfully good to me.
...e must consider it all. ~~...~~
~~...~~ too hideous
~~...~~
~~...~~ want of experience. I must
~~...~~ wait

It would be too hideous if she sacrificed herself through ignorance, through want of experience. ~~[illegible]~~ I must wait, I must think it out". end file

ices. Dawson came a few days nearer to him. He went on slowly buttering her flower. She did not look at Colonel Rudkin, but there was a certain vibration in her voice as she spoke which was unusually penetrating.

"Here — I give you this chance of saving Miss Vane from a possible catastrophe — think twice before you ~~[illegible]~~ let that chance slip through some quixotic, half-morbid imagination about your own unworthiness. Things must go on as they are much longer up at the little red villa. Something will happen." — She paused a moment. — "I went into Jenie's room when I went up to bed last night. She lay asleep with her hands clasped under her pretty curly head. She was smiling, and her breath came as if she were a little baby. Look at her — look — look — I ~~[illegible]~~ longed" ~~[illegible]~~ "Look" cried Philip ~~[illegible]~~ starkly. "Here are things you may not say and that I may not hear. — There, it's done", he went on ~~[illegible]~~ more gently: — "You don't know quite what you are saying. You are excited and I. Let me go and call your maid to you".

"No", ~~[illegible]~~ said Mrs. Price-Dawson. close up

At dawn again in a few moments left of way. Her hands lay idly in her lap and she gazed out at nothing, with dry tired eyes. Her strength and courage had left her. She sat there in utter trance and weariness, while the sunshine flooded into the gay

[illegible] vanished room, and the fountains sparkled in the gardens outside, and the palms leaves rattled together in the breeze, and the murmur of voices and of the [illegible] sounded in from the corridor outside.

With his imperial head and pale unpassionate face, [illegible] it seemed the Colonel had finished his speech. But Philip motioned him impatiently aside.

"Please, wait very low", she almost moaned. "But you [illegible] are strong and merciful, Colonel Sidney. If you knew what Frances suffered you would not blame me very much".

"Yes? What? Should dare blame you at all?" he cried quickly.

"Yes, I know it all now. Frances told me [illegible] in the moonlit Knightsbridge drive, and it came on in the same old, merciless way. And Frances had nobody to speak to, nobody to help me. Look, Colonel Sidney, I had to know myself how to comfort her, to reconstruct society, to build up all those broken hearts, to set the world straight. — Frances gave up everything by proxy, all my foolish worldly schemes, all my blundered dreams, every thing — and what for? — for a man who does not love me. Frances rejected my old friends, forsaken my old pursuits, and existence. He has banished me out of all of them, with his gentle little mocking smile and his sweet voice".

"Hush", said Philip suddenly, [illegible] under his breath.

"Was drawn me into [illegible] unbelief. It has even come between me and my husband's child, till the most horrible temptations have

assailed me — this strange, seen on the edge of mortal sin. And yet I care for him": — ~~I mean~~ she added. "God help ~~me~~ me! I care for nothing else. — What is this thing ~~that~~ love, which men praise and belaud, and represent as the glory and blossom of life?. ~~What~~ It seems to me a very subtle and devil's gift. What does it do but wreck us, bewilder us, drive us crazy, possess all that is purest and best in us with one mad overmastering desire"?.

She suddenly shuddered. The words were terrible to him coming just at this moment. His own love was deep enough, but it was of a very different complexion. It made him brain giddy to look into the frigid depths of this woman's heart. Her entire disregard of conventionality, the unclean of her nature, ~~[illegible]~~ and the fierce sway of her passion were ~~almost~~ revolting to him. He had no words to meet her with, no consolation to offer.

"Is it pride enough", she went on, blushing up ~~[illegible]~~ with a sudden flash of anger: — "and. Is she enough, I say, with her radiant health and youth and beauty, with all the adoration which society was ready to lavish upon her, but she must have this man's love, too?. Ah! These bright, innocent young creatures are so cruel, so very cruel. Their wounds are never healed enough. They clutch at everything in their own selfish light-hearted pitilessness. They leave nothing, nothing for us older women. They won't share us the veriest ~~[illegible]~~ sufficient, they make us a stone while they have ~~[illegible]~~ to fill a multitude. Is this the story of the rich woman, who with all her jewels and lovers must still have her poor neighbour's

[illegible] hands. Hadn't she
[illegible] enough already, they couldn't she spare him
[illegible] more?.
[illegible] care for him?" interrupted Philip hoarsely.
[illegible] like that" — said Mr. Price. Dawson
[illegible]ered." If you care for the flower you buy for
[illegible] sentiment, and let it stay for an hour
[illegible] your button hole!" — But remember", she
added standing up, and speaking very clearly
and carefully — "remember it is all my fault.
[illegible] blame her, and have no right to blame
him. I hoped the world would amuse him. He first
encouraged Stera being together. Only thought
[illegible] making the time pass pleasantly for him.
[illegible] in a moment of weakness. I commit
the unpardonable error of putting them
together in the attitude of that material
[illegible]. Hamer seems a fool, and one pays
[illegible] heavily for folly in this world. — Mr. Sale
[illegible], Colonel Pudsey, for pity's sake take her —
[illegible] to him folds her hands on his
arm, [illegible] at him with eyes wild
with entreaty. "She likes you, and she is an
[illegible] as a summer's day. Take her, leave,
[illegible]: —

(Eleanor's) voices had risen almost to an inarticulate cry. There was a sound of footsteps on the horse's gravel of the garden path outside, and the window was suddenly darkened by an awkle female figure. The Colonel and Mr. Price. Dawson moved a step back and turned hastily round, and moved a step or two apart.

"pardon me", said Mr. Murray, hesitating from one

to

the Miss with ill-concealed curiosity. "Dear me, Miss Pearce, what a fright I was told you were here, Colonel Frederick. I was so afraid of injuring you. Mightn't Florence get lost, you know, and make me. I did not know dear Mr. Price. Tannan was here too. Just an unexpected pleasure indeed" and Mrs. Murray was not quite as pleasant-looking old lady. Her eyes were small and twinkling; her dark hair – still surprisingly unfaded – was waved and puffed out over her ears. There was and ~~[illegible]~~ disagreeable vivid colour upon her cheeks and thin lips. She was extremely gracious and hoped to encourage, but one might detect a malign ~~[illegible]~~ and watchfulness and cardinal behind her social manner. Red. Riding. Hood's grandmother must have looked a good deal as Mrs. Murray did at moments, when she bow smugly in bed, with that white night-cap tied so neatly under the long lower jaw, making a cameo-like effect to that intimate but little ~~[illegible]~~ maiden.

Eleanor ~~[illegible]~~ gathered herself together in an instant. She regained her usual fine manner, and looked very handsome – if a trifle ~~[illegible]~~ – as she bowed and slowly settled her mantle into place, with sundry dainty patting and smoothings. She was pale still, and the dark shade ~~[illegible]~~ round her eyes had grown almost livid. But the ~~[illegible]~~ elder lady's presence seemed to galvanize her into calmly-centred with a remarkable promptitude.

"See I'm in the way", ~~[illegible]~~ Mrs. Murray continued.

"Don't

"Don't pray let me interrupt you. I should never forgive myself if I interrupted you".

"Don't interrupt us, believe me", responded Eleanor, with dangerous sweetness. "I was just going".

"Oh, I am delighted, really delighted", cried the other, bobbing from one to the other with sharp complacencies of manner — under which, it must be owned, Philip reddened slightly. "But I just looked in on my way to join Cecilia and our precious boy. I was passing you by, and I should have so regretted missing Colonel Sudeley altogether".

"We go", said Mrs. Pierce-Dawson. "Please call Parker, Colonel Sudeley. You will find her waiting in the hall. I'll go down to the gate and stop the team".

She shoves the empty out of the window, past Mrs. Murray, and into the place of the ~~[illegible]~~ her ~~[illegible]~~ sunny garden.

"My dear Mrs. Pierce-Dawson" cried Mrs. Murray after her — "one moment. I have so nothing to explain our cause of your misunderstanding him:" — the lady addressed walked straight on, her head erect, her arms folded, her fully crisp skirts swaying behind her over the gravel. Mrs. Murray's words died away. The geniality, too, died out of her countenance.

"How mistaken I to be so impertinent, I wonder", she said half aloud.

Colonel Sudeley, followed by Parker, hurriedly across the hall after Mrs. Pierce-Dawson to the gate. He came up, she turned to him with a courageous smile. Philip could not help admiring her.

There

"We was wrestling rather violently about ~~Bessie~~ ~~Bessie Bassett~~ her after all."

"Here is the letter! How fortunate. Just at the right moment — go and stop it Parker".

She paused a moment and looked steadily at the Colonel.

"Will not go to Spezzia for the mid-day train?" she said as she held out her hand to him.

Nothing of the lover's manner and with ~~her~~ he let fall this unhappy woman got into Philip's face even as he answered: —

"~~The Honorable Bessie~~, I remain here. I shall not go to Spezzia".

"As you — God help you", ~~said~~ said ~~Bessie Bassett~~ Eleanor, sickly — there was a sob in her voice. She put up her hand, and drew her veil down over her face, and then made ~~[illegible]~~ him a deprecating little gesture of farewell as she stepped up into the tram-car.

Philip, scrutinising many things in his mind, walked back back from the gate, Mr. Murray stood, tight-lipped, sharp-eyed, camp-stool in hand, meet him.

"Bessie was annoyed at having intruded upon you" he said. "Had I known that you were engaged, of course, I should not have come. It was stupid of the people not to tell me".

"Not at all", Mr. Murray ~~said~~ suggested Colonel Sudeley, to a minute and searching scrutiny. "Dear me, how he has improved!" ~~[illegible]~~ she thought to herself. "And they say he has money. Can he be ~~[illegible]~~ seriously occupied with that turbulent widow? — How if Cecilia had only any spirit: —" but Cecilia's good-parent was only too well aware that her

daughter

daughter had the very smallest possible amount of wits!—

Lord was not disposed to be gracious.

"I don't apologise, he retired sick." Mrs. Paria. "Murray was just leaving".

Lord immediately to get away and be alone; but, as Mrs. Murray drawn up so squarely in front of him, it was not quite easy to manage.

"A remarkable Portuguese person" observed that lady, tentatively. "Of course it is natural as delicate natural to wish to stay, — but it does seem as if that he encourages one neither so much, you know." It was already dawning upon the rest of his family, as it was we all regret, I can't deny that. Dear Cecilia was always "such a favourite".

Lord did not answer.

"Large family like ours, such things are natural: all talked over, you know, Colonel Sudeley. His sisters see so little of him now. Jeanie thinks my mind about it more than once. I was determined to come here, and see his myself. Cecilia was altogether unwilling, but I just it "behoves her as a duty."

"Cecilia's Bedfellow was always notable, I remember", observed Philip.

Murray winced.

"Poor dear Cecilia, poor much she has gone through." she exclaimed piously. "We all of us — ~~Hit~~ sometimes I have ventured unjustly on her account" —

Murray gently ~~dropped~~ turned her head and looked in her eyes, as one whose thoughts lie far in deep pools. But Colonel Sudeley made no response; so Mrs. Murray re-opened her eyes after a few seconds

and

nds returned from her abrupt deep or
thought with an air of pride.
leave you", she said, majestically.
, I'm afraid I must go indoors, if you'll
excuse me" Philip assented. Jane turned.
and some order I gave last night".
ds Sandy's face became rapidly crimson again.
ues not giving after all. Delight him". she exclaimed
with a deep little sort of enthusiasm.
s Sandy felt compelled to answer, though he
s not the least enjoy submitting a fair action to the
. Murray's approval.
So in a few days yet, ~~[illegible]~~. But
giving in that, he passed into the house."

end Jane

XVI

VII Layer

The Colonel clasps hands with his fate.

~~[illegible]~~

is another side of Venice, but still within the limits of this city. There is a stately and unfrequented road. Now, it ~~[illegible]~~ often so ~~[illegible]~~ constitutes contrasts lies to the farther side with their long facades of splendid palaces and their swarming burrowing human crowds, and to these listless narrow, melancholy: romantic canals by layers and barrages, which with closing door-ways into dim dusky basements and beautiful barred windows high up in the ~~[illegible]~~ melancholy ~~[illegible]~~ house-walls, from the old fashionable quarter of the brilliant city. — Murderous looking places, there dark, sheer warm, sweet, and ancient smells stagnate from year end to year end, and where you almost reach your hands in the depth to catch the exquisite of the ribbon of radiant blue sky, that palpitates between the ~~[illegible]~~ contorted lines of the high repellant houses far above, ~~[illegible]~~.

On the side of the road-way in question is bounded by sea-walls, against which the water of the Adriatic ~~[illegible]~~ gurgles and ~~[illegible]~~ murmur heavily the tides set below. In the other side are earth-banks — over-grown with weeds and coarse grasses — which shine the black burnished sides of canoes, their glossy prows pointing seaward. Beyond, the

ground

[illegible] in the picturesque gardens of a [illegible] villa, bounded on a high wall on the left, marked with flowering creeper and near to stands the venerable stair of [illegible] [illegible]. Suddenly we found ourselves at the extreme end of the Rue [illegible] – with its [illegible] and filthy foul water – round a broad crescent of stately painted houses, that rise up the slopes with wide steps towards lofty gardens and shimmering [illegible] grounds, [illegible] guarded above by the [illegible] of the Kremlin [illegible] and in [illegible] of pale, gentle [illegible] fortifications, [illegible] outlined keen and clear against the sky.

[illegible]

[illegible] over a [illegible] in the afternoon, [illegible] volumia [illegible] critical conversation with Mr. Price-Dawson, [illegible] suddenly [illegible] [illegible] by the side of a [illegible] Kremlin [illegible]. [illegible] was with some [illegible], [illegible] wandered [illegible] [illegible] the city, till he found himself [illegible] in an [illegible] [illegible]. It seemed [illegible] [illegible] to rest in his [illegible] and try to arrive at conclusions.

[illegible] on the left, where the [illegible] earth [illegible] ended, a [illegible] of dust was piled, – each dark bath of [illegible] giving off and [illegible] dazzle of light as the [illegible] touched it. A [illegible] with his [illegible] carbine on his shoulder, passed backwards and forwards, in front of the low area railings. [illegible] of building of [illegible]. The man was [illegible] [illegible]. His [illegible] handsome [illegible] features showed dark and muddy [illegible] above [illegible]

[illegible]

Green his blue eyes uniform, under his white hair expressed pain, and his white cotton [illegible] in the wood, [illegible] young girl as he moved. The regular tramp of the sentry's feet made his tall straight figure more clear and [illegible], to Colonel Sudeley. [illegible] "He leaned back against the road side wall and proceeded to light a cigar in a leisurely and dissatisfied manner.

[illegible] is his suicidal and ridiculous conduct, to go through [illegible] matter from beginning to end. His sister was his loss to Jenia — Philip did not want much in one sight point. In Philip's twenty-four hours it had become much too vital a part of him to need an overturning or careful scrutiny. Kept sister was a question shelter, under the circumstances, has been [illegible] in declaring his love to her, in order his utmost to win the young girl. Mr. Pierce. Trevor's wild words — some of them Philip tried to right and put away from him: "The poor thing, was really mad", the "knight — had revealed to him as humble and perilous condition of things in the Villa Rutelli. The pity and misery of the situation touched some of the deepest and finest chords in his nature. It was right his struck of that his circumstances and the "bitter" war of conflicting feelings that was passed round her also down his; right his struck of his habitually realizing [illegible] as [illegible] horrified in the [illegible] of [illegible] fruitless [illegible]. Philip's sudden knight and thought. Weighed [illegible] his own disabilities against the [illegible] will's danger, tried to look on into the future and [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] insight, a vision of how life would be — of married life for himself, for Jessie, the temptations, difficulties, that might arise and must be guarded against; then to act some notion of the whole new multiplied world of emotion and experience that lay before him. Granted so, the [illegible] of the rebuke — the dual ultimatum would be terrible. Yet it might be seemed humiliation enough. What would be ~~[illegible]~~ if it came some weeks later, when the sight of the girl's beauty and charm had become a habit and daily necessity?.. But based on in the last still ~~[illegible]~~ sunshine, a beautiful life lay glittering between the [illegible] and [illegible]. Philip Audrey [illegible] and looked away to the far southern horizon. He felt the critical moment had come, the moment of final decision ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ which would colour — his or some — life existence ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~. He was seen in the [illegible] above, a young figure from the open wilderness of the village, a lonely [illegible] with a quiver of [illegible] about their fantastic harness, the sea ~~[illegible]~~ swirled up ~~against the rocks~~ over the jagged rocks, and sparkled gently against the rough bases of the marine [illegible], and the sun had of the white heart out shining on all the [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ with an almost fatalistic [illegible] and equanimity. Philip Audrey's whole mind was [illegible] with unknown power and deep stirring immutable evolve. ~~[illegible]~~ He was ready to take all risks. If God would give him the exquisite gift of this girl's love, he would ~~[illegible]~~ dedicate himself, [illegible] to her service, he would keep himself pure and spotless for her

sake

her. He would say no word, harbour no thought that he need blush to take her of. By sidelong, by constant care, by absolute devotion he would make her happy. He would live for her, and her only: — "Live and die for her too if that should seem best", he added suddenly, half aloud.

It was a brief, ~~without~~ rival a great wave of sadness had over him, as swift dread of coming pain and disaster. But it passed as suddenly as it had come, and hope, his perfect Spring temperament, leaping, and lovely Spring ahead there. The coming days were dominant in Philip's soul as he made his way through the severe cold that morning.

By contrast perhaps to his better judgement the Spring gave way. Cynical persons will smile and remind us that ~~[illegible]~~ instances are but rare of successful instances to a certain half of emotion. Middle-minded persons will maintain that there is a ~~[illegible]~~ lack of credit ~~[illegible]~~ and contemptible weakness in our hero's ~~[illegible]~~ rapidness to take a young and very fresh flower at his head. ~~For~~ For myself, I venture to ~~[illegible]~~ hold my own opinion regarding my friend's conduct at this ~~[illegible]~~ juncture, and to say after him, as he ~~[illegible]~~ goes away filled with the joy of hope and promise: — God bless you, true heart! May God send you pleasant years and no rude awakening.

XVII

VIII

29. 5. 73.

~~[illegible]~~ Manner then to retain the
charm.

[illegible] Mr. Price-Pauncy had passed a
sufficiently unlicked day, after his ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~
expedition to the museum. She had been on her
feet, half blinded with severe headache, tired
out, past caring whether her démarches had been
success or a total failure, — only aware of a dull physi-
cal misery, as she long hour dragged in after another
under the burning afternoon. What written ~~[illegible]~~ further,
further, within those that mysterious locking brown
seat a warm and faithful heart — shielded the
pillows to her over and over again, and tabbed the
~~throbbing~~ racked and throbbing head. Pauline
did-not arise to have things explained to her.
Her ~~[illegible]~~ intelligence ~~[illegible]~~ unalterable
conviction that the ~~[illegible]~~ action of some man was
~~[illegible]~~ at the bottom of every woman's
misery; and on that basis was invariably ready
to build up an entire structure of practical
help and ~~[illegible]~~ kindness. ~~[illegible]~~ stern, hard-
featured ~~[illegible]~~ woman, notwithstanding her
austere face and didactic manner, was
full of ~~[illegible]~~ maternal instincts, which were
wont to find their outward expression, silently but very
effectually in the binding of her handkerchiefs
over-excitable

[illegible] complaints.

"The man who could "make life" [illegible] rather often said to her: "You're always [illegible] to fall back upon, and I cannot get along without some one to fall back upon".

He would reply with a somewhat sardonic smile. She did not always think her mistress in error; but, while, she cared for her more than for that account. Now this man's [illegible] worth of [illegible] is sensible of a diminution of self-complacency in observing the aberration of the "[illegible]" judgment. We must value ourselves above all things for something, at times, or our own society would become intolerably tedious even to the [illegible] mind of a Frank.

And Jennie felt as dull very much to her little sister. She had been alone, and to be alone was one of the young lady's severest trials. The [illegible] had gone out, he said, quite early. He had only seen him at breakfast, when he had said very little, and stared at her once or twice with eyes as fictitiously mournful as Malvolio's. Her step-mother had been invisible, and Parker had been invisible too, — a fact which Jennie felt half regretted as she seldom found that the workman's society very entertaining. Little Fairy's boat was still in England, and her return was indefinitely put off. Colonel Cadeby was gone.

She wandered about disconsolately. Her trouble was, doubtless, of much the same order as that of a human kitten, which can find nothing and nobody to play with; and which means playfully

ell over the waste of its misemployed energy.
It, though the kitten's cause of discomfort ~~is an~~
mean as a very trivial matter to cause concern
the training stationarily after ~~wrong~~ a great and
universal good, it is surprisingly touching and
serious to the kitten itself. Consciousness of its very
initiation ~~[illegible]~~ of its nature such
cause ~~[illegible]~~ the discomforts appear so slight moment to
its after-mentioned concern and necessarily making
it recall quick ~~[illegible]~~ the mere urgent and ~~[illegible]~~ the
wonder in this little creature to hear. We see
as she "is made that through the winter of
~~[illegible]~~ deep and of shallow water differ widely in
mind. ~~[illegible]~~ then do not differ
altogether, very similarly in degree. A time work may
be full to overflowing as well as the mighty
river that submerges a quarter of a continent.
A charming face was ~~[illegible]~~ clouded. The
tears to enlist sympathy in a number of different ways. We
strive tried but quite ~~[illegible]~~ successfully. Some person
cause or necessity for vexation of this one to
clear their path, even in ~~[illegible]~~ every-day
matters, satisfactorily to themselves. We took the
next ~~[illegible]~~ out of doors, sauntered up into the
vineyards with her sad umbrella, and watched
a pleasant morning part the river to stream ~~[illegible]~~ wooden
[illegible], where the winds had blown strongly. While
the young wife, with an orange silk handkerchief
tied over her black ~~[illegible]~~ hair and great gold
rings in her ~~[illegible]~~ ears, sat on an ~~[illegible]~~ marble bench
[illegible], nursing her brown face dimpled baby —
a very incarnation of smiling, nonsensical content.
But this ~~[illegible]~~ idyllic scene was too serenely domestic to
interest the epic bard long, and she went ~~[illegible]~~ disconsolately
back

back to the silent villa. Mr. Prince Pomeroy said some words that she was too ill to ~~come~~ appear at dinner; so poor little Jenie sat her dinner alone and at the early hour ~~[illegible]~~ retired from her room to bed. She could always sleep, and dreams were usually amusing. Any room that time happen when ~~[illegible]~~ was in arrears, and—who can tell?— the world was waiting up at the hotel ~~[illegible]~~ to mourn! —

Late that evening ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor came back downstairs. Her room had become miserable, ~~[illegible]~~ she ~~[illegible]~~ threw a thin white woollen shawl about her head ~~[illegible]~~ and shoulders, and went out into the terrace, sat down on the seat against the trellised arbour. The semi-darkness and cool fragrant air of the night were grateful to her after the warm hours of evening. She sat still ~~[illegible]~~ in a condition of mental vacuity, sensible only that she was physically exhausted that she had been, and that that in itself was an unmeasurable loss.

At the dinner-hour she heard the sound of an man's footsteps coming up the carriage drive. Were her senses sharpened and yet benumbed in the real shock ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor ~~[illegible]~~ immediately recognized. She remained perfectly ~~[illegible]~~ quiet, hoping the Mr. Innes might go into the house without perceiving her presence. She dreaded meeting him after her talk on Sunday with Philip Sudeley. The sinner's pride her resolve, and neither barely broke among the overwhelming shock ~~[illegible]~~ of the arbour. She felt very weak and languid, shaky and with the sensation

entaining ~~[illegible]~~ a part in a dialogue of an
intimate and inspirit[illegible] family character.
In fact, paused his a moment. His face had been
angled in the light, but now shimmer of his
skin was white drawn. He came straight along
the terrace, and stood as if he were frozen.
"Not yet, ~~[illegible]~~ Elegant?" he enquired.
He answered absentmindedly.
"I'm to take his sister to see the other. ~~[illegible]~~
Mr. Price. Dauncey shifted his position slightly
and sighed. She was frightened. ~~[illegible]~~ somehow Recently Bertie
Price, ~~[illegible]~~ again: —
"I suddenly fear we gone yet, I find. I had the
misfortune of seeing him for a few minutes this
evening. ~~[illegible]~~ Jane not unexcited
weight to suppose that he wishes to pick a quarrel
with me — Jane not artificially important pro
that. But I must say his manner was hardly
what I should define as conciliatory".
Long man ~~[illegible]~~ waited, after he had spoken.
Silences seemed to compel an answer.
"Now already that Colonel Sudeley had decided
to ~~[illegible]~~ stay for a little longer", said Mr. Price.
"Dauncey".
"Indeed", ~~[illegible]~~ seemed Mr. Hunt.
Now another silence.
"Well", said Mr. Price. Dauncey at last ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ with a certain tremor in her voice; — "would
you mind very much going away for a week
or so"?.
"Oh, course not, ~~[illegible]~~ Nell", he replied, — "I quite appreciate
the excellence of your intention in making that
request. But I don't think I quite see my way to
leaving

having Jessica just now. There is my dear aunt, Mr. Murray, for one thing, who has come here tied with the manner of philanthropic zeal to save me from this danger — so the mistaken old lady. Then, you know, I don't much care about travelling without chaperon, I am terribly bad about packing and so on, and I can't very well define you of your cost at a few hours notice".

~~[illegible]~~

"Might it would perhaps be better for everyone" he said, humbly. "Might it might spare some pain".

She laughed a little.

"~~[illegible]~~ retired with all possible sweetness" as to that we decided on the victim last night, ~~[illegible]~~ the minor. ~~[illegible]~~ don't vex yourself about me. I assure you I shall be quite interested in testing my powers of endurance. I have an enthusiasm for really tortures worthy of an Indian fakir just at the present moment".

Prince Paravay laid rein heartily while he ~~[illegible]~~ was speaking and walked towards the door. In the door way she turned round, the light from within fell ~~[illegible]~~ on the young man's shining face. ~~[illegible]~~ She surveyed him critically from head to foot; there was a chide of contempt in the blue pure of her eyes.

"You are thinking a little ~~and~~ an Indian fakir", she said. "You help admirably for the part. There is a hint of exquisite realism in instance in that tiberose. — You are like the fakir, in this to, that you ~~[illegible]~~ appear supremely indifferent to the fact that your experiments

in —

in self-righteous mood present an intensely disagreeable spectacle to other people".

His lower cousin knew.

"Really," he said, "this demonstration appears to me as little uncalled for. You have got your own way in all essentials — as I predicted — won't that suffice?"

He took off his hat, ~~[illegible]~~ and glower into much ~~[illegible]~~ serenity and composure, and stood ~~[illegible]~~ his cousin in a leisurely manner across the large, flagged hall. He bowed her into her head thrown back, leaning against the wall just at the top of the stairs.

"In heaven's Nell, what is the matter? You look as white as a sheet; he ~~[illegible]~~ cried.

Fence. Pauncy's lips were tremulous, she had difficulty in speaking.

"I'm very afraid, Mr. Peel, as it seems I'm not to get up stairs alone. I'm very sorry to trouble you, Bertie, but I'm afraid I must ask you to go round and call Parker to me."

Nelly returned a great pity that Mr. Amer had muddled his matrimonial prospects so hopelessly, for in many ways he would have made an admirable husband. He had all the instincts of a private nurse, he was observant, endlessly attentive, ~~[illegible]~~ delightfully handy, and as ~~[illegible]~~ he quickly affected in the sight of physical suffering as the most soft-hearted ~~[illegible]~~ of women.

"I help you into better better than Parker," he answered. "Here, let me come this side of you. You take hold of the banister with your left hand. There! There's nothing over your gown.

There:" —

Ellen :—

e stopped her just her left arm friendly round
her ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor's waist and carried rather than led
her upstairs.

end Ayden

When she paused to rest in a minute, she was
faint and dizzy, and miserably weak. Shutting her
eyes on me, she leaned heavily her whole weight
on this young man's encircling arm.

"Let us quarrel, Nell", he said, in
a low voice." We have never done that yet you know.
It would not be quite like us somehow; it would
give occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. Several
people would look wise and say they had always
said so, and rejoice with evil rejoicing, if you
and I were known to have fallen out. I am afraid
I said some detestable thing last night; but I
believe I was in a condition of temporary insanity.
If quarrels with you would be quite the worst
distressing thing that could befall me —
now".

He changed the last words ~~to~~ gently.

Peace. Faunway fully realized the significance
of that gentle emphasis. She so her words had
implied the thought of a friend, and she, poor soul,
was ~~absolutely~~ in almost abject need of
sympathy just ~~too~~ now.

"Ready to go on, Bertie" she answered, very
quietly:— "but I am so shocked up that if I
talk, I'm afraid I shall begin to cry".

The stern-head Parker met them.

"Did you ~~you~~ were not fit to go out, ma'am",
he remarked with some severity.— [Even the
wickedness-hearted person denies as certain pleasure
from the fulfilment of their ~~or~~ own dismal
prophecies.

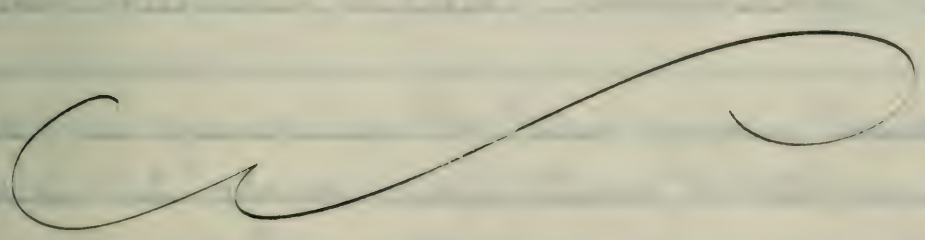
[illegible] Mr. Mason he questioned whether Gerundale would not have presented a much more ~~[illegible]~~ commendable figure. It is to his contemporaries [illegible] State he did; if, all his ~~[illegible]~~ heart-breaking fraternization regarding comma captivity had ~~[illegible]~~ proved, in the end, illusory. —

[illegible] glanced at Mr. Innes with considerable dislike and suspicion.

"Peace. Donovan is not going to sit up and talk to night," said ~~[illegible]~~ with a sort of snap.]

"Family not, my dear Mr. Parker," replied the ~~[illegible]~~ gentleman, with his most amusing smile. "Gyrovorii seems really ill. Innes stays out all day, you know, and I can't conceive what you have been doing to her ~~[illegible]~~ meanwhile".

Parker smirked. It was her way of expressing his: "miss'd scorn and withering contempt for the frauds, prevarications, manners, morals and general iniquity of the male sex.



"Peut-être que nous sommes vieux".

Meanwhile, it was the re-expansion to state that Philip Underhill found Jessie Prince. Barnaby more captivating than ever on his return to the little red villa. He had as acquired, in a time at least, the right to think about her, to look at her, to admire her unremittingly. He said the right to let himself go — and, as not of us know, that sort of "going" in the world is one of the character's curiosities in existence. Thus Jessie was so frankly glad that he had returned, and she manifested her gladness in such a simple, radiant, daunting sort of way. She was, indeed, inimitable, right and perfect.

That in speaking of this young lady I reiterate the above adjectives is the point of technique, and yet I cannot very well avoid it. Some people it is enough to cover, or try to cover, the effect that produces on the mind of the speculator here and for all. It is not so necessary to insist on the definition because there is a certain stability in the subject of it. But in the case of such as Jessie, and they are rare enough, as Jessie, the charm of whose charms consists in the fact that it is always new, always appealing with another touch

touches of delicate roguishness, always shifting and changing with as stars and fleeting lights and shadows, — because there is an ethereal quality about it, constant only in temperamental inconstancy — Jenny, I see, ~~to~~ was driven over and over again to note the sense of novelty, of refined surprise and quickened observation that it ~~[illegible]~~ produces upon the onlooker. Jenny's shy pleased and derisive of pleasuring, was undoubtedly a ~~[illegible]~~ being created to be fallen in love with. Yet, notwithstanding her momentary roguishness and free-casting of possible tribulation, the Colonel was ~~[illegible]~~ in an ~~[illegible]~~ enviable situation just at this ~~[illegible]~~ moment. It would seem ridiculously superfluous to expend any of our ~~[illegible]~~ available stock of sympathy on him.

Murray, though not exhibiting ~~[illegible]~~ all the virtues supposed to be appropriate to the period of old age in their most patent and engaging form, really as far more pathetic figure, to my thinking, than Philip Pedrick, with his fine dash of heroism and poetic instinct.

Was not a nice old woman; and that in itself, justly considered, is a ~~to~~ terribly distinguishing thing. Right-minded, pure-hearted persons need not be so very much commiserated after all, even if hard times do come to them now and again. They are secure of their reward ~~[illegible]~~ somewhere — though not possibly in their present state of being — and that it will be as fair and sufficient one we need not ~~[illegible]~~ doubt. But, as for those narrow, selfish worldly souls, who have applied themselves diligently to securing all possible satisfactions

of

of the surface of life, who are usually rated in the material order of things, these hands are filled with continual and eager ~~[illegible]~~ grasping at vulgar ~~and~~ transitory advantages. These souls will doubtless have their reward too. But, good heaven! what a muddy stomach-ache ~~[illegible]~~ sort of reward it promised to be!. We will shed tears, bitter yet proud, over our heroes if you wish: but, ~~[illegible]~~ in Pity's name, let us keep as the purest drops for the horrible division of those poor empty starving wretches.

Murray had for many years, sedulously set herself to make a friend of the Mammon of Unrighteousness. But, so far, failure, she had not been very successful in conciliating that popularity, since she was still knocking about the world on a ~~[illegible]~~ limited income with no visible prospect of a speedy revolution in to either everlasting well-appointed habitations. She ~~[illegible]~~ put an ~~[illegible]~~ inordinate value on wealth, or social position, on the painting of manners even & in the end ~~[illegible]~~ part of God's seven and sixpenny peerage. It seemed to her a very crown ~~[illegible]~~ displeasing that people should have occasion to say of me: — "No, dear Mr So-and-so, she was one of the Dashers, don't you know, and her mother was an Artesian". Cecilia's marriage had been a ~~[illegible]~~ very ripe and full-bodied glorification to her, because it introduced a sprig of nobility into the family. But, now that poor Eugene had been gathered to his fathers, leaving his widow little enough beyond his debts and that precious reply to her name, Mr. Murray

began

began to think it was about time to turn out in something which in the way of yearly income. Cecilia, it was true, was sadly wanting in thrift: yet, as Mrs. Murray eyed her thin neck in her surprisingly smart and even tasteful, she hated to think that perhaps she had still had thrift enough in her.

The moment she met Colonel Sudeley in that critical Sunday evening, she had planned a campaign. The shock which she received from the news of his intended departure only served to stimulate her activity, — was, as all else disposed to over-value the worth of a vanishing good. — Now that he seemed to really desired to stay on, the dear old lady set herself gallantly to battle away, beat the war-like drums and fissured the inspiring fife in poor Cecilia's meek ears! Not loudly and openly of course, but with innumerable hints, suggestions, touching reminiscences of early loves, and well marshalled fears for poor, darling little Johnnie, ~~[illegible]~~ left, alas! so early without the healthy moral and social influences of a father's presence. All is fair, says the proverb, in love and in war. What, then, can possibly be unfair where love and war so obviously go along hand in hand?.

"He is a high spirited child, Cecilia", she said on one ~~occasion~~ occasion, "even the high spirited child having at last been consigned ~~to his bed~~ to his bed, the two ladies were spending the evening together in their little salon.

"I am always very thankful for it", ~~exclaimed~~ answered Mrs. Parrett. "Think it shows he is healthy".

Murray thrust the white ~~ivory~~ bone needle into her strip

strip of velvet, ~~and folded~~ rested her hands on what had formerly been her waist, and paused in action. She was taking her ease, and lady, in her own, owned in a purple and black striped dressing gown and "a pair of easy redslippers". She had dined, too, a little after dinner — ~~to~~ a habit that grew upon (even) the most vigilant of us in middle age — and her white lace cap had fetched way ~~at~~ during the ~~soft~~ sweet abandonment of sleep, and inclined to "hang left" in a somewhat lax and ill-regulated manner. But what did that matter?.. Even in undeep mitigous Mrs. Murray felt equal to attacking and successfully routing her daughter.

"Were you can look at ~~it~~ in that way, Cecilia, if you like" she said gently. "But, it seems to me a great pity you should be so infatuated about that poor child; it can't be for her good. And it often strikes me to put strong before you, and say something which I do for values not".

"What does that matter? Was Johnnie there wrong?" harshly asked Mrs. Merrell.

"Don't, please don, Cecilia — Warning up in a moment, when one has time to explain merely. It is impossible ever to talk over anything quietly with you".

"Well?" [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ — [illegible] anxious half expression developed itself very sensibly ~~[illegible]~~ in her voice and faded [illegible] [illegible]:

"Twenty-eight", murmured Mrs. Murray. "You spoil Johnnie, and it makes me dreadfully nervous at times. Nervous for you both. You have no head, you know, Cecilia; you never look forward,

you

Mrs. Murray picked up her ~~the~~ crochet and worked diligently for a minute or two. She knew her daughter so completely as a violinist: knew her instrument. She had played on that poor human instrument often enough, and was accurately aware how to produce the effects she required.

Cecilia moved across and closed the door of communication between the salon and her bedroom. As she did so she paused for a few seconds to listen to the sounds of her child. "We might make out the crescendo, parenthetically."

Founder hardly worked in silence.

"I have any thing to complain of in Johnnie's conduct I should be so glad if you would tell me:— resumed Mrs. Farell. "I know how interested you are in him. I always value your advice," ~~and [illegible]~~

"Let's twenty, twenty-one" counted Mrs. Murray. "Oh - twenty - let me see, twenty - twenty-two. So you say, Cecilia — but at the same time I believe you generally agree in my advice pretty nearly when it's you. Twenty-three, twenty-four. Pray don't [illegible] on line — remember how wretchedly time flies [illegible] walls are".

Cecilia sat down wearily to the table. She was so much accustomed to ~~[illegible]~~ melancholy accentuation of Chopin actively. ~~[illegible]~~. But the anxious haggard expression developed itself very sensibly ~~[illegible]~~ in her worn and faded counte-nance.

"Twenty-eight", murmured Mrs. Murray. "You spoil Johnnie, and it makes me dreadfully nervous at times. You run in your head. You have no need, you know, Cecilia; you never look forward,

you

merely stunts of gratitude the child in the
morning moment. — "Ah! if poor Eugene had only
been spared it would have been a great
day for that boy".

She bent down and plucked the little bit of
pip and dust off the table-cloth with a trembling
finger.

"I feel to say Eugene would not make a good
man" she said slowly, in a low voice.

"Oh, Cecilia, there you are entirely wrong", cried
Mr. Murray, with an argumentative energy. "You really
have the most delightful memory!. I certainly
never said that." It would be a new sin the
most unmanageable thing to say, and I hope — I
do hope — that I always weigh my words. At
all events recognized poor Eugene's good qualities —
as was very fond of children — Eugene was very
affectionate. A man is, almost invariably, more
delightful for his child than for himself. I repeat,
Eugene would have been the greatest blessing
that infinitude boy". Mr. Murray picked up
his crochet again. "Stitch one, stitch two", she mur-
mured with dignity.

Many words, at times one is tempted to think these
forbearing, long-suffering, humble-minded individuals
will have a great deal to answer for some day.
They give so much opportunity for sinning on the
part of others. Whether the interests of public
morality are in any degree served by their turning
the other cheek to the smiter is a question which
will present itself to some now and again. It would
have been a Christian for Mr. Murray, surely, if
he had told her roundly that she was nothing better
than a violent old tyrant, and had left her to

[illegible] mother-

[illegible] wizzed in which [illegible] [illegible]:
[illegible]. But [illegible] Cecilia Pavelle did nothing of
[illegible] kind. She sat still, in a helpless sort of fashion.
She knew more was coming, and, with the patience
[illegible] a Griselda, she waited for it.

"[illegible] waits a moment", said Mr. Murray, after a
[illegible] in an inaudible tone". He needs a younger
[illegible] than you, Cecilia. Do my heart: but, then
[illegible] listen to the advice of an poor broken-down
[illegible] woman who loves me"?..

Murray sighed and choked, as little.

"[illegible], Cecilia, I always try to do what you
[illegible]", murmured Cecilia humbly.

"Pavelle are wild, all very wild", resumed the
[illegible] lady. "Johnnie takes after his father's
family. He will give you as lot of trouble yet,
[illegible] dear, and you're not equal to it. — Jane
[illegible] to devote myself to you as long as I live.
[illegible] Whatever it costs me, I'll never leave you.
But, who can tell?.. Jane are old women — I
[illegible] be called away at a moment's notice —
[illegible] then: —".

Pavelle [illegible] was quite moved. She got
[illegible] nearer to her mother's side and knelt down
[illegible] her. "You don't feel ill"? she said.

"[illegible], no — not in the least. Why do you ask
Cecilia, in that sudden sort of way?.. I'm not
[illegible] show me? — you don't see anything
[illegible] odd about my eyes?"

It was the thing of all others she dreaded.
Suddenly death [illegible] rushed to [illegible]
[illegible] up as a bogey, in dramatic purveyor: but
[illegible] the "disfigured" signs of approaching indisposition
[illegible] good lady would have sent off post haste
for

the reason's doubt. She recovered ~~[illegible]~~ that her conscience however guilty, morally. not it's now; "No, I may be ~~[illegible]~~ any day. ~~[illegible]~~ awake at ~~[illegible]~~ night thinking of you and your Johnnie. Mr. well" —

"Mother", said Mrs. Farrell, softly.

"I was not as good husband to you Cecilia", glanced up at her daughter quickly. "Perhaps never did you ~~[illegible]~~ any injury. I have tried to repair it. I ~~[illegible]~~ say to everybody - 'Cecilia and I are one, I will never leave her'. — But seeing Lionel suddenly again has reminded me of many things".

Farrell coloured. She stood awkwardly, in an uncertain, lop-sided ~~[illegible]~~ way by her mother's chair. "Cecilia's carriage always was unfitched by her", thought Mrs. Morgan.

"Don't talk of that, please", Mrs Farrell drew it as a trace of hesitation. "It was all over long ago".

"It not to see of that. You know I never pushed Farrell, Cecilia. I never asked for your confidence but if you offer it to me. I am very certain of appearing at all officious. ~~[illegible]~~ But I am always delicate in these intimate matters: — No, I am not blind, you know, and I'm not at all so very sure that it was all over long ago".

Morgan closed her eyes and ~~[illegible]~~ nodded a second emphatically, there by causing her cap to slide over, as little far into the direction of her left ear. "It seems to me that our meeting with Lionel suddenly was absolutely providential." — Then she applied herself diligently to counting her crochet again.

"I don't

ward

m't think I quite understand you, Hortense", asked ~~the~~ Cecilia mildly, after a few moments ence.

ewan declared her throat with a rasping noise. "It's all her devotion to her daughter's welfare ~~after~~ ~~[illegible]~~ She was really terrified to buy her ss somewhere else. However ~~to~~ she managed to minate the business of her initiation.

ase, modest Cecilia; you always underestimated yourself. — Colonel Pudeley was going. He t you in the garden next morning ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ and immediately decided to ' ou".

t had nothing to do with me. He blushes when I tell at he was going. It was after Mrs. Pierce-Dauncey, sit her changed his mind".

Truman looked up sharply. "Yes" — she said. "She had received a check. "Mrs. Pierce-Dauncey is a bold, scheming woman", she broke out. "I have n't any too much opinion of her character. Colonel Pudeley ought to be warned".

ss, do you think you had better interfere"? ed Mrs. Fanelle, in a ~~[illegible]~~ (faltering) voice.

, Fie, fie — shame — How you do catch one p Cecilia.. Did I ever say I should interfere?.. rely it is person of my age and with my experience may not venture but it feels a fellow creature going matching with other it is hard. Poor Philip Pudeley! — mere never see through this sort of women. — Mr. you what is husband and what he would be ~~[illegible]~~ I should see you married to Philip Pudeley I should! — yes, I should — and poor little Jeanie too — I should die happy". excellent lady had become almost inarticulate

Her

[illegible] was broken, and its [illegible] marked to
[illegible] the [illegible] words [illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible]. But they [illegible]
[illegible] — [illegible]. They became [illegible]
[illegible] and intricate [illegible] of [illegible] concealed
[illegible] and [illegible], that never fell.
~~[illegible]~~ was quite overcome by this exhibition of
[illegible]. Still her natural attitudes made her reply
[illegible]
~~[illegible]~~ companion.
[illegible] disturbed. "Fiddlesticks," she said; "it's all
[illegible] is quite out of the question." She turned
[illegible] was humble-minded enough, and to say
[illegible] there ~~[illegible]~~ are certain admissions which no
man can make without a [illegible] of pain amounting
absolute anguish. "You are too kind to see it; but
[illegible] too old and [illegible] now [illegible]. No man will
[illegible] think of me in that sort of way again.
[illegible]."
[illegible]," she ~~[illegible]~~ said ~~[illegible]~~; "you are talking like
silly sentimental girl of seventeen, instead of
[illegible] a reasonable being of over thirty. You know
it as well as I do that a woman must meet
man half way. Of course, if she stands up
against the wall ~~[illegible]~~ and waits till ~~[illegible]~~ he comes
[illegible] of his own accord to ask her, she may
stand up against the wall forever. Love at first
sight may be taught in boarding-schools to keep
the girls out of mischief; but, it isn't
taught anywhere else in the world as far as
know." — "Fiddle-de-dee!" cried Mrs. Murray, snapping
[illegible] finger [illegible] — do try to exert a little common
sense, instead of maundering about your age and
[illegible]. You won't make the best of yourself.
You'

must be thought and reason out for the people. You must realize — delicately of course, but still do it. ~~Provide~~ Give the people all they want — ~~give~~ in return ~~for work~~ every man's work or rum or a woman. — There is a hundred little things a woman can do — help them do them. We must help ourselves, I tell you. You must come forward: a woman at first. Publish a page letter to women who think it's wrong. She's left fighting, she must help herself. Mrs. Pankhurst never married, so of course he's no use in carrying his gun. You have only got to say you can do well. — Yes, it is really 'presidential' the added, doubtfully. You must take care of your health — ~~the~~ it's precious — and be some within 'call' in Europe with Peace to Women — and think of your little Johnnie's future!".

That's the winning and conservative doctrine is at the survival of the fittest!. How ~~it~~ agree: Why it's giving the hands of the capable ~~or strong~~ merciless strong, and raises the ~~gentle~~ gentle, and timid weak to duck under. Yet actually it is calculated to increase the evil of the more robust virtues — pride, arrogance, pelt and such like! And, that is very triumph — paradox that eighteen centuries of Christianity should ~~[illegible]~~ have evolved this gospel to it.. ~~the~~ However - inimitable or uninitiatably, as you please — there's hunger ~~to~~ as leaven in human nature still, which prevents, ~~to~~ as yet, it's ~~[illegible]~~ becoming this gospel in all its fullness. And - there's hidden power, ~~[illegible]~~ Peace: quietly, finally among them, who have not as yet yielded adoration for pounds bob and high wages, ~~with~~ still cherish the hope of the survival

description.

in this ~~characteristic~~. Indeed, than ~~some~~ hide
lawn, that here and there seemed ~~one~~ have
in good luck to meet with a reader of the old
school. She will be read enough to get down off
the top-roads to, and terrifying himself, a vacuously
in some number which doubtless will be as little
the way.

end Hand

The tale as this story is can hardly fail to
be but drearily. The theme should ~~be~~ was
on so terribly towards a his gross conclusion?
Self-indeed is happy enough making here,
in ~~the~~ his quiet current manner, at this moment;
his bright-eyed smiling female is happy enough
receiving his homage. Indeed the three numbers
this company are valued on their merits. Mother mean:
Lilie, Winter's Tale are cast away. They were
hardly much the author so their can die:
which be far as scanned, and man theatre
in pitch rather a little longer: while Italian is
old fig is whole and rest my mind should get
tired and dip enough with such long handling
the skip and the ribbons.

Mr. Murray decides to hold down her job.

Murray, as the pleasant young displeased, became increasingly convinced that it was her boundless duty to save Philip Sudeley, even if she had to be pleased to describe as "Mr. Price-Murray's bête character".

Many reasons she had for wanting to designate the rumbling name of liar, Mr. Murray had very much more vivid sense of the importance of her own ends than of the importance of strict veracity. The truth is big enough, after all, to take care of itself. What we lose mistake have to do is to look after ourselves. The bitter sunrise worries, in the end the battle is to the strong: we see the same as truth and fight for it at times, and must struggle with a certain violence of vociferation in existence.

Only Mr. Murray underrated the strength of her enemy. That was excusable enough; many trained commanders both in ancient and modern history have done the same. She had regarded Philip with a degree of contempt, seen as a sensual raw and experienced youth, had first wooed Cecilia. Mr. Murray was viewed

up

to a certain point; beyond that point her
~~[illegible]~~ failed her, she was liable to ~~[illegible]~~ fall
into errors of judgement ~~[illegible]~~ which were reached merely. It was been said
that Satan ~~[illegible]~~ merely is dark sighted. — But to
no mistake is it decided to write a resemblance
between a respectable old Irish lady of very
strong religious standing and the Prince of Darkness.
Little one may venture to ~~[illegible]~~ admit the
possibility of a mistaken in the acute sense of
the supreme power of evil, since one recognizes
such distinct traits in the case of other human
beings who may be described as "not quite nice".
Mr. Murray could not shake off the impression
that the Colonel was more or less of a rotten
fish. He was in other days, no doubt, a fine
specimen with a winning fire: but, she fancied
he would rise to an artificial fire of very common
order. So the good old lady did not worry herself
about retired acts and nefarious concealments of
purpose. She was laid Colonel Rodeler at the available
screen in ~~[illegible]~~ the hall. She thought her conscience solidly
in front of him at the dances meetings out of doors.
She praised her daughter, she mourned over her
wrongdoing, she lamented that ~~[illegible]~~ congenital
tendency to wander wildly on the part of the Parnells,
she alluded tritely to the part, she even went
so far as to hint at a burdened conscience, and at a
laudable desire for reparation.
"Man must be a fool or a knight if he ever wants
to win" Mr. Murray said to "herself" one thing
was: and the man being either a fool or ~~[illegible]~~
not did quite was in a ~~[illegible]~~ degree. He was
filled with a sincere commiseration in Mr. Parnell
and an uneasiness disgust for her motives. The
Colonel

rarely permitted himself to say hard things specially of a woman: but when one morning, in the privacy of his own room, he found himself referring to Mrs. Murray as "an abominable, [illegible] old harridan", his conscience did not seriously accuse him of having committed a grave impropriety. As a point of fact, he repeated the opprobrious ~~epithet~~ epithet more than once and found himself ~~[illegible]~~ with relish in so doing.

Mrs. Murray could not flatter herself that her presence was important either to his ~~[illegible]~~ wishes or comfort. She saw as little of Colonel Fredericks after [illegible]. He was always up at the Villa Fratelli. [illegible] she reached the point of exasperation she decided to follow him up to the little red villa and carry the war into the enemy's country.

day was hot to the point of breathlessness. In the hope of getting a little air from the sea the whole party sat out on the loggia under a great red and drab striped awning stretched ~~out~~ from the wall above the window of the drawing-room forming a pretty effective shelter from the of the afternoon sun. The land and sea reeled and swooned in the ~~[illegible]~~ palpitating heat mist.

Perhaps it was the heat, perhaps there was an [illegible] sense of coming irritation and unrest among the little group of people assembled on the loggia — way the conversation had an inclination to run dangerous topics. Mr. Percy-Dawson was a little [illegible], Bertie a little too cynical, Zilla Farrell abnormally limp and languid. Mrs. Murray [illegible] hid under a fine assumption of geniality, [illegible] ~~little~~ somewhat over stiff and dignified. Jerrie, who at times

her seemed to have a sense of security, that
was bodily human, of coming storm whether spiritual
or physical, was world about her might.
He had been arranging some great jars of flowers
standing on a table in the bay of
window of the drawing-room. Her drawing figure
and dress to great advantage, as she rested
for a moment the graceful flowering branches in their place,
and moved back a step or two to judge
the general effect of her handiwork. Philip Rodney had
come and watched her. He found it a remarkably
fascinating occupation. For the rested girl's spirit to him
was the aura of one of the dawn on the bright morning,
the tingling thrill of health and happiness that
emanated over his admiring little world.
Philip still watched her. Her small white hands
with their pink rounded nails, her finger tips were
wonderfully pretty as she worked and arranged the
flowers.

Mr. Mervyn Percival was saying in his quiet
voice to the absolutely disengaged. "You are an
artist, his wife and even Fiona domestic — I want
you to give darling Cecilia and me the benefit of
your experience".

"I never looked on work as a practical domestic
institution," returned Mrs. Amer in her soft rich
voice. "But my experience is at your body's service.
I'm rather comprehended in one phrase — all
work are more or less heavenly and all work reflexes are
more or less wonderful. Does that help you much
your aunt? —

Mervyn indulged in a dwarf-edged smile.
"Address an apartment Fiona?" he said.
Philip Rodney leant a little forward to watch the

young

going off.

[illegible] making that [illegible] he asked her.
raised her eyes to her face with her usual
quiet unshrinking gaze.
Oh! — Oh. ~~[illegible]~~ nobody, anybody — Bertie,
[illegible] you or you like. I was really meaning
to rescue myself. [illegible]
and flowers. That's all so nice. There, see — and
he laid the [illegible] in his hand.
[illegible] anything said Bertie, [illegible] with
[illegible] an unnecessary drawl. He stretched himself,
sat lazily in his long cane chair, and ~~[illegible]~~
sighed a yawn elaborately. "I always recommend
people to do exactly what they want to do. Advice
is superfluity. Ninety nine times out of a
hundred people don't take it. The hundredth
they do take it — with a reservation — then of
course it turns out badly and they think you
an idiot and never forgive you."
[illegible] looked ~~[illegible]~~ fixedly at Mrs. Price. Dauray
[illegible]. She ~~was~~ bent~~ing~~ over a large piece
of canvas in which she was working a kind
of flower in wool. That piece of canvas ~~was~~ had become an
institution; it had appeared at intervals for
some years, much to Jorie's irritation. Mrs. Price.
Dauray ~~was~~ possessed but a limited capacity for small
industries; her stitches had a curious habit of
being skipped at [illegible] ways, and at all
~~[illegible]~~ inexcusable angles. To Jorie, whose quick concrete mind
seized immediately on the ~~[illegible]~~ right way
of doing a thing and whose deft fingers seemed
incapable of an awkwardness, this bungling over
needle work on the part of her stepmother
was an incomprehensible stupidity. — As Mrs.

Price

[illegible] Mrs. Prior. Dunvan flounced up at him. Her kitchen was contaminated into a ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible], but whether from a ~~[illegible]~~ struggle to [illegible] is uncertain of course. Which, or from some deeper [illegible] was entirely beyond her nature.

"I think you're quite well, Bertie", she said suddenly. "Have you got neuralgia again?"

Dunvan looked ~~[illegible]~~ sharply from one of the [illegible] to the other. She had walked up from the tram-car and it had been exceedingly warm. In proportion as elderly ladies patronize rouge and [illegible] under the shield ~~[illegible]~~ of their physical [illegible]. Mr. Murray's usually eyes twinkled [illegible] pleasantly above her large mottled cheeks.

"I was a girl", she remembered, "young men of my age never complained of neuralgia".

"Probably not", ~~[illegible]~~ Bertie answered [illegible]: "But you see ~~[illegible]~~ when the members of the medical profession have stamped out all the fevers and zymotics and so on which persons of quality patronized in your youth, dear Aunt, they seemed to probability of their speedily running short of patients altogether. So they immediately set to work and discovered a number of nervous diseases — nice convenient things which titivate ~~[illegible]~~ the services of you, so to speak ~~[illegible]~~ and don't get near anything so vulgar as kidneys. Demand ~~[illegible]~~ creates supply, and the power of faith is unlimited. In days as we idle people were assured of the existence of nerves we began to suffer from them. Nature was an endless power of acquiring herself. All things work together for good, as Sarah Pudsey would put it. — Sir Tim cares it was

was mainly for the good of the doctors certainly — "Do you 'think' she, dear fruit?".

Janice. Dawson changed her position impatiently, little as ~~[illegible]~~ vicious of mirth.

"I believe it would be cooler in doors, she said." Janice, will you go and 'phone to us".

Girl gathered up her Power ~~[illegible]~~ reluctantly. "Anodyne is of rather a peculiar kind", Betty went on calmly. ~~[illegible]~~ turning to Philip suddenly and adding with a most charming smile. ~~[illegible]~~. "It was proved offering to many skilled physicians. Continue silver' highly ill at ease". Poor Berry really understands the case better than any one else believes. She is great on medical matters, you know — she studied them in connection ~~[illegible]~~ with a forthcoming state on mental conditions of many children's homes. She subscribed to an excellent little society — I wonder if you've any of the shorts in your Belgic?. — They were delightful reading, — a little society for reading out of English of middle-ages and in mediaevalable words to overcome the haveus. It was an understanding — Swan mentions, in the way — that the leader selected words she distinctly claim. Naturally it was so remarkably interesting scheme. But somehow the ~~[illegible]~~ Mr Lewis husband and Valerie's did not quite seem to see it. They: —

Janice Dawson got up hastily.

"Yes, you are absurd, you are intolerable", she said.

"?" he exclaimed blandly. "Sorry to scare. I was under the impression that I was agreeable. The

conversation

[illegible] remained to languish. From [illegible]
[illegible] humbler hearts to substitute your quiet
[illegible] for his shoes.

Yet I think the sacred contact widows
[illegible] to Mr. Price-Davison's [illegible]
[illegible] "pieces of needless work".

[illegible] "Do as you like", she answered
[illegible] sleepily.

[illegible] just going to tell you, Colonel Rudolph
[illegible] continued with much concern: "There [illegible]
[illegible] upset me, about my neuralgia. [illegible]
good enough to interest literally [illegible]
subject. We have ~~[illegible]~~ talked to [illegible]
[illegible] — our quiet life here, stimulated
[illegible] now, to [illegible] one is [illegible] a little [illegible]
We have arrived at the conclusion [illegible]
in a [illegible] — that is, that [illegible]
[illegible] the result. It is a dangerous affection
[illegible] known, at times, partially to [illegible]
[illegible].

Poor Rudolph was standing up too. He
in his young manly handsomeness [illegible]
[illegible]: —

"[illegible] my word, Steve, I should do my best
[illegible] at once ~~[illegible]~~, Sir, I swear you." [illegible]
life [illegible] the world [illegible] much, [illegible]
[illegible] dreary life. There can be no question

[illegible] — if he likes them — that's what they are for, I think? — and go and play to him. It is clear to me we all require nothing."

Turned from him with as delightful petulant pride. Then she looked round at the rest of the company.

"We all really coming in?" she asked. "I don't like being alone. I may have to relate if I know people are listening."

Invariably read to come and listen, Jemima, Bertie middle.

"You are all very nice," the girl answered, looking down and fingering her little necklace. "But you are so quite enough for Bertie, to be inspiring by yourself, no doubt."

"We'll all come," cried Mrs. Prince-Dawney briskly. She moved a step or two aside with a rustling swoop of fine crisp skirts and turning to Mr. Fonnelle smiled and motioned her to pass in first at the open window.

Mrunway essayed to rise: but her chair was low and she was not always very agile in these days.

"Help you, Mortimer?" asked Cecilia, coming towards him.

Mrunway paused a moment before replying. Then he said: —

"No, my dear, I think on the whole I'd remain where I am. You will excuse my not coming in with you?"

"Most certainly — pray don't move," responded Mrs. Prince-Dawney, with considerable alacrity. "Rest quietly, you'll stay with me now won't you?" Mrs. Mrunway went on. "I cannot not see you at times these days past, for more than a [illegible]. Inside these

ice is nothing, it seems, so shocks Europe
as quite dead with you. In one grow
old, you know, one does so value good
conversation. Thanks said to Cecilia since then
— ~~the~~ Now Colonel Rudolph talks about
pretty well — more of that poor, bright, scrappy,
useless talk one hears so much of now-a-days
but at good conversation. It reminds me of
the sort of thing one accustomed to hear ago, in
poor Mr. Murray's life time. We lived very much
in political society then, you know. Mr. was so
delightful a good talker now-a-days." However
agreeable his speech might be, Philip
could command a convenient lower of silence
when it suited him to do so. He bowed as speechless
acknowledgment of his companion's
flattering observations. Her manner, not to say over-
ripe, flamboyant were, evidently
distasteful to him: — all this more so, just
now, as he was sad Mr. Murray writing in very
close proximity to Jennie of the piano
in her. Still he could hardly desert Mr.
Murray after her late address. Philip's
code of good manners demanded certain sacrifices
of him, and he made them, as a rule, without
grudging.

"Stuff," said Mr. Murray in a low confidential
tone, shutting her eyes, and raising her right hand
and then dropping it again into a little flop on
her lap — "Yes, I often think to myself, Gabriel
darling, what a difference, when God rules
from dear Cecilia and our "life's ride side side".
It makes people so great deal, you know — at
any rate what is there left for me to do, but to

<u>Drame</u>

[illegible] and [illegible] to help so little now and then?
[illegible] acquiesced silently again. What
[illegible] could he say?. The difference was
[illegible] marked, and in way; and ~~was~~ not the
[illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ contrary. Minded of men could see:
[illegible] it was seen sensibly in Mr. Parnell's
[illegible].

[illegible] what every one would say. Mr. Murray continued
[illegible] an air of remarkable candour. — "Matters were
[illegible] and also that not of Stuart, you know, when
[illegible] in Stuart's way. But I look below the surface,
[illegible] my dear Colonel — and ~~[illegible]~~ the difference
[illegible] between the women in heart, in temper, in
[illegible], in real devotion, is greater than any merely
[illegible] differences."

While Jessie had been playing. The ~~young~~ girl
[illegible] selected ~~[illegible]~~ somewhat ~~[illegible]~~ dramatic and
[illegible] music. Her taste was not in any means
[illegible], either in her choice of pieces or manner
[illegible] them, ~~but~~ by the ordinary English
[illegible] standard. There was a touch of something
[illegible] and [illegible] in her style of playing,
[illegible] had been known, before now, to exhibit not
[illegible] in strange in this ~~[illegible]~~ hearts of ~~[illegible]~~
[illegible] auditors. Certain [illegible] ladies, for instance,
[illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ consecrated
their superfluous energy to the cause of the
[illegible] Jews, were little shocked at scandalized
[illegible] Jessie's musical performances; and had left
Mr. Pierce Tracy's ~~[illegible]~~ apartment in Florence,
[illegible] more than once occasion in the Stuart ears
[illegible] and an ~~[illegible]~~ uncomfortable feeling that
[illegible] had been arriving at something little short
[illegible] an indecent orgy, in the way of sound. Dare
not

prepared to receive that news Philip
Sudeley. Surely was not ~~entirely~~ startled at
moment. In this was a miserable passion which
his daughter, during its existence, maiden continued
to turn with her dear life, ~~entirely~~. If he had read
in that epistle clear ~~yet~~ in that ~~to~~ cause was
~~per~~ feebly fashion, he would have seen discovered
calls it that heart life was ~~misunderstood~~: in the Colonel's
practical faculties were ~~dormant~~ focused where the
individual spirit was concerned. Jenny this to alone
his mind and could no longer be subjected to the
rapid mechanical method of a strong mentality. There
was love — a dear, old-fashioned love ~~[illegible]~~ mingled
with enough pride now, clear, which so allowed
his beloved object whole, no to speak: — which
spared blemishes, over-looked defects, refused to
admit that was patent to fact in than ~~[illegible]~~ threatened to
detract in ever so slight a degree from the ~~[illegible]~~
~~the~~ absolute perfection of the loved one. Philip
Sudeley's love was of that order — calls it foolish
if you wish, it is also, ~~[illegible]~~ perhaps very, wholly
beautiful.

Mrs. Murray concluded her remarks concerning
the desirability of remembering that fair without
sometimes fails with men, Jenny Pierce. Dawson
sighed pleasingly almost. Has an stole withdrawn
into that atmosphere of mind that had gone before.
He turned and glanced round the room.
"Where is Colonel Sudeley?" she asked in her clear
detached voice. "Didn't he come in?".
"Entered the lounging and my dear Aunt's society".
Mrs Pierce knew who answered. Jenny opened her
blue-grey eyes very wide. There raising Philip
smoothing ~~[illegible]~~ into side: — "Colonel Sudeley, do

you

"you really prefer it?" she cried, looking at him and smiling.

A quick glance which Mrs. Murray received really upset her out of her long habit of silence and confirmed her volcanic fancies between Philip and Kate. Open wisdom was positively an intruding.

"Come, go on, dear girls. We hear you charmingly out here. Delightful music, don't stop," the said, waving her hand in an encouraging ~~dictatorial~~ imperative manner.

Jenny laughed softly to herself. He leaned down over the girl's fair head, ~~and said, [illegible]~~ and whispered: —

"You are as old as my aunt Mrs. Murray with her 'how to get your own way as well as the other'!"

Jenny darted her hands ~~down~~ fiercely, at random, into key board; her pinafore was drawn into an angry frown.

"Kate is an indifferent old woman", she said, ~~[illegible]~~ with her little white teeth and hand against. "And you know me Bertie, with your odious questions".

Jenny lent her elbow on Kate's knee so that Kate pianoed considered the girl thoughtfully for a minute or so. He had never seen her in quite this humour before and it puzzled him.

"Come!" ~~she~~ he murmured. "I wonder just how well he acts mean".

The as Jenny's hands were rather embarrassed again, Mrs. Murray fixed round upon ~~him~~ Philip. ~~[illegible]~~. There was a ~~[illegible]~~ challenge in her ~~[illegible]~~ beaming. She knew she had ~~gone~~ ventured pretty far.

"My dear Colonel, we have go on with our ~~[illegible]~~ talk ~~[illegible]~~

...in peace, Miss Dee said.

The Colonel, this time, had momentarily lost his temper. It seemed to Mr. Murran that Mr. Murran had put herself outside the category of honour to whom one is bound to show respect and consideration. There was no intention of making a scene, but he was ashamed to beat her with little mercy.

"In my words, Mr Murran," he replied, "I did not allow that I care to talk".

— Oh, really, then I will talk and you listen", she said. With a gesture she widened into her hanging sleeves.

He laughed. The ~~[illegible]~~ wisdom of this woman was amazing.

"Invariably I am not inclined to listen either" — he blunded, blowing her hair-pins in the face and slowly twirling the ends of his moustache.

"Still I have a bad, Mr. Murran, ~~[illegible]~~ shown ~~[illegible]~~ the metal she was made of. She put her and boldly thrust Philip Rudeby's arm and held him so.

"But you must listen, Colonel Rudeby", she cried. "I have a dozen words I am bound to say to you. Come with me to the other end of the loggia". But, to hang back under this ~~[illegible]~~ employment of physical force would have been ridiculous, unseemly, clearly undignified and out of the question, — so he went.

Murray took her ~~[illegible]~~ amiable way to the back of the loggia, from where a little flying mon-stair-case ~~[illegible]~~ leads to the vineyard at the top of the cliff behind the house. She leant up against the ~~[illegible]~~ railings of the stair-case, which offered her a knife-edge of support to her broad back, and

Fanned

[illegible] herself with her pocket-handkerchief. ~~[illegible]~~ Mr. Murray ~~[illegible]~~ felt it was a sadly common ~~[illegible]~~ thing to do; but, poor souls, she was so painfully ignorant with her crying and sobbing.

"Dear Colonel Pedder," she began in a shaking voice, "I know you must think my behaviour quite extraordinary."

"Not at all, not at all, my dear, not at all, very natural and commendable."

"— but it is extraordinary. But then, you know, you must consider the feeling of a mother — no one can do that. We mothers are very fond when the happiness of our children is imperilled. My boy is my darling, excellent, faithful Cecilia is my sister." "I know," cried Mr. Murray, with tears:— "no, I know, Colonel Pedder, you are rejecting a golden opportunity and risking heading into what I call the very pit of destruction, knowing what I do ~~[illegible]~~ know — knowing the contrast between these two women — without seeing your eyes, without saying a warning word, without entreating you to!" —

At the beginning of this impassioned address ~~Colonel~~ Philip had quietly stared, but as the meaning of Mr. Murray's words ~~[illegible]~~ revealed itself, as he began to perceive what the war during, he gave a hasty ejaculation of repudiation and ~~[illegible]~~ anger.

"No, Evan! I am misunderstood," he ~~[illegible]~~ cried. "I can't stand by and see you giving way under this artful fascination of this bad-hearted woman — using that ~~poor~~ wretched little girl's pretty face as a stalking-horse to ~~com~~ compass her own end. — I can't stand by silent, when I know

my

our decent child's ~~[illegible]~~ welfare is at stake. — That woman's desire to conquer is ~~[illegible]~~ insatiable — Yours her of old. You can't see an man alone, she must have every one, must dangle after her. — Look at poor Bertie, lunged from his family, his own earth, ruined, ruining his mother on her, realising her worst, crushing her life. It makes me ~~[illegible]~~ blush to see such a ... she said, overflowing with virtuous indignation. "Rude not you don't be ruined too. Why did - she because, Frances do you suppose? Simply, I'll tell you because Frances wanted her life. She'd filled her home with every vice and kind of gift-raff, socialists, mesmerists, — heaven knows what. Poor Augustus Harris was there nearly every night, at one time, with Cecilia at her neglected, miserable, sitting up for him. I don't know what now. Why did she come to this dull little hole of a place? — because I tell you society would not countenance her goings on longer: ~~[illegible]~~ because: —"

Murray stopped with a gasp — she was hearty. Nothing, indeed, short of physical incapacity could have stemmed the torrent of her eloquence at that moment.

~~[illegible]~~ Richard's features were full of ~~anger~~ wrath.

"Murray", he said sternly, "I call it a vile and unmanly thing to come to a woman's house and speak of her as you have just spoken of Mrs. Price. You are ~~[illegible]~~ *. ~~[illegible]~~. Naturally I do not believe what you say".

Murray was somewhat cowed.

"It's you are giving in to her," she said vindictively ~~[illegible]~~.

"You

[illegible] are always here. "[illegible] can't deny that" — so [illegible] course it does not suit you to believe what I [illegible] you about her".

[illegible] labouring under a complete misconception [illegible] this matter," Colonel [illegible] answered. The position [illegible] odious to him: but, he owed it to his honour as [illegible] to be merely, to be explicit. "I have a great [illegible] for Mr. Pierce-Dawson: but, we ~~are nothing~~ ~~to him~~ are merely friends — she would be the [illegible] person to assure you of that fact".

Dunway looked up sharply. There was something in ~~[illegible]~~ her companion's expression which [illegible] her in no doubt but that he was speaking the [illegible]. The desire to know more was absolutely [illegible] in her at that moment. Her eyes [illegible] with hard curiosity. She decided ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ to take her all.

"If so merciful as to answer you as you answered [illegible] just now," she said, "and tell you roundly I [illegible] believe you. I have my daughter's happiness [illegible] heart, Colonel Hudson — for her sake, poor dear [illegible], ~~[illegible]~~ I humble myself — a woman [illegible] just her pride in her pocket for ~~the sake of~~ the sake of her child. — But just listen here, ~~[illegible]~~ You are going away next day when we met you last Monday. Immediately after our meeting you changed your mind suddenly. We have met for: [illegible] twice. A certain construction may have been ~~[illegible]~~ put upon your conduct, you know. For my daughter's [illegible] I have a right to ask, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ what made you stay then? — why did you stay for?"

Dunway folded her hands and dried her thin [illegible] lips tightly. It was decently done, she felt as

she

e as she glanced at Philip. She had skipped ~~[illegible]~~ the point of her attack in a masterly manner. Come what might, he could hardly refuse to answer her.

Philip ~~[illegible]~~ was not alive at evasions and subterfuges. Finding himself in an awkward place, he took the shortest and most direct way of getting out of it. ~~[illegible]~~

ged" he replied with quiet dignity, "because I am close with Jessie Pierce-Tourway. I am about to ask her to be my wife".

The life of her Ws. Murray could not restrain a sob cry. Then she burst out laughing — it was very unpleasant old girl's sort of laugh.

"Little simpering skip of a school-girl", she said. "Why (Philip Shelley) you are as great a simpleton, ~~Philip~~ ~~today~~, as you were when I saw you first, five and twenty years ago"!

A minute more she was standing before her first daughter in the large faded drawing-room. Her face looked very hard and old.

"Cecilia" she said, shortly, "we'll go back to the hotel. There may be letters waiting for us. — No? — no thank you. I may ~~[illegible]~~ my dinner at 6.0 o'clock, and I don't care for it".

Murray laughed again. One must allow, poor lady, that just then she appeared supremely unattractive.

Question and answer

~~[illegible]~~.

~~[illegible]~~ ,
~~[illegible] light in [illegible]~~ . . . .
~~[illegible] as man with a maid~~ .
~~[illegible] afraid~~ ;
~~[illegible]~~ :
~~[illegible] in Death~~ .

ilip suddenly stood there on the loggia, after Mrs. urnan had left him, he saw there was only one course open to him. ~~[illegible]~~. She had forced his hand. e could finesse no longer, but must play his ighest card at once. And yet he would have een very glad to wait a little, to make sure ure before he put it ~~to~~ to the proof, to win or ~~lose~~ lose t all." He hardly dared think what it would e to lose Jennie now. Mrs. Trunan's parting words ang in his ears; though he hardly took them erhaps in the sense in which she had spoken hem. The folly of his love lay to him, not in he loving — that was natural enough — but ather in the hope of being loved in return.

hen Jennie came to the ~~open~~ window. She carried large white straw hat in one hand and her d umbrella in the other. The sun ~~was~~ was etting low in the West, and its level rays streamed n under the ~~the~~ coloured awning, and lit up he slight ~~figure~~ form of the girl, as she stood framed n two by the open window, with the dusky back round of the ~~[illegible]~~ dim drawing-room behind her.

Philip

Philip looked at her for a few seconds in silence. He was very young. She was almost straightly pretty, "impossible", he thought to himself. "Do you write poetry — and stuff — well, mine would have as sweet knocked on the head and write again perhaps. Only would have liked more time". and paper

Her face was not as placid as usual. Her mouth was tighter a little, and there was a delicate line between her brown eyebrows.

"Perhaps you did just as well to stay here, Colonel Pudeley, she said. "I played very badly." — She came on with the yellow glare of the sunlight. — "These people worry me and Bertie says inconvenient things. It is so easy to be pleasant and happy; I can't think why people need ever be anything else".

"Yes", said the Colonel, gently, "we go away for a little while and forget the troublesome people and the inconvenient speeches. Will you come with me up to Wilde Spender and see the sunset?"

"There was not in those a grain of feeling: but, it was difficult to be original at this junction.

"Let me first, before I settle whether I will go and look at the sunset or not, whether you really preferred staying out here with Mr. Murray, to coming with the rest of us". The girl asked.

"Had inherently staying out here", Philip replied with some warmth of feeling. "I stayed simply because I couldn't help myself".

Her face brightened.

"We will go for our little walk", she said. "I want to get out. I feel queer and ill-left; perhaps it will

be

is nicer up there.

In the wood, ~~the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ communing with ~~[illegible]~~ is behind the Villas Mirabelli is a delectable ~~[illegible]~~. It is thick with scrub-oaks, ilex and ~~[illegible]~~ pine trees, rising ~~[illegible]~~ among a tangled wilder growth of white heath and ~~[illegible]~~ myrtle. ~~[illegible]~~ A quaint suggestive little wood, fringed along its edge of it with grass and wild flowers, and shelfing a number of narrow paths - wind ~~[illegible]~~ and there with twisted roots, or rent into with a brown layer of fir-needles, - which turn and twist and winds in and out till they make the ~~[illegible]~~ small spaces seem quite (vast) mysterious. ~~[illegible]~~ effective way of approaching this pleasant wilderness is to pass along the level strip of varied ground above the tunnel to the left, turn at right angles under some old olive trees up a narrow ~~[illegible]~~ gully ~~[illegible]~~ where tall canes grow, and after their hard stem and ~~[illegible]~~ long leaves rattle with a sharp dry sound in the ~~[illegible]~~ wind: cross a large part the old ~~[illegible]~~ reservoir where the frogs reach up their discordant shallos - and then strike a stretch of wave grass, ~~[illegible]~~ dotted with clumps of heath, ~~[illegible]~~ which grow stones rise out here and there - to enter the wood from the rear. A path leads on, right through it to the further point of the hill, where stand a half circle of white marble benches. — ~~[illegible]~~ dilapidated things ~~[illegible]~~ on which the moss has crept and on which lichens have patched, patched lightly with ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ stain and scratch of ancient carving, remnants probably of some Roman villa or shrine. This open space is shaded by some pines and a couple of oak-trees

the Tree, ~~and down and~~ Their tender bent and their branches cut over by the rude of the reed mid. He commands the 'same view' as the villa below: but, the expanse is wider, the horizon higher, the sense of freedom and solitude more complete. Presiding genius of this sylvan retreat some ago owner of the Villa Montalti Bar ~~[illegible]~~ been pleased set up, on a table carved pedestal a marble image of Pan, with his broad chest, shaggy hairy legs, horns, and ~~[illegible]~~ prick ears. — But now, alas! has changed sadly since. Were in of early days, when as a stranger and the presence — the godhead mysteriously joined the mute heart — in the solemn twilight of summer morning he crossed the dewy Arcadian glands among the sleeping sheep-folds, or wandered on the mountain caverns ~~to~~ and fragrant mountain marshes to the reed-beds by the water. Cures in the fertile plain below, and 'nought but good' echo to the wild Arcadian hunter, and ravished the heart of Arcadian youth and maiden with the piercing sweetness of his oaten pipe. Yet, he has changed, and for the worse. Under the hands of the Italian artist, his often materializing touch it touches, Pan has lost ~~the~~ his godhead. Pan is chiefly heart now, as ~~heart~~ here, heart bound to a degraded manhood. He has looked on the ~~gorgeous~~ lust of the flesh, and the pride of life, on the gorgeous mystery of Imperial and Papal Rome. He knows he is a creature of a monstrous birth, and the knowledge has made him fast. — While the sharp tree shadows of the oak leaves and fir-needles played over his marble limbs in the evening

sunshine

[illegible] There was something almost diabolic about the image of Pan keeping watch on the hill-top above the little red villa. His wide, full lips parted in a wicked smile. There was an evil droop in his heavy eye-lids and a leer in the right half eye. The beating white rain had left ugly stains and smutches upon him; and his pipes and the hands which held them were broken and defaced.

Suddenly and Jenny came up silently through the wood. The girl was still under the dominion of unusual influence, she had by no means gained her ordinary gay, light-hearted bearing. And Philip was too fully prepared the knight of the thing he must say to her, have any wealth of talk at command.

Jenny barely drew on one of the mop-grown benches and pulled off her hat. The [illegible] was angely moved and excited.

"Come to think of this place", she said, looking away over the broad landscape. "It is always the same - except that sometimes it rains. Nothing ever happens, one day is just like another. - And I think of all the different countries, I have never been to, and the great cities, and all the beautiful, quiet, wide life that is going on elsewhere, where I can not reach it, and I could cry with vexation and longing. - Why does Mamma keep me like a bird in a cage - with that humble old Mr. Murray too, coming and staring at me with his wives! - and give me nothing to do but hop up and down, and take my grain of seed and drop of water?.. I want to go away, away, away.

way; anywhere, everywhere, seen it and
over it all. You have moved about, you have
wandered, don't you understand?.. I feel like the
walkers in the Spring Time, when they shake off
all the long winter's rigor and go northward. Oh!
how tired to death of this place. Why can't I
~~[illegible]~~ leave it for ever?."
Up straightened, wearily up. The crisis had come
no sooner than he had expected it. The wild
moods of Jenie's youth as higher hopes, as better
opportunity than man's world have hoped for. Yet still
was difficult to speak. ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ The might of her eyes
was almost terrible to him
as he looked at the lovely upturned face
of this girl. ~~[illegible]~~ Pure-minded men, when they
see way to love ~~to~~ do it in a somewhat tremulous
fashion. He has garnered strength of their man-hood,
purpose and unwarped, rather for it in a flood of
worship and desire.
He said, at last, very gently, "There is one way
which you may leave all this, that you are so
tired of, behind you and begin a new life".
Thing in the tone of Colonel Sudeley's voice arrested
the girl's attention strangely. She rose up tall and
straight in front of him, while the sunshine rested
on her bright curly head, and looked deep into his
blue eyes with a wondering, questioning expression.
"~~[illegible]~~
What way?" she asked.
"I almost ashamed to tell you", he answered: "~~[illegible]~~ Since
you have so much to give and I have so little to
offer in return.— I am as a very beggar before
you. But there is only this one way in which I can
help you. I love you, Jenie, love you with my whole
soul.

world. I lay my heart at your feet — take or leave it as you will, it must be yours always, just the same. — But take it, darling" he said, "take it, and come away with me as my wife".

She was silhouetted in a blaze of white light behind a pair of purple caper and dead-leaves. The twilight was long already in dim shadow; only the window-panes (villa) here and there, among the rich woods and gardens caught the level rays on its rows of windows and glared in a moment like a house of flame. The shadows lay long and dark across the hill and under the trees, and the marble Pan stood from his pedestal, and smiled cruelly as he laid his curved lips to the holes in his serene pipe. Then the sun dropped suddenly and the West grew pale, and the dim shadows crept up quickly, stealthily over the hill-sides and the trees; over the waiting lover and his mistress — while the birds of the old bargain sang and seemed to gleam with a weird unearthly light of their own in the dusky wood behind them, now the kindly sun was gone.

"Oh, darling, answer me", cried Philip suddenly, passionately. "Can you care for me? Can you trust me? — will you come"?

She lifted her head, for a moment, as the twilight died and the chill shadow came upon her. She gave a little shudder. Then she looked up at the Colonel.

"Yes", she answered softly; "I will come".

Philip took her two hands in his and then stepped back holding her at arm's length. He let his eyes rest steadily on her lovely face, on every line and curve of her graceful figure. He looked at her.

Love

turn and carefully, and behold! She was very pale. (his face grew pale.) The strong man would have given worlds to stand motionless and gazed about. It was his present, too wonderful. He felt as though he would burst within him unless he could share it with love. "You help me," he said. — end Lee

It is very awful the desire of this self-surrender, this madness, this wild worship, this madness of yearning towards the thing we love. It has deeper joys and more gratification of the senses. Philosophers have called it hard names and vainly split their brains over it, trying to solve the problem, trying to bridge the chasm between the me and the not-me, the subject and the object, the noumenon and the phenomenon — name it by what crack-jawed words you will. The struggle is old as existence. But the lover, of all men, does attain it as solution most faithful and derivative, when he turn earth his life down bluntly at his mistress' feet. For, dear, the chasm can never be bridged. The limits of our natures are set, and we can never cross them. Human life touch life never so briefly, and human hand never so closely, and minds meet mind in the fullest illumination of friendship, there is still a measurable distance between them. Contact is not union, though men in all ages have striven to persuade themselves that it is. Hence comes the pain, the anguish, the exquisite bitterness of this-love.

In with some vague knowledge of all this that philosophy looked at the young girl before him. But that long silent scrutiny and sudden exclamation affected her painfully. Her charming face grew troubled, and the corners of her pretty mouth began

to

him down and become minutely familiar.
What have we done? she said, trying to draw
away her hands. "I am frightened".
His expression changed. He grew strong again,
was filled with a delicious ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ right of protection.
"Darling, he answered, there is nothing to be
afraid at. You have done the sweetest and
most gracious deed ~~as~~ a woman can do. — Only
love you too well, Jenie, and I don't know how to
tell you about it. Would you give my right hands
have you five minutes sooner or discomfort, and
yet I frighten you. — We men are awkward,
lumbering, tingless. Tide rules at heart, dear heart,
we cannot express the tides of what we feel".
He looked hard at him for a minute or so, ~~[illegible]~~
his ~~[illegible]~~ the man's delightful smile began
to come on her face.
"Do really love me so very much?" she asked.
"I believe it will all be very pleasant, by-and-
by — only I feel a little strange just at first.
Life is dreadfully serious. I ~~[illegible]~~ do not like things
to be so serious, you know".
Paused and then ~~[illegible]~~ came a little
nearer to him. The colour deepened in her soft cheek
but, but she ~~[illegible]~~ glanced up quite fearlessly
at his face.
"Don't you like to kiss me"? she said.
Jan looked on. ~~[illegible]~~ In the shadowy dusk as
a warrior and taken as such his first love came
to him and taken since the world began. —
"It will be given and taken, I suppose till
~~[illegible]~~ immemorable age because the drama
of earthly existence is played out at heart, and every

realised Fanny had turned back again into the impenetrable silence and mystery from out which at first it came. But for good or evil, the lure had sounded Fanny's ear. A change had come over the night and the morning, and life would never be quite the same again.

Mr Pierce-Tarrant came quickly to the drawing-room of the Villa Fiorentini. He walked direct up to her step-mother and at once to her. She held her hands quite to Mr Pierce-Tarrant and nestled up to her side.

"Little, Mamma," she said; "I am afraid I am very late."

Mr Pierce-Tarrant was something startled to ~~Mrs Pierce-Tarrant~~ Eleanor in the girl's actions and in her address. In a flash she avoided all comfort, and made no binding appeals of the kind ~~to~~ to her step-mother's sympathies. ~~Mrs Pierce-Tarrant~~ Eleanor looked at her closely. "I have you been, my child," she asked. "~~You~~ ~~explain~~ ~~[illegible]~~ happened – are you tired?"

The Prudery had followed ~~[illegible]~~ quite ~~[illegible]~~ the room and Fanny ~~upset~~ seem up the hill to gather "Look at the sunset," he said. There was a warm resonance in his voice.

Pierce-Tarrant as she glanced at him, said to her-self: – "Why, he has changed – he is quite young. He is exactly as we distinguished-looking man." – Even she had a sudden perception of what had happened.

She said, clasping her hand to gather: – "You were upset."

The Prudery threw back his head and smiled, there was wonderful light in his eyes.

"Very happy" he said, simply. "Fanny must

tell you why I should ~~[illegible]~~ linger late at the little red Villa. ~~[illegible]~~ The conversation was not very brilliant, perhaps, ~~[illegible]~~ the last evening ~~[illegible]~~ was of the most delightful sort of twilight. Jenny was quiet and subdued, she kept rather close to her step-mother: we, the bride of yesterday about her, made her ~~[illegible]~~ more bewitching than ever to her lover. She went down into the piazza with him, where he left us, at last, and stood in the fragrance and solemn stillness of the spring night that followed. Philip suddenly said get my cloak for the bride, after all, when he called himself happy.

He ~~[illegible]~~ spoke of his charming bride as ~~[illegible]~~ soon as night came, and Mrs. Peirce. Tarraway was not ~~[illegible]~~ displeased to pass an obstacle in the way of the fulfilment of his desires. The time when she was as right to be jealous of politics, to be ~~[illegible]~~ visibly and unfashionably involved in every social affair. Jenny Peirce. Tarraway made the most of her privilege in this matter. She was warmly interested in the preparations for her wedding. Her soul was by no means too great to appreciate the fascinations of new dresses and millinery. She did not make any attempt to conceal her pleasure in receiving presents; not ~~[illegible]~~ insinuating that diamonds are as dusty when compared with the words of the lover who offers them. Very healthy-minded girls are bits of a materialist

~~"Good-bye, my pretty, good-bye —~~
~~Kiss me, dear, before I go,~~
~~Be good to the little one I leave behind me:~~
~~Do, do remember, love, love me.~~

Mrs Pierce-Dauncey grows suspicious of her handy work.

~~"Good-bye, she, who was wedded not, sweet,~~
~~Should he ever claimed you,~~
~~Could you wished you~~
~~Wedded — in your wedded not, sweet."~~

One evening Lionel Audley had travelled as far as Italy ~~with a marvellous panorama~~ ~~fashion~~ He had crowded modern life and some what romantic reminiscences of a not over pure-minded antiquity. A fit of home-sickness ~~madness~~ came upon him in the midst of his new found happiness. Like the young girl he wanted to get away. He ~~proposed~~ longed to carry off his charming bride as soon as might be, and Mrs. Pierce-Dauncey was not ~~unreasonable~~ disposed to put any obstacles in the way of the fulfilment of his desires. As the "time" when she was as right to be trading politics, to be ~~visible~~ visible and multiplicity involved in over-crowded affairs. Jessie Pierce-Dauncey made the most of her privilege in this matter. She was warmly interested in the preparations in her wedding. Her zeal was by no means too great to appreciate the fascinations of new dresses and jewellery. She did not make any attempt to conceal her pleasure in receiving presents; nor ~~to~~ ~~the~~ insinuating that diamonds are as dusty when compared with the words of the lover who offers them. Very healthy-minded girls in a bit of a materialist

artificiality, affected air, and perhaps a very decided tendency to disregard those minor conventions of society. Outwards and visible signs are valuable as symbols of inwards and spiritual graces, in these as in more sacred matters; and as a rule, are only despised by those who exaggerated and fantastical persons. But Jessie's materialism — if it must indeed be called by so ~~bad~~ ponderous a name — was in its graceful and dainty ways affect in any way to disenchant her lover. It was the further thing in the world to recommend her to, to see her sparkling pleasure at some little gifts. Philip was bewitched and delighted by her childish manner of enjoyment. He gave growing in the light of her smiles and in the sound of her laughter. ~~Heartbroken~~ Early and late the thought of her perplexed him.

Meanwhile

Fraser behaved very well during the time which elapsed between that memorable evening in the woods behind the red villa and Jessie Phillimore's wedding. He effaced himself, he paid a frequent visit to friends in Devon, and to Mr. Vinnay — who under the plea that the home facilities perfect training at Bellingsworth was not at all ready for her, hinged on ~~inhabitable~~ stiff at Leipzig. He really manifested more praiseworthy power of endurance. Indeed from the moment the engagement was publicly announced, he seemed merely to bravely, that ~~Fraser~~ began to fancy he had over-estimated the strength of his feeling towards her step-daughter. Hence this fancy gave her new hope and courage. She then seemed enthusiastically in the situation: —

Entitled

vited ~~[illegible]~~ friends from Florence to the present
of the wedding (courtly) & lended with money and energy
upon the ~~[illegible]~~ girl's behalf, and made
arrangements ~~for~~ with a somewhat regal ~~[illegible]~~ munificence
with the manager of the Hôtel Paradiso in Siena.
For many reasons it seemed undesirable that
the wedding should not take place there in the
country. The party from the Villa Pontelli would
meet their guests in Siena the day before the
wedding — Mr. Peace-Dawson purposed merely
that it should be a quiite intimate little affair.
Nina, in short, seemed to be going to ~~[illegible]~~ admirably
there are very perfect dressmaking. Much and
lace of Florence turned up in the shape of that
~~[illegible]~~ excellent and devoted waiting-woman,
Parker.

"Come, ma'am", she said, one evening as she
laid Mr. Peace-Dawson's dinner down on
her lap, and pinched the lace ruffles in the
corner of it into shape: — "Mr. Richard's be able
to go in with you on Tuesday. That new maid
of Miss Jenny's ~~[illegible]~~ can manage ~~for~~ very
well for you for this one night. I should stay here
till you come back".

Peace-Dawson turned round ~~at~~ upon her
sharply: —

"Why, Parker, ~~[illegible]~~, at times you
are extremely irritating. It isn't at all kind or
nice of you to make difficulties just now. Why on
earth don't you ~~[illegible]~~ "come"?

Her stopped down and arranged some trimming on
the front of the dress, which had got all tumbled astray,
with the utmost composure and precision.

"Feeling is against it, ma'am."

Here

"Here are things you know better than I do. Help them if you want to have an ~~and~~ ~~and~~ you must carry them when you ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ say your prayers at night".

Miss Tarrant flashed out quickly.

"Oh, you are simply insufferable. It's all very well to talk about carry minds and so on — ~~[illegible]~~ you are dreadfully jealous of Gertrude Maud. You want to make us all thoroughly uncomfortable just because you know you are no longer absolutely indispensible". ~~[illegible]~~

"Hitherto", replied ~~[illegible]~~ Father quietly. "Sculpture studies cannot be so. They can be done without. Well, I don't go quite all that same, ma'am, jealousy or no jealousy".

He'd done before her mistake and carefully put it that Cathy's treat evening dress. In doing so, he frowned: ~~[illegible]~~ —

"Now it was as painful now of thing to give as mere child like her ever to a man to do what he thinks fit. I don't want to see her married, nor thing — no, nor thinking either. There's no saying where it'll lead to pride either of them. I don't ~~[illegible]~~ like to a funeral now. — It's complicable in ~~[illegible]~~ a way; you know it's all over and finished and you can't be held accountable. But I don't care about that". — Father rose to his feet. — "You've a hard pair coming out ma'am — no, there's the top, to the left. — Not but what I think very well of Colonel Sudeley, as men go", he added, rather inconsequently.

Her mother, followed up her speech without a sniff, which seemed rather to neutralize the worth of their admirer, and nagger: that in her opinion even the best

[illegible] could not be expected to go very far.
Indeed, it was ~~[illegible]~~ considered a compliment
if Gordon met more than once in conversation
with his friend. He had travelled back from
Africa, ~~[illegible]~~ — shivering, after long and
painful waiting for the Colonel at Malaga; he
had detained himself — to act the part of
best man at the coming ceremony. Mr. Trafalgar
~~[illegible]~~ was naturally gregarious. ~~[illegible]~~ (Under ordinary conditions) the
society of some fifteen or twenty ~~[illegible]~~ agreeable
people, with an infinite capacity of talking
well about nothing in particular, would have
put him in the ~~[illegible]~~ high ~~[illegible]~~ good-humour.
But fourteen the presence of Mr. Peace-Dawney's
guests, gathered together in the large Severes hotel,
did not have an enlivening effect upon him. His
natural cheerfulness ~~[illegible]~~ appeared to be ~~[illegible]~~
in ~~[illegible]~~ eclipse.
"It seems to decidedly humid, you know, Sudeley"
he said, when he got Philip alone for five
minutes. "Of course you know your own minds and
all that sort of thing, and I have no earthly
wish to ~~[illegible]~~ offer an opinion on the subject. I
know that. And, of course she is the wonderfully
pretty — she's to make an immense success in
society at home. — Tom's the angry, my dear
fellow. If you will marry a young lady of a
thousand, you must make up your mind to
a little of that sort of thing, you know. But
in the same time it wasn't been done like
this in a corner as you may say — if your castle
had been there and so on, it would be different".
As the Colonel began to manifest ~~[illegible]~~
signs of impatience, or to say anger, he cried
out: —

sit:— "Here, Mrs. Price-Lane, you pandered fifty times over if Nancy annoyed you. Of course it's all perfectly right. Only, upon my word:— Mr. Trafalgar turned away and blew his nose energetically—"Confounds it all," ~~Him~~ he said, "I am so awfully attached to you, Audrey, you know."

~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor was not in the habit of receiving private interviews with her step-daughter. She was very well aware that their relation was more satisfactory ~~in~~ in public, than under the expansive and intimate influences of tête-à-tête. But on this last night, before handing her dead husband's child over to Philip Audrey's keeping, she had a strong receptivity upon her to see and talk with this young girl, once more alone. The ~~[illegible]~~ gentler ~~[illegible]~~ instincts of a ~~[illegible]~~ strangely ~~[illegible]~~ blended nature came to the fore, and made her feel very kindly towards Jerrie at this particular moment. Then, too, the elder woman was not without a sense of her own short-coming. Every thing was going well, surprising well — and yet, she ~~[illegible]~~ knew she would be more comfortable, that her conscience would more certainly acquit her of part errors if ~~[illegible]~~ cordial and affectionate words passed between her and her step-daughter now on the eve of their parting.

~~[illegible]~~

She had bidden all her guests good-night and it was growing late when Mrs. Price-Lane walked ~~along~~ up the long, bare, glaring passage of the Servers Hotel, and knocked softly at the girl's closed door. There was a pause before any response came from within. Mrs. Price-Lane

had

had a sense of certainty almost of timidity, as she waited.

Turner came, and at last she went in. ~~Irene~~ Irene was standing in the middle of the room. She had taken off her gown, her arms were bare, and her curly hair hung in a luminous cloud about her darkening face and shoulders. The room was encumbered with trunks and boxes, and with also that indescribable ~~little~~ litter which goes with a great and important packing. Spread out over one arm chair in the corner, was the rich soft folds of the girl's white wedding dress, which she had been trying on earlier in the evening. The night was warm, and one of the tall mullioned curtained windows stood open, ~~within~~ behind the wooden lattice of the broad shutters, letting in a (a) thick continuous hum of voices and patter of feet from the great piazza below. Senna was still awake and moving restlessly about her ~~[illegible]~~ wide spaces and vista of palaces.

Pierce. Tarrant's dramatic ~~[illegible]~~ distinct was stirring. The night of this solitary girl's figure in the softly quiet room with the sign of her marriage and coming departure about her, and the urgent life and lust full life of the great city surging in through the ~~[illegible]~~ open window, affected her powerfully. The ~~[illegible]~~ night also (the) differences which had arisen ~~[illegible]~~ between them, also the ~~[illegible]~~ conflicting of interests which had put them in such a (in attitude of) distortion antagonism, and unlikely relations, in ~~[illegible]~~ wonderful love and ~~[illegible]~~ kindliness, towards this fair young creature setting out so gaily on the perilous voyage of ~~[illegible]~~ matrimony.

Irene,

"Jennie, dearest child," she said, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~: — "I felt I could not go to bed to-night without coming to look at you once more." End of the [illegible] She stood quite a while in the room, her head made her head round so that the light of the gas-jet above that ~~[illegible]~~ marble-topped toilet-table fell on her face. Then she ~~[illegible]~~ the girl, drew it her and kissed her soft rounded cheek.

"Looks very sweet," she said. "See here, dear child," she went on, earnestly — "I want you truly and honestly to answer me one question. You are on the eve of a great undertaking, of perhaps the most important event that can happen in a woman's life. — Tell me, Jennie, are you quite sure you are happy?"

She moved a step away and looked back at her in sudden unknowingly. There was no shadow of doubt or misgiving in her ~~[illegible]~~ pretty eyes.

"That is so like you, little Mamma," she said smiling. "You are so fond of assurances. Certainly I am quite happy. Why should I be anything else? I am immensely interested. I find it all delightful."

Mrs. ~~[illegible]~~ might have carried conjecture finely to listen; and ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor wanted something more. She felt, as she had often felt before, that there was something baffling, something curiously difficult to grasp in her brilliant young personality. If her she had asked herself whether her step-daughter ~~[illegible]~~ was the most absolutely natural, or the most consummately artificial woman she had ever met with.

"True

"But tell me, Jenie", she insisted: — "don't mind telling me — remember I have been as quiet too and can enter into your thoughts and feelings — merely we may speak freely to each other just this, if people but we men ever speak freely at all, — are you sure you are really in love with Lord Pudeley?"

Lil's face grew crimson.

"I never quite understand what people mean when they say all these things about being in love", she answered. "They seem to imply that it is a condition — a mysterious and extraordinary condition. I never have understood it. I do not want to. It sounds rather uncomfortable and crazy. — But I like him very much. I like being with him. He is very pleasant — he is beautifully kind to me". — She smiled and then raised her hand which Mr. Pierce-Dawson was holding with an apologetic little shiver. "Pardon me, but your hands are so very cold, little Nanna" he said; and then added, after a moment's reflection. "I don't quite see why you should ask me this questionnaire to-night. Even if it is granted you were satisfied, and had meant it all to help you to know the truth".

She spoke with perfect openness and good-humoured, kindly manner making the most commonplace words. But to Mr. Pierce-Dawson the words came as a violent shock.

It is not a little disconcerting to hear something which you have known to yet tried not to know, not to acknowledge even to myself in secret to yourself, exclaimed clearly, concisely, and without the smallest hint of confusion by another person.

Mr.

vice. Trouvay felt it a moment uncertain what to do, but to answer. She had a ~~wondrous~~ misconceiving resentment ~~[illegible]~~ of sentiment against ~~[illegible]~~ their marriage of her own making — a resentment against ~~[illegible]~~ Jenie's ~~[illegible]~~ for Jenie, too. She was addicted to prompt and daring action, ~~[illegible]~~ slightly desperate attempts at making the shortest straight and rough places plain: but, in this case, denied it here the might, prompt and daring action was out of the question. The whole matter had ~~[illegible]~~ passed her control. There was ~~[illegible]~~ Jenie's ~~[illegible]~~ wedding-dress, there were her tricks badly displayed and labelled, there on the toilette table ~~[illegible]~~ she glanced the ~~[illegible]~~ string of ~~[illegible]~~ pearls her lover had given her to wear ~~on the~~ to-morrow. In the face of these tangible tokens of the ~~[illegible]~~ position ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor saw ~~[illegible]~~ she was powerless. Her pitching of alarms was after all, but fancy. She recalled Philip Audley's ~~[illegible]~~ looks when he had bidden her good-night an hour ago. They were certainly those of a man who is sufficiently ~~[illegible]~~ confident of the good manner of his prospects.

In attaching an exaggerated importance to Jenie's words, she thought. "Putting a false construction on them, perhaps. I always read between the lines too cleverly, and worry myself when there is no real cause for it ~~[illegible]~~".

The girl meanwhile had turned back to the looking-glass, and was engaged in coiling up her bright hair.

"Getting so sleepy, little mamma", she ~~[illegible]~~ said in a plaintive voice.

The

Eleanor

he remark ~~caused~~ thought, "~~[illegible]~~ to ~~[illegible]~~ a quick decision ~~[illegible]~~. The determined my way, to speak a good word for ~~[illegible]~~ Philip Sudeley before she ~~[illegible]~~ took leave of her step-daughter.

"I won't keep you any longer, dear child" she said. "Sleep well, and look your prettiest to-morrow. — Only remember, Jenny, Colonel Sudeley loves you passionately — more deeply than you can measure. Don't disappoint him. Don't under-value his love. ~~[illegible]~~ Such affection is ~~[illegible]~~ a great help in any woman: but, it is sensitive, it is easily wounded. Be careful, dear. You will try to please him always and he is devoted to wife to him, won't you?"

She pressed her hand as she ~~[illegible]~~ spoke the last words earnestly.

"Yes, of course I shall, Mama. It would be horribly stupid to do anything else."

"Isn't this some what enigmatic? Why Mrs. Jenny Dawsey had to confess herself.

and Ward

Hyden

In which Malvolio does "his nonsense" at the Villa Gentile.

Initially the misadventure pictured on this subject marriage exhausted in ~~[illegible]~~ Paulina ~~—~~ do not ~~[illegible]~~ obtain at all universally, ~~[illegible]~~ quite as large gathering waited in the little black and white church in the Via ~~———~~ next fine morn. But ~~[illegible]~~ wedding was interesting, and this ~~[illegible]~~ particular ~~[illegible]~~ wedding was not commonly so. It had a halo of romance hanging about it, a savour of the unexpected and improbable. The bride was so young and so charming: a beauty. The bridegroom on the other hand was not at all young: but, he was somebody. He had made a name for himself, he deserved well, he bore ~~[illegible]~~ an eminent gentleman. People smiled and chuckled good-humouredly. Yes, it was romantic — did the bride have her gown made here or in Paris? — Paris, probably, — it fitted miraculously, but it was a little pinched in the trimmings. The pearls were good, and how ~~[illegible]~~ well they bore against her fair skin; — just that warm magnetism of ~~[illegible]~~ tones in it which is so lovely. Ah! ~~[illegible]~~ every body bore all wonderfully well with them, and wondered — for the step-mother was ~~[illegible]~~ incontestably as

very

striking person

[illegible] — wondered whether there might not be just a little something behind an explanation she knew, a demoiselle de Cantier?

[illegible], Frederick was impatient to [illegible] any bridesmaids away, when she came down after the breakfast, [illegible] dressed for her journey. He [illegible] hurried parties under all the ceremonials and publicity. The starring, the [illegible], the small compliments that had to be amicably responded to, the general [illegible] of being the hero of a [illegible] highly amusing and popular [illegible] comedy was anything but agreeable to him. The bride was [illegible] modest and proud. He bore himself extremely well, but he did not, in the heart of him, to extend the period of his [illegible] ordeal.

"Don't miss our train," he said at last to Jenny, as she stood in the centre of [illegible] a little circle of friends in the [illegible] parlour of the hotel.

Jenny [illegible] the young lady responded miserably wonderfully well at that moment. [illegible] The touch of demure relief in her delicate gray travelling gown and little gray bonnet, and a little assumption of dignity in her manner, [illegible] only brought her almost miraculous [illegible] perfectly with [illegible] were telling clearly. To Philip Roderick she was [illegible] [illegible] strikingly admirable [illegible] standing [illegible] there fastening her long gloves and smiling at the assembled company. As a necessary consequence of that admiration he had the very strongest longing to get her away from all these people. It seemed to him like the start of a profanation that any one but entirely should be [illegible] venture to

to

r gazes at her.

, it is a little late. You had certainly better
cut", ~~she~~ drawled Bertie Homer. He turned away
and to stop his writing in the ~~[illegible]~~ door of the
alcove as he spoke. It sounds a rather miserably
to begin ~~to~~ so immediately by leaving something,
you know, — even if it was only the train to Milan.
"He leaving can very well keep till ~~[illegible]~~ later".
e went through the inevitable hand-shaking
and exchanging with calmness and resignation.
He bowed as minutely opposite to her step-mother.
..., dear Little Marina, I'll see next in England,
delightful England", she said brightly. Then she
to women kissed each other.
~~[illegible]~~ Tears were in Mr. Price-Tarrway's eyes as she
turned towards Sudeley's hand in hers. — "No! my
ed friend", she said, "I'm sorry you mean
so very sorry". — Her expression was upreaching, and
there was a little ~~[illegible]~~ mischief in it.
no very sorry", he replied, ~~[illegible]~~ quietly, as he
ned over her clasped hands — "and I am
ratefull to you".
ake you his heart." —
he reeds his lips to his heart I shall guard the
treasure you have given me very jealously. —
you know, you have only to command me at
this time if I can serve you".
Price-Tarrway made a rapid gesture of
ent. He ~~[illegible]~~ felt his minutes honour and regard
the Lady Mona, ~~[illegible]~~.
He ~~[illegible]~~ stood by ~~the~~ the door, ~~[illegible]~~ waiting a few
nes to part with the Lady Mona he had seen and
e bowed very languidly, very gentlemanlike,
and under the inscrutable gardenias, along with
the

is wrong. Suddenly in the twilight he saw his face
cold. As the Spanish girl approached to him a
sighing tremor and pallor came over his
white face.

He sighed in a pleasant little manner as good
as he said, taking her hand in his
a moment. "Farewell, Senor Rodolfo".
He stood motionless at the sound of her voice
alone. She gave her a queer little smile.
"I glad you will sing me" she answered. Then
turning up at him quickly: — "But you will
not consider your self, Pedro. It will help — as
is said, one does not sing one very long".
The tears ~~started~~ put up his eyes. Now and
engaged his shoulders.
"Are admirably Philosophic under all
circumstances, Senor. Yes, decidedly I will
do my best to find consolation".
Rodolfo escaped from the affectionate
embracing of Mr. Rodolfo and in time
to hear Pedro's last words. He too seemed
engaged as not altogether friendly glances,
and ~~[illegible]~~.
Outside in the hall Senor turned suddenly
to her husband. She passed her hand through
his arm and clung to him with a strange
~~[illegible]~~ vehemence
~~[illegible]~~ "Philip, will you promise always to be
kind to me as you are now?" she cried.
"Darling," he exclaimed, "what a question!"
He was half pleased, half panic in the
girl's earnestness. "I do wish that you should
ever find me one with life kind. I am not
worth great to deserve Senor Pedro's love
you

me settle, holds you dearer than ~~anything~~ life itself."

Lord Rudolph's face grew as white as the linen on the bed.

He was of his words, looked at the murderer of his ~~his~~ hopes — the wrecker of his dream. The glorious light of his spirit, of right living and origin — transformed into the malicious form. Genie recovered herself quickly. She looked in vivation regards his appearance. She passed out of the carriage without smiling and apparently light-hearted as usual.

"Poor" she said as hurried chamber-maid to the garden near her: — "It's hard young she is, and hurt pretty." — ~~Incorrigible~~ "Wait a little, there will be times to the ménage me of these days".

The banner ~~bodyguard~~ smiled blandly, ~~and~~ read out his hands with an air of wide and varied experiences, and replied. —

"Ones cannot predict. They are English. The wait's of the English are extremely droles."

Meanwhile of the Hôtel Paris was destined to witness another episode of a somewhat penetrating character before the close of Lord Rudolph's wedding day.

Prince Dauncey had arranged to set out on her return back to the Villa Rustelli about half an hour after a clock. By then her guests would have gone, the fireworks would be over, and the palace on the Grand would be fairly empty in the evening.

Little before the half hour, she came down stairs. The glory of the day was over, and Mr. Prince Dauncey had exchanged his wedding raiment for one of his ordinary black dress, with

of many crisis yesterday and tomorrow. Over the ~~[illegible]~~ more a long, high-roofed barrow-like [illegible] could be perceived her distant home at the dusty corner of the high road. The excitement of only of that day, but of the several months had come to an abrupt termination, and with Sloane ~~[illegible]~~ the reaction was already setting in. Her plans had prospered, everything had worked perfectly, she could ~~[illegible]~~ assure herself — hours without a misgiving — that she had done her best for everybody, for Percy, for Philippa Fadiman, and for Patricia Brian, for the sake of Sloane, though as yet he might see a little fit to acknowledge it — people are so ridiculously blind at times, to their own highest good. For herself, she now thought of Latin as a difficult and perplexing exercise to be surmounted; she had extricated herself from a situation which had threatened to become actually tragic. ~~[illegible]~~ On the face of it she had been secure in her unqualified triumph. ~~[illegible]~~ and now. She had folded her hands certainly, trusted to the vigilant providence for part favour, and looked towards the future with confidence and serenity. But in point of fact, now lady, she did notice of certain unpleasant things, as she came slowly down again into the great cool hall. Into its plants and palms in green wooden tubs, and its small array of ~~[illegible]~~ waiting ~~[illegible]~~ porters and waiters, lounging about and talking good-humouredly at the stream of people entering and leaving each other on the pavement outside, and at ~~[illegible]~~ crowded ~~[illegible]~~ movement of the broad, sun-flooded square. ~~[illegible]~~.

Sloane

Eleanor was tired. She was worried. She was ~~a~~ mightily uncertain with regard to the matter of her daily life — & had been fingering to back her own 'truth' and values — Jenny's words had ~~[illegible]~~ deepened, since, with her — & this had caused her considerable embarrassment. She felt ~~[illegible]~~ cross with Paul, grieved at her desertion. Yet she had never contemplated that ~~[illegible]~~ this intervening space of time, when she & the element would be over and no more would be allowed to take its place. So she ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor pitied Jenny's insight where she had not had indeed no written, planned his-with regards Jenny's & marriage. That had presented itself, as this end to be attained, as the supreme solution of all clamour and difficulties. That might be called, ~~also~~ she had felt very vaguely indeed. It ~~was~~ wasn't there so well, she supposed: it she had made with a creditable instinct ~~[illegible]~~ from explaining the ~~[illegible]~~ inadvisability of ~~[illegible]~~ the future even in thought. It was the blunt of the woman to the thing herself, ~~[illegible]~~ with Jenny's mysterious relevances ~~[illegible]~~ in terms of ~~a~~ definite object ~~[illegible]~~ disregarding circumstances: Jenny disregarding sides were with to be ~~[illegible]~~ inconsequence in ~~[illegible]~~ her object ~~[illegible]~~ being ~~[illegible]~~ the friendly herself; as to place ~~to~~ with that enigmatical future; and at a moment like, when she felt particularly ~~[illegible]~~ ordinary ~~and~~ commonplace and acutely ~~[illegible]~~ disturbed ~~to~~ by ~~the~~ the vulgar details of existence.

Aware of ~~the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ uneasiness and disquiet beside herself

Rode on Mr. Pierce-Dawson as she waited for her carriage. She looked out at the bright dusty picturesque piazza for a minute or so, and then turned slowly glanced towards the door of the waiting-room, in the corner on the right, from where the stalwart Mr. Jones, every moment, to come and join her. ~~Mr. Pierce-Dawson~~ She walked down. She bit her lip and pattered her neat boot-foot on the marble floor with growing impatience.

The Manager, a rotund middle-aged Italian, - refined with a clerk white face, dreamy curved black hair and an air of indescribable ~~languid~~ lassitude - came forwards with his hat in hands, and bowing ~~[illegible]~~ profusely.

apologised minutely that Madame should be thus waiting, but it still wanted some minutes of the hour she had named in her telegram ~~order~~ command for the carriage. He could never sufficiently express his gratitude to Madame for her goodness in having selected the Hotel Darlo as a suitable locality where might be accomplished the interesting event of the morning. Mr. and in his wake, Mr. Jones, the gentleman who had sat in the hall, part. Two o'clock train and entirely lost sight of letter for Madame, which has now died lurkely the owner to present to her. On receiving it he had prepared to permit no delay, to deliver it to her immediately: his, the gentleman had in middle-life said to Madame "Madame learning".

~~Pierce-Dawson~~ Eleanor, grew nearly as white as the marble quarrel under her feet, as she bit the

the

to note that the beaming, benevolent Italian held out to her. A great humor came over her, a sudden frightful self-revelation. But she mastered herself. She touched the French-mannered manager in his corner — "The arrangement had been admirable in every particular they left nothing to be desired." — The man bowed as the lady said upon his withdrawal of white-snow and bowed with speechless honor. At the door was the carriage at last, as Madame had left it perhaps. In three seconds her baggage could be placed — so — now might Jane be in honor of arriving her to enter it?"

She walked out to the carriage alone; and even made entirely to make one of his notable little speeches to the engaging Italian by the way — which under the circumstances was little short of heroic. But her heart was like as stone. She had no needs to read Bertie Amer's letter — she knew quite well what was in it already.

Paris. Tourists dines through the magnificent Avenues Victoria, — with their solemn splendour of buildings and their beauty, certainly & interesting, unusual figures — through the arid disagreeable suburbs beyond the fortifications, and out onto the dusty highroad beyond, this sitting, dry and upright in the carriage while the return evening sunlight poured down upon and scorched her. The great blue sky rolled you only up behind against the sea-wall on the left; — the tall narrow warehouses and flat market gardens, — and now in clouds of sun-lit dust

with

with a deep-mouthed roar, which might be heard across all the Campina of Minas, ~~[illegible]~~ and shouting and screaming of savage-looking drivers and ~~[illegible]~~ rattle of wheels and crack of bamboo-cane on the high-road. Bertie then hung over the high wall on the right, and visible perhaps only to those gazing amid the ~~[illegible]~~ cool green of their old walled gardens. Now and again there was a block of a waggon or mule train, and the carriage drew up in a whirl, in the midst of a ~~[illegible]~~ struggling, squealing mass of staring animals, and yelling barbaric human beings. Ordinarily Mrs. Percival Dawson would have been exceedingly well aware both of the beautiful and of the colorful elements in her surroundings: but, as it was, she saw and heard ~~[illegible]~~ nothing. She had ~~[illegible]~~ glanced at the first few lines of Bertie ~~[illegible]~~ letter a pale-yellow letter, and as she came, as self-centrist to ~~[illegible]~~ scathing had overtaken her, that the drama of sea and sky, and sunset, of the contrast between the dignity and the brutality of the scene behind her, was ~~[illegible]~~ this and to insignificant compared with the depth of her own emotion. "Other are unpleasant things" — wrote Bertie — "We have had plenty of them already today, dear Cousin ~~[illegible]~~ Nell. I venture to spare myself the pain of saying that other words to you. Of course, I don't for an instant permit myself the impertinence of supposing you entertained any serious intention of entertaining your guest after to-day. Jessie's presence satisfied ~~[illegible]~~ "les convenances". You see the truth to quite me my congé, but I understand: —"

Yours ~~[illegible]~~

Eleanor ~~Daniel~~ ~~[illegible]~~ was no hideous. Nay: Isabel exaggerated ~~[illegible]~~ indulgent even at moments such as these was. The things of woman under it ~~[illegible]~~ still more true and unblunted within her. She revelled in the passionate disgust and humor. Good heavens! That a woman should ever have cause to say such things to her! — That the divided frames seem so little blunted and ~~[illegible]~~ stupid, ~~[illegible]~~ as — in her mind dared to clear the road to get rid of the obstacle. It was cruel to witness behaviour barely, and the thing longed also — ~~[illegible]~~ to have ignored the obvious results of such. Such. malady barely. She had been too, ~~[illegible]~~ too-headed, she had played too high, and her exceptional wickedness her own self-respect - had ~~[illegible]~~ in an agony of terror: she began to ~~[illegible]~~ herself shelter she might not have ~~[illegible]~~ compared the ruin of that lower besides her own? — Such rate thing at the all in to leave events in the hands of fate or providence - call it which you wish. Strictly petty human purpose comes in trying to modify or mend to its own use the action of others, so soon does Nemesis rise up and follow on after us, on, on, with ever recurring first steps, till the sound of her terrible read is in our ear and we feel the ample gloom of her approaching presence. ~~[illegible]~~ But we may help in big - or little ways; help or the sinner, leave us in peace and comfort — help or to crush ~~[illegible]~~ to mend, to ~~[illegible]~~ mutilate those who are used so thoughtlessly as ~~[illegible]~~ tools and helpless. It is easy enough to set the ~~[illegible]~~ machine of ~~[illegible]~~ individual destiny in motion: but once the great wheels are whirling, turning, spinning no ~~[illegible]~~ mortal hands is strong enough to ~~[illegible]~~ stay them again.

Photo again. Lord Lanne

The duke had fallen from the carriage drew up to the main door of the Villa Funtelli. The house was open and deserted. A dull light was burning in the bare whole hall. The driver rolled the reins and dismounted on the ~~[illegible]~~ pannels of the ~~[illegible]~~ half-open door, but the horses he made restless, nervous, substantial than as dreamy echo.

A weary, ~~[illegible]~~ and ashy-absorbed Mr. Vice-Chancellor got out of the carriage and went indoors. In the twilight of the hall, she could perceive but one living ~~[illegible]~~ creature, one bent white head, to welcome her home. ~~[illegible]~~. In the low marble pillars, ending in balusters at the bottom of the staircase, at Malvolio — hunched up together in ~~[illegible]~~ pigmeed face more wrinkled, anxious, mournful than ever. As ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor came in at the door he crawled out in a shrinking neck, peering and peering into the darkness behind her, with quick uneasy lifting of the eyelids and eye-brows. He had on the little red tattered velvet in which Pertis sometimes dressed him in cold weather; while on the narrow brows of the Vittorio, with a truly Italian taste for dazzling incongruities, had pinned a large bunch of orange blossom, tied with a flaring bow of white satin ribbon. Even the monkey's quick instinct proved that this at his master had not come home, he turned fiercely on Eleanor ~~[illegible]~~, writhing, grinning, chattering at her with impotent malignity. There was a diabolical light in the creature's sad eyes, and something

absolutely

absolutely ~~wide~~ hideous in its furious gesture.
Prince. Dauway over-strung, exhausted, could
not bear it. She called aloud in ~~[illegible]~~ terror and
agitation and her voice rang up the cold shi-
ny corridors and through the empty silent rooms
of the little red villa.
"We are all, all, gone," she cried, "and I am here
alone in this humble place. He has taken
away everything that I have, and you," she
twisted wildly at the monkey — "you are all
he has left me"!..
Then, as ~~[illegible]~~ straight hands, grey figures came down
uneasily from the upper story.
"Help us," she said — "what's the matter?
What has happened?"
Prince. Dauway flung her arms round the
little woman's neck and burst into a
paroxysm of sobbing.
"My dear, my poor dear lady," the murmured.
"Is there none of them left but me to take care
of you?.. Come away now, come away, you
poor to death in this old house with terrible worry.
~~[illegible]~~
Come up stairs with me ~~[illegible]~~ quietly to your
~~[illegible]~~ room. — There, just what I always say
you can't put dependence on any man —
that's all. Leaders. Headed old Sauvey, Antonio, promised me
he'd ~~[illegible]~~ be here to meet you and take down the
boyer".

Chapter XIII

Pa. 3.9.

TV

Setting of lawns, of lives, and of a Sunday evening.

"(~~Lower of the fields,~~
~~Beautiful as sweet hours before death.~~)"

The afternoon sun was warm on the high red brick wall, warm on the grey and rusty lichens that encrusted it, and on the ~~[illegible]~~ languid plants of London Pride, with their ~~[illegible]~~ rosy stems round ~~[illegible]~~ shining leaves and delicate ~~[illegible]~~ purple and white flowers, that had rooted themselves here and there among the joints of the old ~~[illegible]~~ worn ~~[illegible]~~ rich masonry. It was warm too, on the tall white of scarlet ~~[illegible]~~ and white wind-flower and ~~[illegible]~~ summer chrysanthemums in the broad ~~[illegible]~~ border just below: — warm on the southern front of the long low house, with its rough pink-coloured stucco walls — half hidden ~~in~~ under climbing roses — and its ~~[illegible]~~ wide gables with their carved chaff-boards — warm on the ~~[illegible]~~ upward stretch of muddy ~~[illegible]~~ filled roof, and the two ever-smoking twisted chimney-stacks above. Warm, ~~[illegible]~~ finally, — pleasantly, soothingly, ~~[illegible]~~ sleepily warm on Philip Audley, as he sat in a garden chair on the gravelled walk just in front of the ~~broad wide~~ flower-border, with his long legs stretched out in front of him, his hat tilted down over his eyes, and a half smoked cigarette — the blue smoke rising

From D

~~[illegible]~~ of which ~~[illegible]~~ curled begin out and up in the still air — returning in finer.

Front of him, ~~[illegible]~~ lay the sea spread in panels of a lemon-brown, ~~[illegible]~~ into light flowers seen on either hand rushing in as another side of a vase of brown, and as space of book-leaf, slide around ~~[illegible]~~ — such as our forefathers would have termed a pleasance — bounded into little triangles of sunflowers, rose, lilac, and laurel, fringed by wavelike green oak-trees, a couple of feathery birches and a tall dark cypress — ~~[illegible]~~ a little lip-sided frame the ~~[illegible]~~ force of the vertical winds. On the single left, stood the trees, and on the right, across ~~[illegible]~~ a sunset sunset, ~~[illegible]~~ a good-sized meadow. A couple of old ivy-headed fruit-trees sent — above him a twisted branch ~~[illegible]~~ pulled down low to the ground — ~~[illegible]~~ from ~~[illegible]~~ the wonder above the level of a rich deep grass. The elm in the hedgerow, too, had been light in touched by the golden finger of autumn — as yellow bright fires and the ~~[illegible]~~ showing lime as ~~[illegible]~~ suddenly ~~[illegible]~~ leap flame amid the ~~[illegible]~~ shapeless ~~[illegible]~~ de-uniform foliage. Away beyond the meadow, between the trees of the middle of the tree, were the richer of yellow painting and blossoming orchard with here and there the blue shadow of a wood, or the red roof of a distant village or farmstead breaking the long ~~[illegible]~~ dark line of the ~~[illegible]~~ hedge. Behind over it all hung a ~~[illegible]~~ magical haze of the sun behind altogether, disengaging the ~~[illegible]~~ remote ~~[illegible]~~ midland landscape into an land of mystic and enchantment; giving the wings of the air a waft as the trees danced up and down, up and down, ~~[illegible]~~

a

a fortnight's work. Inside multitudes — in the broad-
way traffic, and hemming the distance in pearly
towers, as tender as the shadow on a dove's
breast.

And there across the lawn, there drifted one of those
trembling miles, white as an angel, or saint — like
a cloud enthroned angels in an Early pictures, with a
difference — changing twilight with the many
winded legs, it's as small shifted brown spider. Looking
at him one wonders how he has contrived to reach
in this fairy boat afloat on this ocean of
spring air? — But one may not go on wondering for
they can answer the question. — Only like some wise epicureans, cane:
lets, slides of past and future, calm, and satisfied
with that only true refuge, the immediate
present, the little brown spider drifts over
flowers and tiny and fruitful hedges. Now in the
gracious autumnal sunshine, he knows not
whither.

Congregation of house-sparrows, with their short thick legs
and irrelevant vulgar figures, divided
each in and out of half a dozen deserted
swallow's nests under the house eaves, amid much
noise and pertinacious chatter.
While above, on the coping of one of the hundred
chimneys, a respectable cock-starling, his beak
full of the mutilated remains of a large beetle,
stands screaming hoarsely — anxiously desiring to
present this appetizing morsel to his nest-full of
dirty children, who squealed to him
from a cranny in the brickwork close by, and yet
fearing to reveal their already far too conspicuous
dwelling place to the colonel quietly
smoking his cigarette in the garden.

The

The whole scene was as peaceful and pleasant as; and Thirlwall was quite in the humour to enjoy it. He had an agreeable sense of physical and spiritual well-being. A long tramp over the rolling fields gleaming at Barnett Darcy, under the mild autumnal influences of an October afternoon, followed on a well-spent Sunday morning, produced in him a condition of amiable quiescence which rendered sitting still in the sunshine and looking silently at the garden and the country, the swift alternating life of the birds, and the measured movements of the cattle in the meadow, a peculiarly congenial occupation. He felt that the lines had fallen to him in pleasant places. He was content; and, good heavens! how very much that means. Life had given him all he asked for in the heart to monitor, and he was simply fearfully thankful. Like the Nicholas Nickleby he darted towards, in a sudden revenge unknowing upon his delightful view of gardeners. The present was enough, surely enough to him?. The present, just now, indeed seemed exquisite.

Still the little Wheel Rendelsham's cottage had altered radically since the dreary evening trip three years ago - when he had waited so miserably for his dying father's summons in the silent house at Barnett Darcy. He had taken hold of the point of love since then, and the heart of it had awakened the sleeper and the instincts and dreams of his early manhood again. It is not in mere words to say whether this more

in his part was as "regelpure" or relentlessness - I should leave the determining of judgment to others and think to ~~my~~ please himself or ~~[illegible]~~ reporter. ~~[illegible]~~ now ~~[illegible]~~ it is certain that the Colonel had gone tired of his old ~~[illegible]~~ occupation, — tired, or was with all his moderated humor and zeal: what questionable gain; tired of fighting and marching, of the roar of cannon and crackle of musketry. And still more tired of peace; - of Khartoum, and its wide encircling ~~[illegible]~~ more dark with hitter and ~~[illegible]~~ sere with realities, tired of banners, and gorgeous gaunt turns, of ~~military~~ ~~[illegible]~~ middle military duty and bottom left military avenues; — tired, too, of the picaro Indian ~~[illegible]~~ dun and ~~[illegible]~~ bitting Canadian winter; — tired, in short, of all the pomp and circumstances of our ~~[illegible]~~ invincible British army. It would seem that when Colonel Sudeley married his charming wife, he somehow discovered his word. He developed an unconquerable longing to go back home again, to settle ~~down~~ quietly down among wide Richmond and partner and to spend his days ~~also~~ according the simple, easy, meaningless pattern common to so many of his profession.

~~[illegible]~~ A considerable ~~[illegible]~~ raised Philip ~~[illegible]~~ amazement in his letter of leaving the service. His friends declared it was a fatal mistake, that Sudeley had still a career before him, if he would only take the trouble to get it. Some persons in high places consider: "and it would ~~[illegible]~~ vividly with him." Colonel Sudeley was too good a man to lose; he was so ~~[illegible]~~ and trustworthy". But, Philip had taken the bit between his teeth. There was a vein

in sentiment in him, such as makes even the most reasonable and modest of men at times strongly indifferent to public opinion. He went absolutely, some people said fortunately, his own way.

Philip ~~[illegible]~~ turned his face homewards. He took the Manor House at ~~[illegible]~~ his miles out of Gallingworth, and drove eight-an the cross flea—from Barnett Darcy. He rented a ~~[illegible]~~ small furnished and some ~~[illegible]~~ eighty ~~[illegible]~~ acres of ~~[illegible]~~ land; ~~he~~ brought a pair of miserable horses in his wife, ~~and~~ prepared to get a couple of hunters 'before the beginning of the season', if he could afford it, and turned his attention wholly to questions of Colonial sheep, pig-sties and root-houses. His mistress, Jack Ludcly, behaved miserably at the ceremonies.

Philip: "Simply that we'll return business out, my dear fellow", he said. "Believe me you might not as ~~[illegible]~~ sooth put your money down ~~[illegible]~~ that recovers ~~[illegible]~~ well or invest it in Egyptians. But if you really mean to go in for that sort of thing, you know, I've got a couple of first-rate short-horns I could let you have. You'll want some good cattle — they pay, you know, if you've got your market handy. Pray don't say a word about it: — 'pon my word, I want to get rid of them — it's not the slightest favour, I assure you. And there's a pretty little Alderney heifer too, beautiful thing, with a head like a deer, and splendid quarters: — you'd better just let me throw her into the lot, she'd please your wife. Rather like those sort of fancy cows, you know, short horns are a bit too solid for them".

Another

[illegible] day, W. Jacks Rudeby made yet another
effort to wards the supplying of stock.
"Get some uncommonly good pigs," he said.
"You must just leave us both alone. Pure
Berkshires, you know, my father always would
keep them. Long and low, ~~not~~ no leg to speak
of and as back like as dinner table — make
prime bacon pigs. But there's a prejudice
against them in this country. I can't get any
sale for them now, at Shrewsbury, though in point
of fact there ought to be a little market here,
need round here, can't hold a candle to them.
I'll send you over two or three to try. — So, my dear
fellow, for goodness sake don't thank me.
You'll do me a real favour in taking them
off my hands".
"Did" the Colonel, metallurgically speaking, heat
a shield in a blough. Hence and his words
into a gunning horse: and so, as he sat basking
in the quaint dancing in the sunshine
on that quiet Sunday afternoon, he was very
far indeed from thinking that in so doing he
had ~~[illegible]~~ been guilty of a mistake.
But the week's training — the after much ~~debate~~
very debate had decided in favour of a bolder
policy and delivered over the remainder of the
week's training — were to be with
redoubled vigour of ~~[illegible]~~ scolding that Philip
~~[illegible]~~ roused from his [illegible] reverie looked
up to see what was the matter.

The ~~[illegible]~~ first hint of the serious bacon
fence came towards June.
Young Bob's head changed very slightly
during the first month that had elapsed since
her

her marriage. She had collected a number of new disciplines, and passed through a number of new experiences: his step had failed to leave any very definite traces on the brilliant highly polished surface of her personality. She still displayed the same gay humour, the same inimitable freshness, the same ~~the~~ captivating vanity, and Philip's adoration was ~~still~~ still strongly centred to her. He had not got in the least accustomed to her. Though he had exchanged the status of lover for that of husband: — an exchange which alters the keen edge of a man's interest in a woman. The girl was to him a bewildering as ever. She puzzled him with quick changes twenty times a day. He watched her as he watched the kaleidoscopic effects of running water or some vague fly as dreamy-side, ~~[illegible]~~ delightfully with their ~~without~~ endless change, and mirth and joyous sparkle. It must not be supposed, however, that Philip was jealous about his wife, or that he fell into the battle and trouble of watching her in season and out of season, of digging an embarking trench in her ~~[illegible]~~ honour and calling upon his friends and relations to join in the chase. He was both too reticent and too proud a man to do that, and his love for his wife was far too deep and ~~[illegible]~~ reverent sentiment to have any ~~[illegible]~~ inclination in hamstring itself in the face of outsiders. The young girl's every word and look had an intrinsic almost sacred value for him, but there was a vein of jealousy in his tender self.

He came lightly ~~[illegible]~~ over the hill. In one hand she held her hat, and in the

the state as was worn this of bright coloured Indian embroidery, which trailed along the ground after her,—the end of it hastily pursued by a small black kitten. At the kitten brought satisfaction in their form of entertainment, so dearly did the young lady. She drew the bag well clear behind her till the kitten scarcely little creature was there where it, and then with so sudden jerk snatched it away out of reach, far above her head.

"See, Philip, look", she cried, in her clear sweet voice "mon charmeuse les punir".—) (the cats

The kitten, in a state of the wildest excitement, all claws and tail flung right into the air after it, vanishing playing.

He got up when he saw her turn away the end of his cigarette, and stood watching her. He thought he had seldom seen anything more pretty than this fair graceful young woman, turning and twisting silken and tissue within the cider of the gold and crimson embroidered scarf, while the black and white kitten leapt and bounded around her over the sunny grass.

Silent came out first. It retired behind one of the pillars of the terrace, and sat down and began licking its sleek fur with as fine air of indifference as though nothing so trivial and mundane as the presence of man had ever entered into its small furry soul. Jerrie came on as quick glance at the kitten.

"The little thing", she said, "is soon to be tired". Then she came on, and stood balancing herself

Gently on the edge of the bird, where it bordered the gravel walk. There was a touch of something unusually light and fairy-like in the girl's appearance at times. Her face was deliciously warm as she looked up and smiled at her husband.

"What shall we do next, Philip"? she said.

He suddenly smiled bachelorly. She was very irresistible in her ~~gaiety~~ inconsequent gaiety and endless readiness for amusement.

"What do you want to do?" he replied. "I am quite ready to obey you".

She put her head a little on one side, and balanced lightly daintily on the edge of the graff, swaying delightfully from side to side like a bird before it takes flight.

"No Goat is not quite enough", she said. "It will have to do to obey merely. You must invent, you must dream, you must imagine".

"Wishes are slow", he answered still smiling. "I am afraid I must leave the invent ing and dreaming to your genius. I am always keen better at carrying out orders than at giving them".

"Anything Sunday is rather a trying affair" said the girl. "It leaves so little that one can do with impunity — social impunity, I mean. Here in the country they seem very old-fashioned on some points, and of course one doesn't want to make oneself different to other people".

Philip laughed. He made a rapid mental survey of the excellent middle-aged owners of his highly conservative neighbours, contrasting them with the young lady before him, and the survey proved amusing.

"I

"I am afraid you are different to most people
also this same, my dear little wife, ~~Vera~~ without
any meaning". said I.

Turned away and began folding together the
[illegible] scarf that still trailed behind her.

"I ~~was~~ used to tell me", she said slowly:— "that
Pan as persist of a remnant of the pagan spirit,
that was a most remarkable survival. It
sounds rather well to be a remarkable sur-
vival doesn't it?.. Is it that which makes
me different to most people, Dunsder?.. They are
only themselves, I suppose, and Pan is sort of
incarnation".

Suddenly did not in the least relish this
~~vision~~ somewhat occult strain of meditation.
Seem to, the mention of W. Inner's name invariably
roused in him antagonistic feeling.

"Let's walk", he said. "We go down over the
fields to the moor, and take a look at the
~~[illegible]~~ heart in the lower meadow".

Rest on her hat, and arranged her curly
hair under the brim of it.

"The same, it would be interesting to know
whether Pan really a remarkable survival",
he observed, quietly.

Suddenly came ~~[illegible]~~ close to the girl.

"It calls yourself queer names, Jessie", he said.
"Doesn't quite like it. Then I said something
just now about your being different to most
people, I wasn't thinking about pagans, or
survivals, or any nonsense of that kind:—
(not)
I quite see that it is nonsense, you know", she
interrupted, glancing up at him quickly.

"Yes, it is", replied Philip, with a certain insistance.

"You

you are very beautiful woman, Jessie — and in that state is no denying that you are pretty different to most people. But let us take ourselves and life so, simply and straightforwardly, looking without speculation about ourselves and trying to find out what's hidden. It's a mistake to do that. It makes people get all sorts of nasty unwholesome fancies in their heads; and then these fancies may take hold of them — never mind how natural they were at first. The start — then begin to make them true, in a sort of way at least, by thinking so much about them. They begin to ~~go~~ grow into that shape that I have modelled over. — Put all that sort of thing away now, you Jessie, it's dangerous."

Jessie spoke almost in a tone of command. He was a good deal moved, he found, by knowing she.

~~was~~ The face of surprise gathered ~~Hangaishe~~ Jessie's expression as she listened to him. He had rarely committed the indiscretion of becoming didactic.

"That all?" she inquired ~~[illegible]~~, when he paused.

"", he answered, ~~quite~~ ~~[illegible]~~ suddenly growing ~~[illegible]~~ ashamed of his own eloquence: — "That is all. I beg your pardon for preaching, you are ~~[illegible]~~ temporary sermon in this way".

"Was it better than ~~[illegible]~~ Jessie said, thoughtfully ~~[illegible]~~. "It makes you to be a little excited, you know, Philip. It makes you ever so splendid colour".

"Jessie", exclaimed the colonel. He turned away, half ashamed, half embarrassed at his wife's remark. He had always ~~[illegible]~~ believed that his personal appearance was by no means his strong point.

Frank and an comment on it made Frank feel ~~[illegible]~~ self-conscious and awkward. In some way Philip Sudeley was almost absurdly simple-hearted.

"Pia as a child," he said, after a moment's silence, "I'd run bareback directly at her with." Sat on down over the parties to the green beds, and he got you some of these big reeds with an air taught "Then what you wanted that this day for your ~~don't you know~~?"

They wandered away together in the dim warm evening, over the ridge and furrow of the sloping meadows, down towards the little stream. Philip was very gentle with the young girl, very anxious to please her. He got her an armful of ~~[illegible]~~ boughs and reeds and flowers, and told her both the different birds as they called back and forth to each other from the high wooded of the elm-trees, or skipped in and out of the shelter of the thick hawthorn hedges. His lovely creature had an strange fascination for Jenny; they seemed very near to her, somehow, she was never tired of showing Philip. Strangely Philip found himself talking very readily — he had seldom more pleased, perhaps, than he quite liked to admit to himself, by her little compliments; and the sense of pleasure had increased his vigour; he was unusually entertaining.

Jenny turned again up the field-path, Jenny walked in front, her wife's pale drapery blowing gently in the breeze against the hedge on either side the way. Down in the West the reddish orange fire of the sunset lay along the horizon, promising warmth this last day to morrow. In the East, above the

[illegible] of yellow roses. Lavender [illegible] in the [illegible] wood, the ~~as~~ roses large and red. Philip [illegible] wood set of deep-coloured ~~[illegible]~~ vapour.

It is of one of the [illegible] cottages, ~~[illegible]~~ the girl [illegible] and turned round. The [illegible] of [illegible], and the [illegible] in her arms full [illegible] reeds and flowers, ~~[illegible]~~ the upper part of her supple [illegible] outlined against the evening sky. The [illegible] below in the [illegible] and looked [illegible] at her. She was very fair.

"[illegible]", he said, "[illegible] in a sudden [illegible], are you [illegible]? Are you glad or sorry you married [illegible], and come away here to England?".

[illegible] laughed softly.

"[illegible] as the day is long", she answered: "and the days are admirable long here in England. There is [illegible] to do and see. Sights to [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] - little things, [illegible] things, nice [illegible], even does not of things you know. - Now this lake for instance - [illegible] what a programme! - Sunrises [illegible] it. Antiquities early in roses odds and ends of dispping - a hat, Philip, but a hat! - so mighty [illegible] hat. Even in the after-noon [illegible] me over to Melrose's Keeping - it will be [illegible] the [illegible] garden party, but there is always the hat, quando même. Tuesday you dust at ~~[illegible]~~ Bournes and top to Lundeen. Mr. Maniwaring's manners are delicious, the ~~[illegible]~~ smells of dried rose leaves and lavender like her dresses. ~~[illegible]~~ still ~~[illegible]~~ parkin.

Wednesday

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday something, even
the worst thing I might just now exactly
wish".

Then back her head, and stretched out her arms
straight, letting the red roses and flowers fall
their grounds at her feet.

"Here, this dear world", she said. "Here is the
sun, and grass. Surely these beautiful days
will go on forever, and I could forget that ~~they~~ it
isn't all help and change. - Nobody yet, or it did, not
sun and change, sunshine I should grow horribly
tired of it".

Margaret's shoulders and ~~head~~ turned up the
corners of her mouth into a cynical little curve.
"It was right", she went on. "We are bound to get
over doing all the another. But all the same
it is very sad; why can't what is pleasant
stay pleasant?. It must it always go on, and
on, and on in this dreadful way?. The winter
is coming to cut up our bright autumn days, must
the birds will be gone, and trees that remain
will seem turned into poor shivering little beggars.
But I shall grow older and older; I shall get not
to care for the summer and the sunshine, I shall
not be able to be amused. And then at last
I shall have to die, it must come" —

Suddenly ~~pulsing~~ shrill movement of quite this love and tenderness Philip
came up to the girl, put his arms round
her, and gathered her close up against him.
"It doesn't", he said, "his Rod's & also don't talk
like that. - ~~[illegible]~~ You're
so little, poor child, I see".

"Not", she answered - "~~[illegible]~~ it is nothing really ~~the~~
~~matter~~; it will all pass over soon and I shall
be

right

[illegible] all about it. Eden = State Church or what is terrible. [illegible]. The consequence is ~~some~~ war comes over me like that exemplified in Olympia cause, and that men do as they last out of mere life and Feel in Worlds go wrong. Commit die, they cried; "Kill not die".

Philip to speak, but she ~~to~~ silenced him. [illegible] devout, and yet, she was devout, never life moderation, however kind they ~~are~~ may be. They [illegible] about heaven. But, after all what do [illegible] know about it?. They never seen here. What is heaven to me?. I want life, this life [illegible] know. Worlds could go on living as [illegible] animals, as they, as that are, stupid, little [illegible] State religion done on strength, [illegible], somewhere else, I don't know, — [illegible] "non-where."

[illegible] Philip Rudel.

It is dreadful, dreadful, she cried.

It is dreadful, ~~[illegible]~~ said the Colonel, ~~because~~ [illegible] speaks in this wild way. You dear [illegible] must stop. I shall have you ill". ~~[illegible]~~

[illegible] amazed, — almost alarmed in the [illegible], alarmed at what she said. Life and death, heaven and hell ~~[illegible]~~ were matters [illegible] had always taken very simply and [illegible]. He was ~~[illegible]~~ practically acquainted [illegible] with the Faith, and had never seen the reason [illegible] questioning the evidences of the two records. So rebel [illegible] the fundamental constitution of things [illegible] to him little short of madness. Then this [illegible] of Genie's was ~~[illegible]~~ so ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] unprecedented, so shocking of need to her ~~[illegible]~~ generally gay, light-hearted ways, that to it

i family confounded him.

"Come, darling," he said; "come home and try to think about something else. You are very young, you know. When you get older you will be able to take things more for granted — every body does."

She looked up with a queer little smile.

"Does they do; and perhaps that's the worst of it."

Hospitals domes and gathered together the fallen weeds and flowers — "Dear dear, we won't let them die before their time in vain," she observed sententiously. Then she raised her face towards Philip and laughed at him silently. This peculiar resumption of her ordinary manner was hard to keep continuing with, from her violent and causeless emotion.

"I know what makes me. Think of all that night," she said presently, in her usual clear tones. "It was singular. Scarcely think of anything disagreeable."

When at last they reached the little gate leading on to the meadow behind the house with a sudden. The moonlit was bare with his Knight, he did not find the latch ~~very~~ ordinary at once.

"You long you are!" cried the girl, a trifle peevish.

Philip held back the gate for her to pass go through. As she passed him he looked at her curiously in the soft moonlight.

She turned to him with a smile as bright as the morning

"Dear Philip," she said; "you take things too seriously. Now I get over my troubles in no time.

time. They were gone, vanished — never to return probably. Seemed to have spoilt the dawning day to murmur. — Oh! won't look sceptical, — it's all over!.. Let us come in at once. Come in hungry, I think. Yes so glad of my news!"

Her announcement was sufficiently practical and undone and consequently astounding; but, also, James Philip did not quite regain his serenity of mind. The completeness of his content had been taken. The milk-white gossamer no longer floated free, in happy swinging fashion, through the summer sunshine. It was caught by a jagging branch and held captive; while the poor little spider, his aerial voyage cut short, found himself unexpectedly called upon to reckon with new and slightly incomprehensible facts. — Hinds yet, at the risk of seeming to deal in paradox, I am inclined to assert that Jenny Hudsby had never more nearly escaping from the inherent egotism of her nature and rising to a nobler and higher spiritual level than in that inconsequent, and to her husband, profoundly disturbing outburst of emotion.

End Page

Bk V

Ferris ~~[illegible]~~ answers a question.

..... ~~[illegible]~~
~~qui [illegible] le reflet [illegible]~~ ?"

Ward

away from the desires of the present writer to show it as triumphant in the new world, and calls a solemn assembly, and loudly proclaims the virtues and wisdom of his own generation. We are not better than our fathers, in some ways we are probably a good deal worse. But, like seeing the highly confusing herself that it is and we ourselves being as yet emotionally unsatisfactory, it is the more incumbent upon each one of us to gather up a few stray crumbs of comfort where ever we can find them. Even the most ~~[illegible]~~ rostrum admits degree of density in the universal ~~[illegible]~~ disorder; sees point of help darkness, perceives here and there a vista — though that vista is doomed to be lamentably partial and transitory — towards the evolution of light.

Does dethrone the disillusioned ~~[illegible]~~ our: pessimistic attitude of ~~the~~ our generation; its unbearing dearness of dead, hardness of heart, and miserly attitude to take good care of itself. Very few romances is dead, the ideals are exalted, the gods are broken. ~~[illegible]~~ We have cast down

from his image of Jehovah, which they, dear souls, had set up with so much hope and fervour, and have fondled to this day ~~[illegible]~~ scampering off to the circle of their fellow idols with profane and idle laughter. — All of which is true, no doubt in a measure. Only we would like to ask, ~~[illegible]~~ who, after all, is to blame? — You of his last generation made us free thought, taught us to criticise ~~[illegible]~~ other his text man who was free thinker, love truth, cultivate a scientific habit of mind, — and we obeyed you. We cared to be good, truth, self-sacrificing, we did as more than through the elaborate catechism of many a school and sect, we tried to examine the grounds of our belief and deal with facts and not with appearances. With acute and patient accuracy we analyzed ~~[illegible]~~ your writings and laid a finger upon its inconsistencies and errors. You instructed us in the duty of tolerance of being wide-minded; and we are wide-minded to the point of doubting the differences between right and wrong. You begged us to ~~[illegible]~~ worship pure reason and cultivate the intelligences; and we have cultivated it to the point of universal confusion — with, in fact only "authenticated idiots", of whom mercifully there are still a very ~~[illegible]~~ large proportion left, have any wholesome, compelling ideals without to guide them. Women were encouraged to be strong and fearless. They are both; and, heaven help us! what a graceful and engaging spectacle they are in a fair way soon to present. Men were to assume their native humility. In some ranks they have done so, and stand fair a mild mollusc race

race

race, but doubtfully capable of fulfilling the command delivered to our first parents, to replenish the earth and subdue it". Have they eyed orders; and what? To there she gave ~~[illegible]~~ The result never has been as happy as. Yet even here, the saddest pessimist, if ever rightly may still perceive points of light. The individual as an individual, ~~[illegible]~~ independent in acceptance, has become more respected. The distance has narrowed between chap and chap. Beauty and pleasure are recognized as the rights of the many, instead of the exclusive heritage of the few. The so-called masses begin to be taken seriously. Instead of being ~~[illegible]~~ pandered to in public and in private treated as a joke. Here to-day, we have ~~[illegible]~~ got, surely, a greater ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ love of and absolute act. In our hop of respect for ~~privileged~~ personages, in the pomp and show of privileged humanity, every human being has gained in value. We have, each of us, only a certain capacity of reverence and sympathy; and if the said reverence and sympathy is squandered on the ~~[illegible]~~ pomp and pride — comfortable enough over, after all, in the greater number of cases — of illustrious princes and very serious peers, there can be none left ~~for~~ over for the dim common population; — for the hero in the hunting coat, or white chop and corduroys, for all the Jacks and Tones and ordinary plain-headed folks, who suffer but never rise ~~[illegible]~~ from the ranks, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~from the world~~, whose heart's heat, who agonize, who die and go out in the great unknown darkness without

any

my coat: mourning or black border to the daily paper.

Jane guessed this, and was – as she enough knew little at all – that it hardly needed no velvet and sables, no fine speeches, nuances of manner, to lend dramatic effect: but that the corner and dwelling in pleasant sunny places, with down to contribute well ordered tables, avoids extremes, and encourages quietly not individuality, initially, ~~to~~ through the average life of the average ~~man~~ man and woman. It is not necessary to get excited about it, to be rampageous or hysterical, ~~and~~ to make bullaballoo and an outcry. – The Bart's generation had its rumours, but these times and these, was considerably interested and self-conscious over it: passed it perceived as divine visitation and non-sensual: helped us with its original guide at seeing selected as a worthy object for the chastisement of the ~~divine~~ heavenly rod.

Jane, some of these subjective exhalations, initially. But not this: we are aware ~~of~~ that of much service or spiritual edification to the place of ~~woman~~ to wife. It has grown as little to common in these latter days, ~~and~~ and the have grown so quick in detecting the ~~[illegible]~~ hatred and reference. It is disposed to make much fuss over it & thinks perhaps ~~[illegible]~~ one of pain: more the left deals and penetrating, because we have at moment an almost humourous ~~[illegible]~~ aliter of its futility and ~~[illegible]~~ frequency. That is cause for the goose is also cause for the gander, and this learning the relative value of things ~~[illegible]~~ we have had to be at with a good many ~~[illegible]~~ very active sources of support and self-satisfaction. indubitably private

Introduction. —

But it is high time to some generalities and to go back and pick up the thread of Philip Rudeby's history — a commonplace history enough, I know; yet not commonplace within, with its elements of battles, of brilliant hope, and of gallant ~~adventure~~ effort in the cause of that which seemed ~~[illegible]~~ noblest and ~~[illegible]~~ best. End Mars

Dawning early in that autumn morning, the road view as usual from that chalky bosom of the clay-lands, dwindled to the faces of the fields and wrapped in a dreariness resembling a baffled spaniel's. Every twig in the hedges was outlined at the end of it with a quivering drop — moisture, which gradually increased in volume till it fell at last with as much sound as the raddens could have. The alder muddled to yellow in corners, and the thick leaves of the wood-back ~~[illegible]~~ deep brown drooped down with the weight of the wet. It was a sodden scene. There is a moaning sullen

[illegible] silence on such ~~the~~ days as this
fills it almost alarming. Nature seems ~~in~~ deadened,
as gets indifferent. Birds in woods no longer
so numerous, only this ~~now~~ gradually reappears
up of the dull diffused light in clear morning
outside.

Tuesday The village of — over blue
~~[illegible]~~ quaint black and white
houses ~~[illegible]~~ the little green church with its
red tile-roofs seemed to expand some miles
distinct wings, as well-regulated lines ~~[illegible]~~
on the road of children — some were riding
some sitting as dear's mutting. One of them played
some Scottish music, sounding hideously in the
middle, ~~[illegible]~~ and holding in their high and
some with a considerable amount of what
commonly called 'side'. The street was in most be
need carried the marks of recent diarrhea upon
them and looked in rather evil case.

I understand now how it happened the raids
being in broad daylight." The whole thing was over
so simple of minister. Man underwater and
the mass in the top of the other. Knew ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ anything about it. Just going down
after in a contrary to wanted out of war. He was
sitting on one of semi-circle in it — and then
Mrs Parker the existence possible good to have
[illegible] some alone.

"Or a warm bath", replied Mr. Parker, rubbing
in broad and reassuring up his genial countenance
with an air of strong disgust: — uncommon nasty.
Such herbs are scarce, you know Rudeby, and
upon my word I should go and see Mortimer
Lupus or Lawrence or somebody and get Murfoglity
over handed.

exhausted. You must have got a most infernal shaking if you've got nothing worse; and, in my opinion, it's always best to look into that sort of thing at once. One may get all wrong inside, you know, and then there's no end of bother if it's not seen to in time".

Drake delivered himself of these vague and bewildering physiological opinions with much rve and earnestness.

Colonel Tudderly ~~watched~~ met ~~them~~ this lightly.

"I must be pretty thoroughly tired this time of day", he said. "A hot bath and a good sleep and I shall be as right as a trivet, tomorrow. If I see a doctor, he won't be able to tell me half as much as I could tell him — and it'd only frighten my wife".

"Rather frighten my wife twenty times over than be all wrong inside and not know it till too late", responded Mr. Drake, ~~with~~ in a tone ~~of~~ ~~which~~ that carried ~~carried~~ ~~entire~~ ~~[illegible]~~ conviction ~~of~~ as to the entire truthfulness of his statement.

"Wait till you've got your wife, and then perhaps you'll change your mind", responded the Colonel. The conversation had a certain finality about it, and Mr. Drake relapsed into uneasy silence, till in the deepening fog and growing darkness the two men turned in at the ~~[illegible]~~ gates of the carriage drive leading up to the ~~ma~~ Manor House. At the door he tumbled down off his big hunter, chucked the reins to the waiting groom, and began feeling about ~~the~~ the other horse's legs in a knowing and scientific manner.

"Then you'll have to look after the mare a bit tonight", said Colonel Tudderly, — he ~~[illegible]~~ considered it would be easier to give his orders at once before getting

out

of the saddle. "She's been down and hanged herself behind the barn. Shame she stained her of a murderer".

"Well, sir", replied the groom, with an imperturbable manner and wholly vacant expression of face

"I think there's something under the matter, he settle and over to Pittsburg work, and tell Old. He's come out in the morning".

"Well, sir", said Williams again.

Mr Hudsby set his teeth ~~[illegible]~~ hard as he got his horse and onto his feet.

"Come, Jane stiff", he said.

~~[illegible]~~ Meanwhile, Indeed, Jessie Hudsby was being valiant dissimulately in an armchair in the well-lighted drawing-room. The room was ~~[illegible]~~ hot ~~[illegible]~~, for she had piled up the fire till it glowed with a great heart of living crimson between the bars of the old fashioned grate. With the star-like sense of taste — taste meaning, sculpture, the accurate reading of the fine relation between means and ends — Jessie had put aside all Italian exceptions of decoration and had filled her English home with full, dark, ~~[illegible]~~, colours, had laid down thick worsted carpets and hung the windows with glowing deep-toned ~~[illegible]~~ stuffs. — "It must look warm and rich", she said! — what you call snug. ~~[illegible]~~ A house never looks snug in Italy, for the idea of home is different, it is in the grand style. Here the idea is to live in a palace and be in the air and the sunshine. Here it is to live in a burrow and keep out the draughts".

Jessie had certainly contrived to give her own ~~[illegible]~~ particular home a most ~~[illegible]~~ conspicu-

Ed Fiske

[illegible] appearances of comfort. [illegible] were drawn and the room lighted by a [illegible] of red-shaded lamps; the fire [illegible] a [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ in front of the great [illegible] was [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ curtains round ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ with his ~~[illegible]~~ shining back was ~~[illegible]~~ turned on one dreary figure, in an attitude of [illegible] despair. A piece of [illegible] and some [illegible] lay on the floor by her side: this, just now, seemed appropriate to the dismal nothing. The result of it she had been dozing peacefully, and only [illegible] — with a rather troubled little start — when Philip Frederick Forster came softly through the ante-room and he opened the drawing-room door.

"Good afternoon, Jenie", he said, waiting with the door-knob, and not offering to come further into the room.

"Hello", she answered sleepily, ~~without~~ without moving, except to put up one hand languidly ~~to~~ and stifle a little yawn.

~~[illegible]~~ Something in her wife's tone ~~[illegible]~~ did not please Colonel. He came on a step into the room, and stood behind her chair leaning his hands on the back of it.

"Doing ~~[illegible]~~ nothing, dear little woman?" he asked, looking kindly down at ~~[illegible]~~ her upturned face and drowsing figure.

He ruffled her shoulders: — "What would you like, Philip? I have been alone all day. The weather has been unpleasant. No one has been near me but the maids and Bevington. Do ~~[illegible]~~ I not intimate with our butler, you know, and Inglis's maids have no conversation.

[illegible] been bored — ah! but bored. I try to read. The book is a silly one anyhow. I try to play. My piano is nobody to listen. Finally Minnie came, went to sleep on my lap. Cats themselves ~~are~~ a mesmeric quality. I went to sleep too. It was a relief but it was hardly amusing."

"Me, what a dismal little history!" said Philip, smiling. "However you see I've been home now and Traver's come too, to dine and sleep, so you'll have somebody to ~~[illegible]~~ talk to besides the maids and the ~~cats~~ kittens."

"Traver doesn't like me," the girl spoke quickly.

"He's a fool then," ~~[illegible]~~ returned her husband. "But what on earth put that idea into your pretty little head?" Traver thinks just what everybody else does about me."

Philip lightly as he spoke. Sometimes the colonel wondered ~~as to the~~ whether certain people did not think ~~[illegible]~~ about his wife ~~[illegible]~~ just a little bit ~~[illegible]~~ more than they ought to.

"He has never liked me," she repeated. "It began long ago before we married. I don't see how he could. It's silly, but I seem certainly anti pathetic to him."

Philip slipped his hand down off the back of the chair and laid it for a minute on the girl's shining hair.

"It's a magnificent word," he said. "I don't think I know [illegible] Lady Traver could even spell it. — I mustn't go and get myself decent for dinner. Will you get up and give me a kiss, Jennie?"

The suddenly pathetic mode his request ~~[illegible]~~ humbly. He still approached his wife more in

the

ervant shirt of the lower classes in the
ime and somewhat sex. whispers one ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ common to the British husband.
it not that little ceremony keep, Philip?.. It
t time to go and dress yet. I am so comfortable
e too, and I don't want to disturb the cat".
ip had a momentary inclination to consign the
t — in words, any way — to very warm quarters.
raised him self up suddenly from his leaning
~~[illegible] on the~~ posture on the back of the
air. In doing so he was aware of such a
denly ~~pronounced~~ distressing physical sensation, that he
ould not help crying out. Jenie jumped up hastily
~~quickly~~, tumbling the black kitten down
o the floor ~~[illegible]~~ ~~with~~ ~~mia~~ ~~affair~~ in most uncere-
monious haste. ~~fashion~~ ~~[illegible]~~. She faced round on her husband.
~~is the matter, Philip?" she said~~
at is the matter with you, Philip"? she cried.
't go away — you look terrible".
verel's breath came short and painfully. He bent
ward again and leaned his hand heavily on
the back of the ~~child~~ chair.
y dear child", he said, "I am awfully sorry
I have frightened you. I'm all right — only
bit stiff and shaky. Every body is, more or
ss, you know, after a long day".
on't like this hunting in the least", ~~exclaimed~~ Jenie
claimed. "You are out all day, and it is very
ll. You come home late, and look extraordinary.
lso, you get remarkably dirty. It is a sport for
oys, I think, not for gentlemen".
all that to Drake at dinner, and see how
e answers you". — Philip spoke with a feeble
attempt at humour. He slowly straightened himself

up

again. Her face was ~~[illegible]~~ painfully pale, and ~~[illegible]~~ dreamy looks upon it. Jessie did not come up to her to kiss her or offer to help him. She sat aside and watched him with remarkable patience and attention. Her mother seemed quite as much absorbed as the children.

"I am not going to be ill, Philip", she said in low voice.

"Of course not", the lawyer answered quickly and coolly. "I'm all right, I'm as sound as a bell — just as fit. Tired and worried about this business, you know: this matter is making — worry about".

He came over to the place where the girl was standing, took her hand, and lifted it her his movement with a strangely mixed expression. "Do you care for me enough to marry me, Sylvia Jane, life or not, my beautiful young wife?" he said slowly.

Colonel Pudsey

She looked back ~~be~~ fearfully, wearily, as the spoke: — "Is this your very, very, Philip. But I don't like ~~[illegible]~~ this. — Mamma used to want me to go with her and visit her sick people. Jane was there in France. At certain seasons Mamma was beautiful, delightful. She ~~[illegible]~~ would put on a dress of lace, and gay embroidery, and come in empire. It was very charming of her — wasn't it?"

"Did you go with her?" enquired ~~Philip~~ Colonel Pudsey. He spoke as suddenly as ever the terrors of Jessie's answer.

"No, she never did." "Not visited?" — "Never came near sick people. She was ill and in her bed. It was very disappointing. She should only see sick people. She was so well, and ~~[illegible]~~ agreeable, and all

tiu berts. It is too much to ask one to see Steve here thus become — well, distasteful, I think. For the doctors and nurses of course it is different. It is their profession. — But I don't like in one to see it, it is frightening."

Suddenly Gwendolyn seemed rich and queer. He fixed his eyes on the floor ~~[illegible]~~ and tried in fact measure with the pattern of the carpet. — They were rather a unique couple, strangely standing there, behind the flowing in amidst the dim richness of the pretty room. The girl with her ~~[illegible]~~ fresh, dainty, delicate and radiant youthful beauty; and the ~~[illegible]~~ serious-looking middle-aged man in his shabby and muddy hunting coat holding her delicate hand! —

"If anything happens that we don't very much like, my pretty", ~~[illegible]~~ he said, gently and sadly at last. "We must make up our minds to that. But see me of this, Jessie, nothing we don't like shall ever come near you as long as I can prevent it". — He stooped to wonder her and kissed her lips. — "Now smooth all those lines off your dear face. ~~[illegible]~~ It is not your business to be troubled yet awhile. Because that is those who are older and duller than you".

~~[illegible]~~ raised herself to her full height, and gave her husband a quick little humbling kiss in return.

"Kiss you are delightful", she said. "I have the greatest confidence in you. Now I will go and help. Because as we know you. It fits to perfection. Even Mr. Travers must admire me in it. Bertie

Bones

her always contrived, even on that days of
analysis, to develop a compliment in honour of
the new gown".

He minds about Mr. Bertie Irwin. ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ "He's far enough off now, and lucky.
It and get rid of his dinner."

He moved away. ~~[illegible]~~

"Bertie had his good qualities, though" she said
a long back as she went out of the door. "He
thought he was extremely entertaining".

Colonel Pendelly was left alone. He stood
with his arms minutes longer. ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~

In my words, Minnie Dorothea was right and that
I do wish see Mortimer Sylner. It was an uncommonly
awkward fall. I'm half afraid, after all, there's
something wrong". — He pulled his lips firmly together,
and pulled first at one side and then at the other
of his thick moustache: — "I shouldn't care
a rap", he added, ~~[illegible]~~ hoarsely — if it wasn't
for her".

The shadows of a great fear.

[illegible]

today, I imagine, bear a ~~[illegible]~~ shrinking from
telling questions which may lead his replies to the
communicating of unpleasant truths. Colonel Rudedy
did not go next morning to consult Dr. Martineau
(in some days)
upon. The weather was wet and unlikely ~~and~~ so
he stayed at home ~~[illegible]~~ with his charming
wife, and thought, or tried to think purely pleasant.
The difficulty, indeed, were off to a great extent, and
the truth came out as honest wholesome ~~[illegible]~~
truth should do in various and sundry colours; and,
finally, — the Colonel hoped — would be the
end of the whole matter.

Lieutenant Horrigan, indeed, was very fairly unclouded
again about a week after his accident, and he
began to entertain a ~~[illegible]~~ contempt for his own
~~[illegible]~~ sensitivity in ~~[illegible]~~ morning view, way at first to ~~also~~ ~~a serious~~ serious
alarm. The weather ~~[illegible]~~, had mended somewhat,
and Colonel Rudedy spent the first fairly fine
afternoon looking round the farm, and superintending
~~[illegible]~~
in company with ~~[illegible]~~ Essex, his farm bailiff —
a short, square-made, moon-faced man, rather
weak, about the knees — the victim of a
attack, ~~[illegible]~~ down at a house in one of the outlying
districts, where circumstances seemed to demand
a rather ~~[illegible]~~ expenditure of that unknown fluid, ~~[illegible]~~
commonly

commonly brought an "air".

There was a dim light in Philip's mind, nothing with air:— a/s to which, ~~[illegible]~~ with this assertion of the attachment of the terrible associations of the human mind. The barking, stick in hand and tob-tailed sheep-dog, ~~[illegible]~~ behind him, ~~[illegible]~~ set off at a shambling walk ~~in the direction~~ towards the little ~~[illegible]~~ red, ~~[illegible]~~ farm house, standing surrounded by its ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ poles stretched right and ~~[illegible]~~ dark brilliant two miles away to the left. The colonel had got rather distressed/ ~~[illegible]~~ waiting in the wet and stuck out side the cattle shed. He wanted to come leisurely, and to get home quickly; he had been out later than he intended - Jenny might be rather lonely without him. He started up the rising ground of the pasture at a good smart pace. Some rooks, disturbed in their search for worms, in the spongy turf between the ridges, spread their ~~[illegible]~~ wet black wings and hopped up reluctantly in front of him, to settle again ~~[illegible]~~ a few yards further away with the quaint solemn hopping and recommence their investigations. The barking of the sheep-dog, and bleating and scampering of the sheep, ~~[illegible]~~ as he hurried them down into a corner ~~of~~ to be counted, came over from the next meadow, ~~in the [illegible]~~ through the ~~[illegible]~~ thick wet air.

Way up the long grassy slope Philip stopped in pace, and gazed intently, his white good-looking ~~[illegible]~~ left side of his chest with his ~~[illegible]~~ first. He had got a warty heavy aching tooth, and a queer sensation of difficulty in breathing.

exertion. It was certainly most exceedingly disagreeable, and the thundering drive was merely matters preliminary. By the time he reached the top of the hill and came to the gates opening into the road with Spurrier the Manor House entrance, Colonel Sudeley was himself suffering vacuously that he had to wait for an invitation or the chance he could recover himself sufficiently to cross the road and go on up to the house.

Meanwhile, he turned into the dining-room, and sat down on the nearest chair. Bernington — the Colonel's old valet-servant, now promoted rather against his will, for he could not get over the fact that his master was remarkably scared with the small-pox, ~~[illegible]~~ in the part of butler, — ~~was~~ moved about the room manipulating the table. The Sudeleys had a little dinner that night, Jenie's little dinners were admirable. The squire and Mr. Admiral with their youngest girl, Lucy, were coming over from Lowcote; Jacko Sudeley and Augusta ~~were~~ from Barnett. — Augusta Tabrey, by the way, was an Admiral, ~~[illegible]~~ the eldest of that numerous family. Mr. Drake would ~~dine~~ dine out from Sullington, for the dinner and stay the night. And finally ~~Sir~~ Ashley Walsingham — and his wife were coming — he ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ to be a bachelor at Barnsfield a year ago, when he left the Guards and got the adjutancy of the South Midlandshire Volunteers, and married the American Miss Mamie P. Wrench. Shrewd, generous and good looking, made her something of a reputation in London for a couple of seasons. Mr. Sudeley had strictly no species of friendship with Jenie, based on the politics subject of clothes, concerning which she was apparently

apparently willing to take his quite unfinished
friends. Sometimes it struck me that
Jane seemed a lamentable paucity of conversation
ideas in the deep of the big-lecture.

In Pendlebury sat down in the easy chair and
took possession - the position seemed to give him a
measure of relief - with his elbow on his knee and
his chin resting on his hand. He felt unutterably ill,
poor dear, I believe - partly in the actual pain,
partly in the fear of what the pain might imply.
He told Penniqfeather to get him some brandy and
soda - rather to that silent and ~~[illegible]~~ hence-looking
individual's surprise, in the belief was not
~~[illegible]~~ given to drink at odd hours.
Then as time the ~~[illegible]~~ pain subsided. ~~[illegible]~~ We
managed to get through the evening very creditably,
though it was something of an effort to listen
with intelligent sympathy to good Mr. Adair's
~~[illegible]~~ parochial woes, or to Mr. Whitney Waterfield's
~~[illegible]~~ remarkably voluminous information regarding
her own health, habits, ~~and [illegible]~~ mental
and physical idiosyncrasies and those of her friends
and relations - delivered in a high staccato in the habitual communicativeness
of her nation.
We at least the dinner guests had departed and
left the friends merely alone with excellent little
Mr. Drake in his comfortable smoking-room, a long
silence fell on Philip Pendlebury. He stood ~~[illegible]~~
with his back to the fire, ~~and~~ with a cigarette but no
trace of pain on his face.

"That Mr. Waterfield's got such an appalling,
screechy way of talking", observed Mr. Drake
presently, turning quietly back in his chair
and extending his feet toward the blaze. "I think
a woman she's something to say for herself,
you

you know, but, upon my word she keeps going at a hate that fairly drives him mad. I mean as if she were wound up somehow and let off with a spring — gabble — it goes through one's head like a steam whistle."

His partner put down his cards into the pocket ~~[illegible]~~ put one foot up on the fender, and sank his shoulders back against the mantel-piece.

"Wakefield — Oh yes", he said. "She's a good-looking woman, but there's altogether too much of her by my taste". He ~~[illegible]~~ paused, ~~[illegible]~~ raised one hand and rubbed it slowly through his hair. — "You're always so rude ~~[illegible]~~ and affectionate Frank, I don't mind telling you I am rather in trouble to night. I dare say it's nothing of importance, but I'm afraid I have n't quite got over that fall. I had such a ~~queer~~ nasty time when I was out this afternoon — I can't make out what it means".

Frank sat up, his ~~[illegible]~~ genial face ~~[illegible]~~ overcome with kindly sympathy.

"Well I'd much better take your advice and consult somebody at once. I'll drive you to Harley Street, and go to Somers afterwards — he's the best man, I suppose".

"Best man, first-rate man. Talks ~~[illegible]~~ to me like a book, you know; but know his business. Well, I said from the first you ought to have thoroughly overhauled Rudeiko. I see as much myself since every time (1840) you mention the — get a decided fit of nerves, don't you see. It saves no end of ~~[illegible]~~ worry and anxiety".

If this speaker's generous appearance might be taken in evidence, he ~~misfortunately~~ would have certainly surprised that he had reduced his private fears of shock and anxiety to a minimum.

A few minutes later Sudeley spoke again, but perhaps rather as a duchess and of saying something quite by the way.

"I beg your pardon, my asking you not to mention anything of this before Mr. Sudeley. I dare say it's nothing of importance, and of course I don't want to alarm her."

"No, exactly, I understand, of course not", returned ~~responded~~ his chum leaning over sideways and flicking off his cigar ash with the grate. "You need never be afraid of my letting out of bag, you know Sudeley. I'm the safest man in the world. If there's one thing I flatter myself I can do, it's hold my tongue".

In this case, anyway, notwithstanding his activities towards gossip Edmund Drake was as good as his word.

Lady Isabel's life in that initial stage of married life in which as yet does not cease to go out, even to see friends, without writing her wife good-bye note. The habit is a pretty and wholesome one.

At one point I am glad to see good old Jaup (to see it lasting) from that golden autumn and January period ~~night~~ night spent quietly down at Dover and Deane. — The dog-cart was standing at the door the next morning and Edmund Drake having made his adieux was jerking prodigiously in the hole over his coats and rugs and other impedimenta, when Philip went back into the drawing-room to take a parting look at Jemmie.

A rather a nuisance your having to take tiresome little

the W. Drake with Lillian was the first morning", she said, in a slightly injured tone. "Augusta asked me to go over to Barnett Lane tonight. There's no ~~to~~ a sedan. Nicholas is likely to drive — must you go?"

~~[illegible]~~ stood just in front of her husband.

He began twisting about one of the buttons on his coat-coat with her right hand, pulling her head down sides, and looking up with his face meanwhile with a peculiarly little air of entreaty. — cheeky

"It's horrible to be so hard upon me in this regard week," he said. "Think of that!"

Never very disagreeable to ~~[illegible]~~ a man to be expected to a cheerful woman after this fashion. In his present luxurious state of mind Richard Lindsay ~~[illegible]~~ was ~~[illegible]~~ peculiarly ~~[illegible]~~ pleased to the charms of his wife ~~[illegible]~~.

"Let go".

"Not go", he ~~[illegible]~~ replied, "because I promised Drake I would run in, you see. But I'll be back as soon as possible. Have luncheon at one, sharp, and then there's the plenty of time to ~~[illegible]~~ get over to Barnett afterwards. I ordered the cab on purpose this morning that you might have the horses this afternoon if you wanted them".

She moved a step back and regarded her husband critically. — "That is rather a good coat, Philip. Dishonest. You look very attractive today, Lindsay".

Much it was very foolish, perhaps it was slightly hysterical, but at that moderate ~~[illegible]~~ commendation the good middle-aged scholar — who in this way had put a number of decorations laid away in a drawer upstairs. The witnesses of gallant deeds — flushed like a girl with pleasure. — It is not wise

to have another frail fallible human creature as complete an Philip Sidney Lord Lucie write. Yet which of us, in our secret souls, has not a sneaking admiration for such lives; ~~and~~ underlying ~~admiration~~ believe that though it be an exaggeration and a very ~~poor~~ pardonable act of folly, it is ~~not~~ ~~necessarily~~ ~~divine~~ also, ~~not~~ more truly divine than the ~~logical~~ ~~calculating~~ cold calculation of scientific, well-~~and~~ trained ~~[illegible]~~ intelligence can ever be?..

Come on, Stevo, dear fool! and we were critics, while we stand safe on shore, reflecting in the conviction of our ~~[illegible]~~ own numerous good sense, and watching you drifting towards inevitable shipwreck and destruction, may still – who knows? – sigh a little envious in secret when nobody is looking, remembering that you at least have really lived even though ~~[illegible]~~ you may have suffered, while we, ~~[illegible]~~ perhaps, have done no ~~[illegible]~~ better than play at living, after all.

Colonel Sudeley makes his choice.

~~"It is my secret wish and hope that~~
~~I do not judge it is death will be paid.~~
~~But must do what it be fitted, should death but fail~~".

"Evidences of organic disease", said Dr. Mortimer Lower, with his generous kindness of utterance. — "of the existence of organic disease from a period considerably anterior to that unfortunate event of last week, we have a plain evidence. The acute mental aberration experienced by you yesterday, Colonel Sudeley, was sufficiently accounted for in the evidence of that diseased condition, and in that very severe work ~~to~~ it is the nervous system consequent on your accident. You apprehend some distinct injury sustained at the moment of your fall and of your horse rolling over — you tell me you seemed to feel something give here." — laying his hand on his left breast. — "In that point I cannot speak positively at present. Only rest and observation will enable me to satisfy myself either whether or not there is a lesion. ~~Organic~~. If you may ask me why, if — as I assert — organic disease was already existent, you were not conscious of it sooner?. I reply that ~~no abnormal sensation~~ ~~sensation~~ ~~or pain~~ an affection of the certain vessels of the heart may be present in a ~~large~~ long drawn period of time, without causing any more inconvenience to the patient; and that, as in the present case, ~~as~~ a strain ~~of~~ entirely accidental circumstances

may

may lead to discovery. In this case it ~~[illegible]~~ may happen that this discovery is not made, till — unless ~~[illegible]~~ valuable to the medical division ~~[illegible]~~ from the point of view of evidence — it has entirely ceased to be of moment to the patient himself."

"I mean ~~[illegible]~~ that it's serious this", said Colonel Sudeley briefly. He had rested his elbow on his knee and looking fixedly into the crown of his hat, which he had picked up off the table and held in his hands.

"Must, I regret to say, deny that it is serious", responded the doctor.

Then a silence. Presently Colonel Sudeley spoke again, thus: — "I should like to know two things. First what are the immediate consequences likely to be; and next, what ~~do~~ you advise me to do?"

"Immediate consequences, my dear sir, are in great measure contingent on your following my advice"

Colonel

Lord Indeley frowned up quickly at the speaker.
"You must forgive my hesitation in frankly, but I
hold every man knows his own business best.
No man gives me advice I can't follow. I must
be the judge of that."

"My dear sir," ~~said~~ ~~he laughed~~ returned Mr. Sumner, blandly:
"you know that you promise to be rather an impractical
patient?. The medical men are autocrats,
the judges and juries in one. We do not ~~allow~~ recognize
the right of private judgement in our patients.
It would be totally subversive of our authority."

Making a decent pause, Mortimer Sumner
leaned back in his chair with a faint inscrutable
smile, then one leg over the other, folded his
arms, and cleared his throat. The excellent man
did not want to hurry matters. He felt a good deal
for his patient. He had been very much taken with
Lord Indeley when he had met him the year
before at Barnett, at the time of old Matthew
Indeley's death. Since then, he ~~had~~ ~~understood~~ knew that
the Colonel had made a romantic marriage. There
had been a lawsuit in connection with the subject of
the present interview, and this had left a lasting
shadow on his whole mind. His imagination was
morbid. He shrank from inflicting mental
pain, just as in professional matters he shrank —
which it was absolutely necessary — from resorting to
the use of the lancet and the knife.

His ~~[illegible]~~ became acutely sensible of his com-
panion's hesitation. He looked up again with
a ~~[illegible]~~ faint smile.

"Needn't mince matters, my dear," he drawled
quietly. "I don't think I'm what is called nervous."

The doctor lowered his hand, as though ~~to~~ this mighty
~~[illegible]~~ all

[illegible] interrogation was getting to the end of the exhibit.

"Now Mr. Rudolph," he said, "believe me I am very sensitively sorry that I should venture to be so mistaken in my patient. In your case ~~[illegible]~~ I perceive that I can venture to be quite frivolous. I should be making a very serious mistake in my confidence you have done me the honour to repose in me, I think, be treating you with very mistaken kindness if I attempted to speak lightly of your present "regrettable condition" — to conceal. We had that moment of guides [illegible] many during and healthy men as a sign rather of humiliation — almost of disgrace — the face of physical infirmity. He held his [illegible] in the door and began slowly stroking and twisting his moustache with his left hand. [illegible] be highly reputable in me not to [illegible] single patient who has a right of [illegible] opinion". He paused a moment. — "You must be [illegible] careful for a time. To begin with, I am afraid you must deny yourself a sport, and give up hunting for the remainder of this season". "That's a sensible dinner" said Philip, with an air of relief.

"That [illegible] enjoyment for a time and submission to the conditions — [illegible] over, I admit — of an invalid life. In ~~[illegible]~~ every day parlance, my dear Mr. Rudolph, I must entreat you to go home and go to bed; and, moreover, to remain there till I can sanction your getting up again".

Philip.

"Yes: I ~~[illegible]~~ fear it only that hint
unpalatable suggestion," continued the do
an attempt at lightening. — "Nature, C
Rudesby, nature has ~~and an~~ a marvellous
of adjusting herself, within certain lim
squaring her accounts, so to speak, even
But ~~[illegible]~~ her dictates m
~~[illegible]~~ obeyed scrupulously, the
quent time, no gains encouragement
war. Her suggestions must be treated as
attention. In this present case, making
the most prices, ~~[illegible]~~ of our universal m
figure may be permitted me — I am stea
persistent rest. — Rest is absolutely necessar
existing of an accommodation through
regression to morbid alteration. ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~. Rest is equally ~~and~~ essenti
nervous system ~~[illegible]~~ as the only adequate
enabling it to recover from the serious sh
~~[illegible]~~ sustained by it. W
means by rest? — Breaking stress; a cessati
~~[illegible]~~
from all physical exertion, and equa
avoidance of anything calculated
mental excitement; ~~[illegible]~~ a relinquishm

[illegible] the [illegible] would walk to and fro in the hall-
-laces, and divide these terms his elbows on his
knees, and read his fair ever white his hand.
His movements, not white and like the very pale
smile white his patient, grave features, he was
[illegible] to moments of inside anxiety.
He was a connoisseur in egg-shells China, and
this is the Colonel's show were some of his
most valuables and consequently most little
specimens. They were in ~~[illegible]~~ no moment
danger, for the house was evidently not in a
manner to consider very carefully whether his
actions might imperil the integrity of such mere bits
of porcelain on the shrine of an hospitable civilization.
— "A humble dread, which he dared not put into
words, which mentally he pushed away from him
with an agony of denial as ~~[illegible]~~ repudiation,
pattered and deepened and hideated to overwhelm
Philip Redlich. His visitors, with its strange
mixture and concentration of purpose as she
had arrived, came one few nights before, amid
the graces and comfort of her pretty room, whether he
was going to see it? — came before him, with as
weight of meaning, with as suggestion of sinister
possibilities
unspeaking of verbiedom, increasing in intensity,
and in gravity of import. I must remind you that
at this point — I know by experience that I am not
guilty of exaggeration, and I trust I need not assure
you of my abhorrence of cowardice — it extremely difficult
to bear with calmness, with resignation. It is irritating,
and almost said demoralizing —.
Jones hesitated. The momentary fierceness had faded
completely ~~dis~~ out of Colonel Redlich's face. He
looked

possibilities that almost overwhelmed him. — What had she said? — That if war has made it easier for lives such people — that they became distasteful, and should be shunned, he put out of the way; ~~and~~ ~~his~~ their existence ~~[illegible]~~ was a lie and offence ~~also~~ an outrage upon the fair face of ~~[illegible]~~ life. — How then would he go back to her, virtuous and honour, and say, not, "the sun is shining, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ we will go out and ~~[illegible]~~ ourselves" — but, "my dear, ~~[illegible]~~ I am ill, I am going to bed for an indefinite period and you have got to nurse me"? — ~~[illegible]~~ It was impossible. Philip had a sickening sense that the very foundations of his happiness were crumbling beneath him. He turned almost fiercely upon his doctor.

"I can't follow your advice", he said. "What's the alternative?".

"The alternative — eh! There — one moment, excuse me", said the small gentleman addressed with remarkable alacrity and exhibiting a "protecting hand towards his chair and cap-shelf" — as Shirin and pardons, but it was really falling — as unique specimen, unforgettable. — "The alternative, Colonel Lindsay? — Dear sir is a sufficiently distressing one. The alternative is frequent recurrence of your symptoms of vertigo, increasing in intensity and in gravity of import. I must remind you that acute pain — which is experience that I am not guilty of exaggeration, and I trust I need not assure you of my coordinate cowardice — is extremely difficult to bear with calmness, with resignation. It is irritating, I had almost said demoralizing" —.

Dr. Shirin paused. The momentary fierceness had faded completely ~~[illegible]~~ out of Colonel Lindsay's face. He

looked

looked full at his companion with a thoughtful questioning suicidicity — which left the latter a little uncertain as to whether he felt the more disposed to laugh or to weep — as he said: —

"I understand. It's not pleasant; but I suppose I shall be able to put up with it".

"It is not all, though, my dear sir, I regret to say". Martin Shaw spoke ~~quite~~ gravely and quietly. "Suffering arising from this cause I have described to you is of a peculiarly ~~agonizing~~ agonizing character — and, if you are determined to know the whole truth — it is ~~[illegible]~~ almost certain to ~~do~~ terminate ~~[illegible]~~ fatally ~~[illegible]~~ ".

Mr. Underby stood looking down at the floor for a minute or two in deep thought. Then he turned back his head with a sharp half angry shake — "I must take the risk", he said.

"Pardon me", cried D.P. Shaw; "but positively I must expostulate with you. You is quite suicidal, Sir, Underby. Rest and care for a time may give you to a very fair measure of health, ~~[illegible]~~ you know Shaw's Castle is a place wrong. Would never see the same man again. — No, no, I'm afraid it won't ~~[illegible]~~ do".

~~[illegible]~~

Martin Shaw was deeply interested. He ventured ~~to~~ one step further.

"My dear ~~sir~~" he said, "consider — what right ~~[illegible]~~ chance the ~~[illegible]~~ gives you to throw away a valuable life ~~with~~ their cheap ~~[illegible]~~ indifference?"

Underby bowed with a certain dignity.

"Hear me", he replied, "I have reasons for my action which I am not in a position to explain."

There

Then he moved across to the table and picked up his hat and gloves again.

"I am very much indebted to you for coming to speak with me," he went on civilly. "Just get you to watch me up as well as you can, Dr. Sumner, since I don't see my way to lying by just at present. A man of my calling and habits was a foolish handicap at best to give in and own himself beaten, you know — to die in ~~himself~~ harness, as the saying is. — ~~Just~~ Just keep you to do me one more kindness, by the way — namely to regard this conversation as strictly confidential".

A few minutes later Philip Rudder found himself standing on the door-step of Mortimer Sumner's ~~cottage~~ residence. He regarded the broad clean roadway ~~in~~ before him, and the trees and bushes inside the iron-railings - bounding the entire of the Square, - with curiously awakened attention. He watched Williams' ~~man~~ turn the dog-cart at the further

further

in his ends of his sources, and this was his wonderful
as readily and accurately ~~explained~~ against the
ends. And ~~[illegible]~~ at Dr. Fraser's ~~[illegible]~~ door
with the face of a man over ~~[illegible]~~ whom a great
change had ~~[illegible]~~ come, who was familiar sight with
pain ever, and as it were his first time. Hence the
Philip Rodolfo Schmidt that a strange and
painful presence would give him from now, may
stay by him all day long, sit beside him at
even meals, lie down to rest ~~[illegible]~~ with him at
night. At moments, he knew that he would be
called upon to send even energy to ~~[illegible]~~
of this painful presence now the ever of death — specially
now the ever of his beautiful young wife. The Colonel
~~[illegible]~~ did not attempt to pique or deceive himself,
to strike down the edge of cruel fact. He looked
his ~~[illegible]~~ new companion steadily in the face, he
wished to get accustomed to this fresh element in his
life as quickly as possible. He had made his
choice freely and ~~[illegible]~~ irrevocably as he knew in
the ~~[illegible]~~ dismissing piece in ~~Dr. Spence's~~ the doctor's consulting
room.

He wear a ~~[illegible]~~ fine expression in Philip's ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ face ever. He looked like a man who has
taken one ~~[illegible]~~ great resolution and who walks forward
calm, much moved, almost exultant, to meet his
fate. Such moments are very splendid. They are
enriched with the magnificent daring and
exaltation. But, alas! the measure of a man's
life worth is not to be found in the sudden
conception of any heroic idea; but in the carrying
out of that idea, consistently, faithfully, through
weary accumulating days and months — even
perhaps years — when the glamour has faded

now

on the undertaking, when the terrace and the ~~ab~~ blown roses departed, and when the quick twilight of an illuminated moment was passed with the silent continuous habit of a life.

~~Philip Haddon~~ The Colonel, on his return home, entered the panelled hall of the Manor House, Jenni, ready dressed for her dinner, was coming down stairs. The faint delicate sunshine of a winter's day ~~[illegible]~~ filtered through the large heavily-mullioned windows on the ~~[illegible]~~ turn of the stair-case, warmed the ~~[illegible]~~ dark deep brown of the polished oak steps and ~~[illegible]~~ banister, and lighted up the girl's graceful richly ~~[illegible]~~ clothed figure – projecting her shadow down over the stair-way and across the intervening space of floor almost to Philip's feet. ~~The~~ He stood still and watched her as she came down, listening her long glove and smiling in her wonderfully radiant ~~[illegible]~~ way. This was a day of acute mental experiences with our friends the Colonel, and at this moment the experience took the form of a vivid reminiscence. He remembered accurately his first vision of Jenni, ~~[illegible]~~ on the terrace of the little Italian villa, her simple cotton gown dyed rosy red ~~by the~~ in the shade of her ~~[illegible]~~ great umbrella, her eyes dancing ~~with gaiety and broadthread~~ with dancing vivacity, and the ugly chattering monkey by her side. There was the same effect of innocence, of frankness, of entire confidence about her then as now. It came over Philip, with the force of a sudden revelation that ~~Margie~~ Jenni had not ~~changed~~ altered in the smallest degree in the least since monkey, – where as, he? – Alas, there was a whole ~~[illegible]~~ age of difference between the

unfitable ~~[illegible]~~

comfortable, middle-aged bachelor, who in admirable bodily health, freedom of mind, ~~and~~ ~~[illegible]~~ and serene immunity from all extremes of desire, had drawn – so mistakenly – three fine sterling miles out from Genoa; and that man, who now, with his ~~[illegible]~~ his heart torn between a paroxysm of love and a black and nameless fear, stood watching the fair brilliant woman coming downstairs towards him. Jenia appeared like some ~~[illegible]~~ embodiment of the spirit of life, at that moment, triumphant in the strength of her youth and beauty.

"Another dress me good", she cried, throwing ~~back~~ up her head and laughing ~~[illegible]~~ "It is your second. And not of me you have here in England; still even so it is delightful after that abominable fog and darkness. I mean to have a charming afternoon. It is excellent of you to be home so punctually, Philip". – Her tone changed suddenly. – "You look very serious", she added. "Is anything wrong?"

Here piece of with the Colonel has spoiled himself together. "You look very guilty – and, there's nothing wrong".

Half Jenia ~~[illegible]~~ detected something strained in the ~~[illegible]~~ lightness of the answer. She ~~[illegible]~~ drawed her husband affectionately. Just then Bernington set open the dining-room door.

"Dinner's ready, sir", he said, as he came forward to help his master off with his great coat. The meal was rather a silent one – Philip ~~[illegible]~~ had not much appetite. As soon as the man-servant ~~[illegible]~~ left the room, he ~~[illegible]~~ left his place and drawing a chair forward ~~[illegible]~~

forward, sat down in his wife's place at the head of the table. She turned to him gaily.

"It is going to be a delicious afternoon. The carriage ought to be round almost directly."

Philip looked fondly at her, ~~thinking~~ her face was wonderfully pure and childlike under the sweeping brim of her somewhat fantastic hat. The young lady, by the way, was a remarkable girl in ~~a manner~~ of effective and picturesque dressing.

"Here, Jennie," he said, "you take this present, and don't believe I've given you anything for ever so long. There hold out your dear little hand. I bought you this as a fairing ~~at~~ from Dulwich. We'll try this morning. You must wear it always; and whenever you look at it let it ~~remind~~ speak to you of my love."

As he spoke, the Colonel slipped a thick pearl ring into the girl's outstretched finger.

~~She~~ Jennie first looked down at the ring and then up at her husband.

"It is wonderful," she cried, in accents of genuine pleasure. "Always is rather a ~~wonderful~~ tremendous word, Uncle Philip; it seems to ~~mean~~ mean so much." She ~~looked~~ gazed

She then fell to admiring her ~~hand~~ ring again. Philip Blackett suddenly smiled sadly.

"Perhaps my love to you means a good deal too," he said. "Jenie, ~~don't~~ listen — let this ring be, what they call, a token, to you. You know, we can't quite tell what may happen, we can't see into the future. If ever things go a little wrong, ~~and~~ if I seem dull and silent at times ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ and don't quite please you — this is to ~~see~~ remind you that, whatever

ever, my love for you is absolute, unwavering, the strongest, purest, deepest passion of my life. — Jennie, darling, sweet wife, promise you will never doubt me".

had spoken quietly enough at first, but with the last few words her voice trembled and broke. Jennie stared at him with a growing expression of alarm.

"Nothing is the matter, Philip", she cried, struggling ~~out~~ away from him. "Something is the matter!. Oh, don't let me be disappointed, don't let ~~him~~ us get sad. I can't bear what is sad".

Vaguely as Mr. Pierce-Donovan had felt there was something strangely baffling and perplexing at moments about this glittering young creature — something almost inhuman in her ~~[illegible]~~ wild intensity at the bottom of the strangeness of existence. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ She clasped her hands with a strict passion of entreaty: — Oh! Tell me there is nothing the matter, Philip", she pleaded. "It is so cruel to let me be frightened. We are so happy, and now it seems all spoilt".

Suddenly now at his wits ends. He was frightened too, in ~~[illegible]~~ a way: but, he took the girl's two hands firmly in his, and soothed and petted her, — saying some thing, any thing, he did not care what, ~~[illegible]~~ so long as he could banish that strange look of ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ dread from her face, and ridding of ~~[illegible]~~ unreasoning fear from her allegiance.

At the Colonel and his wife drove over to Barnett Darcy that afternoon. The sharp tang of the breezy air, the ~~[illegible]~~ pale white

sunshine, the rapturous but respectful greeting of such a suddenly squadron of cheerful children — who regarded their captivating young aunt much as a company of fairies his liberal-minded sparrows might regard some gorgeous tropic bird suddenly alighting among them — did much to restore Jenie's ordinary gaiety. At home, in the evening, after dinner, she sat down at the piano, and played softly, wandering from one ~~phrase~~ pianistic melody and harmony to another, with a sort of regretful accent in the prosgeperi of sweet sounds. Philip ~~[illegible]~~ was desperately tired. He lay down on the hard lint sofa at right angles to the fire-place, closed his eyes and listened. He had really got through that day better than he had expected, he had had no serious returns of pain. The horses had pulled ~~at a canter~~ at a trot coming home, and the exertion of holding them had made him feel queer for a little while: but fortunately they had quieted down again ~~[illegible]~~ after passing Stoney Crop and ~~[illegible]~~ turning down that long, rough bit of road by Woods Ends just before you reach Lowcote Village. — Jenie's playing, meanwhile, was very soothing. Philip made a return upon himself. He began to feel more hopeful, to wonder if his sense of the gravity of the situation ~~was~~ had not been exaggerated. Doctors overstate ~~[illegible]~~ danger to others. They ~~take~~ are unnecessarily gloomy when they ~~[illegible]~~ are so constantly in the presence of disease and death, that their minds naturally overstep the ~~[illegible]~~ exact limits of a case. They see more than is really there. No doubt Dr. Spencer had done this. Enid Lane

rose at last from her station at the piano and

coming

moving quietly across the room, sat down on the floor, at her husband's side, and leaned her fair head back against the end of the sofa.

"Stay as nice", she murmured gently.

Philip pondering his wife's simple exclamation gave a delicate sensation of security and repose. He ~~stretched~~ reached out his hand, and placed it on the girl's. His hands as they lay open on her lap. She acknowledged his silent caress, with an ~~no~~ pressure of her cool round fingers tips. Like all true lovers, the husband was given to look at his mistress's actions through a very strong magnifying glass, and find in them all ~~no~~ sorts of subtle and precious meanings by no means perceptible to the casual observer. Sylvia was almost always gracious and good-tempered, and, what I should call, superficially affectionate. She was perfectly ready to receive practical assurances of her husband's devotion if they were offered with tact and discretion and at a convenient season: but, she rarely took the initiative. Perhaps a man with a wider experience of the capacities of his feminine nature, might have ~~[illegible]~~ complained a little, and accused her of wanting guess, in her looks and ~~[illegible]~~ meaning behind her marriage, a promise of ~~passionate~~ passionate ~~[illegible]~~ feeling which she was ~~[illegible]~~ somewhat slow to redeem. Philip's experience, however - ~~to his credit be it spoken~~ - was not extensive. He was contented to ~~[illegible]~~ worship humbly at the shrine, to pay his tribute devoutly without any thing resembling that would be reciprocal. If the Madonna did smile her blue eyes and smile a benediction upon him as he knelt at her feet, he was filled with gratitude and reckoned himself as

the

the recipient of so royal bounty. It followed, that when of her own accord his wife came and nestled down to rest him, when she let his hand rest ~~[illegible]~~ in hers, that Philip's heart grew light. With almost a movement of shame he ~~remembered~~ recalled that ugly fear that had oppressed him earlier in the day. The doubt of his wife's generosity and kindness seemed to him little short of a crime. He fancied that she had divined ~~[illegible]~~ his need of comfort, and with womanly tact and modesty had taken this ~~[illegible]~~ graceful way of offering him her sympathy. For a moment, Colonel Hudson was tempted to throw himself unreservedly ~~[illegible]~~ upon her mercy, to tell ~~[illegible]~~ her utterly and unreservedly of his haunting secret. The demand ~~[illegible]~~ might awaken a deeper life in her, change her from an enchanting child ~~to~~ a noble woman.

He filled with a recognition of her sweetness, with a chivalrous desire to humble himself before her and confess his momentary failure of faith, to tell her all his trouble, Colonel raised himself on his elbow and leaned over it to ~~her~~ could see ~~his wife's~~ her face.

Then back with a chill sense of his disappointment. Jenny's eyes were closed, her breathing was soft and regular, she was fast ~~[illegible]~~ asleep.

XXVII

29.3.6.

~~Headaches in~~

Dr. Symes finds a clue.

~~Dr. Symes begins medicine.~~

~~Headaches.~~

It hardly has much to say that his interview with Colonel Haldane supplied Mortimer Symes with an additional interest in life. He was longer given to meditation, and his conversation with the Colonel ~~also~~ proved a most fruitful subject of meditation. Dr. Symes was not one of those medical practitioners, who, in their devotion to actual bones and muscles ~~[illegible]~~ lose sight of the rich social and domestic drama ~~also~~ with which their professional duties so constantly bring them in contact. His science was touched with romance; the mental and moral aspects of the phenomena presented to him claimed as much of his attention as the strictly physical one. ~~He~~ In short, he was very far from having reached that condition of high scientific abstraction in which the sensitive, ~~[illegible]~~ shrinking, suffering human being is merged in the mere "case", and the delicate opportunity of psychological observation is ~~[illegible]~~ disregarded in ~~[illegible]~~ a calm - and somewhat Rogdey - ~~[illegible]~~ desire to add ~~[illegible]~~ a fact or two more to the ~~[illegible]~~ records of experimental physiology.

After the very wide difference between his own temperament and career and that of his new patient

made

made that ballet also that more interesting to Mortimer Sylver. For that doctor, like so many men of an intricate and speculative habit of mind, was as deeply attracted by ~~[illegible]~~ multiplicity and distinctness of character. To him it always appeared that there were an ~~[illegible]~~ infinite number of excellent things to be said on both sides of every question, and that the quick instinct and lightly decisive in action impelled him. His professional career, it is true, had been very successful; his private life, on the other hand, had not been conspicuously so, owing mainly, I fancy, to his inherent tendency to weigh, consider, speculate ~~[illegible]~~ concerning the situation instead of taking his part strongly and promptly. Colonel Sudeley's clear-cut sense of mental vision and calm acquiescence in the consequences of his own action seemed to Dr. Sylver extremely admirable. He had protested as vigorously as he dared against Colonel ~~[illegible]~~'s decision; yet from the artistic point of view he derived ~~[illegible]~~ actual satisfaction from the spectacle of the strong manly defiance of pain and positive death. It must here be frankly admitted that Dr. Sylver was endowed somewhat unusual, nor today ~~[illegible]~~ and even dangerously ~~[illegible]~~ executive in the majority of his professional relations. His respect ~~for~~ for the freewill of the individual frequently ~~of~~ stood them in as reprehensible error. Still his practice ~~[illegible]~~ grew and flourished in ~~[illegible]~~ the ~~[illegible]~~. And even the country which is so conspicuously conservative in most matters, and cultivates a rebellious humor of frivolous mortables little Nutwiggworth — ~~[illegible]~~ regard ~~[illegible]~~ as Nazareth out

of

of which no good thing is in the very least likely to come — even the courtly, had in the last few years given very sensible proof of its faith in this ~~[illegible]~~ able if eccentrically liberal-minded medical man. It may be taken as an axiom in every calling. Omniaque, that in proportion as you gain the confidence of the lay-world, you are liable to lose that of the members of your own profession.

Many a week passed before Dr. Mortimer Granger saw Lord ~~[illegible]~~ again; and their meeting was a purely accident one.

Ingworth is a clean pleasant little town. It is well-built, spacious, cheerful and has an undeniable air of good society about it. Like various other watering-places that developed their local resources during the early part of the present century, Ingworth owes much of its successful start in life to that very well-advised gentleman the Prince Regent. And it has not been ungrateful, inasmuch as it has inscribed his name and the names of some of his well-known associates on the corner stones of its broad neat streets and squares of excellent houses. In ~~[illegible]~~ the Emperor Julian in Paris, so ~~[illegible]~~ the Prince Regent, here, in Ingworth would seem to have ~~[illegible]~~ left a measure of his spirit behind him. The place ~~[illegible]~~ maintains a calm well-bred and gentle-manlike air. It is leisurely. It cannot dig. To beg it is ashamed — unless, at least, the begging can be done ~~[illegible]~~ with the utmost secrecy. It endures all extremities of the tightest and purely voluntarily sort; it answers itself with elaborate care and prudent-worthy diligence. Finally it might supply an enumeration of intelligence with ~~and an~~ almost unlimited ~~[illegible]~~ subjects.

Lydia his lifelong friend. Perhaps P. Sr was
was afflicted with an ~~[illegible]~~ neg. cantankerous habit of
mind; but, Antiquary to frequently shocks him
as rather as crass and inadequate writing places
for immortals souls on their pilgrimage towards
eternity. This thought was vividly present to him
one day, when he had been visiting a fair
patient, who in the midst of considerable ease
and luxury was a prey to all those miserable
ailments that take their rise in chronic ennui.
He had listened to the lady's recital of her woes
with ~~[illegible]~~ a flattering show of condescension
and sympathy. He had been diplomatic, he had
acquitted himself in the delicate office of entertain-
ing with tact and mirth. To quarrel with the vague
subjective distofer of derivative hypochondria
would indeed be, his most popular doctor, to
quarrel with their bread and butter!. Mortimer
Sumner had no intention of committing so palpable
an error; yet as he came out of the house, and
looked up and down the broad white street - with
its row of highly respectable purified. houses, in
their carriage, he was conscious of a movement of
contempt both for the megrim of his patient and
for his own time serving in so humouring them.
~~[illegible]~~ But then he caught sight
of the Anderson's hostler standing on the other
side of the way.

~~[illegible]~~ Philip was ~~[illegible]~~ during hunting. The horses were
fresh and were ~~[illegible]~~ disposed to give a good deal of
trouble. Frolicked by the frosty chill of the afternoon
air, they fidgeted away from the side of the
road, backed into impossible angles, and refused to
stand for more than a few seconds together. A

man

man is seldom seen to greater advantage, perhaps than when he is successfully managing a pair of restive horses. Ind Lee

Dr. Symes glanced at Colonel Sudeley. He could not help nodding his head, with a movement of satisfaction — "Here, at all events", he thought to himself, "is a person who is not addicted to sentimental rapturings — who has a plentiful measure both of moral and physical courage." — Dr. Symes hesitated. He wanted himself to speak to Colonel Sudeley, yet under the circumstances he was reluctant of venturing ~~to~~ ~~proceed~~ put himself forward: — "I must just manage to get one look at him", he thought. "He is taking a great deal of exertion, I should like to see how he bears it. It is utterly suicidal, really — I make an absolutely inevitable mistake".

Turning he opened the sheet, with his short limping pace, and ~~pos~~ threw up a written on the pavement ~~[illegible]~~ close beside Phaeton.

"Good day, Dr. Symes", said the Colonel briefly, looking down from his exalted height. "You must excuse my shaking hands with you — there horses are a bit boisterous. My wife's in there calling on Mrs. Colwin, and she's been rather long over her visit".

One of the horses began to back and plunge with unpleasant violence.

"To excuse you" he ~~[illegible]~~ added; "but I must ~~go~~ let "~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ hand a turn I see". He ~~gave~~ the horses their heads and they started off at a rattling rate up the smooth street.

Symes had made the best use of his time, and ~~[illegible]~~ noted several little things. Philip Sudeley ~~looked~~ ~~had~~ aged

aged visibly since he had seen him a week ago. His face was paler and thinner. A hardening of the lines of the mouth, a contraction of the eyebrows and a ~~[illegible]~~ rigidity in the set of the jaw were clearly discernible to the doctor's practised eye.

"Is suffering," he thought, "suffering considerably. ~~[illegible]~~ His conduct is incomprehensible, it is ~~absurd~~ absurd, inexplicable. It ought to be put a stop to: — and yet how to put a stop to it Mr Turner did not see. Colonel Sudeley, he perceived, was not ~~in~~ ~~[illegible]~~ an altogether person to deal with; his very ~~[illegible]~~ rigidness of nature made him ~~[illegible]~~ unapproachable. "It is intolerable that a man should sacrifice his life in this way": the doctor said to himself. He felt angry; still he could not ~~[illegible]~~ avoid a reluctant admiration for this display of undaunted pluck; it gratified, ~~[illegible]~~ in any case, the merits of originality." — There must be something behind, which I am ignorant of — some underlying and very potent cause which I am not in a position to lay my finger on at present. Yes, it is decidedly interesting".

Then the door of the house immediately behind him was flung open, and the peculiarly clear-cut accents of a woman's voice attracted his attention. Mr Turner Sylver turned ~~and~~ towards the speaker. He was sensible of receiving a very distinct impression. A slender fashionably-dressed young woman came into a light from a step out of the house, and down the steps. Mr Sylver caught sight of a delicate profile, clustering ruddy gold hair, sparkling eyes, lips parted in a ~~[illegible]~~ brilliant smile over white even ~~[illegible]~~ little teeth — in short he beheld an

unusually

unusually pretty person.

His Hudeby was busying boxes and talking with considerable vivacity to ~~a~~ the young man who came with the servant of the house.

"Wait! - Mr. Hu. But where are my husband and the carriage?" she said, as she stepped down on to the pavement.

"Great Hudeby's got to think of waiting that is driven away for good. I think we've very much ~~darkened~~ inclined to quarrel with him", remarked the young man, half shyly half, audaciously. His hands were clasped behind him, he was bending towards his companion with an expression of the liveliest admiration in his pleasant boyishly young face.

"I do not know Colonel Hudeby very well", responded Jenny. ~~[illegible]~~ "He is talent do not lie in the direction of desertion. I am happy to say."

Young man coloured. He was aware of having been betrayed into an indiscretion, and of ~~[illegible]~~ meeting with an unexpected rebuke.

~~[illegible]~~ Sylvester, hat in hand, came towards our the gray flags, with his hair in urbane and smiling manner.

"Permitted to recall myself to your remembrance, Mrs. Hudeby?" he said. "Name just handed with your husband. He is to return immediately. The horses had become rather restive;— I could not resist standing here and watching Colonel Hudeby. Hindering is marvellous."

Doctor's long queer Roman countenance and angular imperial, above all perhaps his ~~slightly~~ ~~[illegible]~~ light-witted ~~[illegible]~~ walking, were not ~~[illegible]~~ calculated

to

prejudice Jennie Rudedy in her favour. Fortunately, however, the young lady was at that moment in an excellent humour, prepared to see everything gracious to all comers - even if they limped.

"Thank you", she said, and then added brightly. - "I remember you very well. We met at the afternoon party of Mr. Latimer's. - You were not there, Mr. Colvin".

Jennie glanced at the young man. She seemed recovered from her temporary embarrassment and nodded a greeting to Dr. Symes, had taken his hand with her back to the street, spurred to Mr. Rudedy where he could command a full view of her attractive person.

"I was with them", he answered.

"Not pity you. It was, between ourselves, so dreary, so really deteriorating entertainment, was it not Dr. Symes?" Fifteen people were introduced to me. They all asked me the same questions - quite a little catechism".

"I discover extremely agitating", said Murtrie rather with motion. "I think, Mr. Rudedy, I was not numbered among that reprehensible fifteen".

"No, assuredly not. You were the sixteenth, you were the returning wanderer. That is why I remember you so well".

"No wonder 'returned' said the Doctor.

"Look here Mr. Rudedy, what were the questions?" cried the young man, keeping his eyes fixed on Jennie's face. It gave him great pleasure to watch her while she talked, sometimes.

She shrugged her shoulders the least bit in the world.

"They were simply banale, those questions. They had

and not even that merit of being an extraordinary
dinner. — It was a little accompaniment to said
that relieved the ~~[illegible]~~ and lately "[illegible]
attitude of Bromborough" accentuated. It was just
like it. Martial's arrival Mrs Dalrymple ~~[illegible]~~
always like even little change it was held. Her
exaggerated - sense, that is to say, that were not found
over - that Middlemarch is and depends in
unceasing devotion, it is very valuable - fair:
help her in time to do without. Meanwhile Dorothea
be able to pick up better of that later. Then asked
was it made - alas! no. Then ~~[illegible]~~ that as
curse was an awful nuisance, don't you know —
need go on? She added a glance up at her
companions. "[illegible]" The social
of Mrs Minnitt does not strike me as very
unsuccessful, "all in all".
Entertainment has not so much in its subject
matter as in the manner of the presentment, said
Mr. Farmer, blandly. It must be owned that doctor
dear is a lively [illegible].
Lucilla, and Lohmann then proceeded to arrange
the row of visors on her nose with the [illegible]
"Come to the back of these people", she continued,
I am afraid Edith not behaves quite nicely.
It was a strict code had her head was decorated
with [illegible] bars and [illegible] in metal; she was
not very distinguished looking — this not Sir Edward
in fact she quite feels does not much matter. Frank
was about to commence the catechism — I
was a little mistaken, Edith played her. Frank, Fred,
do not quite merely the unnecessary [illegible]
of [illegible]. Know the question is recited. Edith not
stand ceremony — I will tell you everything —

"did tell her," continued the girl, with an air of ~~[illegible]~~ innocence. "Jane & I ~~[illegible]~~ sitting under the impression Jane slightly misunderstood the expression of Mr. Sudeley's remarks about the ~~[illegible]~~ strange behaviour of Lady Frederick. — Ah! There is the carriage through at last!"

The girl & Jane's friend Sudeley drew up on the ~~[illegible]~~ door-step. There was an impatient ~~[illegible]~~ of discussion in the hall — of Eustace as Mingle he was ~~[illegible]~~ currently expending a good deal of energy, and was heavily taxed: But the voices brightened and relaxed as he joined his wife.

"I was sorry to leave Kate waiting about here in the cold ~~[illegible]~~ all this time," he said: — "but the horses ~~[illegible]~~ wouldn't stand,"

"No ill of any consequence. I was centuries from home ~~[illegible]~~ and they ~~[illegible]~~ were frightened."

"Sudeley does "rule" our mysterious" said the duchess. "He has supplied the entertainment, the kindness is exhausted on "our side".

Mr. F.S. Lorrie came in fresh from work, with his hands still behind him, and addressed the board.

"Now all right again. I did go out to enquire in town, but I now ~~[illegible]~~ remembered to know nothing about it, and Mr. Sudeley was engaged. I've left word with my confidential clerk whenever I've thought of Miss Falls of yours. It was the nearest thing in the world". —

Thus Lynn did not wait to hear either the end of the young gentleman's speech, or Philip's curt rejoinder. A sudden mischief made him ~~[illegible]~~ turn to ~~[illegible]~~ Mr. Sudeley with his most ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ manner.

"My

"Dear Mr. Rudeley", she said, "will you allow me one of the privileges that belong to age and permit me to ask you a favour?.. I have known the Manor House for years and always considered it as a rare little gem. I have always regretted that its owners never have ~~[illegible]~~ failed to show an intimate appreciation of the artistic possibilities that it offers. ~~[illegible]~~ I have an advantage – if you will pardon my saying so – that you have ~~[illegible]~~ exhibited the most admirable taste and skill in developing these possibilities – that you have grasped the artistic ideas of the Old House, so to speak, and given the owner back her opportunity – that, in short, you have created a ~~[illegible]~~ delight: this mirror." – She touched – "~~May~~ May I ask you if I may leave to come and call on you, my dear madam? Will you re-introduce me to the dear old Manor House now that it has at last had the happiness to pass into the hands of ~~[illegible]~~ a truly appreciative mistress"?..

Miss Ford was ~~[illegible]~~ agreeable consciousness of having succeeded completely in ~~[illegible]~~ occupying Genie Rudeley's admiration. She smiled very graciously as she answered: –

"Do please come and see me. I am very ignorant, only know what I like. My home is an attempt merely: but, such as it is, I shall be delighted to show it to you".

"Yes" said Colonel Rudeley, thinking back to my that covered the vacant seat beside me: ~~[illegible]~~ – "are you ready?.. The horses will get fidgety again if we keep them standing".

He made a sharp movement to offer assistance, but the young lady did not accept it. She stepped lightly

little visit the barbarian carriage.

"Good-Fellowship! help myself, here," thus said, with as little friendly ~~[illegible]~~ as the [illegible] severely with her fingers, ~~[illegible]~~ while ~~[illegible]~~ one shudding the recollection ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ shudder that was round her. — The moment was over, evidently a little discomfited.

Prudently Somerset nodded to Mr. Symes, turned to the door round with sweeping curves across the floor and then out the door on his as rattling once again.

In seconds ~~[illegible]~~ Mr. Wilmot slide, his hands in his pockets, staring rather meekly in the departing carriage. He was a ~~capt~~ capital man fellow, the pride of his mother's heart — the [illegible] Matchfield's ~~[illegible]~~ his uncle of the Lake and Grenington's — and the object of the warmest admiration to his two ~~[illegible]~~ round about, and beyond, mere tennis-playing circle. He was helped to rather with a very open and ingenuous countenance, liable to betray freely all emotions working within.

In one word, "Underby's an uncommonly fortunate person," he exclaimed, with an involuntary sigh.

Mr. Symes turned and looked at the ~~[illegible]~~ speaker. He had just arrived at a conclusion; it was a highly satisfying one. He ~~[illegible]~~ believed he had during now to find discovered the root ~~[illegible]~~ from which the Colonel's ~~[illegible]~~ eccentric action sprung. He imagined he had grasped the potent underlying cause.

"Cupid-bows — all heart in my youthful days then, indeed — used to inform us, among many other valuable and indisputable facts, in dear old Irvin, that all appearances are deceitful," he remarked

unknowns with a smile. There he found them
in the direction of his lodgings ~~[illegible]~~
waiting at his door down that street.
He is Mr. Parelli's in Grove Walk. He said to
the coachman, as he got into it.

~~A comparison~~
~~[illegible]~~
~~Jean &~~
~~[illegible]~~

Romance at a disadvantage.

mentation, murmuring and woe ~~[illegible]~~ reigned in the house of Marsh. Mark in fact that pacifism and sentimental Quakerism hope of the establishment ~~[illegible]~~ was applied into a serious ~~[illegible]~~ business world. The two chiefs had really been severely hit. Cecilia ~~was~~ prayed, wailed, agonized. Mrs. Murray did something more immediately practical. She packed up her boxes. The worthy old lady refused on this occasion into her with many fine thoughts and discriminations. "Care of Ethel", she ~~said~~ said, into a pocket-handkerchief ~~[illegible]~~ crumpled in her hand, "I read in his action — "Ni care of Ethel, you know Cecilia, I have always said the same thing. Let Peter Pan or few unnecessary people in the house as possible, — they quite trouble, — it can't be ~~[illegible]~~ avoided — they add to the sensation of work, they increase the confusion .. I need not tell you Miss Cecilia" — here the pocket-handkerchief came into play — "how dreadfully painful it is to me to leave you and our darling little Ethel at this moment. But I know I consider myself, but we are telling a side, I am ready to sacrifice myself to the ~~[illegible]~~ comfort of

your ~~[illegible]~~

our establishment. — No, no, my dear love, don't dissuade me. Free this night's course. Let me follow it, ~~[illegible]~~, let me follow it — "[illegible] is exalted to heaven to tell her to expect me to morrow in a week or fortnight. Poor dear dear girl, it's so long since I saw her! Some time, perhaps, I may hear that my love for you has enabled to reflect my other children as little!"

Of this, no doubt, was our hero so it ~~very~~ extremely warming and considerate. Florinda excellent good woman, is as green bay-tree - your manners and conduct are ~~[illegible]~~ instructive!.. Truly Murray, it may be mentioned in passing, had married some year previously a young clergyman of ~~[illegible]~~ moral and strong Evangelical proclivities. His good wife did not unfortunately regard her husband's aged mother with any overflowing ~~of~~ sense of veneration. He had even gone so far, ~~one~~ on one occasion as to remonstrate with her on what he was pleased to describe as "a total want of the visible workings of grace in her heart"; and to remark in the presence of his eldest ~~child~~ girl ~~[illegible]~~ - a child ~~[illegible]~~ of about eight years old, who promptly reported the said remark to ~~[illegible]~~ her Lorna Granny — that Mr. Murray's conversation savoured strongly of that wicked city ancient Babylon - ~~[illegible]~~ which God doomed ~~[illegible]~~ mercy and in it eventually, as we find it with ~~[illegible]~~ great slaughter and eternal reprobation, ~~as~~ the ~~[illegible]~~ first ~~[illegible]~~ of its ~~[illegible]~~ and worldly doings. This, ~~[illegible]~~ not unnaturally perhaps had caused a ~~[illegible]~~ rupture and ~~[illegible]~~ coolness to arise between the mother and son-in-law. But Mr. Murray was

a

a person of experience. She knew that there is a time to pardon as well as a time to take offence. And it appeared to her that in your appreciation of the things of this life it still really vigorous. The moment his disquietude was certainly arrested when the exercise of that beautiful virtue will enable you to escape decently from a house tainted with fever – that man, of course, be catching – and remove yourself to a purer and more salubrious ~~[illegible]~~ atmosphere. Mr. Murray therefore (proceeded to) begged her son-in-law, She bowed the hint; and after-[illegible] metaphorically speaking – hacking her boxes with a [illegible] of peacetide smile along with her best grace, took her departure from [illegible] End Page

[illegible] was aware of ~~the~~ her mother's absence in town, when he so heartily made up his mind to call on Mr. Farrell. For ~~[illegible]~~ Cecilia the doctor had a great respect. He believed her to be an anxious and conscientious and high-minded woman. Circumstances, he thought, had been unfeelingly against her; under happier conditions her nature might ~~[illegible]~~ have blossomed with a ~~[illegible]~~ refined and gentle sweet-ness. For Mr. Murray, even, Fortunio Synge had a certain regard. For that he was in the heart inclined to exclude her in the same category as her daughter. It was that self-seeking and flaunting impudence of the elder lady that made her intervening in his eyes. In every relation of life Mr. Murray appeared to him radically objectionable: in his own scientific hours of rest the doctor was conscious that ~~[illegible]~~ engrossed her, she offered such a rich field for research and observation. At the same, had she not been

safely

after out of this was an astounding instance of the reputation of her evangelical son-in-law. Mr. Symes would have thought twice before going to this small house in Grove Walk on his present errand.

Miss Farrell, on her side, took a good deal of quiet content in his friendship of her medical adviser. Humanly speaking, he had more than once been the means of saving her boy's life, and Cecilia's gratitude, though dumb, was very deep. Then too, he treated her with constant kindliness and consideration; he understood half-words, and treated woman in a trying situation in spite the very reality of help. On this occasion, when she came down with the little servant, sitting-room to receive her guest, Mr. Farrell's care-worn anxious face assumed quite a cheerful expression, and her impatient voice took an unusual bright help of tone.

"I so hated of you to come so soon again", she said, giving the doctor her thin hand, with its prominent knuckles and long phalanges. "But it really wasn't necessary. Johnnie's really getting on, now, and I ought not to take up too much of your time. I know what a number of this people want you. I'm afraid this room is very cold", she added, looking round in a helpless sort of way. "I've been afraid with Johnnie and that I have let the fire down. Will you like to come up at once and see him? He is a good lad in this misery".

He was very sensible of the chilliness of this room: — a meagre morning: a little apartment, with a black white and gold wall paper and cold dumb chintz cover to the furniture —:

unwritten —: but, as valiant to dominate the
sense of impending disaster; ~~and~~
dear "Madame", he replied, at the risk of
incurring your severe displeasure, must admit
that Victor Hugo's health was not any worse
despite my coming here today. I think we may
dismiss any further anxiety from our minds on
this account. Last time I saw him, I perceived that
he was, thanks chiefly to your unremitting attention,
in a very fair way to make a rapid convalescence.
— Today my visit is exclusively to you, Mr.
Harell. ~~I am particularly~~ I wish to have
a brief confidential conversation with you, if you
will kindly spare me a few minutes".
Awaiting explanation came back with Cecilia face
again. Poor thing, she was always on the look out
in the expectancy of fresh disconcerting. She
received her plentiful ~~supply~~ share of worries in
the same patient and resignée spirit that the
ordinary drudge receives ~~the~~ its share of poker and
kick. The doctor does not relish it in time; but ~~to~~ it
~~which~~ ~~det~~ develops a very excusable tendency
to irritate nervously whenever ~~[illegible]~~ any
person passes near ~~him~~ it with a stick in hand.
Cecilia had ~~no [illegible]~~ any instinctive perception
that the stick ~~[illegible]~~ in this case, was handy furniture. She
sat down with an air of resigned expectation.
Then Fraser selected the highest chair he could
discover and established himself sideways on it,
~~[illegible]~~ one elbow on the back of it and resting his
free hand on the ~~[illegible]~~ head of his walking-stick.
The doctor's little ~~[illegible]~~ arrangements frequently suggested
to his hearing effect of preparation in ~~[illegible]~~ very
serious business. Indeed, indeed, not in his and in the
quickness

sickness of his sensuality and a sense kindness of his heart. There was so superficially kind-hearted man; an inherent ~~love~~ affection for animals ~~in~~ ~~[illegible]~~ fine wonder and redundant flowers; a tendency to mount the high horse at times, - recall to this ~~[illegible]~~ disordering of his feeling modesty-mindedness - and giving rein to that somewhat annoying ~~[illegible]~~ quadrupeds permit it to career away with him over "antre vast and deserts idle" in that most surprising and Mazeppa-like fashion. He professed two very different styles of address. Such man respectively described as a shuffling and elastic manner. Sports now, having been a good deal exercised by various little incidents during the course of the afternoon the shuffling manner was to the fore. Flower of rhetoric flutterings to blossom with amazing luxuriance in the ~~[illegible]~~ this colourless atmosphere of ~~[illegible]~~ Cecilia's dusty-covered sitting-room.

"dear Mr. Panelli," he began, "I find myself between the horns of a dilemma - ~~[illegible]~~ the exact nature of that dilemma I will ~~[illegible]~~ present to you. - ~~[illegible]~~ In daily occupation as you know it is my ~~[illegible]~~ quiet advice to alternate the present moment I find myself quite in need of advice very self. In difficulty and doubt ~~[illegible]~~ instinctively ~~[illegible]~~ seek the sympathy of your sex. You know that lines" added Mr. Symes with a wave of his disengaged hand: -

> Oh! woman, in our hours of ease
> Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow
> A ministering angel thou!" —

Panelli felt ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ considered. She liked Mr. Symes very

very much. She would have been sincerely glad to be of service to him. But she was not practical. She found it impossible to view merely in the light of a ministering, or any other kind of angel. "I'm very sorry," she said vaguely.

The doctor, however, was quite as stiff as her said. He needed encouragement, he gallopped forward.

"I compare merely, Mr. Farrell, to one standing on the brink of a rapid and tingid river. In the water below he sees — so to speak — a drowning swimmer, attempting to breast the current. Can he merely, can he succeed? — knowledge, accurate knowledge of the unfavourable conditions under which he has ventured on this hazardous undertaking, compels me to reply that he cannot succeed — that his strength will fail and the raging waters will infallibly engulf him. I am in a position to render him assistance: but that assistance is unpleasant to rejected. I pause. I consider. I cannot force the man against his will, and yet, my dear Mr. Farrell my nature revolts against the cold-blooded inhumanity of leaving him to his fate. The circumstances render my offer of help inadmissable, I must search elsewhere for suitable aid. — In this painful situation as a beam of light appears to shine upon the dark night of my difficulty — my thought turns instinctively towards you."

His critical faculty was not fully developed. She was impressed with the quaint generosity of metaphor. She was also learned enough to know what could possibly be about to follow on so considerable a preface. She murmured something civil in the way of recognition both of the gravity of the matter in hand and of the compliment so lavishly

(4) implied

published in the final issues of the discourse.

"I am seriously startled — ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ a proceeding which his auditors invariably found rather disconcerting — Mr. Sumner suddenly discarded the wholesale and dictated his usual manner. Having to put it vulgarly, shorn of his conversational steam he became as reasonable being again.

"I am about to commit an indiscretion, my dear lady", he said: "but in this case I believe the end may very well justify the means; then, too, I have the fullest confidence in your discretion. — Do you ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ Colonel Sudeley's wife in a connection of yours?"

Now looked up into Cecilia's ~~[illegible]~~ face. Her face seemed likely to come down ~~[illegible]~~ wonderfully ~~[illegible]~~ under spots. She ~~[illegible]~~ became painfully conscious both of looking and feeling very awkward, she was glad the light in his room ~~[illegible]~~ happened to be dim and uncertain.

"I do answered, hesitatingly — "Mrs. Sudeley is not ~~[illegible]~~ a connection of mine exactly. Her Hsp. husband — Mr. Pierce Dawson's second cousin, Bertie Jones, is a first cousin of mine — but" — Mr. Farrell paused.

"Husband, first cousin, second cousin", repeated the Mr. Sumner. "The relationship is a little intricate, as little difficult to grasp on the spot. Still", he continued, "~~[illegible]~~ in any case, you are very well acquainted with Mrs. Sudeley — you knew her before her marriage".

"Yes, I became known her ever since she was quite a little girl".

Cecilia stiffled her position, cleared her throat, and then spoke ~~[illegible]~~ gravely.

"I is trouble before Mr. Sudeley. Serious, very serious trouble.

trouble, as matters now stand. But yet the trouble is not irremediable, if she has a capacity for skilful action and sincere devotion".

Day-light was nearly gone, but gas-lamps in the street outside threw a pale reflection of the window on the opposite wall of the room, and revealed Mr. Farrell's face and figure in little distinct relief. Mr. Symes looked at him attentively, as if to gather some intimate knowledge from his expression. He felt curiously drawn towards Colonel Rudeby, he would have seemed unnaturally relieved to hear that his brilliant young wife was devoted to him. But Cecilia Farrell's countenance told of little beyond deepening anxiety.

"What is it", she asked hurriedly, "what is it?"

"Nothing, Mrs. Farrell", the doctor answered. "Colonel Rudeby is running great risks of killing himself — perhaps suddenly, perhaps slowly, painfully, but either, as you mean say — and I suspect he is doing it for his wife's sake".

Cecilia Farrell remained perfectly still, for a minute or two. Then she murmured in a low mechanical way: — "I don't understand. But what do you mean? I don't understand it".

Mr. Symes changed his position again, this time rather irritably.

"Why I do not wholly understand it myself", he said. "He said a few words enough. Painful perforation consequent — he supposed — on a fall and bruising induced him to consult me. My examination discovered but too unmistakable indications of disease of a vital organ. I told him that complete rest, and careful watching for a time were indispensible.

He

He swept my advices aside with as wave of the hand, ~~contemptuously~~. He was to be entirely ignorant of physical conditions. I saw him to-day during a fit of ~~[illegible]~~ spinal horror – he was looking ill, but was evident to me that he was suffering." – Dr. Symes paused. – "Colonel Sudeley was pleased with remarkable ~~respect~~ regards and respect. To return to our metaphor, Mr. Farrell, I cannot stand by ~~[illegible]~~ till this summer. Stretch up his arms and sinks down to sea under the ~~dark~~ cold waters of death, without making one more effort to rescue him".

Lisa Farrell's lips were very dry; she could ~~[illegible]~~ barely articulate. "Awful", she said again, under her breath.

"I bound by a promise not to mention their marriage to Mr. Sudeley – nor indeed to any one else," he continued. "I have ~~[illegible]~~ my word perjured myself by relating the case to you. But my conscience exculpates me, I believe I am justified by the end in view. – Mr. Farrell, I think you are one of those women – Providence mercifully sends us a few in ~~each~~ every generation – who are born to be "their brother's and sister's keepers". Mr. Sudeley is very young, and most young persons are selfish. It is excusable in my opinion. The vividness of their own sensations, their lively appreciation of their ~~good~~ pleasures ~~[illegible]~~ of their world leaves but little space for careful ~~consideration~~ thought of others. Their ~~[illegible]~~ our life is little; and we cannot think or ~~[illegible]~~ time always to ~~be~~ be peering into their neighbour's life to see if by chance they are empty. Mr. Sudeley is very young, I say, she is alone here, – away, as I understand from all her relations, her natural counsellors, as we may call them. A few judicious ~~word~~ words from an old friend, like yourself, might prove ~~and~~ inestimable helping to her at this moment, might go far to avert the

uplifted ~~[illegible]~~

sword of destiny" —
hissed ~~[illegible]~~". — The whole tale came
~~[illegible]~~ out again, ~~[illegible]~~ slightly. "My dear
lady, will you understand this mission? Will you
approach Mr. Rudolph? Put it at his real state of
affairs? Make an appeal to her affection? Open her
eyes? — do what you can in fact to save Colonel
Rudolph's life"?

Cecilia rose, and roamed ~~[illegible]~~ about the room
as another anxiety sort of woman. The doctor sat
watching her closely. He believed in her, and it would
be hard, if she has his faith ~~[illegible]~~ totally in his self-sacri-
ficing initiative of romantic in the faithful line.
~~[illegible]~~. He tried to strengthen his cause —
"Entire myself more perfectly where your mercy"
he said. "Dare sure you will take my words for it
that the situation is one of appalling gravity".

Mr. Farrell came back and ~~[illegible]~~ sat down
again. She had no really power of expression. Her
activities could not be imprisoned in a hopeless mere pursuit
only; emotion with her is the home of a double,
~~[illegible]~~ numbness yet penetrating ache, which could
find no relief in appropriate action.

"I would gladly do any thing if I could", she said.
"Tell me what, I dare not, Dr. Synge. I am quite
the least person who can interfere".

"It", he answered quickly, "Time comes at point
when it is a duty to lay aside diffidence and
overflown modesty. Then, in the name of our
common humanity, it is a simple duty to interfere".

"Is it that?" ~~[illegible]~~ said Cecilia. "I would
do it willingly enough if it was any body else — but,
can it, Dr. Synge, for Colonel Rudolph?"

which was both ~~[illegible]~~ amazed and puzzled, ~~[illegible]~~ for
moment he ~~[illegible]~~ lost his usual urbanity of demeanour,
and ~~[illegible]~~

and those written ~~[illegible]~~ exactly considering
shelves in his zeal to ~~[illegible]~~ the Colonel he was not
~~[illegible]~~ oblivious of what was due
to his sister.

"Why not the Colonel Rudeby, my dear Madame?"
he demanded.

Mrs Parrett had not been wrong in dreading that
tête. It had descended in quite a series of sharp
blows during the ~~last~~ past quarter of an hour – under
the lash and scourge of them the poor thing absolutely
disagreed. She put her thin hands over her face
and doubled herself almost to settee. ~~[illegible]~~ It
must be owned that in this pictures Cecilia's figure
was not seen to advantage; she had a very long
back, and a long back is a disastrous thing in a
woman.

"We were lovers ~~long~~ years ago", she said, at last, very
nicely. "You tell their wives about ~~[illegible]~~ these things
eventually, you know, after they marry, and laugh
over them. I have never laughed over it", she added
serenely, with a ~~[illegible]~~ quaver in her voice: "and so I
could not go and talk to Denis Rudeby; she might
misunderstand my motives".

There was silence. Mr. Parrett's confession seemed to
him abundantly pathetic. ~~[illegible]~~ He was shocked, too,
to think that exquisite pictures he must have seen
in unfortunate woman's, all unwittingly. He
tried to ~~[illegible]~~ arrange his ideas ~~[illegible]~~
to frame ~~[illegible]~~ an apology which should be
at once soothing and respectful. But ~~Mr.~~ Cecilia
spoke again, before his preparations were completed.

"Do you ~~[illegible]~~ won't despise me, Mr. Sylmer"
she said.

"Why, for God's heavens, my dear Madame", cried

the

is doctor resumed: – I honour Reverence, sir. I cannot regret myself for having caused your pain".

In the evening, while Mortimer Sumner was sitting in his well-furnished library, smoking his pipe the distinguished incident of the day in his interesting monograph on the distinguished French scientist on "The Nervous functions of the cerebro-spinal nervous system", which was brought to him, addressed in Cecilia Weith's neat, precise hand-writing – sent him was in ignorance of it: —

"Dear Sumner what you told me that afternoon. I am afraid I acted hastily, and only thought of myself. I am afraid I shall not be of much use, but I will do what I can".

Sumner contemplated the note silently for a little space of time. Then folding it up he threw it into a drawer of his writing-table.

"It is really good woman", he said half loud, and then settled himself back comfortably to pursue the elucidation of the functions of the cerebro-spinal nervous system again.

End Chapter

"For auld lang syne"

It was rather dangerous to make a diffident slow-natured person the present of a new idea. The idea, finding itself pretty well alone in the minds of men as persons, sought to expand, to permeate, till at length it becomes almost unfortunately dominant.

Miss Farrell's existence was a cramped and monotonous one. The stock of ideas upon which she maintained it was very limited. It can be briefly inventoried in two words — Duty and Johnnie. To Cecilia's honour be it repeated that Duty did ~~[illegible]~~ hold the first place, and Johnnie came second. Mr. Symes had introduced a third idea into her mind, and after a sharp struggle she accepted it because it appeared to her nearly allied to her human idea of duty. But once having accepted it, it began to assume many fair and winning aspects; the process of expansion and permeation took place — briefly, the new idea propelled her.

She had ~~[illegible]~~ put her boy to bed that night and explained her reconciliation to ~~[illegible]~~ his doctor. Mr. Farrell found herself by no means unclinched for sleep. She had got sometimes ~~[illegible]~~ to think about. She went upstairs and sat down by Johnnie's iron crib in her bedroom.

down. The fire went almost down into the ashes. ~~[illegible]~~ The horse was very still. There was a wire ~~[illegible]~~ of bells in the air, mingling down at the hamlet church some half-mile away ~~[illegible]~~ across the river. This was one of the practising nights of the Advent Season; and the sound of the peals came faintly on the wind — now loud, clear, hopeful, running joyously down the scale, then turning and mingling, drawing up and drawing, in an intricate pattern of sound: and then again, during awhile, receiving to a mere murmur, distant — ~~[illegible]~~ sad, gently bells, mingling the dirge of days and ~~[illegible]~~ dreams, and an imaginary long death.

Elsie laid her hands upon the counterpane of plumes little bed, and lent her head back against the wall behind her. The bells affected her strangely. — They carried her back in thought to the picturesque old cathedral city where she had first met Philip Sedley, and all the unfinished romance of her girlhood unfolded itself before her. She passed again through summer afternoons, on the moat river, ~~[illegible]~~ boat skirting seaward below the ~~[illegible]~~ gardens and pretty dwellings. Sunset ~~[illegible]~~ of the suburbs of the town; and, far into midland, stretches in long quiet brimming reaches under the shadow of elm woods, and between ~~[illegible]~~ flat rich meadows, where the cattle feed or stand, ~~[illegible]~~ with ~~[illegible]~~ shaped eminent, at the passing boat turns among the flags and blue, geraniums and willow weeds ~~[illegible]~~ upon the low reed banks. She passed again the quaint windows paved walks on the city walls, and felt again that ~~[illegible]~~ quickening

of

of this lurid and wasting ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] half visible half
of revelation, with which ~~the~~ of old at some time
of his narrow history was she had suddenly come
face to face with her lover. She remembered every
incident of his dance queen in the office of
the agency ~~[illegible]~~, as a painting in
of gratitude. To the rack and torture of the
town and neighbourhood in the minister's house
steps during their stay. — She recalled, too, her
~~[illegible]~~ interview with Philip, suddenly his down at the
in the sitting-room of Mr. Marvan's house, with
the pale wisdom ~~[illegible]~~ looking at the city walls & the
wide green circle of the race-course below, to the
sharp curve of the river round a high wooded
promontory under the hard lines of the rock. Mile
viaducts, ~~to~~ and acres miles of rolling country to the
faint blue-grey ranges of the Welsh hills against
the Western sky. Cecilia remembered the little
presents he had given her, and the ~~[illegible]~~ long
some what rude letter he had ~~[illegible]~~ scribbled her ~~[illegible]~~
during the ~~[illegible]~~ two years of patient waiting —
remembered how ~~[illegible]~~ the annual of one of
the same rude epistles ~~[illegible]~~ spread as flow
over all the following day. — Yes, there,
before my words ~~[illegible]~~ you and I, were had create enough
of this ~~[illegible]~~ sensible reader. Have you met me? — Did life
some ghoul or other unlucky creature when I get
to turning over a woman's little grave-yard of
love-memories in their war. They are such delicate,
ethereal, sound little things, ~~[illegible]~~ that one is afraid
of touching them with coarse masculine fingers.
They ~~[illegible]~~ are dead and buried, I know,
long since, and yet as one ~~[illegible]~~ reads their
musty epitaphs and perhaps unearth an enquiring
speculative

ensuing
ensuing days under the crumbling boards of their
office-lids, she was so sure that what lies
within quivers and shrinks away from
passion in modest humour and anguish
the partaking spirit of mere investigation.
Let us leave them to rest in peace them, and come
back to the room and their present.

Mr. Farrell met Colonel Rudkin again, but
said he no doubt at all that he was very much
occupied with another woman. The whole of
the Persian episode had been deeply
humiliating and distressing to her — not that she
bore the Colonel any grudge. Her own marriage, she
had entirely cancelled any vow of allegiance
he might primarily have made her; to, the idea
of engaging in a contention with
Genie Pierce-Rainear was manifestly ridiculous.
Cecilia admitted that she was plain, middle-
aged, miserable with a rather pathetic
sense of humour. But now the scene
had changed apparently. Sorrow, pain, possibly
death were ahead — she was not in the habit
of looking on the bright side of things, and had
accepted the darkest interpretation
of Dr. Turner's statement. Her mind projected itself
with intensity upon the situation and that
along with this gloomy prospect came
her opportunity. She might not be of use,
and to see of use — to Vera in a sadly blind
and blundering manner: was the deepest necessity
of Cecilia's nature. She sincerely
believed she was responding to a call of Duty. —
Poor Cecilia, born a little pinched in the question:

Vera

tire meetings and partings, the wand. pursuing
and sister of long ago, takes this affair somehow
out of the strict limits of cold duty, fancy.—
Meanwhile, the poor thing had a moment of
joy & exultation, as she sat ~~[illegible]~~ stiffly on her
hard chair by her boy's bed-side.—She would go
and see Joris, plead and reason with her, entire
her to acknowledge the truth — painful as it
was — and ~~[illegible]~~ meet it bravely and lovingly. — Then
would, if at first the young girl was angry with
her, and vituperate in her ~~[illegible]~~ rash, clear-cut
manner that she — Mr. Parnell — had been
guilty of any impertinence. But now, Cecilia felt
merely strong, ~~[illegible]~~ daring, ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ not to be baulked by anything. To set things
right and then ~~[illegible]~~ to retire with silence and
dignity seemed to her a noble, splendid way
of ~~[illegible]~~ terminating her relation with
her old lover.

Bells chimed all together once or twice loud and clear.
Then there was silence. ~~[illegible]~~ Little Johnnie
Parnell woke ~~up~~ with a muttered cry, and sat up
on end in his neat white night. Quiet, his
face flushed with sleep and his eyes staring wide
then.

"Ma, Ma, where are you there?" he called. "I've
had a nasty dream".

Cecilia put her arms quickly round the little
trembling figure.

"Darlint, I'm here", she answered. ~~[illegible]~~.

"Is Johnnie recovered nicely with great
promptitude.

"It's all right;" he ~~[illegible]~~ said. "I was ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ most awfully
frightened".

frightened".

Cecilia laid her little warm cheek against the little lady's soft round one, and pressed him nearer to her: "No, she said drew back his head.

"Why, Mother you're all wet and warm, you know", he remarked with an air of ~~[illegible]~~ high disgust. "I believe you've been crying".

Mrs. ~~[illegible]~~ knew it before, but now that Johnnie called her attention to the fact, Cecilia became aware that she had been crying a ~~good~~ ~~very~~ a good deal.

"Why, Mother, you mustn't do that sort of thing. I don't like it", ~~[illegible]~~ continued the boy in a tone of high authority. Then, as his mother raised her eyes piteously, he added — with the sublime egotism of childhood: — "And, too, there's nothing to cry for now, that ~~[illegible]~~ I am getting better".

Cecilia's heart smote her:

"No, no, darling", she ~~said~~ said; "~~[illegible]~~ There's nothing, nothing ~~[illegible]~~ at all to cry for".

Mrs. Johnnie Harris exercised the hereditary right of the superior sex and admonished her womankind, curled himself comfortably down in bed again.

~~[illegible]~~ His mother watched him for a time; and when at last the boy's quiet breathing announced that he had joined his own band safely ~~[illegible]~~ into the mysterious kingdom of dreams, she knelt down on the floor by the bedside, and buried her face in her hands. — For Cecilia had begun to suspect herself, to question the merits of her mother. Her childhood had been vain, self-indulgent, unexacting. She had been proud, rebellious, self-seeking. She commonly with more ~~[illegible]~~ genuinely humble-minded and ~~[illegible]~~ devout person, ~~[illegible]~~ Mr. Randolph's sense

of

cure of sin was proposed. — → close up

— by the same token — ~~that~~ cure of sin is a very singular phenomenon; his in proportion as sin itself is absent. The cure of it seems to flourish in the human heart. Cecilia's life for years had been one long act of self-abnegation; and yet she felt herself to be very low down in the scale of christian virtues, her faults seemed numberless and ever recurring, her alienation from the eternal Godhead ~~the fundamental~~ overwhelmingly great. While, Mr. Murray, on the other hand, whose mighty strife with world had not, to put it mildly, been quite of so ~~[illegible]~~ prominent and conspicuous sort was by no means afflicted with any such consciousness of her own short-comings; but trudged along towards eternity in a very jaunty and light-hearted manner.

Mrs. Parnell remained a long while on her knees praying; — ~~[illegible]~~ both for herself and her brilliant genius Sudeley. She prayed for Philip too — He does not ~~[illegible]~~ very much matter what she said. Mrs. Parnell was not a calculated or eloquent person; and her prayers were usually confused and imperfect utterances, not for the heart calculated either adorn ~~[illegible]~~ the pages of a religious biography, or be printed in some elegantly bound volume of private devotion. Still such as they were, they brought her straight into communion of a kind, and may be reckoned treasure as purely personal and subjective fruitful at all events.

Mary Sue's idea was still dominant: Mr. it had offered a change. It had passed a night within the agonised spirit of a puritan conscience; and

since

said for the in the morning no longer ~~was~~ clothed in the delicate garments of romance and tender-ness, but wearing the austere habit of unadulterated duty. Cecilia had reduced Gerald to order; and prepared to go into her difficult mission to young Mrs. Sudeley in the same steady mortified spirit in which she bore the many and grievous burdens laid upon her by her affectionate mother, administered nauseous medicine to the weeping and recalcitrant Johnnie.

She had decided to go ~~to~~ over to the Manor House without delay: ~~and~~ So she started the following day mostly after an early dinner, though the ~~afternoon~~ weather was bleak and wintry, ~~[illegible]~~ and the roads were bare with mud. Cecilia had an unlucky habit of perceiving ~~[illegible]~~ things ~~[illegible]~~ just too late. She was ~~so~~ full of a ~~[illegible]~~ solemn conviction and a strenuous purpose, and it quite failed to ~~[illegible]~~ occur to her that she slipped over a garment, both unsightly in the mud, and the general demoralization of the personal appearance consequent on a long wet walk ~~and~~ might injuriously affect her influence with Genie Sudeley. The children of light in their own generation are very fair to ~~of~~ other, but being wise in their trivial matters; and ~~[illegible]~~ the nobility of their motives does not, unfortunately, prevent their finding themselves ~~at~~ at a ~~[illegible]~~ corresponding disadvantage.

Pamela, a tall dumpy girl — dad in that most lamentable of all feminine garments, a round water-proof cloak — took her way by

back

each street is a quarter of Dulwich works, that lies along the main along the low ground between the canal and a range of dreary brick fields. This region presents a marked contrast to the rest of the more pleasure-loving little town. It is a ~~[illegible]~~ moral Thrathia, to which in the hours of social prosperity, all the human ~~[illegible]~~ refuse of the place tends to ~~[illegible]~~ melancholy war. Mean, one-storied houses open into narrow black wharfs and a ugly cinder-path, where barge-men ~~[illegible]~~ and labourers loiter at dreary corners, and ragged shrill-voiced children angles for the gaudy minnows in the dingy water, ~~[illegible]~~, while the smoke and stench of the burning bricks fill the thick air. Poor little shops maintain a feeble existence with an attenuated share of attraction, behind the bars of their ~~[illegible]~~ dim windows. Only the public houses wear prosperous cheerful, defiant above the ~~[illegible]~~ dingy squalor of unpaved streets and ~~[illegible]~~ lanes. Such places are altogether too common, even on the outskirts of London, with to do places like Dulwich works to be worthwhile to make much help even them, suffice it to say that perhaps in our time more hideous and repulsive aspects on a dingy wintry afternoon.

A characteristic of Cecilia that when asked to assist in parish work, she should accept the care of this ~~[illegible]~~ miserable district, which had proved altogether too hard a morsel for the other fair deaconess of Dulwich. Mr. Murray had spoken her mind upon the question, and pronounced that Cecilia would

get

get little besides ~~by~~ beer, bread and inevitable kicks for the service of her labour. Of the latter, she did ~~obtain~~ in point of fact, get a fair share. Her luxurious habits, her cold, yet hesitating manner were not calculated to render her popular — only Mr. Symes, indeed, in his rare fluids of moments could have been induced at her elevation to anything in the ministering-angel line. During Johnnie's illness Mrs. Farnell had, ~~nevertheless~~ not without sharp twinges of conscience, somewhat neglected her nursing district. But after mature thought she had determined, in any case, to devote to the service of others second as fitting opportunity in the paying of some visits already overdue.

During in her minds how she should open her conversation with Jenie, Cecilia went ~~hastily~~ hastily along one of the mazarony lanes — without careful picking of her way among the cabbage stalks ~~and~~ and avoiding crinkles that crossed the road-way, and stopped at the last house, a miserable red-brick structure, abutting on the unwholesome looking excoriated stalks of the kitchen-fields. ~~Hitherto~~ ~~[illegible]~~ stalkers:

By ~~[illegible]~~ women stood in the door-way of the cottage, nursing a baby of some eight or ten months old, ~~[illegible]~~ and two ~~[illegible]~~ older children with their pinched faces, playing about on the damp ~~[illegible]~~ floor just within.

"Is this Mrs. Farnell" said the woman. "I thought you'd get tired and forgotten about us like the rest".

"I've been very ill", responded Cecilia, humbly. "Perhaps not because I know".

"It was awfully good of some ladies" said the woman

proceeding over

Quivering over her shoulder at the bare room behind her, while the drowsy rebel lay balm in her arms. "Yes. It's ~~a~~ 's furniture ~~wants~~ went the day before yesterday."

"Gone?" exclaimed Mr. Farnell, "went where?"

"To pay rent – nice place to pay rent for too, isn't it? They left us a mattress in the back room for me and the children to lay on at night and that all. They're pretty well paid, poor thing with the the manager and cold. — The men took the blankets along with the rest and there's nothing to lie under, so they might as well've ~~taken~~ had the mattress too as far as I see."

Lisa fumbled in her dress-pocket for her purse.

"I very sorry", she said.

"It ain't much use your being sorry", ~~the woman~~ answered the ~~woman~~ other shortly. Then suddenly the ~~poor~~ poor thing sank down on the worn, ~~dirty~~ dirty dress-skirt and burst into tears. – "~~Lisa~~ Before the Lord I've done my best, but everything's against me, what with illness, and slack work, and one thing and another. I've come down, and down, and down. I said I wouldn't give in and I ain't – but it's getting a bit too far now. Sometimes I think the canal there, and he the best place for all of us — it's best to be dead, ~~and~~ be dead and out of it — there's no room for poor folks like us here in this world".

Lisa Farnell was deeply pained and agitated; she tried to speak, but the woman sister interrupted her fiercely.

"I know what you're going to say — there's the union. I know there's the union, as well as you do – I have n't I fought up against it ~~the~~ there months

ants, though I knew from the night my poor master was brought home sick and dead, last January, it had got to come to that at last. — Don't you be afraid", she went on looking up ~~and speaking~~ with a gleam of bitter humour as the two ~~little~~ children hitched ~~[illegible]~~ her skirts, peered up again: her crying, "Mammy, mammy" — "don't you be afraid, I won't do them any harm. Perhaps I love 'em just as well as you do ~~[illegible]~~ that (of yours) poor, " you couldn't leave to come and help us a bit. — They're very patient poor things but they can't hold on much longer — they'll begin to cry for real soon, and it ~~[illegible]~~ will go through me, and I shall give in, and take 'em to the house".

Lisa held out her hand ~~[illegible]~~ she had emptied the contents of her purse into it: — "There; ~~[illegible]~~, also it, it's all I have got into me — feed the children any way"? —

Woman watched at the money, looked at it, counted it, and then laughed.

"It's not one of the worst men", she said. "The worst one gives us precious little but words we don't want. — That will keep us out a few days longer, and any one can see this poor thing here wants lies as dead better in the house". "You ain't worse, but I like you more the more for that".

"Perhaps we can arrange some thing for you", Mr. Jonell said. "I'll do what I can. I don't forget things. I come back again to-morrow or next day".

"Is going now then? — Well I don't wonder. It isn't very pleasant here about. A bad, bitter you soon ~~[illegible]~~ was enough of it".

"Have to go to another house where there is trouble"

~~[illegible]~~ (replied Sir) ~~[illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~ said Mr. Farrell, sadly as she turned away. "Reed will go pretty near down for that time." The woman called after her. "There's a sight of trouble to ride on the cars here ~~[illegible]~~ most all the year ~~most times~~ through ~~[illegible]~~." ~~[illegible]~~ Life seemed to Cecilia Farrell a terribly dark and mysterious business, and her own share in it sadly touched with incapacity and failure, as she walked through the dirty street by the canal again, and passing to the left behind the ~~[illegible]~~ evil-smelling gas-works, turned into the broad well-kept high-road with fields on either hand and ~~[illegible]~~ neatly clipped hawthorn hedges that lead from the outskirts of Dublinquay to Bromsborough. Kratia has the decency not to obtrude itself ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ upon the sight of comfortable well-to-do humanity; it hides its ~~[illegible]~~ ugly head in unfrequented corners. You need hours ~~[illegible]~~ nothing about it unless you want to, be it remembered. The drizzling mist soon deepened into unmistakable rain. Cecilia put up her umbrella and went onwards as she walked along the road; while her cloak flew out in a great balloon behind, ~~and flapped~~ that ludicrous flapped in the rising wind, giving her long lean figure the strangest and most ~~[illegible]~~ ungraceful appearance.

end Fire

A bas. Sorry, with this exception.

I will be just perfectly lovely. You will be a public benefactor. What is the right thing to say, is it Mr. Jarvis?.. Mr. Jack Sudeley — I advanced ~~to~~ rather awkward about calling you Mr. Jack Sudeley. It sounds familiar. I hope you don't mind what I say sounds familiar? ~~Seems~~ But you will be a public benefactor. You will give an animation. Mr Sunsand Walthfield says the society of this county is the most perfect thing in the world. Then, I think, the most perfect thing in the world is wanting an animation. Don't you think the society here wants animation, now Mr Sudeley?. You are like me ~~you seem~~ you come in from the outside. We have not the advantage of being natives. Mr Sunsand, Miss Walthfield says it's a great advantage to be a native. Ask him if it's not as great advantage to be a native, they he did not marry a native, instead of marrying me? And Colonel Sudeley, you did not marry a native either. ~~Perhaps~~ I think there must be advantages in not being a native, too. Tell me there are advantages in animation. Well, now Colonel Sudeley, your wife is what I call very animated. Don't you think it's an advantage any way"?.

The

The speaker, Mr. Walter Whitehead occupied a chair in Lord Rudeley's drawing-room — It may be recalled that he occupied it very ~~[illegible]~~ fully. It is that she was a large or ~~[illegible]~~ overflowing person. For in face and figure she was not only unexcentric, but decidedly ~~[illegible]~~ pleasing. She had a way however, on all occasions of appearing to present herself voluntarily for public inspection, of being so pre-eminently aware of her own presence that she became almost ~~[illegible]~~ — to themselves — painfully aware of it too. Mr. Whitehead sat quietly ~~still~~ in her chair, with her remarkable small hands in a pretty pose on her lap and poured forth her stream of statement, with extraordinary rapidity, turning her head ~~[illegible]~~ from side to side and addressing the different members of her audience in turn. "Deportment is a lost art in England. On the other side of the Atlantic it appears still to flourish. Mr. Whitehead had a great deal of deportment — some of that monitor Fashion-plate ~~[illegible]~~ order perhaps — but it made one uneasy, like the same, upon certain sections of English society.

"Real dignity is young men", said Mr. Jack Rudeley, as soon as pause enabled her to ~~[illegible]~~ utter a remark. "Young men are always the better at a ball in this country".

Jack ~~[illegible]~~ leaned back the front of his ~~[illegible]~~ fancy waistcoat, thus exposing a fine breast and waist, still possessing charm to neatness, encased in an unimaginably plain well-fitting dress-coat of rather loud cheer. Augustus Rudeley action was always ~~[illegible]~~ large; she was perhaps ~~[illegible]~~ advanced in a tempting healthy in appearance. Her steady

colour

Her abundant dark hair, bold features, ruddy complexion, strong voice and positive movements generally are indications of an almost vulgar minuteness from which she seems to have been free. She had a decided prejudice in favour of health and her own proportions, which prejudice had the happy effect of keeping her in ~~abundance~~ a pretty constant good humour. In short she was an ideal husband, so that said of her "a healthy good fellow". — It may be noted in passing that our introduction to Mr. Jude had an introduction to find, ex parte in a half of time usually reserved to members of the stronger sex. — She had driven down in the Manor House ~~carriage~~ today with her head full of an important project. The time of mourning for old Matthew Fuderby was well over, and Mr. Jude had it on her mind to make her public entry into ~~crowded~~ local society, in her own character of ~~transplanted or proper~~ mistress of one of the best known places in South Middlandshire with nothing left to show a really good call. The occasion to discuss this ~~subject~~ question with her pretty niece in law, for whose ~~sister~~ knowledge of how to do things and capacity in detail she ~~had~~ professed a high respect. Thus, too, ~~Mrs Goodchild~~ Augusta had a benignant ~~sense~~ feeling that it was in something of a duty, after all, that the Fuderby family entrusted at Barnett Tower, instead of the Colonel's ~~[illegible]~~ vacantation ~~[illegible]~~ wife; and she ~~felt~~ took, in her large good-humoured way, much ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ satisfaction in her present dignities and prospects, that she perhaps somewhat over-estimated Sophia's help in the matter and felt ~~[illegible]~~ particularly anxious to defer as much as possible to her young kinswoman.

is Punch's observation about the difficulty of obtaining young men, based the head-quarters of Mr. Wakefield's discovery, again very humorous.

"Who said," then Mr Jack Pudeley, "there is Hilda to begin with. I know he is married; but you would call him a young man, would n't you? ~~[illegible]~~ Call him a young man. He is only four years older than Jane, and Jane a young woman now, isn't of Mr Drake?. Of course, if I ask you, you could n't say I was an old woman. I know that. But I ~~am~~ really am a young woman. And there there is Sorenighton. I will speak to Sorenighton Mr. Jack Pudeley. Sorenighton is a very good friend of mine. He must have a house full at Pentstock. There are ~~[illegible]~~ fifty-two bedrooms at Pentstock. He could ask a number of young men down to Pentstock. My cousin Lewis Vandercrup is coming to England in January. Now said in January did n't you, Mr. Jack Pudeley?. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ Sorenighton could ask him, I mean Lewis Vandercrup down to Pentstock too".

"Vandercrup, Vandercrup" murmured Mr. Drake, ~~[illegible]~~ the excellent little image ~~[illegible]~~, who sitting with his hands very far ~~out~~ apart, in a settee just opposite the fire, which had caught his face — as he saying it — and made it even redder than usual. "Vandercrup, yes, to be sure, I remember him perfectly. We met him at Venice in the spring. People said he ~~had a~~ was ~~a [illegible]~~ one of your American millionaires, you know — had got a fabulous kind of a fortune".

"I know about fabulous" repeated the lady in the tones. "Fabulous seems to mean something dreadful ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ some thing with two heads. Well, Lewis Vandercrup has not got two

heads

~~wood~~ heads any way. It's very nice looking. Some people say he is rather ordinary. I don't think he is ordinary. Unless it is ordinary to be like a gentleman. Mr. Lewis Vandercruyp is ~~a~~ quite a perfect gentleman. — Then there is Charlie Colvin. I don't usually call ~~people~~ gentlemen by their christian names like that. I think it is bad style to do ~~too~~ it — bad form, you would say Mr. Drake. But Charlie Colvin is a connection of my husband's. I always call my cousins by their christian names, and his cousins by marriage too. Well, Mr. Jack Sudeley, you must, as Charlie Colvin. ~~In Mr. Sudeley~~ He is one of Mr. Sudeley's admirers — Eh? well I am sure he is a great admirer of ~~M~~ your Mr Sudeley". "I said the Colonel getting up from the sofa where he had been sitting a little ~~[illegible]~~ way from "his wife", can't I take that ~~out~~ lady out for you".

"Yes quite me my lady" cried Augusta, charmed, "an as hungry as ~~[illegible]~~ "a hunter after nine miles in the rain. Have I spoiled my thing wrong?" exclaimed Mrs. Waterfield, looking round intelligently upon her companions. "My husband says I run on so. I really we I do run on. ~~[illegible]~~ Do you object to your wife having admirers ~~[illegible]~~ like Colonel Sudeley?.. Well now, I like admirers. I don't see that one of a woman being ~~as pretty~~ as elegant, and generally loved even as well as Mr. Sudeley is she may not have admirers. Now, ~~you see~~ what ~~[illegible]~~ part an awful ~~[illegible]~~ Blue Beard of a husband, ~~you~~ you must be Colonel Sudeley, if you don't like people to look at your wife. If I had a wife, I should want every body to look at her all day long. — No, I don't take sugar in my tea. Stand up. Did I come to England I never ~~[illegible]~~ look at all. My mother never would let me ~~[illegible]~~ take tea

when

[illegible] was a young girl. She believed it was bad for her digestion. ~~[illegible]~~ From, I think, Velichka it is bad for her digestion, do you Mr. Jack Sudeley?"

"[illegible]," said Mr. Drake, consulting about

meanwhile

[illegible] with the head and bulbs. "No difficulty about them ~~[illegible]~~ where we used to live."

Well now, there's one ~~[illegible]~~ for once".

Jack laughed good-humouredly. He was Mr. Drake's oldest friend and claimed a very ~~[illegible]~~ germine kinship by reason of that ~~[illegible]~~ old bottom left. Mr. Waterfield's liberty to indulge freely his personalities at [illegible].

"[illegible] you are," she said. "But you see ~~[illegible]~~ you can't multiply purely indefinite and even if you could I'm not sure you would satisfy all the aspirations of all my little girls, you know".

"[illegible]" — "[illegible] a very good sort of creature. ~~[illegible]~~ Surely you would have to much of me?"

"No certainly I couldn't," responded Mr. Jack laughing again.

for the time being.

Mr. Waterfield had retired behind her deportment and meanwhile pushed about the tea-cups on the table before her ~~[illegible]~~ impatiently. She felt slightly irritable. Mr. Waterfield had now polished the conversation, and Mr. Drake's pleasantries always bore or help bored her. She had got on a wonderful new ~~[illegible]~~ tea ~~[illegible]~~ with as ~~[illegible]~~ long train to it, and the most delightful trimming of bobs, and beads and loops of ribbon all down the front, ~~[illegible]~~, and great frills at the ~~[illegible]~~ sleeves which had the effect of making her feet ~~[illegible]~~ look particularly small — that was important. But she wanted to talk seriously with her vis-a-vis about the bath, and she could not get in a word edge-ways. She

looked

shed up at her husband with a charming little demand in pity and sympathy ~~[illegible]~~, shrugged her shoulders, and ~~[illegible]~~ sighed in a quite pathetic manner.

"~~[illegible]~~ — I understand you don't care me", Mr. Drake ~~[illegible]~~ was saying in answer to some pitiful ~~[illegible]~~ speech of Mr. Jaeckel's. "You mean I'm old. I am as good deal more than your year ~~older~~ to Mr. Wakefield's senior any ~~[illegible]~~ near."

"Yes, I guess you are, Mr. Drake", observed that lady, sharply.

"Do you know what it is, you know, ~~[illegible]~~. I look in the glass every morning and say to myself, Drake my good fellow, you're ~~[illegible]~~ getting on, ~~[illegible]~~ turn to, and mend your ways. And yet upon my word", he added, sitting down again, nursing one knee, and taking an argumentative tone — "I don't really feel it. It's a most singular thing, but I don't seem to be able to take it in some how. I don't feel a day older than I did at twenty. And I tell you what, you know, it's ~~[illegible]~~ uncommonly interesting but lots of other men say just the same. There's Enderby now — he's case in point — ~~you~~ you're getting on you know, Enderby and I'll be bound you tell every bit as young as you did then. and twenty years ago don't you?"

"I am sure that must be very encouraging for the rest of us" ~~[illegible]~~ remarked Mr. Wakefield parenthetically.

Drake's speeches were frequently incoherent and not invariably calculated to leave an impression of mature wisdom on the minds of his hearers; why ~~[illegible]~~ of the statement, might ~~not find it difficult~~ readily believe that this middle-aged gentleman did find it timely in such the same ~~[illegible]~~ intellectual atmosphere as that which

he had breathed in his years of his crude and vigorous adolescence. Still there was a practical sagacity about Mr. Edmund Rave that looking upon his round red face with its bland complacence and listening to his shrill blurting speech one might have guessed his credit for. He made his way over and appeared to Colonel Pudeley he observed that Jenie ~~looked round at her husband~~ turned upon her husband ~~with~~ a strangely ~~vague~~ fixed and enquiring ~~glance~~ gaze. Quite another woman seemed to look out of this ~~girl~~ girl's fresh young face for that moment — not a pleasant woman — hard ~~[illegible]~~ eleven-old-world worldly. Mr. Prales had a quick misgiving — it miserably he repeated certain old opinions he had formed on the subject of his friend's marriage.

Later Pudeley for once in his life that Colonel did not succeed in seeing ~~[illegible]~~ thinking about his wife. ~~[illegible]~~ He raised his eyes with an air of abstraction and at sharply noticing at the ends of his ~~[illegible]~~ moustaches for a second or two before answering. Then he said: —

"Mr. Prales you've met the worse man that time. Doesn't cause you as a happy family. Don't feel that heart as I did five and twenty years ago, or five months ago either for that matter".

Colonel Pudeley's voice had an ~~[illegible]~~ odd ring in it which ~~[illegible]~~ hurt Prales ~~[illegible]~~ sister. He looked round at him.

"~~Stuff~~ Stuff or nonsense, Philip", he said in his hard ~~[illegible]~~ good-natured way: — "Never was a man more as well as you do. Poor Jack was dyer begin I know right you know — I know I exaggerate ~~[illegible]~~ item. It's fair to criticising ~~[illegible]~~ his weak points behind his back. But you — ~~[illegible]~~ nonsense!" having a rather ~~[illegible]~~ a rave. You sort of feeling to me we are ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ conversation. ~~[illegible]~~

conversation." said Mr. Waterfield, ~~[illegible]~~ "I declare what with Mr. Drake here, and Colonel Frederick Stone, I begin to feel quite blue. What I do. Now you feel quite blue too, Mr. Frederick don't you?.. If I was you I would not let my husband talk in that way. Queen Helen Waterfield says anything like that I do to him. Tell him he makes me feel real bad. You Colonel Frederick, ~~[illegible]~~ are not you? You have made me feel so badly I shall go ~~[illegible]~~ home directly. I want you to ring the bell right away and order my carriage" —

Lord Ward

at this moment Bennington threw the drawing-room door wide open.

"Lord Ward," he announced in his high aristocratic manner; and Cecilia, water-proof and all, ~~[illegible]~~ disappeared in the ~~[illegible]~~ door-way.

"Lu!" cried Mr. Waterfield involuntarily.

"Lord Ward! — Dear me," exclaimed Augusta turning round in the air in considerable surprise and speaking in tones that were perfectly audible.

Mr. Frederick rose hastily to his feet — so hastily in fact, for he had to wait a moment before he could follow his wife across the room to meet the new comer. He had acted in a disagreeable fashion in minutely in the last few weeks which gave him a great deal of annoyance. A small matter would cause him to start and change colour. He had the greatest difficulty in keeping quietly in hand in avoiding speaking sharply and angrily at moments. It seemed to him ~~[illegible]~~. ~~[illegible]~~ that all his nerves had got out of his

W

so to speak.

As she ~~had~~ joined up with a little cry of pleasure, she caught across the room to her ~~[illegible]~~ long trailing tea-gown with the most charming smile of welcome on her pretty face. Yes, the boudoir knew, but she was immensely glad to see ~~Cecil~~ Mrs Farrell just then.

"O delightful Cecilia," she said. "I didn't know you were in England. ~~[illegible]~~ Have you heard anything of Bertie lately? He was left the red ribbon, and manages in a little mysterious about him."

Into her face, intuitive to quick Cecilia as ever in this moment of exaltation; and then ~~[illegible]~~ transfiguring suddenly. ~~[illegible]~~ Helen her pretty coat carefully away with one hand: — "Oh, you must forgive me, but mother is very well. Surely you cannot have walked out here in this terrible weather!"

The people certainly seem born to be the victims of unkind circumstance. Poor Mrs. Farrell, her ~~[illegible]~~ soul purged of all vanity and self-seeking, had set off on her visit to Mipuri in the most generous spirit. Her imagination had attached itself with eager tenacity to this interview with Jenie Prudentry. She had rehearsed the scene twenty times over in her own mind; but, inevitably, Cecilia's mental pictures were painted in neutral tints; they were totally lacking in detail, in vivacity of action and in atmosphere. She had had a vision of Jenie — a vision of ~~[illegible]~~ embodied providence — carriage, sporting Jenie — as serious, grey and anxious plaintiff — to consider the feminity of the present ~~[illegible]~~ condition of her darling husband: ~~[illegible]~~ in

him, issued as it were from some remote, rude and shadowy age, as one of the hero-prophets in Homer in the dreams King Lear. — ~~[illegible]~~ Then she had left the room ~~[illegible]~~ creature down in the strange old-fields, that she was going on to visit some place where there was music, the woods open, warm, and as strong and wild as ever. Perhaps in her mind was the result level, merging all differences of class and surroundings; ~~[illegible]~~ bringing human relation out of the transitory and conventional ~~[illegible]~~ on to the common ground of our common suffering. Her glorious walk had ~~[illegible]~~ increased the exhilaration of Cecilia's state of mind. The vision of the coming interview Stringfellow wanting in colour was in no mean wanting in ~~[illegible]~~ strength or strong reality to her.

Then, suddenly, Cecilia woke with the warm night fragrance from some remote flower full in her face. Their ~~[illegible]~~ an of exquisite well-being and luxury, reminds Mr. Waterfield's ~~[illegible]~~ dreamy ~~[illegible]~~ dwellers, as she stood arranging lovely a little in the fire, and pouring a broad side of concert statement with Mr. Pirates and Mr. Jack Sudeley, Cecilia Parrett suffered as cruel shocks and transition of feeling ~~[illegible]~~. What had she come out into life? Pain, sorrow, the dread of coming tragedy? — ~~[illegible]~~ While that ~~[illegible]~~ which she had in fact see seemed to her fair more ~~[illegible]~~ akin to Kings' palaces and the old ramparts usually from there!.. Cecilia felt as Stringfellow had fallen from a great height. The whole world turned inside and common around her. She became ~~[illegible]~~ conscious ~~[illegible]~~ her own nervous-ness and agitation and of the weight of her

recent

Fearful situation. Was felt how ineffectual, how unworthy, almost ridiculous she must look. Was this fault towards against her ~~[illegible]~~ humiliation; but, it was to Nature, to her, the result not of a wilful conviction of her own uselessness and incapacity. For alas! the experience of Saul has now of late in its often sadly reversed. How many, as ~~[illegible]~~ not the ~~[illegible]~~ soul starts in life, pass of [illegible] in search of as kangaroo; and instead of the ~~[illegible]~~ prophets and the heroes, and the sibyls of antiquity, finds nothing after all but these familiar and imitative old animals, "ni fallait s'asser". Such efforts ~~[illegible]~~ may be brief in execution, but they are extremely decisive.

"Swallow me", she said humbly, while the fair palace of her new idea, crumbled in front of her. "I-would do very much to see you Genie: the Great Power Glacier to call at no this way":— She looked down into an expression at once distressed and apologetic at her dusty shoes and muddy boots:— "Come to me", she went on; "I'm afraid I'm very dirty".

"Well, mind take of her cloak, and you must act it dried for her", said the Colonel. "If you're hungry enough, [illegible] Janette to come out ~~[illegible]~~ and see my wife in ~~[illegible]~~ weather; I'm sure the least thing can do is to take good care of you when you get here".

Lisa glanced at the speaker quickly and gratefully. Then she began fumbling at the buttons of her cloak. Unhappy Cecilia, she was desperately nervous, and all her fingers, as the saying is, turned into thumbs.

"Mind Grant are you to go and turn up the carriage" ~~Mr. Walsh~~ "Mr. Drake", "Mr. Walsh" said the Colonel, "was ~~[illegible]~~

sarcasm. "My husband, Walter, I do wish you always stay up late when I come to see Mr. Sudeley. Well, I dare say I do. I think Mr. Sudeley ~~is~~ is ~~one of the sweetest~~ just one of the sweetest women I know. Don't you think her awfully sweet, now? I don't like using that word slightly. I don't think it's ladylike. I suppose I caught it from my husband. Colonels have been very quick about catching things. My mother always said I had a wonderfully good ear. It is a great thing to have a good ear, now isn't it Mr. Jack Sudeley?" so on, and so on. Philip's ~~[illegible]~~ nerves were on edge, between ~~[illegible]~~ Mr. Walter's chatter on one side and Mr. Vanetti's nunnecessarily struggles with her waterproof on the other he began to feel the position intolerable. He even went so far as to notice Jenny, rather imperatively to help her quest off with that odious garment: but, the young lady merely put up her eye brows with a charmingly amused expression, looked eloquently at Cecilia with ~~[illegible]~~ clothes at her own dainty hands and then back at her husband again. The Colonel was just deliberating whether ~~to~~ he had not better go down on his knees before his lost so long ago and fight hand to hand with three situated brothers Smith, when Augusta Sudeley mercifully ~~intervened~~ came to the rescue.

"Let," she cried in her large, capable manner: "let me do it. Your brothers are as stiff as big fir your brothers, you know, Mr. Vanetti. He right through, the massage thing. There you are!" she added as she whipped off the offending over-garment. Cecilia, indeed, was Cecilia, — with the pure, self-sacrificing soul of a Puritan saint ~~[illegible]~~ screen,

mirror: and with so long lean figure ~~quite~~ adorned about the shoulders, too, with a not over fresh red and white woollen wr. over, quite distinctly seen – hitting you in the face, as you may say, with its lamentable want of elegance and distinction.

", murmured Mr. Waterfield again, under her breath. Then she announced to the very many, etc times that she must go, and after an effusive and superfluous leave taking ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ with cries and exclamations – delightful and all. A few minutes later Mr. Jack made a move.

"My dear come over and see us as soon as you can", she said, as she helped her pretty sister-in-law. "We'll have a good talk ~~[illegible]~~ about the ball, and really settle about things. The last week in January would be best, think. I'm sure we meet at Barnett that week, and there's the Shelby Hospital ball on the Wednesday, don't know, so we could work it all in nicely. Mind, I depend on you, Jenie – you're clever, you know, and I'm not".

"I'm drinking yourself, I adore you" ~~[illegible]~~ go the rest over ~~[illegible]~~ was "Tuesday Bracket Park", ~~said the~~ Served his friend, as he helped Mr. Jack ~~to~~ on with her ulster. "She was up ~~to~~ by Stony Crop in an uncommonly bad state – not fit to take dinner over at night".

Mr. Jack Sudeley followed in the two gentlemen had left the room, Cecilia felt the ~~[illegible]~~ hour of her trials had arrived. Jenie had given her some idea: but, she was too agitated to discuss it. She said uncomfortably

unemphatically enough on the ~~wood~~ settee, nursing her ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ knee made a little dip and rattle every now and then from the metal dish of her hands.

Jennie, her mode of entertainment in Mr. Farnell had readily evaporated under the influence of the melancholy atmosphere. She had found ~~[illegible]~~ that Cecilia had been so long while in England and could give her no facts near ~~[illegible]~~ Bertie Jones. Instead, with fondling her delightful tea-gown the young lady felt that the last hour had not been exactly wasted with success. She was ~~[illegible]~~ a little out of temper, and her ~~[illegible]~~ imitation was the form of a movement of spiteful malice. She moved down ~~[illegible]~~ leaped a couple more logs into the fire, watched the quick leap of the flames on the fire-red edges of the wood touched the ~~[illegible]~~ glowing bed of coal beneath, and then turning upon her guest with a significant smile, observed: —

"I said you would very much to see me Cecilia. And now anything should to say, because here is an excellent opportunity — we are alone, Jaine is [illegible]."

Jenie sat in an easy attitude, looking admiringly at Cecilia, with her head a little on one side, and her eyes fixed on her companion's face.

"Cecilia was not Mr. Farnell's strong point. Seeing that had gone badly for her, yet she clung with a ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ spirit of unfriendly criticism to him and his.

"I want to see you very much, Jenie", she said, drawing up ~~[illegible]~~ her knees in a way ~~[illegible]~~, and speaking with ~~[illegible]~~ hesitation. "I had something I felt I ought to say to you: but it is so difficult to know ~~[illegible]~~ how best

to

say it.

Whatever light came in to Jenny ~~[illegible]~~ might see. She had something of a child's thoughtlessness in teasing and confusing longer, ~~[illegible]~~ more helpless creature than herself.

"Oh at the very beginning, dear Cecilia", she ~~[illegible]~~ murmured with — "and so straight on. No doubt it [illegible] very carefully I shall eventually understand, even though I am rather a stupid person".

"I afraid from something ~~[illegible]~~ I had heard that you might be anxious and distressed, Jenny." — There was no appeal in the elder woman's ~~[illegible]~~ manner; deeply she suffered the girl not to laugh at her. "And I fancied you might not quite know what to do being here, without Mrs. Prince-Dawney or any old friends to speak to. I thought, perhaps, you would be glad to ~~[illegible]~~ talk to an woman, you know — somebody whom you had known a long while. It is easier to say things to an old acquaintance. — I don't want to put myself forward", she added hastily. "Only wanted you to make use of me if there was nobody better".

~~[illegible]~~

Using this abrupt speech as series of different exploring words Jenny Pudeley's face. The movement passed rapidly, for a moment that painful look of unreasoning fear stood out of it; then the girl seemed to arrise ~~[illegible]~~ as ~~[illegible]~~ sting delicate variation; she became calm, almost smiling again. — ~~[illegible]~~

Barnett was ~~not~~ not in a condition to register, much less ~~[illegible]~~ the meaning of these rapid changes. She had set down her ~~[illegible]~~ tea, untasted, and leant forward, full of unfeigned ~~[illegible]~~ longing and sympathy.

"?

"I do not pretend to understand exactly what you mean, Cecilia," said the girl, looking down into the fire, while the fingers had abstractedly trimming on the front of her gown: — "Tonight I do not doubt that you visitations are full of kindness. If you cause read any rumours to the effect that I am not happy, they are false. I am not distressed, I am not at all anxious — why should I be?. My life is delightful — Philippa Philip is charming to me. — We are all as little bred at Tower of course, ~~but~~ and to be bred is a great evil: But now that Philip has given up hunting I am rarely bored, because I am rarely alone".

"— But 'Genie,' cried Cecilia, speaking urgently — 'O! please don't be angry with me — are you sure you are not deceiving yourself and over looking something?. — It's no use of mine I know, but you are so young, of course, you can't be expected to ~~understand~~ understand the importance of ~~[illegible]~~ these little indications. You see you can't have much experience. Of course I don't blame you, in an instant; I only want to save you from ~~to~~ regret, when it may be too late. — You speak of Colonel Sudeley just now — you say he has given up hunting, and people say he is not not looking well — don't you think" — but Miss Mr. Varell stopped, this blood rushed into her white cheeks; in the life of her she could get no further.

A light faded, but it was hardly in a smile this time. The two rows of small white teeth were set very firmly together. The dress heavily ~~[illegible]~~ back in little, lithe waves beautiful ~~[illegible]~~ little feline thing, crouching ready to spring.

"Mon

"Mrs Trent, Cecilia you are mysterious" — she said. "Obviously my reason are good or your conversation might appear absolutely alarming".

"Jessie, Jessie" cried Mr. Farrell — she sank down on the floor behind the screen, and put out her hands in an agony of entreaty. "Pities and visits me, don't turn away, don't repulse me. I wouldn't trouble you but that I care so much about your happiness and — and — your husband's. Do listen, dear, — try to be brave and face it. I would do anything in the world to help you — only".

Jessie [illegible] silently stared at her. "Go away", she burst out fiercely. "Go away Cecilia Farrell. What right have you to come here and disturb and frighten me with all sorts of outlandish gossip. Get up off the floor. I do not want you. Why do you come to me — with that horrible woollen shawl too — and talk to me, and suggest things and make me uneasy. And come me to be violent, — which I hate being — and rude, and uncourteous as I am now. I will not know, or hear, or see. I will not know I tell you. It is all so [illegible], so wicked, lies to poison my happiness. You are cruel, you are envious, [illegible]. Get away from me".

While as passage of arms of so very different character seem taking place [illegible] Mr. Jack Audley and Edmund Drake in the front hall.

"I can't let her walk back to Sullingworth, you know, in this weather", Augustus had said hesitating. "If there's a grain of proper feeling left in you, you'll drive her home in that celebrated

celebrated dog-cart." End Fiction

Proper, "proper" is just the wrong word", replied Mr. Drake ~~[illegible]~~ fidgeting about prodigiously. "But, God help me, think of the ~~[illegible]~~ - dog-cart, dark, unknown lady, and your humble servant - Disreputable you know - there's an end of my reputation".

"I'll know you'd do any left by this time. If you have, of course this at makes a difference".

"I'll know I'd do any left, eh?" - Mr. Drake rubbed his hands, he was "immensely delighted". "Heard anything particular about me, then, just lately?"

"Something abominable - scandalous, - really you know I hardly like to repeat it".

~~Suddenly~~ Jacko hiccuped at the back door of her skirts to get it into place, and laughed again, good-humouredly. - "Says poor Cecilia Farrell the walks back to Dillingworth, and I'll get over my modesty and tell you".

Colonel stood at the hall door looking out into the drizzling murky evening. The lamps of Mr. Jacko Sudeley's carriage showed into a blurred and glare through heavy air, as the coachman ~~[illegible]~~ walked the horses slowly up and down the carriage sweep. The rain dripped with a slow hollow sound from the near tree and over hanging wood-work of the gables. ~~[illegible]~~ Philip was pale and very tired - worn with stress of suffering and of constant watchful help, worn with that weary daily struggle to look just as usual, be cheerful and keep up appearances, worn with fear of his wife's detection, worn with yearning that she might come to him and lay her fair head on his heart and tell him that she knew all and still loved him - that it was well it should make no difference.

difference. Looking out into the night and
seriously ~~[illegible]~~ the steam seemed
a little ~~[illegible]~~ more than he could bear. The knight raised
his hand. – How long would it all go on, he thought
he be able to stand it? But he drove the knight
away from him singly, imperatively, with
a movement of pride and self-control. The
night it seemed gave evil counsels. He turned
back into the hall again, where Augusta
and Drake were still chaffing each other.
"Gave Miss Hornby to that wretched Slowly
Hospital over and above your subscription, when
their prices were low at Midsummery," said
the lady: "isn't that enough to make half the
county cut you? Think how mean you've made
all the rest of us look!.. Abominable.
"Bosh" exclaimed the "Mr Hudsby" cried the worthy
little man, with an air of deep disgust – "That's
all it is – Oh!.. Now I tell you what I make a
bargain with you. I'll dance Mr Farnell home to
night if you'll ask her to your balls in January.
It would be a fair value thing to do – look on
it if she wants to as drawing up, your thing, some-
thing".
"Well, anything you like. Really must go. She'll
expect me tonight, so I shall have under
rent of the bargain. There, stop the carriage
Mr Philip, I'm awfully late. And bring
Miss over as soon as you can. We're always
delighted to see – I believe the poor pretties
every day. – Good-bye Mr. Drake – mind you
don't back out of your engagement – mind –
Yes, all right". Same well worked up – "Mamma".
"Suddenly" cried Mr. Drake, turning back into the
hall

all again, when Mr. Jack was family off. I'm so regularly in for it, you see, I've got to make preparations to the widow. Do you you think she'd be willing to nurse ~~[illegible]~~ soon?.. I've got a man coming to dinner so I must rush: — Could you go and sounds her do you think?.."

The Colonel Pudeby went ~~[illegible]~~ into the drawing room again, he perceived immediately that ~~[illegible]~~ something had gone wrong. Jenny came swiftly up to him, and took hold of his arm.

"Is you send her?" she demanded, pointing to Mr. Amelle, who stood as limp, dejected figure on the other side of the room. "Did you ~~[illegible]~~ know she was coming here to terrify me?"

"Dear child, be quiet", he answered in a low voice. "I've sent nobody to you — I didn't even know that you are talking about."

Letting in the ~~[illegible]~~ tone of Philip's voice, and in a flash as he went down over the girl, and I saw her, was just the last straw to Cecilia Farnell. He had done no good, it was all an unavoidable accident. The very completeness of her defeat, the total impossibility of explaining and putting herself in the right gave her the dignity of desperation.

She could not trust herself to look again at Philip Pudeby as she moved across ~~[illegible]~~ to where he stood.

"Go" she said quietly. "I am very much **pained** ~~[illegible]~~ at what has occurred — I —"

The Colonel ~~[illegible]~~ interrupted her, he was thankful to have ~~[illegible]~~ something to speak about.

"Friends Praise is just going to dine back Fellinquorte", he said cheerily, ~~[illegible]~~ to Mr. Farnell, and keeping his hand steadily on his wife's

wife's shoulder meanwhile. "He deputed me to ask if you would do him the honour of driving back with him. It's a wretched night, and will be very dark soon. I don't think you ought to walk."

Alice hesitated. She was very unhappy, she would have been glad to be alone, but she did not ~~wa~~ want to seem unreasonable or in any way offended.

"Very kind of Mr. Drake", she said, and her voice was a little shaky. —

"Don't ask me any questions, Philip", ~~[illegible]~~ said Jenny when she found herself alone with her husband. "I don't want to talk about it. It is not true. Let us forget all about it."

She came and nestled up against him, and then his arms round her waist.

"You love me as much as ever, Philip" she asked.

Colonel Rudeley paused for a just appreciable space of time before answering. Then he bowed his head solemnly as a man who worships.

"My wife", he said, "I love you just as much as ever."

There was silence for a minute or two. At the end of that time she said: — "I don't think much of Mr. Fairfield. I shall not ask him here again, Philip".

Philip's face tightened.

"~~He returned~~ He returned ~~[illegible]~~ did just as soon you didn't. I don't care much ~~[illegible]~~ fancy her either to tell the truth"

XXI

CH V

The Fulfilment of Prophecy.

Flesh or spirit?

In summer and autumn Florence Dee this daughter's ~~marriage~~ wedding were to Mr. Percy Dawson a period of deep and ~~penetrating~~ searching experience. She had made no return upon herself, and that return was not made without considerable pain and mortification. She examined herself, and this is the result to her own: the examination revealed many facts that were far from flattering to her self-love; that reading of her own heart showed those same ways to be very far from habits of pleasant self and peace. After all, in face of this ever-mounting receipt bill in our terms to stand well with themselves, it was not as little to Mr. Percy Dawson's credit ~~[illegible]~~ that she should so heartily acknowledge her own short-comings. So he advanced in to be little capable of amendment, and to be capable of amendment in proportion the higher: good to which any one of us can reasonably aspire.

This came as some of divine strength most salutary no doubt: to this soul, in hardly any agreeable or inviting daily companion. ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor was tossed in many different directions. She had come to realize with morbid intensity her responsibility towards Philip Prudery. She exaggerated her own share

was in his marriage, ~~[illegible]~~ bearing that fact that ~~[illegible]~~ he, after all, was as quite as ready to make her proposals as she was to have them make it. She looked with feverish anxiety for the postman's knock, and managed to read Gertrude's letter since to a rather ~~[illegible]~~ unfluency extent whenever she received a letter either from Jenny or the School. The former ~~[illegible]~~ handle wrapped the pen of a ready writer. Her communications were rich in: news, dealing lavishly in taste and warmth in emotion. Jenny wrote a little enough of her ~~[illegible]~~ mother required more than mere quiet, ~~[illegible]~~ she demanded, as usual, assurances and assertions — that did not seem to her to come. Yet Pudsey, when he turned to his wife, did so in terms all that could be of a true and ardent lover; yet somehow, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor was not wholly satisfied. On the other hand, let it be granted that ~~[illegible]~~ her was a nature ~~[illegible]~~ very, more ~~[illegible]~~ to believe in the purifying efficacy of self-sacrifice.

Men write too: ~~[illegible]~~ His letters ~~[illegible]~~ however with ~~[illegible]~~ a regularity and exactitude to careful quite to leave the recipient of them. They were amusing and affectionate letters; but, they were wanting in spontaneous ~~[illegible]~~ call, that note of intimacy. They were the letter of a man who is sensible of an obligation, and who strives to fulfil ~~[illegible]~~ it in the very best manner — women have lynx eyes for these subtleties. Katie was travelling in her car: in company with two agreeable young French gentlemen of his acquaintance. They were making researches; he was quite learnedly — yet not without repeating tricks of his habitual cynicism — of ruined temples, stupendous tombs

of deserts, and camels, and Arab Sheikhs, and the last iniquity of his Dragoman. His route was uncertain, he said, it was difficult to say exactly where or where letters would find him. — Sometimes his anxiety led up the sparkling epistles in a paroxysm of impatience, sometimes she came very nearly shuddering down over them. Poor creature, one way and another, she was certainly as good deal tried as just now. Her life seemed to her wretchedly purposeless, barren and sterile.

Kate had returned: Mr. Wix, Miss Kate Cadby's gentle initiative notwithstanding, and Parker's crisp kindness avoided Mrs. Price-Dawson sadly. A household entirely of women is always liable to slide at times into some eccentric and hysterical condition. Mrs. Wix's unduing stern tries regards for the sorrows of all these women grew — it must be owned — uncommonly tricky, ~~[illegible]~~ each one of the two being prepared to affirm that the alone was keeping her head while the others were exhibiting unmistakeable signs of incipient insanity. About the end of August, Miss Kate, however, came involuntarily but effectively to the rescue. Mrs. Price-Dawson had strictly refused to go away. At moments she hated the little red villa, yet she had a morbid dread of leaving it and ~~go~~ venturing into the outer world again. The summer was hot, the dust and glare from the ~~[illegible]~~ high-road and the sea almost blinding. In one cloudless day followed another, for poor little Miss Kate began to fade out. She missed Fenwick's ~~[illegible]~~ joyous presence; she missed the gentle excitement, necessarily produced in an innocent and virginal heart, ~~[illegible]~~ in the daily sight of a good-looking young man with

that

was not attractive of the attributes — as Milly soon began to realize both mentally and physically. Her mind little figure like an ear. Like the brown of her wilds grew coarse and alpaca dresses became quite loose and baggy; her pale blue eyes grew daily more vague and watery. Between health and worry, and depression she was on the verge of a serious break down. — Suddenly Mr. Percie Dalroy discovered all this, called herself a monster of selfishness and ingratitude; and before her companions had time to draw a result or utter a feeble protest it was again giving every body so much trouble. The little Cuttelli world left with locked doors and closed shutters in the care of the peasant nurse, and she hereby was bundled back into good spirits and plumpness among the cool breezes and deep green rather of Sorrento.

Here, however, was the unexpected difficulty established in the old quarter; and to her old trifler — by the way amused her pretty greatly when she resumed her solitary mode of existence — Eleanor had continued to add a new one, or, to speak more accurately to revive an past one, which first the society of her republican friends and then Mr. Imer's adventure had put to flight some years previously. She plunged into polemics, once more, she became anxious about the welfare of her soul. But this time — thanks to the conversations of a cultivated and agreeable Sorgasian Catholic priest — whom she happened to meet during her sojourns in the mountains — her aspirations turned no longer in the direction of ultra Protestantism

but

with the Roman Communion. Her gentle-man, — merely an Oratorian, — called to Mr. Price. Tremaye with admirable tact drawing adaptibility, and with that underlying suggestion of unutterable personal conviction which is so captivating to an enthusiastic woman. ~~Cath~~ Catholicism is not seen in its most ~~attractive~~ ~~its~~ ~~aspects~~ refined or spiritual form in ~~Southern~~ Italy; England, unquestionably, in the present day, has the privilege of producing the most exquisite flower of that profoundly agitating and alluring system.

Price-Tremaye was unhappy, she was in need of advice, she yearned — as she had frequently done before, in this way — after an divine vocation. A light seemed to break upon her troubled spirit. She confided to this stranger things which she would have found it impossible to tell her elder's friend. — Perhaps she ~~never quite forgot the~~ had never quite forgotten the words which fired her heart midway with fire, as she stood crushed under the mountain-side, with the solemnity of the overhanging hills brooding above her, and the murmur of the stream in her ear.

"Church", he said, "has infinite consolations. You have only to claim them: — The doors of her holy church stand ever open, her hands are ever outstretched ~~towards~~ in blessing, to draw souls to her. She alone has dared to fulfil the behest of the divine injunction, addressing the wisdom of the serpent to the ~~[illegible]~~ mildness of the dove. She alone has had the glorious audacity to look at human nature as it really is; not to turn away her

eyes

her home that is vile and false and dangerous in it; entreats his ~~[illegible]~~ outraged pride or impious despair. She (can ~~[illegible]~~ dare to) see every wound and search deep into this great place of man's uncompleted heart because she knows that a miraculous power of healing is still hers, and that she has hope to ~~[illegible]~~ fix this work degraded and fallen. Some persons venture to smile at the Church as archaic, as the ~~[illegible]~~ perverse perversion of anti-worn superstition. They insist that a religious system is the only basic and progressive one. While keeping firm hold on the wisdom and beauty of the past, she is willing to use the wisdom and beauty of the present; ~~[illegible]~~ — she heals the diseases of the soul as modern physicians heal those of the body, she is always experimenting, acquiring new facts, recognizing fresh manifestations of eternal law. Some to her and she will give you work — that only can't possible amid the intricate desires, the anarchic and conflicting passions of modern life. She offers you the reverence of faith and of obedience. She saves you from yourselves; she gives you a rule of life consecrated by the ~~[illegible]~~ acceptance of saints and martyrs. She gives you a law as well as a gospel — believe me, there ~~[illegible]~~ can ~~[illegible]~~ be no peace here or hereafter, for those ~~[illegible]~~ who will not accept the first as well as the last of these two things!

Mr. Pierce-Dawson went back to the little room with the inspiring sense of a great possibility hanging over her. She was deeply stirred. ~~[illegible]~~ How much the charm of her new teacher's

voice

ries and moreover, his delightful withdrawal from the world and lively knowledge of it, went his in her growing conviction, I cannot pretend to pronounce. Bearing in mind the natural ~~[illegible]~~ the lady's nature and the unsatisfied state of her affections, I cannot but imagine very certainly went in a good ~~[illegible]~~. Here, I feel that some idealist — always supposing that an idealist should condescend to peruse these humble pages — may cry out rather angrily — "is there no influence, then, which one human being exercises of another, ~~[illegible]~~ that is wholly pure, unalloyed by any question of sense, above all reproach of the material ~~and~~ sensuous element"? That question is a painful and risky one to answer. Let I am afraid the present writer must ~~[illegible]~~ honestly confess that in his part he has never yet had the happiness of witnessing the operation of such an influence. He has often to add — in self defence — that if in any his times time he should do so, it will give Sir his very higher satisfaction to chronicle it.

Mr. Frederic Rowan, his her spiritual partner: altogether quite remarkable. She shared the early writer from his to pass on as a sea of doubt and indecision. It was not wholly disagreeable to her, perhaps, in this condition of mental agitation made her extremely interesting to herself; and as long as one is interesting to oneself life is cannot be said to be ~~[illegible]~~ unendurable. The real victim of the situation was Philip Rant. She was constantly reminded to read aloud lines of the Saints, Martyrs of the Church, and heathen sundry and manifold of a perfectly dogmatic and doctrinal order.

den. The good little woman, Dennis Sewell as a zealous Anglican & what was described as the Vestal Secret School was lamentably put about by this outbreak of controversy on the part of her nationals. She had a leaderet in the Early British Church versus ~~Saint~~ Augustine: and had seen want to speak, with commendable asperity of the unwarrantable pretensions of the Bishop of Rome. Now also the foundations of her writing seemed in danger of being rent asunder. The poor dear British Church daily threatened to assume a wholly vague, mystical character, while ~~Saint~~ Augustine appeared painfully likely to get it all her own way after all; and Miss Read caught herself more than once in the act of mistrusting the subverting & perfidious. It is holiness for her former contemptuous and completely unusual appelation.

The end of December, ~~Mrs Dennis Doorway~~ Eleanor, was in a state of mind in which one thinks from a strong hand would have settled the matter for good and all. She was constant in her attendance at the large, gaudily ~~upon~~ decorated church down at Sergia; she read and meditated regularly, she talked and thought of little ~~besides~~ besides this one subject — and undeniably it is a subject on which there is a vast amount to be said. Miss Read wrestled alone up in her large ~~bed~~ bare bedchamber over ~~moderate~~ the endangered existence of moderate Anglicanism and the church of her fathers. Partner grew daily more grim and angular. Perversely she failed to see what any body was bitter to gain by an exchange of religious systems. "It all very well to talk yourself sometimes different"

he said: — "But Grace, don't tell me — you don't
think different really. It's just the same as a
woman changing her name in marriage, she
discovers the guise is slip off to her side lover:
but she finds out she's same woman after all —
though I'd be sorry she wasn't. Grace
enough. Not I never held very much with Mr.
Amer", she added: "But I can't say what I
should be glad to see him if he came back just
now".

Read to show the above observations were addressed
to no direct answer; her moist blue eyes were
intently fixed upon a large grease spot which sadly
disfigured the front of her grey alpaca.
her visited. There was a fluidity, so to speak, about
this Read which made her appear a very feeble
and trivial affair at times to the strong-minded waitz.
woman.

~~[illegible]~~ By the beginning of the new
year ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor believed she had arrived
at an irrevocable decision. She wrote a long and
pathetic letter to her acquaintances of the summer,
her arguments and sympathies had so ~~[illegible]~~ deeply
affected her. For days ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor worked late
during Scott's absence. The magical glamour of
his strictly religious life dazzled her imagination.
She longed to see definite act to cut short ~~all her~~
all her ~~[illegible]~~ difficulties of faith and of the
affections. ~~[illegible]~~ She
rehearsed to herself her parting letter to Bertie
Amer and to the Frederics. To Bertie ~~[illegible]~~, it
would be a tremendous blow in the face which she
~~[illegible]~~ as bitter pride in the thought of ~~[illegible]~~ administering — Colonel
Frederic, she felt, would probably remonstrate

and

and her extraordinary anger — Eugenia's — when of this it was usually ~~so~~ woefully disguised in such matters. But she behaved to all this brilliant order of her generous nature that at length the bad blood left her soul. She smiled at Eugenia, and was delighted to have this matter's nature — seeing the bad gone ~~away~~ for ever in so delightful a graceful manner.

"I made an official announcement of ~~her~~ her leave, one particularly cold and dreary morning," Parker. ~~She~~ ~~interrupted~~ Eleanor started again: "She informed her faithful servant that she had arranged to go shortly to England and put herself without communication with the Superior of a religious House there, with a view to becoming eventually a member of the community.

"I been expecting something of this kind for a long time," Parker replied, with ~~her~~ rather initiating frigidness. "Of course, you can do as you like, ma'am; there's nobody knows of to prevent you".

Eleanor shrugged quietly in the examination of the rules of some house. Lines she carried over her arm. "I was going to ask you to get some new sets of chamber towels", she added: — "these are wearing very thin in places. We, of course, ~~[illegible]~~ we're going out of course. Keeping them we don't be wanted."

~~[illegible]~~ Without remark had somewhat the effect of a sudden dash of cold water in Mrs. Pierce. Dawson's face.

"Don't take it seriously, Parker", she cried. "You don't really believe in it".

"There's things you do believe in more after they've happened". Parker gave the linen an shake as if make it lie flat on her arm. ~~[illegible]~~

Mrs Price-Dawson felt ~~not~~ extremely angry. She called this visit leave her turned cheek. She was learning — the passages and stairways of the little old village were dreadfully cold — she about her handsome hat and shoulder and felt the rain drum down.

Inquiries, jealousy, of the medicining ~~sister~~ under ~~[illegible]~~ always stalked, "Nip" Head can help particularly hard at work on the hair of the saints and church history during the following afternoon. It was an idyll day. — One of those days, in fact, on which beautiful, smiling Italy gives way to the violent temper, and becomes a perfect virago. The hands wind rushed round the corners of the house, rattling the wooden shutters backwards and forwards between the plastered walls and their iron fastenings, and ~~[illegible]~~ shrieking in every crevice of the ill-fitting wood-work. Sharp showers of rain and sleet fell at intervals, whitening out the town below and the long line of surge on the beach; and leaving them that had passed, a starved ~~[illegible]~~ and ~~[illegible]~~ penetrating stricken stet world shuddering beneath a hard grey sky.

~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor visits her boss and haven, her husband and her murdering lie of resent merit against Paulen — she had refused to "take her divorce" — was sitting in the small drawing-room, in which she had had her memorable conversation with Colonel Sudeley. The day after his arrival in the ~~[illegible]~~ Near end of the room was enlarging. The middle-aged white and gold chair, the high bare walls, the pale faded ceiling, and the sun-blanched window curtains — swaying ~~[illegible]~~ in the draught that made their way in

freely

fire at the hinges and catches of the large cases. Indeed so sufficiently cheerful and even present the dreary interior. Some miserable little Italian billets of wood, piles them together as we may upon the hearth, seem powerless to dispel the death chill that lingers about the vaulted chamber and marble floor from November till April.

Eleanor drew her ~~[illegible]~~ pin cloak closer round her and shivered. She had been bound to disregard the temporal comfort, to cultivate and cherish ascetic habit of mind; meanwhile she inherited this bleak wealth quite unnecessarily, and had a frivolous disposition to grumble loudly over its dreariness and its meaning mind.

"Séguanne, dont nous raconterons plus tard la triste quête courage", read Miss Read carefully mindfully some bits her pronunciation and her grammar: — "et la fervente piété, avait été préremis: —.

"Mais ma mère, mais" said ~~Madame Fraser~~ Eleanor: "Mt don't you think if the screen was pulled a little more that way — so like that Dream, to the right — we should be warmer?. There's a mighty polar blast coming in at that window. Yes, Maudie, that really is better. — And Séguanne, don't trouble to go back pray. Remember about the right and courage".

Read sat down again by the small table loaded with severe-looking volumes. Her gentle and modest mind and her dependent position made these same qualities very attractive to her. The calm, delicate and austere pages of Montalembert were more sympathetic to Miss Read than she was quite willing

Ethel is alone.

"Ah, she went on: — "Ah! I wish I had known that the borders of the impenetrable forest in its allure were filled with bands of amazons: — "Yes, I know one at the front door!" exclaimed Mr. Price-Dawson.

Ethel's awaking, her magnificent projection and glorious relinquishment of her lady, her lady at bottom, lifted all the women, essentially mental and personal. The ~~[illegible]~~ each moment, with the image and bands of amazons was understood rather important. — The lead as particular unique ~~[illegible]~~ relief that her life lead as subtle and profound, a delightful drama, meaning where her own spiritual interest and history. And yet, also, the human vestment, somebody at the front door was certainly true immediate in interest. The lead her graces, however, to notice an attitude of concealing ~~[illegible]~~ an bow. Seen acknowledgement of their visitor, Lady Ravenly and Miss Read; and added: —

"No one, in their senses, would dream of ~~[illegible]~~ coming here ~~[illegible]~~ today!. It really would be such an impertinence. Then we are settled ~~[illegible]~~ down to work like this, I hate being interrupted".

"Les bandes d'amazones, que l'on qualifiait même d'anthropophages." N'importe, aurait il répondu à celui de ces proches qui: —

"Yes, I know one coming upstairs", said Mr. Price-Dawson. The bell rang ~~[illegible]~~ needless work. The bell in her hand ~~[illegible]~~ slip out the room and at her side. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~, ~~[illegible]~~ her ~~[illegible]~~ mouth was slightly open, the pale lips upright listening intently. "Impossible Mademoiselle, a lady's footsteps. Some strangers."

shouted

...ulter"; Mrs Head ~~[illegible]~~ in a tone of mild reproach. Then she went on reading again. — celui de cet homme qui se croyait le propriétaire de cette région, et qui lui dominait ces renseignements, "mais seulement le chemin pour y arriver. — Head, you must stop, I can't stop", cried Mr. Vice. Tomorrow.

She stood up, ~~[illegible]~~ and turned very pale. Her handsome dark eyes had a wild eager light in them, and her feline body (she still wore) ~~[illegible]~~ let it be known how her slender in a royal suit of fashion. And little Mrs Head looked up in innocent bewilderment, ~~[illegible]~~ tow(ard) inconceivable virtues of the ~~[illegible]~~ arrival in hostile ~~[illegible]~~ of the above-mentioned anti-novelist on the landing of ~~[illegible]~~ without.

Eleanor

She ~~[illegible]~~ down ~~[illegible]~~ & gave an exulting laugh.

"I knew it — ~~[illegible]~~ I knew it," she said under her breath. Then her expression grew tense and defiant again.

Severe strictures one may be tempted to make upon his conduct in some matter, it is quite indeniable that Mr. Bertie Imer presented a fine & hitherto unsuspected composure. He dawdled in the ~~[illegible]~~ small drawing-room of the Villa Montelli, with some mild monitor absence in far distant lands, on that ~~[illegible]~~ bitter January day, in the arms of a man who had at most, been ... in half an hour.

"~~[illegible]~~ murmured ~~[illegible]~~ in his sweet tones; "the earth ~~[illegible]~~ is in a moderately warm in here. What a mercy!.. The weather outside is a scandal. It is an absolute outrage".

"I have come back", said ~~Mrs Bertie Imer~~ Eleanor hoarsely.

frosty. She did not offer to go forward and make great hair, but stood quite still in her same ~~[illegible]~~ rigid attitude.

"I believe so," she replied, smiling at her middle. "Such it ~~was~~ is a very reasonable thing to do?.. It is quite a long time, when we come to think of it, since Elaine had the pleasure of seeing you, dear Cousin ~~[illegible]~~ Neil, and Miss Read".

The Tower bowed pleasantly to the ladies bodly as he finished his speech. Miss Read bridled pert: "Certainly". "Mr. Tower", she said.

"Again I ask you to indulge me", he continued: — "to do me a favour, a quite prodigious favour, Miss Read. Come here — like this — in the clothes I stand up in. Would you see Infinito for me, and arrange about bringing down as soon as possible, and getting my luggage ~~[illegible]~~ which is coming today at Perjia by Station? — It would be a real act of charity on your part, Miss Read — a saving up of unavoidable disasters against the future".

"Mr. Tower", said ~~[illegible]~~ that lady again — right in a whisper.

~~[illegible]~~

Voice. Tower ~~[illegible]~~ sat down heavily again in the corner of the sofa, within the screen. Great gusts of wind rushed round the house, and banged and rattled the shutters while the sleet hissed against the glass of the windows. But the storm which raged in ~~the~~ the beautiful woman's spirit was of even fiercer quality. She ~~[illegible]~~ adored this man, and yet the abhorrent loathed him, as he stood quietly warming his hands at the fire. He was so infuriatingly calm and suave, so deliciously indifferent in manner. Already she was sensible again, of the tremendous power he ~~[illegible]~~ exercised

over-

her her. There were a few minutes of silence after Grip had left the room, Mrs. Peter Dawson spoke.

"Have you come back, Betty?" she demanded.

"I afraid I haven't called you, Eleanor", she said, looking round at her, and still blushing ~~very~~ her brow well. Raised hands towards the fire. "It was disgusting of me — but — well — I was cruelly in a fury, ~~[illegible]~~ in a frame to see you".

"Nonsense" she replied, with an effort "The statement actually seems to have a faint aroma of compliment about it".

Hugh came across from the fire-place and sat down at the other end of the wide sofa. ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor ~~[illegible]~~ pulled her full skirts aside minutely. She was on the defensive. She wanted to maintain the strictest possible limit of distance between herself and her companion.

"Certainly Betty", he said, looking at her with certain steadiness of gaze; — "do not try to be unfriendly or ungracious. Let us be natural. I have come here neither out of impertinence or frivolity — just to talk the thing. I want to consult you; really, he once in my life, have got something, which appears to me important, to say".

She paused. Notwithstanding the directness of his gaze, there was a trace of hesitancy in his manner: but Mrs Peter Dawson made no show to help him out. Her energies were concentrated upon the one desire to resist and her influence.

~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor" he went on; "have you heard any

Strina

thing particular about the Underhays lately?"
Pierce. Pamela tossed back her head impatiently.
"You see the reason she leaves no hint." the
girl's eyes met mine steadily. "There is nothing particular
to hear — it is the old story." Jenny answered hurriedly,
and Colonel Underhay added over her.
"It is nothing new, certainly" he answered ~~[illegible]~~.
"But does she address Colonel Underhay in letters?"
"Who writes to her?" enquired Mr. Pierce Pamela.
"Congratulate me. Decidedly your recent
travels have had a highly beneficial effect
upon your mind".
Her mild Handle
"Things are topsy-turvy (Well) though. "Change of scene is so
universally advocated for the cure of mental
(but we know, that we have our small faults in us)
disturbances, it may really be efficacious now and again.
But, seriously — to return to the matter in hand.
I received a most singular letter from Cecilia
Smith the other day. Cecilia's epistolatory style
is slightly unfortunate — it is vague in matter of
punctuation, it wants lucidity, it does not exactly
impress what one would call literary merit. Still
I made out something from it; - quite enough to
confirm my suspicions. She hints at dark mysteries and
dire secrets regarding the Colonel, — don't be
alarmed, not moral taint of any kind. He
remains the original good boy, I assure you.
But Cecilia and Alfred had good reason to be
exceedingly, quite now, and stand hand on the heels
of folly. In fact I can discover the ~~[illegible]~~ position is
really an ~~[illegible]~~ uncomfortable one. He is ill,
and don't tell Jenny or take any care of himself
his dear, — Bertie ~~[illegible]~~ bowed and raised his
~~[illegible]~~ eye-brow. "Well, we both know Jenny", he added
quietly.

quietly. "Venice is a great many delightful things, but she is not exactly the woman one would ~~choose~~ choose to be married to".

Pierce Dauncey listened with deepening interest. She began to forget herself, while all her old vague fear ~~was~~ arose again for Philip Sudeley. She threw the fur cloak back off her shoulders and looked her companion frankly and earnestly in the face, as she said: —

"Sudeley did me a great kindness. He was released very nobly by me. If this is true I must interfere, I must try to help him, I must do something".

Young man shrugged his shoulders.

"But there is just the difficulty. Colonel Sudeley is as proud as Lucifer — your good people are always the most difficult ones to manage. Cecilia only knows the truth. Imagine an indiscretion on the part of the doctor. — The doctor and Cecilia, it may be noted in passing, seem on wonderfully friendly terms — we all know, let alone Cecilia's personal charm, how inevitably interested any man would be to meet my aunt Mrs. Murray in the capacity of a mother-in-law. — Well! Cecilia seems to have done her best to intervene for the Colonel's sake — poor dear Cecilia!.. But her intervention was a little — how can I put it exactly? — it proved abortive any way. Now she writes to me; she says Shawe influences into Venice, she implores me to see it. It strikes me as a little outrageous, Cousin ~~Pierce~~ Nell — ~~Cecilia~~ and Shawe here to consult you".

Pierce Dauncey sat upright and silent. Her lips and the base instincts of her nature, ~~kindled~~ (wrestled) ~~fought~~ to gather,

[illegible] Tristram to
[illegible] must finish it over carefully." Said Mr. Fraser
[illegible] the servant did so, "We must finish it over
[illegible] Fraser was walked away to Tristram's ~~[illegible]~~ little
[illegible] and ~~[illegible]~~ turned over the book that
[illegible] lay on, reading their titles ~~[illegible]~~ as possible
[illegible] it was. Presently he seemed ~~[illegible]~~ unconcerned
and not quite certain for his to endure longer.
"Isn't right little abomination Malvolio all right?
he asked hesitatingly.
Smiles to ~~[illegible]~~ answered Mr. Pierce-Dawson, ~~[illegible]~~.
Since Louis's wedding day this number had been
an object but a favourite with her, and she had
banished him sternly to the lower regions of the
red villa.
"Not one remaining here to night, I suppose," she
added, after a pause. The situation was not ~~[illegible]~~ an
easy one to retain. It weighed heavily upon her.
She felt she could handle ~~[illegible]~~ it in the room
with her uncle without the embarrassing
further; and it could hardly fail, in growing further, to
become dangerous. The kitchen up her work that
had been neglected on the floor for the back
quarter of an hour, struck and repeated to leave
the room.
"I'll go and speak to Parker about the painting
in room," she said.
The lower dropped the rose she was examining
on the table, it slipped and fell ~~[illegible]~~ to the ground
at a bang; he did not stop to pick it up again,
but came quickly across to her.
"It ~~[illegible]~~ was minister, please, Eleanor ~~[illegible]~~", he said.
"Names only half done my story".
Pierce-Dawson sank back into the seat again,
and

and looked up at the young man with her dark handsome face and tears streaming down as he stood before her. Exactly what ~~[illegible]~~ in his appearance revealed this fact to her, she would have been quite unable to say, but Mr. Pierce-Donovan had as rapidly perceived that ~~[illegible]~~ a very extraordinary change had ~~[illegible]~~ come over him.

"is it, Bertie", she cried, in sudden agitation: — "what is it?.. For God's sake tell me".

"Mrs Pole-Carew is dead", he answered.

Mrs. Pole-Carew's long sustained consciousness gave way utterly and suddenly. She wilted, just crumpled, collapsed where she sat and crumpled in him. The strong friendship drew on this risk.

"no fear", he cried; "I am free. The chasm is broken at last. I belong to myself. I am my own master. — It has been dominable — like a nightmare I lived for years ago — like a nightmare, nay, like a very devil. I have rebelled and hated, and groaned and agonized at the bondage. But now it is all over. — The part is unplayed out. It has come, this thing I so wildly wished to have, and — and — with God that I am — I think before it. It is so new and strange. I am partly frightened".

Covered her face with her hands, ~~and~~ turned herself round till her head rested right down on ~~the~~ Eleanor's knees and broke into an absolute storm of weeping.

~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor She was shaken to the very foundation of her being. There was a fascination delight in the position that was terrible, blinding. Her whole heart melted in pity. Yet she shrinked inwardly not to quit now, not to take advantage

his mind over-working anxiety, through each of his acts as he had been used to think of delivering an opinion right through her. ~~Mr. Prince Dawson~~ Clearing got up ~~the~~ hall and stood, with the hold of her little dress falling about her. She laid one her white hand on the tarnished gilded woodwork of the back of the ~~[illegible]~~ chair, and let the other hang down idly at her side. With not so much as a finger touch the touch fine. She would be quite ~~the~~ quiet and passive — some what might Peter ~~[illegible]~~ would never know to regret that he had so hurt, unjustly and so stung her.

A woman is so heavily handicapped. The body, just as, even ~~a~~ while the mind is yet steady and active. ~~The~~ The young man's passion died not even near itself out, and the shame of it was so great in Mr. Prince-Dawson. Her right became blurred and dim, a ~~[illegible]~~ sickening languor crept over her: and when ~~[illegible]~~ Peter ~~[illegible]~~ recovered himself at last, and looked up into a pale face of ~~[illegible]~~ shame and self-recollection — Mr. Prince-Dawson lay back, pale and helpless against the great padded sofa cushion, in a dead faint.

Ever was a quite-rate nurse, as had already been mentioned. He chafed his unconscious hands, fetched salts and eau-de-Cologne — and all the while, he was in his mind's eye twilight of doubts and perplexities and of fatal decisions. This woman loved him; in person she was very attractive, he was ~~deep~~ sincerely attached to her. There was nothing very faulty about it all, perhaps: but, there was can't have been anything, and Peter knew at last and thing was ~~[illegible]~~ a bit of a hindrance. It is not as the passionate love thing to be ~~[illegible]~~ tested by light in after-all. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~ love of a beautiful and wise, beautiful woman, who knew life ~~at~~ worse as well as the best of women. Mrs. Price-Dauway was just her first mistake, but that was Bertie's merely, his last mistake. He was undeniably conscious of a deep sense of genius — of what had only occurred as a dear dream. Yet Bertie ~~[illegible]~~ looking down at the white face of the woman before him, as the slowly opened luminous ~~[illegible]~~ eyes, made come back once more to the vivid and familiar outs of what strange intervals of unconsciousness — had the grace to know, that in receiving the acknowledgement of her affection, he was receiving very much more. He felt, in fact, more than in any mean sense undue.

"Oh ~~[illegible]~~ Nell," he said, sitting down by her again, and taking her hand; "is it possible that you care for me a little?"

~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor was very weak; to the exhausted invalid of an hour's attempt at amusement. The expression of her delicately shaped mouth was sad, but it was wholly sweet as she answered him.

"The question has been a long time in coming, Bertie".

"Oh, ~~[illegible]~~ Nell," he said. — "But you were always very generous".

"My dearest," Eleanor answered, "this question before you asked it".

She then raised her hand and kissed it, looking at him very friendly as he did so.

The touch of his lips the colour rushed back into Mrs. Price-Dauway's face.

"Stop, stop" — she cried with a sudden desperate energy: — "stop before it is too late. You will be regret this

Bertie, you will write to the medicine. Cancel the now at once. Tell me you don't mean it, that it is all so crazy dream and delusion. — You have been hurried into the marriage, without due consideration through my ~~[illegible]~~ folly. — Take it back while you can. I will forgive you — I will guide it out of my mind. I will never, never refer to it or reproach you. — But if you go for this Bertie — Oh! I am so weak — I ~~[illegible]~~ shall not be able to bear it, it will break my heart."

In answer Bertie bent forward and kissed her on his lips.

"Now" he ordained, "~~Bertie~~ Eleanor — it is done and settled. You don't say so many charming things to me; you will make me intolerably conceited. And it would be ~~[illegible]~~ an serious mistake on your part to increase the number of my offensive peculiarities, just as you have made up your mind to pass the remainder of your natural life in my company".

That same evening, when she had read Beatrice Parrell's letter, Mrs. Price-Pauncefort turned in her straight very warmly towards the Colonel. Did she act altogether practically over this everything? ~~[illegible]~~ She had got what she had longed so ardently for at last, and ~~[illegible]~~ the satisfaction of her longing far from making her happy, exalted her moral nature ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ and induced in her a variety of the mood that seemed to her heroic and splendid.

"Don't go to Bufford, Bertie", she said. — "I see I will due to trust you. Indeed I should feel safer if you were in Paris again".

Mrs. Pauncefort lifted her head wondrously, as she spoke, looked really superb, as she spoke. Mr. Bluett as

medicine

medicine is hospitals!.. The physicians giving our patients a preeristine shiite indeed it, I am not sure but that in women, through all future ages would rivals Cincinnati now! —

I must say that I didn't not suffer humbly at moments: yes, I wish I offer up my suffering as an expiation. With or without or against it, you must save Colonel Rudesby. I'm all very well. Bertie ~~[illegible]~~ smiled and raised his eyebrows. "It is cousin's enthusiastic ~~[illegible]~~ statement of the subject appeared to him both pretty and amusing.

Over the midfeast regard to ~~[illegible]~~ "the Colonel" he said: "Yes, dear it is not strike you, ~~[illegible]~~ well, that there is a man so of slight inconvenience.. We were not invited during our stay here in ~~[illegible]~~ exactly the lower border of affection."

"Never mind", she murmured. "Cecilia is right — your ~~[illegible]~~ words have greater weight ~~[illegible]~~ with Jenie than anyone ~~[illegible]~~ else. Her will attend to what you say. You must go, you ~~[illegible]~~ mustn't manage it. Duchy", added ~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor very sweetly and gently, "if I am willing you should go — I realize that risk — you can hardly refuse.

Never made her own comments on Mr. Hunter's return. Whether she ~~[illegible]~~ apprehended all the consequences likely to result from that event I cannot say: but, she selected a characteristic way of expressing a general sense of approval.

"Dick you might as well get there new set of trouble, after all, ma'am", she said, as she brushed out her mistress's ~~[illegible]~~ mass of fine dusky hair that night.

~~[illegible]~~ Eleanor turned round upon with glowing cheeks

clear and blackening eyes.

"Now, you are impertinent", she cried. "Why may I not well get them?"

"We know your own minds best, of course, ma'am", retorted the other woman calmly. "You make me ~~roll~~ pull out your hair dreadfully, when you don't about the hats — ~~[illegible]~~ — you never could sit quiet and sensible to have your hair brushed ever since you were a child. — Only these trouble, as I told you, ~~[illegible]~~ are wearing as thin as thin — they don't pray for my ~~[illegible]~~ this morning: and I thought we might n't be going out of house keeping quite so soon after all".

She ended up into a very audible sniff.

So the polemics, and the lives of the saints, and the shelfed elves of a Religious House, and the infinite consolations of the holy Oratorians? — Well, sweet reader, we must not work too much of our human nature. Mr. Bertie Power had come back, you see, and that had made a difference in the relative values of these things.

~~[illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~

Dr. Spinks corner meant capping a fine mistake by a second.

Pedro Sudeley's ball was a great success. Everybody said so, and in the verdict of the multitude is truth — at least, in democracy the gospel of the present era, assures us. The whole entertainment went off admirably, it had all been done generously and in the very best style. One distinguishing episode did occur in the course of the evening, which is a moralist of a morbid and gloomy temper might have served as a text for a remarkably depressing discourse. One member of the assembled company did, unquestionably, have his measure of enjoyment lopped off painfully short. But, there, there — let us by all means avoid the soft swampy glacis of over-tender sentiment, and taking our stand on the solid ground of common-sense proclaim aloud the consolation doctrine of the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Thus overcame his consideration of the fate of a unit, here and there, betokens a lamentable smallness of mind. We will brace our sober broad-brim, stand with our legs very wide apart and so keep our balance, despite of certain

walks and ~~[illegible]~~ weariness. While the enthusiasm of the musicians has silenced, and the quick feet of the dancers ~~do~~ have stayed, while the cold baked meats lie left untasted and the wine undrunk because our individuals have had the ill-luck to fall a victim to some of those manifold evils which lie ever in wait for the unhappy sons and daughters of men?.

Indeed, says the wise World, such things are altogether too common to affect us; are they not happening everywhere all day long? Rather, then, let the pulse of the value beat faster and more urgently, and the ~~little~~ bitter spring liquor drift more rapidly across the gleaming floor, while the hot air of the ball-room palpitates with light and emotion. — Dance on, O! the wise World; let the beautiful madness have its fullest sway. It's time is short, at best. The feverish hours are passing, hastening fleeting onward~~s~~ towards the chill solemnity of the winter dawn, even as the fantastic, pomaded, weighted hours of the dancers are fleeting ~~onwards~~ towards the pale silence and inevitable calm of death. Therefore, dance on, O! the World, dance like you forget that next year and death are stricken; forget the anguish and the groaning and the sweat of blood.

Men of good hearts and breeding will always help us to do this, for they are first-rate professors in the fine art of living. The rack, and the whip, and the thumb-screw and ~~all~~ those other ugly inventions of the enemy that men have named accident, disease, decay, insanity ~~[illegible]~~ are to be found under all roofs, alike, it is true: but, well-bred

persons

furious waves at least the grace to hide them away in some far-removed and thick-walled chamber and to double-lock the door of it. Dance on, then, gently; — in good society you are not likely to be offended by hearing the wife of the bank, or the ~~shrieks~~ squeals of the railway, or the desolate moan of the victim. And, mind, if by chance, these unpleasant little matters should not be quite well managed, and a discharge discordant ~~echo echoes~~ echo should rise, now and again, above the swift notes of the melody and the soft rhythmical sweep of women's draperies, dance on still. To the worldly wise, who have ~~[illegible]~~ truly learnt their ~~[illegible]~~ lesson, the neighbourhood of possible pain only lends an keener edge to the appetite for present pleasure. Dance, dance, while you can. The time is short, and who knows but his own turn may come next?.. Dance on; only remember when your turn does come, — as come it must surely with — that you owe a certain debt to the society which has played with you, laughed with you, flattered you, loved you too, after its fashion, through all the days of your vanity. Rally what remnant of manhood may be left in you, put a good face on the matter, give as little trouble as possible, — go away decently and good-tempredly into that thick-walled chamber with the torturer; for escape is hopeless, and, indeed, silence is best.

Into all this harmonizing, the fact remains that Mr. Jack Sudeley's ball was a great success. Everybody came, from Lord Sokenington with his minister

and

carriage - fifty ~~miles~~ driving over the ten miles from Penistone to Barnsley, to Mr. Murray's visits at Priors Barnsley, ~~[illegible]~~ - a madonna-like lady of an miscently ~~[illegible]~~ surprised, sour-sweet smile on face - this his year was greeted all local festivities in the same place - coloured silk with satin trimmings and white lace shawl - sometimes her wedding-veil.

Elias Varnell, too, was at the Barnsley Dancing ball. He would very willingly have stayed away if it it time; but dear old Mr. Murray would not hear of it. Cecilia must go - Mr. Murray managed to stick her into the vacant place in a fly beside his ~~[illegible]~~ her neighbour Mr. Latimer for this auspicious occasion. — Yet for this, Cecilia must be splendid. Mr. Murray was playing that same old game of hers, and this time she believed she had rights little possible son-in-law ~~[illegible]~~ that the ~~[illegible]~~ expenditure of a handsome number of pounds on a suitable ~~[illegible]~~ occasion for Cecilia was a mere trivability. Mr. Varnell, herself, in her fine gown felt ~~[illegible]~~ was far from happy. He felt a good deal like the proverbial dog at a fair. What had she to do with all this light, and warmth, and merriment, with these wide bright windows room and their dizzying show of wealth and beauty, and hurt of the eyes, and pride of life?..

Jack Lucklely ~~[illegible]~~ welcomed her genially enough, ~~[illegible]~~ but there had been a lurking ~~[illegible]~~ criticism and kindly amusement in ~~[illegible]~~ her bold ~~[illegible]~~ comely face as she did so. Augustus ~~[illegible]~~ like most women of a robust physique and healthy habit of mind entertained

a

~~[illegible]~~ a sphere of of secret contempt for the less successful members of her own sex. Her too, was the hour of Augusta's triumph. She gloried in sight of her great stately house full of guests. She ~~[illegible]~~ heart swelled with pride as she shook three to great ones well known faces after another, knowing that half the county, and half the county's menservants, as well, were eating and drinking and sweating themselves at her expense, ~~[illegible]~~. Her prodigal, open-handed instincts of hospitality, if rather a savage virtue perhaps: but, I venture to think it as very real one all the same. And Mr. Jack's exultation on the present occasion was ~~particularly~~ the more excusable, ~~[illegible]~~ in that the had served her apprenticeship to a narrow means and hard working pretty dry three years spent in the ramshackle old Rectory at Cold Ludeley; when the monthly nurse was a periodic visitor; when the children would grow so fast out of the best frocks it was difficult to replace; when a rise of a penny in the pound in poor-rates taxed all her philosophy; and when Jack would go out farming or shooting every day in the week and ~~[illegible]~~ pride himself late on Saturday night with handle a word within of the moonsseer man. Now Augusta was agreeable sensible of having escaped out of the slavery of Egypt and taken up her quarters in land flowing with milk and honey. Strong in the enjoyment of her own ~~[illegible]~~ wealth, she was as little disposed to look down on women less happily situated than herself. Prosperity so often has as ~~[illegible]~~ hardening influence even on the really good.

hearted.

and so poor Cecilia Farrell, as usual, represented Mr Beattie's head at the feast — or, to speak accurately, would have represented it, if any body had been at leisure to observe her. Mr. Drake looked after her in his kind funny way at intervals: Mr. Mr. Drake was in as usual humourous of rely. importance. He had constituted himself aid-de-camp to Mr. Jack Rudedy, and revolved wildly, finding partners for pretty girls, securing seats and supper for elderly ladies, dancing himself vigorously between whiles, and persuading space generally till it seemed probable that only a direct interposition of providence would prevent his falling incontinently into an apoplectic fit.

"It's that red face and short neck", as Mr. Trumpington ~~made~~ remarked severely to her excellent spouse — "it is really very dangerous for a middle-aged man to be so active".

Farrell, then, sat against the wall and watched the ~~[illegible]~~ movement and gaiety, ~~&~~ and with all her goodness she could not banish a sense of injury ~~and [illegible]~~ from her mind. It seemed ~~[illegible]~~ hard to be no longer young and attractive — to be passed over and ~~[illegible]~~ generally cut of it. Brilliant young people laughed ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ lightly as on old frumpy male and female: "We, she said, frumpy unfriendlily claimed ~~[illegible]~~ our sensibilities, even when hair are grey, and complexion dulled, and ~~[illegible]~~ symmetry of figure is merged in fat or reduced to minor angularity of outline". In our best moments we laugh ~~[illegible]~~ with them — It is a ridiculous thing to grow old, of course: ~~[illegible]~~ yet still the laughter leaves a sting behind it, which rankles

a

times.

~~a good deal at moments. He, decidedly, Cecilia Farrell did not relish her point of death: he, and it was with a distinct sensation of his recent illness, the middle of the evening the pervasive skull-like and queer goat-like Slep~~

my dear Mr. Farrell, at least. I have spent the last half hour in searching for you. Mr. Latimer told me when I first entered the saloon next door, that you had dined over with her and her daughter. I was sincerely glad to learn you were here. This species of scene, continued the Doctor, waving his hand with a certain magnificence towards the ~~sort~~ dancers: — 'This species of scene should have an intrinsic value even in the eyes of us, who are merely spectators. It represents an important and, I would add, a recurrent ~~[illegible]~~ necessity ~~in the p.~~ of our strangely complex ~~[illegible]~~ constitution — this necessity for recreation. Personally I am a strong advocate of recreation. I regard it as a bulwark against the ~~[illegible]~~ insidious moral and physical temptations. I would say to every one cultivate a capacity for innocent amusement; nurturing the body, at times, Mr. Farrell, gives ~~to~~ the mind and spirit a holiday".

The Doctor settled himself comfortably on the ~~[illegible]~~ lounge beside ~~Mr. Farrell~~ Cecilia. He was sensible of a condition of serene ~~[illegible]~~ well being just at the present time, which disposed him to be communicative. He did not disguise from himself the source of that

serene

sense of well-being. He was perfectly aware that analytically examined it resolved itself into a medley of warmth, light and sympathetic nervous excitement, reinforced by an excellent supper and a certain quantity of alcohol. Nothing he was neither of the age nor of the squeamish manner of thinking. It is perhaps suspicious of all agreeable sensations that do not clearly take their rise in the higher faculties of our being. In himself, the sensations were agreeable. He did not think it incumbent upon him to reject them because they did not waft from a purely intellectual region. The excellent man had arrived at a temper wherein he was willing to pick up a modest piece of pleasure anywhere by the wayside, having quite ceased to expect that fortune would ever turn him loose in fancy gardens and bid him fill his hands with precious exotics. He felt comfortable and communicative. He wanted to moralize at his ease, and Mr. Farnell, he knew, was a model listener.

"He said, leaning back and letting his keen observant eyes wander slowly over the bright swaying throng — would say to every one, specially to those who had solitary lives and are of a serious habit, retain as long as possible your capacity for amusement; add constantly to the sum of your lighter experiences. One of his acquaintances of mine here seems a little surprised at seeing me present to night, I appear to him, I imagine, slightly out of place

place. But I know how much I yearn to ~~[illegible]~~ occasionally attending as reminiscence of this description, — yearn not only in the way of immediate entertainment, but in the enhancing of my comprehension of my fellow creatures. Solitude deadens the sympathies. I would go even his lengths. — The exclusive society of only a few persons, however deeply beloved these persons may be, is calculated ~~[illegible]~~ sadly to narrow and harden the intellect on life. The general is ironic, the particular. — The particular" —

Turner paused abruptly at the climax of his aphorism, for the particular had arrested his attention simply just then, in the shape of a tall good-looking young fellow, with a fresh red-cheeked face and a girl in a gleaming pale yellow dress, ~~[illegible]~~ floating out like a delicate foam behind from her charming waist, as she ~~[illegible]~~ danced.

"Ah me!" he exclaimed almost involuntarily — "that is a rather dangerously pretty performance".

Miss Farrell followed the direction of the doctor's ~~to~~ gaze. It was the first time she had seen Ernie since that miserable and humiliating ~~[illegible]~~ visit to the Manor House. ~~[illegible]~~ That she might learn something about her and her husband and how they were going on, had ~~been~~ in a measure ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ reconciled Cecilia to ~~[illegible]~~ the distasteful idea of ~~[illegible]~~ this Barrett Darcy ball. She did not want to cross personally in contact with ~~[illegible]~~ them, but she longed to know. ~~[illegible]~~ Now she knew something, and ~~how~~ — namely that Ernie was ~~[illegible]~~ going on in a sufficiently ~~[illegible]~~ gay and indifferent manner. Mr. Farrell ~~clasped~~ and unclasped her grey-gloved hands as she cried upon her black-lace

fan

alp rather nervously.

"I afraid I ought to have tried to find and opportunity of telling you sooner Mr. Symes, she said." I did no good only I have been went to Mrs. Sudeley. You remember about it?".

Witt turned to her with his blandest smile. So soon spoken for it on this embarrassing subject he would felt have been an indiscretion, though he had been curious, for some while, to know the result of Mr. Farrell's mission.

"I sure you did your very best, my dear madam", he answered: "and no one can do more than that, you know".

"or a miserable, miserable failure", she continued, in a tone of despair dithelp. "everything went wrong. I am not fortunate, I suppose, in my way of putting it, and Mrs. Sudeley would not listen to me. — I hope it isn't wrong, Mr. Symes", she added, in a low voice; "but I am almost afraid of her. She was so strange that after noon. This discussion to be touched by what would certainly tricks anybody else. ~~Seemingly~~ I don't want to say anything unkind with malice, but she is not somehow quite like other people".

"you feel that too" — responded the doctor. He nodded with highly - as one who could say a good deal if he chose to — and then thought in head back ~~and~~ and into a rather curious attitude on the lounge. — "I have made a closer acquaintance with Mrs. Sudeley since we last discussed this subject. A singular nature, a curious and interesting study — so highly developed in some directions, ~~so~~ and undeveloped in others. Perfectly true, Mr. Farrell, I have feared lately that I had asked you to perform a very hard task. Undeniably

Mrs.

Mr. Pendelly would be remarkably difficult to appeal "to under some circumstances".

Elias hesitated, finally she said: — "Do you mean that she's deficient in sense?"

"Dear no"! replied Dr. Symes, with alacrity — "" "Not in the least deficient in the ordinary acceptation of the term. I should say on the contrary that this young lady — though really I must apologize for submitting so charming a person to a cold, blooded critical analysis — I should say she was a trifle over-vitalized. The body responds almost too quickly to the instincts and emotions, it interprets them with too great readiness. Second thoughts, you know, are admitted to be best, — and this young lady, I fancy, never arrives at second thoughts, at all, but speaks and acts entirely from the impulse of the moment, with amazing spontaneity, in fact. And that is peculiar", he added meditatively: — "especially for a man's profession".

Elias looked up enquiringly. The words though she did not clearly comprehend them conveyed as distinguishing impression to her mind.

"Indeed, My dear Mr. Tarrell, our creed requires us to believe that every human being is the possessor — for sorrow or joy or sorrow — of an immortal soul. Otherwise," Mortimer Symes spoke with as much of the scholastic manner: — "other words, were I free, in short, to follow my own conclusions — I know to the authority of my creed I should venture most seriously to question the truth of that doctrine".

Doctor was becoming alarmingly expansive: but, that general sense of well-being, already alluded to

unknown

* Just at this moment however the stream of his eloquence suffered a violent check. A mild lanky youth, ~~[illegible]~~ — who undoubtedly stood in need of some few lessons from the same ~~[illegible]~~ professor of the Terpsichorean ~~[illegible]~~ judging by his extremely erratic method of progression — suddenly deposited to a corpulent ~~[illegible]~~ lady, in crimson and old gold colored garments, plump on the doctor's ~~[illegible]~~ lap.

"Beg pardon" ejaculated the youth as he rose and recovering at the same moment his composing and his grasp on his partner's waist plunged away with her again into the crowd.

"Oh, good gracious," he deeply embarrassed, cried the doctor, rubbing his ~~[illegible]~~ knees, bruised with the heavy weight so unexpectedly let down upon them. Then he cleared his throat, and smoothed as little — "To resume", he observed with dignity." Mat

moreover this tirade is a pernicious exhibit and frequently benefits a man to give voice to his deepest thoughts — which had better be hidden — instead of his superficial and conventional thoughts which may be left loose on society with perfect safety. X

at this genius of a soul is always present, I will not deny. But in rare and minor cases it never never to develope out of this embryonic condition. Some persons are actually too natural and healthy to produce such. I speak colloquially — to put it in a more accurate form. Even nature merely a certain capacity; if the body is highly vitalized and the intellectual highly vitalized too, there is not force enough left over to promote active development of spirit. — We are coming to acknowledge that the moral constitution may be subject to congenital disease and defect, just as the physical constitution has long been admitted to be. Why not carry on the analogy one step further and allow that the spiritual constitution may be radically and irretrievably defective from birth? Why professional experience (Dr. Ferrier) inclines me to hold hearty any belonging of the load of human responsibility."

Lyman drew him up short, so to speak. He became aware that he had wandered away along paths of metaphysical speculation into a wild and unfamiliar region, through which Mr. Farrell courteously hastened his visiting to follow him, in her bright green and grey gloves.

"Really", he said, with his blander smile; — "I depend on your forbearance most unwarrantably. I advocate recreation, and I propose to weary you with recondite and

"Then ~~you~~ we'll stop a quarter. Forgive me, Mr. Farnell. An indulgent listener is often maker an inconsiderate speaker".

Lisa ~~Farnell~~, however, was not light in hand. Her apprehension was slow, but it was tenacious. She felt meaning the gay yet pathetic music, the buzz and ripple of conversation and flowing garments, and seeing the involved and quickly changing figures of the dance in ~~and~~ mute antithetic movement, absorbed humor. To her conscience, formed in a definitely religious mold, accepting unreservedly the puritan solution of the enigmas of existence Dr. Sylvester's ingenious little theories were not merely, but impious, bewildering, terribly subversive.

"You mean to say you think the person we were talking of has in his soul"? She enquired in a scared whisper.

"You must not take my words too seriously, my dear Madam", he answered. "I profess to be a speaker of in the border land between absolute truth and mere fancy. I profess, in what I may designate, as a pseudo-scientific spirit. The trigger is an erudite member, you know, and leaves strict veracity to often far behind it. I must try to justify myself. I mean just this:" —

"Sit up.

"Mates, observe her now", he cried quickly.

In his fancy drapery passed close by them reclining with Charlie Colvin — she had been reclining with him pretty nearly all the evening, by the way. They both danced well, but their dancing had a peculiar quality about it, it was more. Those simply graceful and accurate. I ~~and~~ may indulge for a moment in Dr. Sylvester's rather fabulous way of regarding

things

thing. I should describe this dance as a series of individual ~~[illegible]~~ with a common title. ~~[illegible]~~ There was a curious concentration of feeling in it, a kind of highly strung and virtuous, but of emotion about Venice. Besides expressed itself as much in the action of the arms as in her face. There was a fullness of enjoyment in every easy gliding motion. She danced not as the ordinary prima donna dances in the ordinary ballroom with a corresponding help of deportment and propriety in the back-ground, but as one to whom her own help about the rest of her virtue, and knowing no pleasures that she is beginning to look troubled. Venice yielded nearly up to her dancing with extraordinary suppleness of pure. The whole woman danced, as it help claims of part and future, with the victorious ease and grace of overflowing health and gaiety, with no desire no aspiration beyond the enjoyment of the present moment.

Mr. Parrett watched her, in the light of her conversation with the doctor, as she noted his exquisite, harmonious movement, his clear unburdened cheek, the curve and pale of his child's brows. The narrow legs intent of the her eyes as the tears of the value brought her face for a few seconds into view — as, I say, she moved she Mr. Parrett turning back with merely dazzled, amazed, almost terrified at the vista of undreamed of possibilities that opened before her.

Queen looked at her closely. He perceived that she saw vaguely and vaguely, perhaps, but still saw that which he had desired ~~[illegible]~~ she should see.

Human

human nature is very complicated; the begun, as little results entirely. You cannot endeavor to account for its infinite ~~intricacies~~ intricacies under any single system, Mr. Farrell. Some so-called in the technical sense of the term, regret to say. Some as mere dabbler in the doctrine of that ~~overcoat~~ prolific ocean of pre-historic fable. Virgilia at once is hopelessly fantastic and so ~~intermingled~~ deeply intwined with some of the most ~~[illegible]~~ obscure and intimate secrets of ~~[illegible]~~ experience. But in watching that young lady, just now, I could not avoid thinking of ~~[illegible]~~ the ancient conception of a race of beings supplying the missing link between himself and the ~~[illegible]~~ dumb animals about us. Reason is recognized back, in unacquainted, in an old, old world — older than ~~[illegible]~~ night and morning, older than heaven and hell, — a calm, simple, ~~[illegible]~~ sunny, lighted-headed world, where nature reigned; and in which man was but the favorite and favorite of the heart that knew, knowing hardly the dictate of his nature, fit: complacent in his ~~[illegible]~~ strength and beauty, unknown: melted by conscience, unburdened ~~with~~ by the confusion and anxiety which come of ~~[illegible]~~ spiritual ~~[illegible]~~ "aspiration".

~~[illegible]~~ He paused as for applause; the tears of his own pleasure was sweet in his mouth: but, Cecilia was not in the heart ~~in~~ disposed to applaud. Her companion's fine words were of ~~little~~ small moment to her on this occasion. She cared not a rap ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ for pre-historic traditions golden age; fauns, nymphs and satyrs alike were but the dramatic fancies of children's story books to her. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~

Thus and

But, in this modern instance, in this woman Cecilia Sudeley she cared intensely. That ~~[illegible]~~ the Mr. Spencer ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ talent she perceived, shone she lived and admired, should find expression in music ~~[illegible]~~ made strange and subtle things about an acquaintance of her own, a woman ~~[illegible]~~ towards whom ~~[illegible]~~ she had in a peculiar relation, since round the hall held in her, shone many words the soul is apt to utter to utter an admiration not ~~[illegible]~~ unmixed with envy, was Cecilia audible applauding. In truth of Cecilia as of Miss Farrell seemed unfeasibly terrible. Decidedly Mr. Farrell was wanting in imagination. And the doctor ~~[illegible]~~ suggested that the girl might be afflicted with delusions: mania or guilty of forgery, I believe, it would have been for help specifically to her.

"And no word adequately to express the feeling that oppressed her.

"This is all very strange," she murmured, very alarming."

"Abnormal is always nice to help diagnosis," replied ~~[illegible]~~ the Mr. Spencer, gravely. "That the abnormal is bound to please those who ~~[illegible]~~ come into near contact with it, is not difficult and trying situation. Some have no doubt. — We have not, in any measure, seen the end of this unique business yet, I fear, Mr. Farrell. — If Mr. Sudeley — I speak to you quite freely — ~~[illegible]~~ had a child it might ~~[illegible]~~ prove her salvation. It would, I believe, develop ~~[illegible]~~ the latent higher nature in her, it would give her a soul."

" said Cecilia sadly: — "We a child is a terrible responsibility."

responsibility".

"Yes, yes", ~~exclaimed~~ he replied, smiling: "but it would not be merely as responsibility to Mr. Rudeby, Francy. So far it would be more of a delightful & unusual play-thing, I mean anything else. If you wish to hasten my saving so — Cecilia, Vernon, and all to assent the statement — the matter: not without it is a simple home in not as very high-flown, it is mainly physical. Still how the development of that instinct, Mr. Rudeby, ~~may~~ might get ~~an~~ an inkling of the meaning of self-sacrifice; and self-sacrifice I take it is the true basis, & and motive power of all true spiritual life. For the first time the world forgot herself, the world lost".

Lisa Farrell ~~turned~~ turned to her companion with certain dignity, and the blood came into her fair cheeks.

"Kiss her husband, let her loose him" — she said steadily.

~~Fairchild [illegible]~~

"I ~~[illegible]~~ very much fear Nature has failed to supply Mr. Rudeby with any instincts under that head, barring the very common one — we all possess it in a degree — of making the most one possible of a willing slave".

"I think you are mistaken", ~~[illegible]~~ said Cecilia, with severity. In sympathy she had taken many steps away from Mr. Synge in the last few minutes. Also he only his happy ~~[illegible]~~ that event should force me mistaken in the case in point, my dear madam", he replied, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~." Does it thoughtful, always, to hide that one head over-states the gravity of any matter".

[illegible]ation".

The music had ceased. The room had grown comparatively empty — the sound of footsteps, the confused murmur of voices, now and again a sort of outbreak of laughter wandered in from the hall and passages outside. Poor Cecilia sat still looking blankly out over the wide bright space before her. She was pained and perplexed; she was disappointed too, and that in one of those few persons who by habitual kindness had won her regard and gratitude. Owen had as sense that the harmony of his relation with Mr. Farrell had been disturbed, and he regretted it. As the more so, that in her late movement of severity, she had dismissed both his respect and admiration. — "Under happier circumstances, she might have been a charming woman": — so thought. "Poor Colonel Enderby is to be pitied perhaps in this, also." —

It was obvious that to Dr. Symes that the lady was having unpleasant to him, that he permitted himself to take a good long steady stare at Mr. Farrell. He had certainly never seen her to so much advantage. She was well-dressed, too; for the excitement under which she laboured had lent grace her dignity and improved her complexion. With all her peculiarities there was an unmistakable effect of good-breeding about her. Her faithfulness, and devotion commanded Mortimer Symes' sincerest respect. There was far from being brilliant or exciting, but that she was eminently conscientious and dependable there could be no question. Perhaps the good doctor had talked him-

self

It is an unusual state of exaltation or depression that enables one to see the productions of romantic affection (meaning to say) in a certain light as ~~[illegible]~~ which has so long been part, had ~~[illegible]~~ finally and irretrievably moulded the character of his mind, began to take form and consistence into surprising validity. If that venerable lady Mrs. Murray could be (dared) got rid of — and he had an excellent scheme for her removal — as man might, Dr. Symes thought, do some thing from the ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ last stages of unexpectedly pilgrimage ~~with~~ with Cecilia Fanelli for a companion.

Leaned his head and adjusted his shirt tie with an air of preparation.

Dear Mrs. Fanelli, he began: — "The generosity of age forgiveness by your ~~[illegible]~~ constant attention has bid fair to run away with me tonight. Often I have exhausted your patience, and, for merely, I have worked an invaluable opportunity. There is quite another subject on which I should greatly desire to say a few words to you".

paused. Cecilia looked at him, the doctor manner was extremely grave.

"I must pardon my speaking of my ~~[illegible]~~ self," he continued. "My ~~[illegible]~~ position is an independent one. There is no near relation. Such fortune as I possess is entirely at my own disposal. I am not ashamed to say, Mrs. Fanelli, that my income is, at the present time, a considerable one, since it is almost exclusively the result of my own exertions. For a professional man I am unusually well off. My debts are not inconsiderable sum, I must pay in the first place".

for he had grasped with care and determination: but, really it was ~~[illegible]~~ difficult to go on. The river bent inwards and forced carriage at the main flow between his feet, response apparently to some inspiration from the well-set board.

In to Cecilia, she ~~[illegible]~~ regarded him with surprised and slightly anxious attention. Confidence mysterially agitated her.

"Mr. Farello, with your quick feminine sympathy will readily understand that since my Australian project drew-closer towards the inevitable close, ~~they are~~ towards that final journey which awaits us all they are not untouched with gloom. Why, Farlo myself, have this toiled and laboured? What is the object of a man amassing wealth - modest wealth I grant you as compared with the colonial fortunes of the present day, but still wealth - if he has no child to benefit by it? - Of no young life if it be beautified and ~~made happier~~ enriched by his fair labour"?

Farello made no audible comment. It was ~~[illegible]~~ my wig; she had a great habit of making no comment. Under some circumstances that ~~[illegible]~~ might be an advantage; just now it was the rather ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ Mr. Symes thought. He tried to keep up his courage by a mild flight of rhetoric.

"That the sum of my existence was - so to speak - passed the zenith, and began to decline towards the west, I find myself increasing desirous to ~~[illegible]~~ create intimate relations for myself, to live no longer in isolation, ~~[illegible]~~ in solitude and at a distance from my kind. - My dear lady", he said, turning full upon her and speaking with

this deals feeling: — "Sorry you were boy. — Shame wondered, pondered, asked merely many searching questions on this subject. Can we not, Darke you, and I beseech you earnestly ~~to~~ not to reply without duly weighing my request, can we not effect a combination of interests — a combination which shall leave me infinitely ~~[illegible]~~ your debtor" — ~~[illegible]~~ here the doctor bowed courteously to his companion: — "will you grant me the privilege of drawing these responsibilities of which you are so sensible?.. With towards my true ~~[illegible]~~ and reverential affection by": —

Cecilia willingly replied him "~~[illegible]~~ healthfully so, Dora", she cried, "there is Philip Sudeley dancing ~~[illegible]~~ dancing with his wife".

Not know whether ~~[illegible]~~ the feeling of his independent mind ~~[illegible]~~ should be echoed as credit to him or otherwise, but, ~~[illegible]~~ nevertheless, he left his ~~[illegible]~~ critical discourse with the greatest alacrity, sat up and peered ~~[illegible]~~ eagerly among the passing couples for the one to which Mr. Farnell had drawn his attention.

"Good Heaven", he exclaimed, with a movement of ~~[illegible]~~ anger — ~~[illegible]~~ "that's an act of insanity!. Do friend the Colonel has an absolute enthusiasm for suicide".

"Go to him", whispered Mr. Farnell, "go to him, stop him. It is some wickedness of Jessie Sudeley's. Go! I can't forgive her".

Your woman spoke from the heart, regardless of all ~~[illegible]~~ minor conventionalities.

"Must not judge the young lady too harshly", ~~[illegible]~~ returned ~~[illegible]~~ the doctor, recovering his usual suavity of manner. "To ~~[illegible]~~ intervene, she was would be merely to make an inconvenient scene; to put my:

self

self hopelessly in the wrong and destroy all confidence between myself and my patient. ~~[illegible]~~ What was more? I should be glad to make my way ~~[illegible]~~ to weed, this door".

Many strangers and delay: Dr. Symes pilloried Mr. Farrell round the side of the large room. It was really a matter of ~~[illegible]~~ some difficulty; various errors hailed the good man as he passed, and refused to let him go ~~[illegible]~~ away in a hurry; then the the room was ~~[illegible]~~ fully again, and it was not easy to dodge the dancers. ~~[illegible]~~ Just by the door ~~[illegible]~~ leading out into the hall Mr. Drake, breathless, excited and odder in the face than ever, met them.

"Help me," he said, "in a low voice", Thank God I have found you! I don't want alarm anybody, we must keep it quiet. (Nobody body fortunately saw what happened —) Come out here into the hall — ~~[illegible]~~. Suddenly's ill, dying — I don't know what — but they want you. Come away to the library — they've put him in there, poor dear fellow — awful thing, you know, and in the last young wife "too" — ing all the while and hurrying the Doctor along with him, Mr. Drake disappeared among the crowd that loitered in the hall.

Miss Farrell stood ~~[illegible]~~ leaning against the wall, ~~[illegible]~~ She shut her eyes and pressed her long thin ~~fingers~~ hand hard against her forehead. Dr. Symes and his ~~[illegible]~~ astonishing and but half comprehended conversation were blotted out of her mind. Only the image of Philip Sudeley ~~as~~ manned — Philip Sudeley as she had seen him ~~and~~ (years ago) danced with him ~~[illegible]~~ years ago.

II The whole Realm was made to dance to.

order to explain the disorder which prevailed in Vanbrugh House Mr. Farnell and her companion Fortunia Squeers, I must ask the reader kindly to retrace his steps ~~[illegible]~~ to an earlier period of that evening & Mr. Jack Sudeley's social abstention; and moreover to ~~[illegible]~~ see and justify the pour of his displeasure and vituperate the scene not from the Twinkle's point of view, nor from the ~~[illegible]~~ philosophic standpoint of the doctor, or from the agitated standpoint of Cecilia, but from the simple, practical and somewhat melancholy standpoint of my good friend Philip. — For alas! Things have been going but drearily with poor Philip for some time past, and there ~~[illegible]~~ would seem to be but little hope of their mending. What with pain and weakness, and black haunting memories depression he was discomfited enough in his own person to make his days ~~[illegible]~~ pass drearily. Nor in the physical distress alone he was to put up with. Struggles as he may it becomes ever more difficult to hide the signs of his trials from the eyes of his ~~[illegible]~~ charming wife.

And figure

figures ~~&~~ thus as she was. The burden of her husband's affliction had begun to weigh on her. It could hardly be otherwise since she was so quick and brave and. Hundreds little indications of the change that had come over him ~~&~~ ~~[illegible]~~ preyed upon her; and the girl's humour began to change too. Her ~~[illegible]~~ sweetness of temper suffered ~~[illegible]~~ occasional eclipse, she was flighty, capricious, difficult to please. She seemed to be under the impression that she had come into the world into a divine right to be constantly ~~[illegible]~~ amused; and if amusement failed to smooth the way for the person next bound by fate to supply it, namely her husband. She bored with petulant diligence to ~~[illegible]~~ correct her husband's demands for entertainment. He tried to take an deep interest in some trivial matters that pleased her; ~~[illegible]~~ encouraged her to go out, to entertain, let ~~[illegible]~~ her satisfy any passing fancy that his ~~[illegible]~~ head money in a ~~[illegible]~~ rather elderly fashion; let her do what she pleased, ~~[illegible]~~, so long as she ~~[illegible]~~ remained happy and treated him with affection; do, ~~[illegible]~~ any thing in the world, so long, as he could ~~[illegible]~~ stave off her discovery of the miserable truth that he was a disabled, broken-down man, whose life was hardly worth an hour's purchase. The Christmas, that periodical season of the financial year, had come bringing with it, revelation of expenditure so considerably in excess of his income, that Philip had been reluctantly compelled to sacrifice a portion of his capital. He had sold out certain shares, adding another item to his anxiety and worrying, to discover, of course, in the end that he had sold them out at just the wrong moment and at a prodigious

prodigious disadvantage. His time was very far from dreaming, ~~[illegible]~~. If Mr. Bertie Cass or any other of his Colonel's acquaintances were coming to his rescue they had better ~~[illegible]~~, make haste about it, or they might arrive a little too late.

He had been said, with a somewhat transparent affectation of cynicism that life would be very bearable but for its pleasures. The phrase sounds well; it has a ring of disillusionment and elegant fatigue; and it is a very agreeable ~~thing~~ occupation to coquet with fatigues when you are young and healthy, and to cultivate a mildly disillusioned tone while you retain a lively sense of personal importance and of the value of your own existence. Happy the man who is still young enough, in heart and feeling, to play a part! — especially perhaps the part of lofty ~~contempt~~ contempt for the disillusion he largely participates in. There, however, through the operation of unkind fate that phrase concerning life and its pleasures becomes ~~actually~~ practically true in an ~~[illegible]~~ luckless moral and bigots affectation passes into actual fact, it is ~~[illegible]~~ (is) a very nasty business indeed.

Lily Eudetry had dressed for this particular evening in a tepid haze. It promised to be little better to him than a weariness and a mockery. He would ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ have avoided going to sing at Barnett and ~~[illegible]~~ and have ~~[illegible]~~ remained quietly at home: but, his consideration impelled him to over-come his shrinking ~~from~~ from the modelling. — Jenny, notwithstanding her growing weariness, could not endure to be without him. She demanded that her husband should always be in attendance. There

was

an uncanny element in the girl's absolute abhorrence of solitude. ~~[illegible]~~ Not that she was afraid of any of those concrete bug-bears of sensitive woman-hood, such as accidents, fire, burglars, ghosts, thunder, mice in the chimneys, death-watches, mice or spiders. But by day and by night the young lady's nerves were very well about her, and she was by no means exceptionally liable to nervous terrors. Her horror of solitude, like her strange horror of ~~[illegible]~~ sickness and death, was something spontaneous, ~~[illegible]~~ unpursuable to be reasoned over or analyzed, only present and imperative. Jenie's constant desire for his presence had, during the first many months of their marriage, been one of ~~[illegible]~~ Philip's deepest satisfactions, seeming, as it did, to offer a solid and concrete of the love he so earnestly needed to believe in. Now, when alas! his silver cords of affection was somewhat loosed, it supplied a very real bond of union between husband and wife, a bond which Philip on his part, would have endured anything rather than run the ~~risks~~ risk of severing. Jenie begged him to go to Barnett, was petulant at his half-expressed reluctance — it was enough. He would go.

Yet, ~~and~~ an evil spirit of jealousy had taken possession of the Colonel lately. We must not judge him too hardly; the man was very much in love, and was paying a heavy price for his affection, with the bargain; the time would come — was ~~[illegible]~~ surely creeping nearer, - when he must leave this ~~poor~~ beautiful young creature. He knew it; in a way, he had ~~[illegible]~~ brought this at trial upon himself: but, after he had left her, what would happen?. Perhaps it was mean and unworthy

in

this, Scammer say, it seems to me very excusable. Unquestionably he began to feel bitterly towards Olivia, began to regard them as his natural enemies; to regard them as the doomed barbarian captives must have regarded the blooming well-fed Roman noble, glancing of the admiration upon his fair-haired blue-eyed wife. The barbaric movement and savagery, which is latent in all truly masculine natures, put up its ugly head at moments, and asserted its existence rather forcibly in our friends Edwards Dudley. Jessie, he felt, was hardly the woman to heal her heart over a sepulchral urn, under the leadership of the suffering weeping-willow. ~~[illegible]~~

Philip was excessively anxious about that. It was necessary Philip thought it well to go to Harriet Pearce and bring Stress he had to bring his many troubles and appear as little peculiar as possible. With Phlegmatical pain to wear against almost barely, with a musical drama of so artificially gratifying character setting it off in silence all daylong it is not easy, one must allow, to be perfectly disengaged, urbane, and indifferent: but Philip applied himself with praiseworthy persistence to his undertaking. It was a hard fight yet, so far, success and with [illegible] barely maintained the upper hand.

The earlier hours of the evening he had spent in dutifully dancing, waltzing and sundry; with Miss Minnie Agassiz to solid elderly bachelors, with

des eyes on "dowdy" Mary, or Georgie Cross or Innocentia and her partner – dear child! – and his stare on that very agreeable man, (the) (known) (Gabriel Audley). He had stood about in doorways midwhisking in desultory gossip with the non-dancing male members of the community. Philip had no notion of pursing; perhaps he would have misjudged both his wife and society at large very much more deeply ~~had~~ if he had. He made common-place observations, got his fair old ladies and his fair young ones, conversed on the topics of the day not ~~so~~ in amazingly original or profound manner, combed the ends of his moustache, contemplated the bow of his 'pumps', and in fine, conducted himself ~~ordinarily~~ generally as all other ~~of~~ ~~good~~ gentlemen of good standing ~~do~~ habitually conduct-es at kindred festivities. Yet, notwithstanding the outwards and visible signs of being as other men were, he was vividly ~~aware~~ aware all the while of a detectable figure in a glittering yellow dress. Of a lovely childlike face full of vivacity and enjoyment ~~and~~ He was aware too that this captivating form and countenance ~~belonged~~ was that of his wife – of the woman he blindly and supremely loved: – aware, finally that a black figure was always ~~[illegible]~~ beside her, where feet beat out the exciting measure of his value with her, where arms encircled her waist, where face, – and unfortunately for poor dear Philip's peace of mind, it was almost always the same pleasant frank boyish face – appeared very, very ~~[illegible]~~ the warmest appreciation in seeing the happy partner of this very charming ~~woman~~ person

though

which he had never happened to see Lenia dance before, which had taken the notion of her dancing so quite possessed him. His own dancing was never more graceful, delicate or in tune, figuring about her like a delicate, disquieting enchanter. He felt as if he had entered upon the world of a lovely, elusive manner, the world of which appeared to him an ironical act of altruism. For, however, he experienced — even in the midst of an access of confidential communication from that responsible and important person, Lady Stelvin, on the delightful business subject of a certain well-known scandal in high life — an increasing sense of initiation and delight, at bottom of increasing hatred of this vulgar value, of the dangerous conventional sentiment of the music, of the rapid, elliptic periods and harmonious movement of the dancer. Philip sat and stared and stared from his seat at the brilliant scene in the ballroom, stared till he felt almost sickened, and the whole thing became to him a madness, a horror, multitudinous, phantasmal, purposeless. — Only this person in all the whirling, artificial throng seemed their reality to him — one fixed point in the perpetual movement of the room, the only permanent, intelligent, unselfish, unsophisticated thing in the room, the only thing that was capable — unintentionally in its time — had rendered to all this sacrifice necessary.

Philip struggled with himself, as one struggles in a dream when some unbearable thing seems

enough to keep down on one hand the wishes and fancies of speech and action. Would that restless melody, with its sweet voluptuous cadence, never ends? Would that this graceful figure never cease pressing and expanding? — At the moment the school-boy so ~~dangerously~~ wildly felt that he should do some desperate, calm ~~outrageous~~ shock would commit some unpardonable sin.

"Are the Fairies gone ~~[illegible]~~ when this very sort of authority," murmured Lady Malvern, in her most comfortable voice, touch pressing her Lady-friend and burning as large, mischievous countenance upon her companion: — "Do this very sort of authority. Isn't it perfectly dreadful? What is society coming to, I should wonder? ~~[illegible]~~ And even both talked about it too — the girls — just out of the school-room during the time, that gentlemen would handle of ~~[illegible]~~ of among themselves, don't you know, after dinner, in my youth".

In desperate effort at self-control, Philip pulled himself together. He felt he must get away, and out immediately, if he meant to keep his head and not finally disgrace himself. Making some vague and incoherent excuse to Lady Malvern, which left that worthy person in a state of confused resentment and mystification, he apparently made his way towards a smaller and less ~~gaudy~~ mightily lighted apartment of a similar sort at the end of the ball-room. This ~~should be room~~ little sitting-room — in which Philip had spent his last goodbye to his mother long ago — seemed for dancing, ~~[illegible]~~.

~~[illegible]~~ was not apparently very populous with this guests. At this present moment it was wholly deserted.

Pictures

hunter of the pendulous Dudleys, somewhat arrogant right-whipped Carriages ~~[illegible]~~ horses drawn with their prominent ~~[illegible]~~ eyes ever from out of their heavy gilt frames, as the present head of their house moved with ~~[illegible]~~ measured steps across the ~~room~~. Philip felt half suffocated, he ~~[illegible]~~ wanted silence, darkness. Rose also he wanted air, — air to relieve this horrible choking stifling sensation. The hour the walls, tinted and warm in the mellow twilight, and also the while he still seemed to see there the gay young figure dancing, dancing before him.

"Genius mad"? he said half out loud as he leaned back the of the studio curtains hanging over the ~~[illegible]~~ bow-window at the end of his room.

And the curtains were as spaces formed by the projection of the window. Philip threw himself down in the ~~[illegible]~~ cushioned window-seat, and unlatching the casement of the tall narrow casement, leant out into the chill quiet of the white night. The window from the bath-room hardly reached him behind the ~~[illegible]~~ curtains, which ~~[illegible]~~ fell back again into their places behind him. ~~[illegible]~~

Night was high and starlight. The ground showed dusky white, powdered over with a light coating of snow, that had fallen early in the day. ~~[illegible]~~ Immediately under the window was the road-gravel, encircling round along the southern and eastern sides of the house, beyond were the lawns sloping towards the river. Up which drove usually heavy clouds, here and there,

tree, as up the volume deep of the mid-night sky, making the seem glittering star seem to dance with them in a wild aerial race. While the biting frost and mists brought a certain easeness of relief: but, still over the pale barrier in the figure, the light and the dark one, seemed to turn to dance or dancing, dancing down to wander the impenetrable blackness the wood and river. Recognizing it also the pale to be a mere hallucination, generated of weakness and illness, yet with a sort of terror, deeply moved, standing fixed to pierce the wolf darkness. Philip watched the phantom dark fades and vanishes with the night. He could not think clearly. He only knew that he was suffering, that he was the sport of his own physical impression, that a desire vague and inexpert possessed him. ~~[illegible]~~ Deliberately with one hand against the stress multitude of the window and resting the stress upon the ledge outside Colonel Sudeley leaned out into the old still semi-security. He wanted to avoid hearing even the transient echoes of the light pulsing footsteps and of that sweet ~~[illegible]~~ voice, and to steep his soul in the calm silence that reigned within.

had been, however, but a few minutes at the window, when his attention was attracted by an indistinct dark moving along the terrace. At first the Colonel feared he was still the victim of some cerebral delusion: but, the moving object took unmistakable shape as it came nearer. It was only a small dog — Matthew Sudeley's old ~~[illegible]~~ worn-haired terrier, which along with all

that

as unavailable ~~to~~ a gentleman's goods and chattels made come in: this disappearance of his son & heir. The poor little brute had wandered out of the house to escape the stir and bustle earlier in the evening, and now was sitting desolately about, vainly searching for some quiet way of disposing indoors again. Just as he ~~got~~ came under the bow-window, the dog fleering apparently got the better of him. He sat down on the snow gravel, tried up in a very wistly muzzle, and rose in a long drawn howl. → close up

Philip ~~[illegible]~~ spoke to the dog and tried to quiet it: but, the creature seemed to be possessed. Again the grey muzzle went up, ~~[illegible]~~ again the long wailing howl rang out through the keen frosty air.

Philip was not ~~[illegible]~~ naturally superstitious: but, in latest generation had left him shaken ~~[illegible]~~ and ~~[illegible]~~ curiously excited. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~. The dog squatting there in the dim light and howling, was strangely ~~[illegible]~~ agitating to him. He tried to drive it away, but it would not budge. At last, ~~[illegible]~~ Colonel Enderby, moved back and bodily closed the window; then the dog got up and silently trotted away round the front of the house.

Closed the window, Philip became aware that he was no longer alone. Two persons were talking yet, ~~[illegible]~~ on the other side of the room.

"It's really very perplexing! I don't think it's right that a married woman should take complete possession of one of our best dancers in this sort of way. I've known Charlie Lorne for years. He was ~~[illegible]~~ as fine with my sisters ~~[illegible]~~ you know.

ow: and he always kept us on edge. He used to
e so ~~good~~ jolly if we'd got any thing going
n at "Melvin's Lecture". He was like ~~[illegible]~~
one of us, don't you know, till he ~~got~~ ~~[illegible]~~ came to know
her "fair white".

Esther was evidently a young girl; both her sentiments and her initiated tones of her high, clear voice betrayed to the point.

He answered quickly, in a good-natured bantering way: —

"Poor Colonel's very much gone on Mrs. Sudeley, I'm afraid. She's awfully pretty, and he doesn't care a least harm to the world, you know. But I think it's risky to do it in that sort of state myself".

"It's a frightful drought here", drawled the girl. "Let's go back in to the state room. — He is making the most of his opportunities to-night anyhow. She's a simple little flirt — I've counted". —

The young lady's skirts rustled over the bare floor, and her words died away in the distance.

Words administered by their conversation ~~of~~ a galvanized whip with very vivid lights. If this man had been speaking he would have drawn hilarity at the end of his first sentence: but he could not make a scene with a lady; he had been compelled to listen and to wait. ~~But~~ ~~the~~ His physical ailments, all his mental perturbations and distresses were forgotten in these few searching moments. Jenny, his wife, his darling — was lightly spoken of. Colonel Sudeley flung aside the heavy curtains, careless of who might see him, and stepped out into the ~~to~~ room, strong, steady, resolute as he had been on the most day of his life. Indeed, he would not have been quite a pleasant man to cross just then. His

face

he was not like a Prince and there was no
[illegible] large in his blue eyes.

It happened that the first person he came across
was Jenny Merrill. She was standing just inside
the door of the ball-room, with a little group of
men about her — among them Ashley Wakefield,
and his wife's protégé, Mr. Lewis Vandercrup — a tall
neat featured young man with prematurely
white hands and feet — one of the Metropolis boys
and the ~~[illegible]~~ red-haired parson from Prior Barnet.
She was chuckling in a stout matronly ~~[illegible]~~
way, and murmuring: — "Mr. very good, very good
indeed Mr. Burdett".

"Come me" said the Colonel as he elbowed his way
through the group, which melted to right and
left as he advanced. The excellent divine [illegible]
[illegible] not being quick to take a hint: but
even he ~~[illegible]~~ looking at the new comer had
an inkling that there was some thing as little
angelic in his aspect, and ended by ~~[illegible]~~ backing
off rather hurriedly in the direction of his
pure-silk arrayed spouse.

I, it never saw a man ~~[illegible]~~
~~"Rodes" [illegible] the Metropolitan [illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ look as if he was in a devil of
a rage it's Burdett" growled Wakefield
as he ~~[illegible]~~ swept away, (to his companions Mr. Vandercrup).
~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible] Vandercrup~~
However, greeted her husband with her most
~~[illegible]~~ winning smile. She was as merry as a
cricket, as bright as bride.

"Come you seem, Philip", she cried, not giving
him time to speak. "You were talking to Lady
Helen

[illegible] just now. I know ~~[illegible]~~ my health I pities do you. Eh! but that woman is a communicative [illegible]! ... Hope ~~good~~ that you disappeared. I looked [illegible] you, I could not see you. Poor dear Philip, she [illegible] was, perhaps, a little ~~[illegible]~~ "too" over anxious "about you."
[illegible] gave merely a little shake ~~[illegible]~~
[illegible] you not glad?" she said. "I am warning as [illegible] "evening".
[illegible]'s humour, delicious though it was, was [illegible] calculated to clear Philip's path of difficulties: his face fell out of his love and his anger burned fiercely in him still.
[illegible] "Jenie", he said briefly. "I want to speak to you.
[illegible] him a quick enquiring glance, then [illegible] rose up, with a pretty touch of dignity, and [illegible] to the little empty room beyond. Point ~~[illegible]~~ the [illegible] of it she stopped and turned round.
[illegible]? she said with a note of interrogation in [illegible] voice.
The [illegible] Jenie had told her husband that ~~[illegible]~~ became him to be excited. Undoubtedly as the Colonel stood in front of his wife now, he looked extremely well. Jenie remarked it — there were few things, indeed, that she did not remark — and it pleased her.
"Mon ami", she cried, "in what have you been [illegible] to yourself?.. You are splendid, you are admirable".
[illegible]'s Underby's face did not relax.
"Here, ~~[illegible]~~ Jenie," he said slowly, "you know, I'm indifferent with you ~~generally~~ as a rule. I'm asking you to do anything unreasonable: — no, something has occurred to night — never mind what, I ~~[illegible]~~ can't tell you — it was damnably unpleasant

"Nonsense!" — Colonel Sudeley's voice had lost its gallantry as suddenly now — "I think I have a demand to promise from you. Promise me, Denis, that you will dance with that woman, Colonel, again tonight."

There was a moment's silence, then Denis answered, gaily: — "Why, my dear Philippa, you are absurd! You should be dancing with the young man again!" Grant me, he is a simple creature; a little, like that" — she nodded her white shoulders ~~the~~ and raised out her under drawing — "barbarian, stupid, you know. But he is nice-looking, and he can dance, but dance" —

She nodded her pretty curls, frowned with an air of profound appreciation.

Colonel Sudeley's expression remained resolutely determined. "Let you when I ask ~~you~~ this, my dear wife," he said quietly. "I should not pain and distort you by giving you my reasons: but this I bid remain, Denis. I'm in no laughing mood and this is no laughing matter. Promise me — in this place here — and give me your promise."

"Become unfortunate," she answered, looking at him curiously. "Do be unfortunate if it pleases the whim of being fiendish. — Dance with me yourself, but I am surrounded with these melodramatic and impertinent people. It would be a little commonplace, perhaps, to dance with our host: but it would be safe enough, ~~anyway~~ in any case. I won't dance, you see, and I am returned to the Stars".

She ~~put her hand on his arm~~ laid her round lightly on her husband's arm.

"Yes," she said smiling at him with a touch of malice

rider insert-esp on pg. 498

Philip was in a condition in which the mind refuses to consider the possible contingencies; in which the whole tides of his pulse rushed in a single direction. Careless of consequences, conscious only of the immediate demand of the present, he answered after but a moment's hesitation.

malice — "Shall we go? They are beginning to glare and the valse. Isn't dance, and to dance Isn't have a partner. It's just between Mr. Colvin and you".

~~Jessie Sensitated a moment~~.

"Stay," he said — "It's ~~[illegible]~~ valse with you yet. — In well that was an very stupid."

"But that is not a very considerate way of accepting a person"; she expended, as this taken aback. "Supposing you dance badly?". It is a painful little experiment, but I venture myself. Come today — now. —

The girl

Leaning ~~[illegible]~~ had made her way back with the ballroom and in a minute more they were out in the thick of the spinning, whirling throng.

How with he stand it?.. Faster and faster go the ~~[illegible]~~ the ~~[illegible]~~ valse-tune, faster and faster spinning the over the ~~[illegible]~~ polished floor. — Once round the ~~[illegible]~~ room dodging, twisting, slipping in and out between the ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ reeling couples, and the Colonel tries to walk.

No, go on — ~~[illegible]~~ this is nothing — you dance superbly — Philip" whispers the girl. ~~[illegible]~~ And so again, who cares for ~~[illegible]~~ the risk and danger, the folly, the madness of it?. On again, ~~[illegible]~~ the ~~[illegible]~~ delicious rush ~~[illegible]~~ motion running ~~[illegible]~~ instinctively to the encircling arm of the music. On again round the wide light room. How with he stand it, indeed?.

At end of that second time the Colonel paused near to the door.

It was exquisite!" cried Jessie, ~~[illegible]~~ radiant with pleasure. "Why have you hidden your talents like this, Philip? I am delighted with you.

you. I want to go on, for ever, and ever, and ever."

The Colonel had turned deadly pale and ill — Twice his wife was visiting beside him her hand resting with a light perfume on his arm, her laughing voice lowering up into his ear. He could not see her clearly; it seemed to come up before him and blot out all material objects, through the wards where he would be could only see those two figures against the lights and the dark one drawing always drawing like the whole world turned into them as they turned.

He pushed his way back through the wards standing about, with his head drooping, partly from humiliation — he drew his hand across his eyes with a feeble gesture. He went deadly pale and a cold sweat broke out over his head. He was aware of an agony of pain, which cut and stabbed at his heart, and seemed to drive like sharp swords through lights through his eyes had followed him, nothing left dear to him, hardly knowing what he did he clutched at her bare arm to save himself from actually falling: —

"Good God", he gasped — "I can't bear it — promise me, Jenny, as I have loved you, promise me what I asked, now".

A sudden weight threw on her, made the girl sagger for a moment: but she recovered herself again immediately. Her rounded white arms were like bars of iron under Philip's desperate grasp. The laughter died on her lips, and in her eyes. Her face grew hard, set, almost old. She was perfectly calm and quiet as she looked

had heartily found his some help or escape.
~~[illegible]~~ It took her but a
few seconds to realize the full meaning of "the friend-
ship", she said, in a low intense voice, "if you
are going to be ill you must come away. People
will see you here".
Setting all her strength against, half, leads half,
dragged her husband a step towards the door
in the further angle of the bow window. The exertion
was hard, she opened it, staggered and setting her
back against it to keep it open, forced him to
enter the room within: — a large dark library,
with a faint smell of old volumes and leather
bindings pervading it, in which ~~at~~ yet not all
the primitive gloom the dim room had been huddled
away, in most admirable confusion, to make space
for the many guests. The door remained half open,
letting in a narrow shaft of light, that sharpened
sharp-edged and definite ~~[illegible]~~ across
a space of carpet, here and there ~~piled up~~
drawn of piled up chairs and tables behind.
~~[illegible]~~ The help of furniture, the ~~[illegible]~~ confused
half-discovered shapes of familiar objects had
no weird effect about it, forming as it did a
background to the ~~[illegible]~~ graceful form of the
girl in ~~[illegible]~~ her pale gleaming bath-robe
and to that of the man whom she supported.
"you stand alone", cried Jenni, suddenly breaking
the silence with her clear detached tones.
turned away, and with all her force dragged a
~~[illegible]~~ chair out from the stack of furniture.
Things slipped and fell away behind it ~~[illegible]~~ as
she did so, with a rattle and ~~[illegible]~~ snap of dry
breaking wood.

"But

Sit down", the maid
helped her mechanically. Actually, most
that had taken place during the last five
minutes. The reaching point, the cause of anticipation
and tension, the penetrating physical nerves
had swallowed up all distinct consciousness. Only
when her wife turned and left him without another
word, without a sign of ~~[illegible]~~ leniency, did he
realize the sickness that had ~~[illegible]~~
happened.

"Jennie", he called ~~after~~ aloud after her, putting out his hands
in the blinding darkness. This time was no voice no
answer — only the clicking of the lock as the
handle of the door turned on the outside and it
slipped back into the catch, and the quick
pat of ~~[illegible]~~ hurrying away across the
~~[illegible]~~ hall ~~outside~~ without.

Mans aside wife.

~~"Not if this be truth, said he, indeed true,~~
~~Such is life's tide, as she ever is wont to run and turn.~~
~~Upward and down, this way and that, with your love,~~
~~Ever more dear grows and shaken well is you.~~
~~Make this an idolatry solely to your lover.~~
~~Fair and the maiden, guide bright in alone."~~ —

circumstance ~~is~~ cruel ~~is~~ some people, ~~at~~ the risk of appearing to deal in paradox, I submit that circumstance was cruel to Jessie Underby. Under this condition society ~~[illegible]~~ might have visited on her dear in her brilliant ~~[illegible]~~ and inexhaustible society and never would deserved of ~~the~~ commutative in her ~~paradise and~~ moral and physical constitution. But the demand happened to be made upon her that she was unable to meet – Let circumstance take the blame, in fact at least, and let us ~~[illegible]~~ spare the woman as much as we may. Her impulse was to get away. ~~If~~ When the ~~door~~ ~~[illegible]~~ library door had finally closed behind her, she ~~to~~ paused for ~~one~~ a moment, and then turned and ran – as a scared child runs, ~~[illegible]~~ headlong, not daring to look or look behind it – ~~[illegible]~~ across the room, down a long dim corridor and into the inner hall, where the main staircase leads to the upper part of the house. ~~[illegible]~~ Here Jessie stopped. She was resting half, with the hands of her: one crazy race, half with a ~~the~~ strong nervous ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ following the courage and determination

she was alone during those terrible minutes in the library. In her whole life she had never experienced such a sickening fear before. ~~[illegible]~~ She was wholly possessed with ~~[illegible]~~ a wild rage and terror.

From the ~~[illegible]~~ upper-room on the other side of the entire hall, passing among the throbbing crowd she had wandered out from the ~~[illegible]~~ bath-room, with a stiff, erect, soldierly bearing, came Bunnington — a jar of glycerine in his hand. He mounted the ~~[illegible]~~ almost to the foot of the main-case and then stopped him with a sharp imperative exclamation: "Well Underley is it", she panted out, in short, stream sentences. "It in the library — go to him — find Mr. Drake — Tom's there and there's trouble at home — go to him, I say".

Bunnington looked at her in amazement. Her face was flushed, her eyes wide open, she pressed her hands and appeared shaking vacuous room.

"Are you idiotic?" she cried passionately. "He is ill tell you — alone there, don't you understand? — Go to him".

Bunnington set down his jar — regardless of appearances — this entire table in the inner hall. His scarred face had a strange expression on it and he ~~[illegible]~~ said ~~[illegible]~~ spoke almost commandingly: —

"Come with me, mai'am".

"No, — why should I come? ~~[illegible]~~ - I don't come. I'm ~~[illegible]~~ - I'm upset - ~~[illegible]~~. You wait here. He is alone in the ~~[illegible]~~ there, tell you".

Bunnington turned away ~~[illegible]~~ — he had never been over and above proud of his mistress.

Alone this girl flung herself down on ~~[illegible]~~ the ~~[illegible]~~

covered the top of the wide stairs-case. She did so cry, but, she rocked herself backwards and forwards, and clenched her hands in a perfect paroxysm of passion. We all have recall the scene that broke into the quiet of childhood — kindled perhaps by some very trivial disappointment, frustration or nuisance — when the dark dashes to the floor and drums its heels against the wall of fact, and falls back inside. Perhaps that was why Ingebrigt to struggle up and dash itself painfully against them again and again?. But was what women did now. Some afraid her feeling was purely selfish. ~~[illegible]~~ She had his mother's sense of obligation to her husband, loyalty of consideration for his suffering:— only that dead his maddening religious, that her pain. Things ~~[illegible]~~ were all wrong, ~~[illegible]~~ and that nobody was there to need them. That the life worlds was spoilt to her. End Lane

So she lived the days quietly; the drawing had worn his as time and people were drawing out into the walks and drawing-room. Jenny's welcome visitor came ~~[illegible]~~ to her rescue; she arranged her help which had got disordered in her flight and struggle. She pulled up her lace sleeves to hide the ugly little marks that Philip's clutching fingers had left on her ~~[illegible]~~ rounded arms. These marks were very terrible to her — she dwelt at her glass and almost bore them in the effort to hide them completely from her sight. She began to wonder whether the horrid very odd, whether people would discover that something had

had happened to her and asked her questions. She felt very small and kept sitting out on the big quiet visiting cards alone with nobody to take care of her. The reason to take out so little girl — I was troubled with myself was indeed so horrible! — She could not make up her mind to sit out on the terrace, across the entire hall, where there were people of all kinds; it would look so odd, so awkward. She stuffed her mitten as little, set on the corner of the sofa and leaning her back against the wall tried to appear quite unconcerned, as though she was merely waiting for an absent partner. ~~[illegible]~~ The dance arrangements made the ladies very anxious which ~~[illegible]~~ distracted them quite about the girl's attention. Mlle Varia suddenly disappeared into the Quadrille and manœuvres.

Mr Pudder, what are you doing? The you sitting out? Well, if that out I should get some gentleman to sit out with me. I wouldn't think you would have much difficulty in getting some gentleman to sit out with you. Here is my cousin Laura Pounderwup — well if he was not ~~[illegible]~~ wandering around with his hands. I believe he would be perfect in delighted to sit out with you. But there is your husband ~~[illegible]~~ over to. I don't ~~[illegible]~~ see anywhere around. ~~[illegible]~~ Colonel Pudder, the man's described husband I ever saw. Laura. I ~~[illegible]~~ my husband, Miss Walsingham Pudder. Now he is an ~~[illegible]~~ described as Colonel Pudder is. Why, man's name is Pockington. Pocketington. There is Mr. Pudder sitting out all alone. You come and talk to her. I must take Laura to see

Mlle

the family portraits. We can see them very well now the room is empty. Well, now Mr. Frederick Thorne provided you with somebody to sit out with".

Evidently Mr. Waltonfield kissed the tips of her fingers and straightened. The somewhat reluctant Vanderkemp bore him away to improve his mind by the study of the deplorable Frederick. Jane looked after her with a very mischievous expression of face. She waited Mr. Waltonfield — but, then alone. She waited so many things just now.

Lord Sherrington sat down on the stairs one step above her so as to give room to his long legs. His coming to marriage Mr. Waltonfield ~~explained~~ offers appeared to him as little his for the coming, he did not greatly admire her taste: but seeing ~~[illegible]~~ naturally very amiable and large it was his habit to accept the situation in which he happened to find himself without ~~[illegible]~~ getting into a fuss or attitude of rebellion over it.

"Well, ~~Mr. Frederick, he said,~~" turned on Mr. Frederick, "let me your hands you see. You must be good enough to do your best to put up with me".

Jane turned upon him with as pretty, wistful, half angry, wholly appealing countenance that the young man was quite overcome by it.

"You look tired", he said kindly, "Is there anything I can do for you".

"I have been frightened", she answered quite simply. "I should be so glad if you would get me some supper".

Lord Sherrington smiled. The fixed caprices of ideas seemed to him quaint: but, he expected ~~[illegible]~~ the "Wife" to procure the young lady all that she

desired

reminds us that we are of supper. He conveyed her across to the dining-room, from a comfortable place in her and ministered to us with quite paternal solicitude to her material requisites.

"Jenie, that you are," said Jack suddenly suddenly catching sight of her. "What's ~~the~~ right – I was really afraid we'd ~~lost~~ seen the back of you too – and that would be a pity, eh Schwingfeld – would it be? Dorothy tells me Philip's got rids of it all and gone off to bed. Lazy fellow – We must be moving. Glad I saw you Jenie; I was really afraid there might be something wrong".

Under the unknown influences of ~~the~~ supper and of Jack's speech – which seemed to have a comfortably common-place and reassuring quality about it, – Jenie shook off the Cassandra effects of her flight. No doubt Philip was right, there was nothing very serious after all. Jenie began to revive, ~~to~~ began to be entertaining; began to ruffle her drooping feathers, so to speak, and turn her bright eyes merrily and fearlessly on her surroundings again. Perhaps after all the 'phantasms were not all

lights, clearing away the unlightly traces of the finished festivity. The glow had departed, ~~it was~~ the late fun and frolic, the music and the movement sheen over and done with; and the pallid moonlight down-drew and pitilessly on the eyes of a dying man — was stream ~~shoots~~ along the eastern horizon ~~above~~ above the ~~[illegible]~~ level shutters of the grey-park, where Genie Rodwin — her pretty face wan, her dainty dress torn, her glossy wig, the perfumery gone out of her garments, and the ~~[illegible]~~ unlightly pleasure out of her heart — came unsteadily, slowly, along the passage and ~~[illegible]~~ entered the large blue bedroom over the hall.

In the same room in which old Matthew Rodwin died little more than a year ago. The high-backed bed with its gloomy silk curtains, still occupied its old position. The same ~~[illegible]~~ old-fashioned mahogany furniture still stood in ~~[illegible]~~ dignified array against the walls, — and there hollow were still lurking within as little of walls, paler blue, blank vacuum, ~~becoming~~ rapidly becoming a relic of an former dispensation in the matter of house decoration. Still of ~~[illegible]~~ homely and incomprehensible blue-black roses surrounded with violently green leaves, ~~[illegible]~~ alternated with still of equally primitive and incomprehensible lilies now ~~[illegible]~~ in the shades of deep-blotting gray. It was not an encouraging apartment at ~~any~~ the best of times, and unless the house happened to be unusually full Mrs. Jack refused to make use of it ~~at all~~ at all.

Genie came wearily into it, now, the room had unquestionably a hunted, haunted aspect. The fire had burned down to a hand-full of smouldering embers in the grate. The shutters stood open and

the

demands in the way of supper. He conveyed her arm to the dining-room, found a comfortable place for her and ministered to her with quite patient wakefulness to the ~~to~~ her material necessities.

"Oh, Sonia, what you are," said Sonia Rudolph suddenly catching sight of her. "What's ~~the~~ right – I was really afraid we'd ~~had~~ seen the last of you to – and that would be so pitty, eh Schwindlin – would it be?". Rudolph Philip's got tired of it all and gone off to bed. Sorge Fellow – Well I mean he morning. But I was you Sonia? I was really afraid there, ~~was~~ something wrong".

Under the unknown influence of ~~the~~ supper and of Sonia's presence – which seemed to have a comfortably common-place and reassuring quality about it, – Sonia shook off the lugubrious effects of her flight. Rudolph Philip was better, there was nothing very serious after all. Sonia began to revive, ~~to~~ began to be interesting; began to ripple her charming feathers, so to speak, and turn her bright eyes merrily and fearlessly on her surroundings again. Perhaps after all the "horrible things" were not all so very bad. A rather dazzling shirt of gaiety returned upon her. Half an hour later she was waltzing as lightly, heavenly as ever with Charlie Colonel in the lighted ball room. Yes, dear world, there we find you all not quite, after all, how delicious it is!..

The fact had reminded Sonia Rudolph of ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ leaves of inside thinks with ~~[illegible]~~ shaken ~~again~~ ~~[illegible]~~ before many hours were over.

A gradual of chairs, the red-glare of carriage-lamps, the relative rattle of bit and stamp of horses standing, the lamps were ~~[illegible]~~ figuring with the frosty air, had all cleared ~~away~~ outside the great saloon where at Pamela Dance. The band: Bulmer with its ~~[illegible]~~ working in the "wooden" ~~the some of quaint [illegible]~~ heathen, had crawled away to its many parts towards the sleeping village on the upland above. The night of Augustus Rudolph's prodigal triumph had passed away with all its rumbled motions, – its pleasures and regrets, its satisfaction, its disappointments and stupidities, its slade jibes, its scandals, new heart-burnings. The dust that had whirled and danced for so many hours, along with the human dancers, was settling down upon the road bare frost again. The spacious rooms were empty, the flowers hung limp and withering in the dense cold air. Yawning servants moved to and fro, gathering lazily, ~~and~~ putting out the failing lights,

night, clearing away the twilight to have of the primrose purple. The gun had departed, ~~it was~~ the lies fire and frolic. The music and the movement slowly over and died with, and the pallid moonlight down-shine and pitilessly on the eyes of a dying man - war stormy ~~[illegible]~~ during the eastern horizon ~~[illegible]~~ above the ~~[illegible]~~ level shoulder of the grey park, where Cousin Frederick - her pretty face worn, her dainty dress torn, her glossy wiped, the hectic gone out of her garments and the ~~[illegible]~~ knightly flame out of her heart - came unsteadily, slowly, along the passage and ~~[illegible]~~ entered the large blue bedroom over the hall.

In the same room in which Mr. Matthew Frederick died little more than a year ago. The high bedstead with its gloomy chintz curtains, still occupied the position. The same ~~[illegible]~~ disposition marking furniture still stood in its ~~[illegible]~~ disquiet against the walls, - and the latter were still hung with as little of wall-paper should, black heavy, ~~[illegible]~~ rapidly becoming a relic of a former dispensation in the matter of house decoration. Stripes of ~~[illegible]~~ formal and uncomfortable blue-black roses surrounded with violently green leaves, ~~[illegible]~~ alternated with stripes of equally formal and uncomfortable lilies worked in the shades of dessicating grey. It was not ~~[illegible]~~ an encouraging apartment at ~~[illegible]~~ the best of times, and when the house happened to be unusually full Mr. Jack refused to make use of it ~~[illegible]~~ at all.

Cousin Frederick was in it, now. The room had evidently not been disturbed as yet. The fire had burned down to a hand-full of smouldering cinders in the grate. The shutters stood open and the

[illegible] were [illegible] [illegible] in the first
[illegible] of the morning day.

[illegible] set her candle stick down on the table at
the bottom of the bed, and then glanced about
her with a nervous shudder in the ghostly half
light. She looked very young, very slender like some
delicate flower, blanched and withered by rough rain
and winds, as she stood there in her crumpled ball
dress. For a minute or so she waited silently; then
[illegible] lifted her head.

"Is - this you there, Phillip?" she said softly
and hurriedly.

The [illegible] turned towards ~~[illegible]~~ out of ~~[illegible]~~ the
[illegible] of the large room. He stepped at the
foot ~~of~~ end of the table ~~by~~ the foot of the bed
and stood looking at the girl. He still wore his evening
dress, & his face ~~looked~~ was old and haggard, and
looked almost as livid and ghastly as the glimmering
white satin dress, in the wavering light of ~~of~~ ~~the~~ Bonnie's
~~[illegible]~~ candle as ~~[illegible]~~ watched her. ~~[illegible]~~. His lips
were drawn and thin, he had a difficult in speaking
as very late ~~[illegible]~~ in coming, "Bonnie", he said, at
last.

"and is this end", she answered; and then Augusta
"[illegible] me"

[illegible] of ~~[illegible]~~ Bonnie's sound minutes went down.
The rare tears came into her eyes and ran over her
pale cheeks.

"Augusta has said something wicked to me", she
went on. "She has made me ashamed". The girl
looked up at her husband with the frankest hurt
in her pretty piteous face. "I was never ashamed
before", she sobbed — "never, never in all my life".
~~[illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~

...e".

...Jean by waiting had been heart-breaking to Lord Sudeley. The Creation could disobedience ~~whom~~ were ~~[illegible]~~ incomprehensible to his faithful spirit. Genie had deceived him barely, had been cruel, disobedient. We could not think the truth ~~[illegible]~~ appropriation as it was is hard to admit it. Jean, this time had not been down in a corner. Pirates and the doctor in any case, and his servant – positively ~~[illegible]~~ ~~as~~ walk the neighbourhood. By this time – knew that he had come near dying in one room while his wife was dancing in the next. His pride was cut to the very quick. Pain we bear ~~[illegible]~~ silently in proportion as shame, compared with the keen we experience when others look on with compassion and pity. Genie had done him ~~[illegible]~~ a terrible injury. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ But, as he stood ~~looking at~~ watching her, he asked himself seriously should it be peace or war; and ~~[illegible]~~ answered that for war there was surely ~~[illegible]~~ cause enough.

"I said to me something wicked, cruel, brutal. It isn't I did not understand her: but she explained, she left me in no doubt". – Genie for the while looked up with that same ~~[illegible]~~ straight-forward demand for sympathy. – "What do I care for one man more than another? Only wanted to dance. He is that stupid boy – Sir. Jean's father about it – it is ridiculous, absurd".

Gile put her hands over her eyes and sank

down

in in a sad indistinct heap on the floor.
"You didn't mean that, Philip, when you
asked me to forgive you?. You couldn't be so
cruel as to think and ~~bad~~ thing bad-like that.
of me?. I only wanted to dance. I would have
danced all night with you if - if -"
Her voice was lost in the storm of her weeping.
ins and blood could not stand it. She bowed came
up the little space that divided them, and raised
the slight, broad figure. — Even, it must be
aces after all.
"Sweet Jessie," he said, "I have never doubted
ou in this matter. You have been thoughtlessness" —
e paused a moment. To tell her what she had
been was to embark in very ugly statement;
Philip loved her too well, after all; he could
not bring himself to ~~[illegible]~~ after ~~[illegible]~~ it: — ~~[illegible]~~ "I have never
doubted that in thought and word, and deed
you are as pure as the day".
Jill looked her arm round his neck and
pressed her face again to his shoulder, sobbing: —
"Kiss me, Philip, comfort me. Say so miserable
I wished to hide this from you".
~~[illegible]~~
same
The news of disaster and trouble which had
led Jessie to leave her husband now brought
on both to grief. It was also selfish, also, and
so Philip could hardly resist it. Sadly, and
with an knowledge ~~[illegible]~~ that there must
be a ~~[illegible]~~ reckoning hereafter on this which had
been most pressing to him, but still honestly
and tenderly he forgave her. How, indeed, could he

do

as she clung to him

s Phil's face ~~as~~ ~~[illegible]~~ and in that heart-breaking pallor of tears — generated in part of physical exhaustion after her long night of dancing, in part by the shock and terror of his illness, and in part perhaps by blind ~~[illegible]~~ groping towards in her life of that soul-agony — Anne Tyner — quickened into movement by the bitter inherent sense of shame — ~~[illegible]~~, Gray could see the state was? He felt dimly that this was a crisis in Jenny's history — how he it prove hard that man who loved her sufficiently to break the bread or quench the smoking flax.

Nor did he even try to minimize the occasion by stating his pardon in so many words. She was exhausted, over-wrought, in want of rest. With gentle inner fingers Philip helped the pretty piteous miserable creature of him to her turn-bed linen, helped her to bed, laid the bed-clothes up over her: and, there, worn and worn by pain and illness as he was, sat down by the bedside, and in the chill grey dawning, and held her small cold hand in his — soothing and petting her as a woman might — till the little sobs grew less frequent and ~~[illegible]~~ convulsive, and died down into a little plaintive murmur, now and then.

"Philip, you are very good; I love you", she ~~[illegible]~~ whispered.

Philip bent over and kissed her. That kiss sealed the treaty of peace.

"Call me Jenny, my darling", he said, his tone sweet words.

Softly she spoke again, still holding his hand as morning her fingers over the palm of it restlessly.

"I will not stay here. We will go home ~~[illegible]~~ to-morrow

to memory and might also have dreadful things and be happy. We used to be so happy at first in the summer-time".

Mr Philip Sudeley his wife's speech was infinitely pathetic. Yes, the summer-time of their love of his life was gone past recall. For a moment he wondered whether he had been guilty of a fatal weakness and immediately ~~mistake~~ error. If he had stuck to his suspicions if he had not so crimmed Jessie — held her in ~~his arms~~ cotton wool so to speak — if he had taken her out of the toils and hurtles of life, made her submit more thoroughly to the ordinary conditions of wife-hood, lived his life purely and for his career, ~~[illegible]~~ treating his wife as an adjunct merely — a very exquisite one, but an adjunct still — might he not have saved both her and himself?. In his consuming jealousy of her, he had left her wholly undivided and now — now perhaps it was all too late. ~~He~~ Wrung by ~~the~~ a sudden perception of his own folly, Philip Sudeley ~~groaned~~ groaned aloud.

She raised herself upon her elbow.

"Won't happen again, Philip", she cried.

He turned to her gently — the tears came to his eyes. Perhaps he won't blame, perhaps he had been culpably weak and easy with ~~her~~ ~~[illegible]~~ her and so done her a wrong — the thought made him speak very ~~[illegible]~~ gently to her.

"It won't happen again, my pretty one?" he asked.

"— Oh — you know", she sobbed, her eyes wide with alarm. "It was terrible, I could not bear it.

Now

"You are better, Philip"?.

He looked at her for a moment in silence, ~~her~~ ~~[illegible]~~. His head sank on his heart.

"Jennie, Jennie, ~~[illegible]~~ have you no mercy?" he cried. "Will you never understand?".

~~The~~ The girl dropped back against the pillows and he gave to sob again bitterly.

"Don't scold me. I was getting happier — please don't scold me" she moaned.

There was a ~~long~~ silence. He had made his choice two ago; in a measure, at least, he had brought this fate upon himself. Philip Sudeley rallied as the stoicism that was in him; he determined to accept the inevitable and play his part like a man. He turned to his wife and spoke.

"No: Edie, we must take what comes", he said. "It shall happen again, God helping me, you shall never see it happen. Will that satisfy you Jennie"?.

She put out her hand and stroked his cheek.

"You are very good, Philip" she said again. "Will you stay there by me, ~~[illegible]~~ I think perhaps I ~~[illegible]~~ could go to sleep."

Balaam's ass speaks.

would be very pleasant, about this period, to throw away the scalpel and shut up the moral dissecting room, with all its ugly sights, all its humiliating revelations of the weakness, disease, and incompleteness of fallen humanity; all its rude lessons learnt from the examination of things once lovely, but which have gone wrong somehow and are lovely no longer, useful only as warnings & advertisements, & candles of discovery and all pervadinn moral and mental obliquity. — Pleasant to forget that excess of one quality, mighty defect of another; to forget that your generous man, with almost certainly more impulse, your just man harsh and unimaginative; that sweetness of temper goes hand in hand with want of heart; and the desire to please with incurable vanity. That true love will be weighted with suspicion, and jealousy; commonness stultified by lack of zeal; enthusiasm liable to degenerate into fanaticism and hard indifference to the claims of opponents. It would be so pleasant to throw over back on all this distressing knowledge — knowledge which makes simple and direct action almost impossible, which complicates every emotion, modifies every conclusion,

teaches

rather one to ~~[illegible]~~ see a blemish in the priest's face, and to detect seeds of folly and incapacity in the rabbi's character — to turn over back on all this, ~~[illegible]~~ look up the directing room in the ~~[illegible]~~ its ~~[illegible]~~ mysterious secrets and go away to fresh green places, where the wind drives us ~~[illegible]~~ from the seas and the gulls laugh overhead in the sunshine, while the sea simmer as they dive into the purple heather bells and the rabbits play in and out among the gnarled roots of the ~~[illegible]~~ gorse and the fair white lines of the ladder-campion bordering the cliff-edge modestly and tenderly — as one who is an excellent swimmer into the water — fair down to the rippled seas below and then up to the clear sky above. Why should we bother our heads with all this dream learning, when the world out of doors calls to us with ~~[illegible]~~ sweet sights and wholesome voices, and an endless spectacle of beauty?.. It would be time profitable, surely, to learn of liberty from the winds and the white-winged sea-gulls, of happy labour from the humming and busy bees flying low from the weight of their honey-bags, and of happy leisure from the soft brown rabbits gambolling together among the fungi and bog-wort and bracken?..

Unfortunately, however, this is only one side of this picture; it is were not so, one might easily have an honest and detractor, ~~[illegible]~~ lover of the universe would ever ~~[illegible]~~ study the world's men at all. ~~[illegible]~~ argue the society of ~~[illegible]~~ their kinds and find salvation in solitudes, in ~~[illegible]~~ caves of the earth, in forests and deserts, and mountains. ~~[illegible]~~ But, in point of fact, great black spiders sit in the doorways

(The other side of the picture is evident enough.)

End Fish

ways of their little tunnels - lined with silver threads - there among the heather flowers and bees, eyed hungry towards the bee, honey-bags and all, as he, in silver burnish-like fashion, is setting off to his hive. The red fox, with his shrewd merry face comes out of the oak-wood, across the valley under in the dewy glimmering, and with the leader bounding shrieking rabbit in his neat white teeth just as it was skipping down into its burrow. Even the gulls, scavengers, are fish greedy feeders, and have by no means a delicate consideration for the sensibilities of individual herring or mackrell. Out of doors, in the breezy dirt and in the green-wood, comi, mystic tragedy are rife too. Bears have not yet ceased to be carnivorous and developed plant-eating tendencies, and the weaned child sits to be eaten away from the immediate vicinity of the cockatrice's den. Nor stress intimate persons, these, who are cursed with a necessity to look below the surface and wrestle with the unmanageable theorie to "see things as they really are". The moral directing is hardly more distinguishing places than the sea-shore or the moor-land. And so, reader, after this finished attempt to escape from our own shadows, we may as well pick up the scalpel, and go back humbly to science, civilization and human obliquity again.

Amidst of human obliquity immediately under consideration is Mrs Bennet. That worthy lady, some days after the Barnett D'Arcy ball, had reason to believe her daughter, Cecilia had received a long letter from Dr. Martineau Sumner. So say that this in fact nightly, it is put the matter very mildly - she was on the very tip-toe of expectation. Cecilia had been silent and preoccupied all day, she had appeared to

avoid

side seeing above with her mistrust. Mr. Munroe had waited, watched, waited; ~~[illegible]~~ and ~~[illegible]~~ alluded in conversation to ~~many~~ subjects which might offer a good excuse in evidence, if Cecilia was that sort of a woman. Cecilia was not explosive. She described the morning Johnnie's letters, ~~[illegible]~~ and the afternoon to her direct ~~[illegible]~~ bordering on ~~[illegible]~~ and high-fields. When too she disappeared in some considerable time; when at last ~~she~~ she came back into the bleak chintz-covered sitting room, Mr. Munroe's anxiety to know had reached ~~at~~ a height at which concealment was no longer possible. The good old lady was consumed with a desire to information; like, with all her courage she had known how to begin. She sank back in her chair, folded her hands ~~at~~ above her large waist, and watched her daughter with hands eager twinkling eyes, as she sat down by the centre table and began - not very deftly - picking to pieces some under-garments destined for the unhappy dwellers ~~in~~ the back-streets and grimy canal shores.

She sitted in the sleeve of ~~her~~ unbleached shirt several times, wrong way up, having a singular incapacity for mastering in its intricacies of double gussets. Her ~~[illegible]~~ knowledge and tried, her the head was full of lines as she held the incomprehensible ~~[illegible]~~ mysterious ~~[illegible]~~ up close against the lamp, turning it this way and that, ~~[illegible]~~ and thinking her ~~[illegible]~~ eyes over it in bewildering perplexity.

At time, Mr Munroe sat drawing her ~~[illegible]~~ initials ~~[illegible]~~ setting the pattern of prudence, she wholly ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~

Cecilia -

Cecilia, she said, "you look deplorable. You've got something on your mind".

Addressing of the address made Mr. Hamilt start ~~[illegible]~~ and effectually drove the difficult question of placing meets back into the obscurity from which it had ~~just~~ begun to show signs of ~~[illegible]~~ emerging.

"Have something on your mind", continued the elder lady. "It is no good denying it. You cannot deceive your mother, Cecilia. Don't no questions. I never demand confidences when it is not freely offered me — imagine, considering the way Thomas devoted my self to you, ~~[illegible]~~ in which Thomas considered your interests, it might not seem, I to some people, unreasonable that I should be confided in. But, I think Thomas learnt to labour in vitters without hope of reward — to cast my bread upon the waters. — Oh, well".

Murray dried her eyes and sighed profoundly.

Cecilia took a couple of pins ~~[illegible]~~ from between her lips and stuck them into the dish-cloth, leaves at random, pushing her fingers sharply ~~[illegible]~~ in her general confusion. "But to speak to your mother", she announced ~~[illegible]~~: "but wanted time to think and I couldn't speak before Annie".

"Annie is in the house now".

Nellie laid down her work, and leant her elbow on the table shading her eyes with her hand. Her heart beat very quickly. She was afraid of her mother.

Cecilia ~~[illegible]~~ began "Something happened to-day", she said. "We were interrupted, and I did not see him again, and I hardly understood what he was alluding to. I had a letter from him today".

"Well, go on", said Mr. Murray as Cecilia paused. ~~[illegible]~~

"He

It was a very kind letter — he — he ~~proposed~~ "Tomorrow" asked me to marry him".

Murray sunged up out of her chair, and fierce pitiated fiercely upon her daughter, oversetting the work-basket in her haste ~~and sewing~~ scattering wax, tapes and cotton, and sewing cotton-reels spinning over the floor.

"My child, my child", she cried — "Thank God, my prayers are answered. I shall see you happy, dear, well-cared for, ~~so~~ successful after all!. Dear good excellent man — never minds about family, — at your age, Cecilia, a marriage of reason is what we must look to. — Comfort, my dear, wealth, absolute wealth and a very good position! Johnnie's fortune secured. — You have written, you have answered him?".

Mr. Farnell released herself gently from her Mother's caress. She had ~~to~~ grown very pale and trembled ~~visibly~~ as she ~~answered~~ replied:— "Yes, I wrote this morning. I posted the letter myself".

"Thank God", murmured Mrs. Murray devoutly, again.

"Faith, Cecilia, faith is a great power. Believe and hope — ~~and~~ — as I have; space no power keep the end in view — the reward is sure. That's a very nice house indeed in Brunswick Square — plenty of room for us all, with a little management. Did he make any statement about settlements? We must go carefully with all that, you know. Mr. Saturin tells me his incomes in large, really large. Mr. Wells, here's short. Sighted me are! — That business with Colonel Sudeley was a disappointment to me, I'm saying. I don't deny. But providence ~~[illegible]~~ watches over the widow and the orphan!. Here you might have been at this moment — if all one ~~[illegible]~~ hears is true, with ruin on your hands dying — instead

stead of which — ~~ahem~~ my dear, a perfect, and excellent, respectable, dignified prospect before you! — to say, never mind about family, we can't have everything. You'll bring your husband family you know. It's better that two things should be divided, think it" —

"Stop, Hester," cried Cecilia Harnett, warmly. She stood up — "you have not understood me".

"— what's this?" exclaimed the elder lady with a rapid change of manner. "Don't stand there staring like a crazy woman, — if you're going into hysterics say so, & I'll get a jug of water. Cecilia, I'm ashamed of you — for goodness sakes, be sensible".

The same fierce look was something in her daughter's appearance which ~~was somewhat~~ decidedly alarmed Mr. Murray. She seized her by the arm and shook it with an sudden violence.

"Hester — speak can't you — speak, and don't ~~look~~ be ~~like~~ a fool, Cecilia".

"Mother, forgive me — pray don't be very angry — perhaps it was selfish, but I can't marry him".

Murray looked a very ~~[illegible]~~ unpleasant old woman as she answered — the lawyer forward and peered into Cecilia's ale agitated face as though she would have read her thoughts out of her.

~~[illegible]~~

"It does not tell me you have refused him?"

Cecilia bowed her head in assent. There was a silence some few minutes, and then Mr. Murray spoke in a trembling voice.

"You ~~are~~ a base, ungratefull woman, ~~[illegible]~~. You are a bad mother and a bad daughter. I have borne with your stupidity and awkwardness, your foolish intimacity also heretofore. I have spent my money and time

ie and affection were you, and this is the return I get. Do you want to kill me? do you want to ruin us?. Look here, Cecilia, you have got to give way, to change your mind. You say you have written - Well, I am going to write too — I am going to explain and apologize. I am going to say that you were taken by surprise, that your reply was ill-considered, that you regret it. I'll apologize, I'll do anything, say anything — implect that letter stand. Do you hear?"

~~[illegible]~~

Murray had often had cause to lament her daughter's lamentable want of spirit; at this moment her daughter's spirit fairly confounded her.

"May I have both myself and me that humiliation, then", ~~said~~ Cecilia, quietly. "I have given Mr. Eyre a reason ~~which renders~~ for my refusal which renders my renewal of his offer impossible".

"What reason?"

"I ~~[illegible]~~ cannot ~~[illegible]~~ tell you". She was still trembling, but no longer with fear. A strange excitement had taken possession of Mr. Farnell; her face flushed, and she held herself almost proudly.

"Cecilia", cried Mrs. Murray, in a sort of amazement: — "do you mean to defy me?"

"I ~~[illegible]~~ am afraid I do mean to defy you, in a way", she answered. "There are claims on me, duties, which stand even before your and Jemmie's. I must keep my own self-respect. I will not sell myself for any one's money." I am sorry that Jemmie should miss the chance of advantages that

what he might have had, and what you should be deprived of ~~[illegible]~~ cares and anxiety which you would have enjoyed: but I can't help it. I cannot sell myself. My life was spoilt years ago ago, by breaking of a marriage in obedience to your wishes, Mother; I shall not be spoilt a second time, by making one to satisfy others. We are poor, we must go on living so — We are brave, well, Dora certainly willing to be brave still. Johnnie will have to make his own way in the world — he must do it then. Have we I ask, rights as well as other people?.. This right, at all events, to retire to ~~[illegible]~~ justify myself in the eyes of my family? Oh my life I have lived one man", ended Cecilia, ~~[illegible]~~ while her thin cheeks flamed and her eyes were bright with sudden enthusiasm — "I am returning to him, returning in the world. If he ever sees it it is with embarrassment, perhaps even with dislike. ~~[illegible]~~ It does not matter. So do bribed he should ever think of me in ~~[illegible]~~ any other way. I am not jealous of his wife, I only want him to be happy — happy in our own way with her, not with me. — But I can't marry Ernest, I will never marry. I have had enough of that. Give up all ideas of it. You have called me obstinate — on this point I am obstinate. You had better leave me alone".

Her child brave, still defiant knelt down on the floor and began gathering the scattered contents of the ~~[illegible]~~ over-turned work-basket together. Almost for the first time ~~[illegible]~~ she had let herself go; and, for the moment, her revolt filled her with a really magnificent sense of freedom, of indifference

: ence

superiority to circumstance or criticism.

ence, of ~~[illegible]~~. She would have set any number of questions, and set them with faultless stitches at that moment.

Meanwhile, Mrs Murray had shrunk back into her chair again, in an extraordinary state of perturbation. Bibbanin sensations shown ~~[illegible]~~ reproached to this one, must have seem mild compared with those experienced by our friend Mrs. Murray when her daughter hurled upon her in this very unexpected manner. She was quite unnerved. Feminine tears began to make their way down over her ~~[illegible]~~ rouged and powdered cheeks, her dreadful ~~[illegible]~~ and diplomacy deserted her. She was a miserable sight as she sat there crying, shaking her poor ~~[illegible]~~ worldly old head, with its cap all ~~[illegible]~~ awry, and her ~~[illegible]~~ coloured hair puffed out ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ with such mutinous ardour over the ears, ~~[illegible]~~ her hand grasping laces ~~[illegible]~~ pinched up and wrinkled, and the red in her ~~[illegible]~~ carefully organized complexion ~~[illegible]~~ coming out in all the wrong places.

"I am a wretched, unhappy deserted old woman", she muttered. "It's a ~~[illegible]~~ cruel world — every body turns against you, at last. You do your best for your children and then they turn it in your teeth, and tells you ~~[illegible]~~ you've spoilt their happiness for them. Thirty, forty, fifty years you toil and moil, and fight for them, and give them all the chances that you can get hold of, and push them on, and try to make a position and keep up appearances — and then they ~~[illegible]~~ reproach you. It's a hard, hard world, there's no help ~~[illegible]~~ or mercy in it — and I'm a wretched, miserable,

deserted

526

deserted old woman."

is rose from her knees, came over and stood by her hair.

es," she said gently; "I am very sorry, I know you have ad a bitter disappointment. But there is something better orth living for and thinking about than mere wealth nd position and getting on, you know. It is not ~~for~~ my place to remind you of this — you must ~~[illegible]~~ ~~so~~ forgive me, but I should be so glad to comfort you and can't promise you ~~those~~ things." — Cecilia paused, trying in her dumb groping way ~~to~~ to find adequate expression for the thought that was in her. — "Can't we forget the world's opinion — it has brought us little but worry and ~~[illegible]~~ annoyance, and think of better and more lasting things. Of religion — I don't mean merely going to church and using certain recognized phrases — but religion of the heart; a real giving ~~way~~ up of our will to God's, a real submission to His ordering, a real faith & trust, and hope not for reward here — but hereafter — ~~[illegible]~~ and that not ~~for~~ on account of our own merits, but of His great mercy, who gives more than we either desire or deserve. — I am preaching to myself, Mother, just as much as to you. I am very faithless and dull. It is so difficult to keep on every day striving with our own weak sinful nature. — Work with me, Mother, help & strengthen me — I stand greatly in need of both".

~~A~~ impatient smile broke through Mrs. Murray's ill falling tears.

here you are sincere, Cecilia, you are a good woman," she said: — "but ~~[illegible]~~

~~you~~ ~~woman~~ I

I never met a good woman yet who didn't drivel at times, as you are drivelling now. — I have my intellects still, I am thankful say. There are some things I see very much more clearly than you do. Do you suppose if one lived for this world till one's seventy, one can turn round all of a sudden at seventy, one, and live for the other and find great consolation in it?. Changes are not so easily made as that. It is migraine, my dear, by now. — And then, ~~after~~ after all, who has any right to blame me?. I have only wanted what hundreds of people are born to, and take just as a matter of course, as they do ~~[illegible]~~ the air or daylight, without any worrying or scheming. I couldn't afford ~~[illegible]~~ to play the pious or religious before and it's rather late to begin now. — You say the Lord is exceeding merciful. Well, then perhaps he'll make allowances for a woman with so small jointure and a large family of blooming daughters. — I don't know. — Bring with you, my dear, and tell Eliza to put a couple of table-spoonfuls of brandy in my gruel to-night".

For the signing of this declaration of independence by Cecilia Narrett brought her permanent relief, cannot say. That it ~~[illegible]~~ increased her mother's respect for her, and caused the latter to leave her alone, in future, in questions matrimonial, is more than probable. But I am

~~[illegible]~~

Richard

inclined to imagine that a lady of Mr. Murray's temperament if she abstained from one form of tyranny, would be disposed to balance abstinence in one direction by excess in another. To her devotion and the sacrifices made by her ungrateful children, she did very frequently refer, both in public and private; ~~but~~ perhaps her words did not carry any deep conviction to the majority — anyway we will hope so.

She was consoled finally in the ~~[illegible]~~ pursuit of psychism and egg-shell chemistry. Some time, even, in that small room of her, after dinner, when her reading lamp was lighted, and the fire crackled pleasantly on the hearth, and some interesting new scientific theories lay open before them, Stead doubtless caught himself speculating as to whether, in the Palace of Truth, he might not congratulate himself on having had an exceedingly lucky escape.

After all — as regards.

The Innes and Mr. Price-Dawnay were coming ~~slowly~~ in the carriage-drive towards the little red villa. They had been into Genoa. Mr. Price-Dawnay sauntered along slowly, she was so little ~~tired~~ fatigued. In Genoa she greatly admired tram-cars, as a levelling and democratic institution; but in practice, the noise, crowding, smell of Italians ~~gives~~, and generally ~~spiritual~~ tendency towards perspiration endured in them rather gave her a headache, and really tried her delightful particular taste. It was ~~a~~ a good step from the main-gate to the villa, too, and tonight there was a wavering crispness in the air. The Roman sunshine was hot and dazzling. The rows of crowded fir-trees ~~[illegible]~~ threw blue-sharp-edged shadows along the road-way; ~~[illegible]~~ the waste spaces of ~~[illegible]~~ rough grass on either ~~[illegible]~~ side ~~[illegible]~~ were starred with the ~~[illegible]~~ flowers of anemones of the Apennines — white, scarlet, blue, lilac, "flush pink", and violet — an almost endless variety of delicate shades of colour. In her hands, along with her parasol, she now carried a big bunch of Roman hyacinths and camellias — bought at a picturesque flower-stall ~~[illegible]~~ in one of the angles of the great stately palaces in the Via Nuova.

nora. The dusky road was pale with the pale, delicate, feminine dusky of our northern climates; but the distant trees, withdrawn, darning dusky of the sky.

Our ~~dragoon~~ companions silently up the road, Bertie Innes beside her. To tell the truth he was not thinking very much about his ~~companions~~ companions. He was engaged with his own reflections, and ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ a few bars from the opening scene of Faust, his voice, as he moved lightly yet lazily along. At the time of this road Eleanor sat down on ~~a~~ a sloping cap of rock; ~~[illegible]~~ she wanted to rest minutes, ~~[illegible]~~ and it was pleasant here, after the ~~[illegible]~~ and dust of the tram. Behind the road, in front of her, a great ~~[illegible]~~ fig-tree, whose twisted roots clung ~~and~~ round the broken rock among which it grew in many serpentine folds and ~~[illegible]~~ convolutions, spread a ~~[illegible]~~ pale grey network of ~~[illegible]~~ smooth gleaming branches — knotted ~~&~~ with the already ripened fruit — ~~[illegible]~~ against the distant masses of deep wood and sleek ~~[illegible]~~ purple ~~[illegible]~~ hillsides. ~~[illegible]~~ Bertie Innes rested the road, ~~and~~ leaning his elbows ~~&~~ on the ~~[illegible]~~ natural wall of rock just below the big ~~&~~ fig-tree and gazed away over the brown vineyards and the town, ~~[illegible]~~ sharp — clear in the sunlight. To the far ~~[illegible]~~ off ~~[illegible]~~ curving coast lines, and the glittering snow-mountains in the West — ~~[illegible]~~ His back was towards her — Eleanor felt a mere bit neglected, sometimes; He made her think.

Only a month had passed since their engagement. It had been a pleasant month on the whole. Bertie was affectionate, attentive; and even when he bangled at her — which he did pretty frequently —

Then

it was an underlying tenderness in his manner which made it impossible for her to resent his sarcasm very warmly. Bertie's conduct had been entirely inexplicable; and yet she was not quite satisfied. This engagement had not brought her all that she had expected; there was a faint flavour of disappointment in her mind, after all. Mr. Pierce-Dawnay was one of those ardent and generous persons who are liable to ~~exaggerate~~ ~~[illegible]~~ make an exaggerated estimate of the possibilities of human life; and are slow to learn that nothing in the world will bring them all that they ask for — that the end, the vision, and the hope are fairer than the realization can ever be. ~~Edwina~~ She did not seem to advance in her relation to Bertie, or to get any nearer to him. There was nothing to quarrel with in his manner or bearing towards her; yet she was conscious of a wall of separation between them. Whether the defect of sympathy lay in herself or in her lover she could not tell. Reginald's marriage would set it all right: his marriage seemed still to hang in the offing, so to speak. Bertie had made no finished definite proposals; he was very lazy, he was willing enough always to let things be — if the said things were fairly comfortable.

Her gaze, roaming at the ~~[illegible]~~ pale branches of the fig-tree and the purple depths beyond and stretching of all this — stretching, too, of the strangely different way of life she had projected for herself, of ~~[illegible]~~ her friends the poet and the splendid ideals he had set before her. Suddenly ~~[illegible]~~ the sweet pathetic voice of Bertie's tenor sounded in her ears. He was singing softly that lament for lost youth,

and

and love, and beauty with which the drama of Paul's fate and passion commences. To Mr. Price. Tomorrow it carried too much meaning. She now warily eyed the road and beside the young man in the buggy.

"Cousin Nell", he exclaimed, turning to her with a pleased smile and air of self-recollection. "I find my voice in the spring, you see, like the small birds do — or rather as the small birds would, if they had not all been killed or caged long ago by those villainous bird-catchers. The performance was not altogether guilty was it?. You did well to stop me".

Nothing in Bertie's speech — perhaps it was the word "cousin" — jarred painfully on her hearer. She took her hand off his shoulder and drew away. Bertie had turned round; he leant his back against the wall of rock and looked quietly at her. His eyes had risen, at moments, that queer look of Malvolio's which had formerly so irritated Jenie Anderby.

She looked back at him. There was a fine sincerity in her steady gaze.

"Last fine weather, since you came back, I have been happy over to me, Bertie", she said in a low voice: "I have had a great deal of pleasure in them, such as I had never expected to have again; and I suppose that has made me selfish. I have let the day slip away after another, and have neglected to think of any body but myself and you. — We have done nothing yet about the Colonel".

"quite true", replied Mr. Power, "we have done nothing yet about the Colonel. It is odd you should mention

me just now, because I happened to be thinking about him. I had arrived at the conclusion ~~that~~ to let ~~[illegible]~~ well or ill – which ever it is – alone, and trouble myself no more about the Colonel ~~and~~ or his wife either."

She turned sharply but on Mr. Price. Dawnay had. The fright put up her parasol; the lace round the edge of it ~~[illegible]~~ caught in the point of the ~~[illegible]~~ and it took some little time before she could adjust it quite to her liking.

"I'm afraid I must ask you to trouble yourself as good deal about Colonel Sudeley and his wife as the same," he said. – "I am more anxious ~~[illegible]~~ about them than ever. I had just arrived at a conclusion too – namely that I should not be able to rest till you ~~[illegible]~~ for your and my sakes just as much as for their's it seems to me imperatively necessary."

Mrs Jones shrugged her shoulders.

"Dear creature," he ~~[illegible]~~ said; "with you ~~[illegible]~~ always are highly embarrassing things of me. Please remember I am not in the least given to knight-errantry; I don't ~~[illegible]~~ feel called upon to succour wounded heroes, ~~[illegible]~~ or rescue distressed damsels. It is not the least in my line. I should make a horrible bogle of it. I am not a professional fine fellow of the eleventh or twelfth century, you know, but an amateur of the latter end of the nineteenth, with a deep respect for my neighbour's small eccentricities and a ~~[illegible]~~ mortal dread of ~~[illegible]~~ putting myself in a ridiculous position."

She cried ~~the lady~~, a little impatiently, "That is all beside the point, Bertie. There is no knight-errantry in

in the matter. It is a question of humanity, of good feeling; you have a power which may be employed in the benefit of a man who you respect and ~~an~~ a woman, who — who —" Eleanor paused; ~~[illegible]~~ It went against her pride to state her deepest thoughts in words: — "a woman", she added, gently, after a moment — "who you have loved. Think of Sister, Bertie, and not of whether you may be putting yourself to some inconvenience or not. Pray, pray do as Darby says. It has been culpably ~~[illegible]~~ self-indulgent in me not to urge this on you sooner. I know it is right, I know it is for the best".

Time was acutely uncomfortable, as he ~~[illegible]~~ looked down at the shining gravel. ~~[illegible]~~ He did not see how he could extricate himself in his present difficulty without ~~[illegible]~~ telling the truth; to the woman he had asked to be his wife, ~~[illegible]~~ the woman whom he admired and liked much cordially, whose society he found stimulating and agreeable in a very high degree — yet he felt it incum-bent upon him to speak out, and let her know the danger in which he stood. Well, he said, "at ~~[illegible]~~ times you develop the most remarkable power of getting one into a corner and making one stand and deliver. — Sister, and wife expounds ~~[illegible]~~ to you. — Love, rightly considered, is a state of mind. Being in that state of mind, apprehend it is eminently desirable to remain in the vicinity of the person who produced it; but, having ~~[illegible]~~ a legitimate object on which to expend its energies, the state of mind should begin expending ~~[illegible]~~ upon some illegitimate one. — Nature has made me stolid enough of constituting any neighbour's wife, heaven ~~[illegible]~~! and am very fully convinced of the futility of that species of amusement: but I am not absolutely fire-proof all the same. I do not relish

the

his prospect of undertaking this mission
supported, you know. — Forgive my putting it all so plainly before you, Eleanor — Marry me at once, and then let me go to England for a time, if you like". Eleanor speaking this young man looked up. Miss. Lance. Dawson's eyes were full of a warm light, her face flushed with a dark rich bloom, her mouth was little open as if in eager readiness to speak: she was young, vivid and beautiful.

"You are delicious", he cried, half-laughing. "You women are absurdly enchanting".

Miss. Dawson turned away and walked on hurriedly this need. She was in a tumult of feeling, it was impossible to answer him moderately just then.

Ainsley lingered a moment or two, then threw back his head, flung up his arms, and then let them drop at his sides. He stood again. He did not know, perhaps, exactly what he meant by this action, beyond a sense that it was a general good-bye to a good many things he had cared for. Then he walked rapidly up the hot glaring road after his cousin.

"I", he said, when he overtook her; — "I have bungled horribly, and offended you. Please forgive me".

Miss. Dawson did not turn her head.

"You really care that least about my forgiveness?" she asked.

"Merely", he answered. "It is everything to me".

"I go to England". She stopped, and looked at him somewhat proudly. — "I want no half-hearted affection, Bertie. I can give you my whole heart, my whole life, & I am not prepared to receive a fraction in return. Go and see Jessie, go and do what you can for Colonel Pudeley. — And then come back to me if you want to. — Remember you are still perfectly

perfectly free. I have told nobody of our engagement. Satisfaction from doing so on future. If you do not care to come back, you can stay away with impunity; ~~you are not~~ you are not in any way compromised".
"You take me for a scoundrel or an idiot", he cried — "Of course, I shall come back again. But this condition is rather hard, Eleanor. And I have a feeling against this journey. It will bring bad luck to somebody".
"Bad luck is theirs, it will come whether you go or not. You do not speak with your usual good sense", she answered. She moved on ~~in~~ up the ascent. ~~with a sudden gesture~~ "Will you go"? she asked.
"And just reached the ~~[illegible]~~ ending of the wood and came out into the open spaces of the terrace in front of the villa. The monkey, who had been running freely on the wall & seeing them approaching, ~~he~~ scrambled down, and ran across, on all fours to meet his master, ~~making strange~~ with strange chuckling & cries of pleasure and welcome. Bertie picked the ugly little creature up, and fondled it as he ~~[illegible]~~ spoke.
"I will go ~~to~~ by the mail train tonight. I shall have time to pack and eat my dinner".
"Tonight — that is very soon", exclaimed Mr. Pierce.
"Faunay, somewhat aghast.
"I have fixed it on me, Cousin Nell — I would rather get it over and done with. But I warn you it will turn out badly." — He looked down at the monkey, ~~a [illegible]~~ gently patted its wrinkled pipe-head. — "The devil, Malvolio", he said, "the very devil".
Was a silence. Eleanor stood, with her head raised looking far away over the glittering expanse of purple seas. ~~Mark~~ Bertie could see the pure outline of her profile. It struck him that she looked very handsome very ~~[illegible]~~ intense, very sad.

"You

You will be rather lonely here, Nell, I am afraid", he remarked, abruptly.

"I will not remain here, in any case", she replied. "I have given my landlord a month's notice. The little red villa has become a hateful place to me. It is full of ghosts; every room is haunted by tormenting memories; every chair and table reminds me mockingly of scenes in which my weakness, mistakes, ill-founded hopes, and vacillations play a part. The curtains rustle with laughter at my folly. Faces look out of the mirror, over my shoulder, and taunt me, with the remembrance of broken ideals and hopes betrayed. — If we meet again, Bertie, we will meet somewhere else, not here".

Fisher wrote a sign of feeling, which was very penetrating.

Amer stroked the monkey, meditatively.

"Little red Villa, it is haunted then?" he said. "Well, it has seen its share of the human comedy in the last two years, if it never saw it before — which, all things considered, is improbable. I could imagine the house would take a long sleep, when your little ménage vacates it. Well — will willingly take a rest, and try to recover its tone before it suffers violence from another incursion of an impromptu of circumstance. — Meanwhile, Dora, I shall be just as well satisfied to think of you in rather more lively surroundings; the influences here, no doubt have become peculiar, you will be safer away from them. — But don't start any new ideas, Dearest. Where shall you have seen me again — don't let any high-flown, sentimental nonsense after contracting

a

a matrimonial alliance with the Church, for instance, takes
forbearance of you, ~~again~~ — that I must definitely
and fundamentally object to".

Peace. Laurence shook her head ~~and~~ with a sigh, ~~and~~
~~[illegible]~~.

"Don't need to be afraid, Bertie. That dream is part
and over, that's bitter as many more. Come in; you have
not the time, and we will eat our dinner in
peace before we part. It is the last meal we shall
eat together here - perhaps the last we shall (even) eat
together at all".

~~[illegible]~~ Jerked the monkey up on to her shoulder.
That time ~~[illegible]~~ with its tween up to its
ears, and with one long ~~[illegible]~~ skinny brown hand clutching tightly
the collar of his coat. The young man came
over to her corner and put his ~~[illegible]~~ arm round her
waist.

"Come, come, my dear Nell", he said, smiling: "don't
let us make such a tremendous tragedy of it. —
You play the part of a naughty and ~~[illegible]~~
acting quite in ancient legend, and set your
over dangerous tasks to perform before you write
it to him. Well, there the lover is going — he
begs you, - perhaps against his better judgment, -
but then that should only ~~[illegible]~~ give an extra savour
of sweetness to his obedience. You have your
way, that mere, in the name of reason, do
you want?".

"Thing ~~[illegible]~~ I shall never get, I know, Bertie", she
murmured; and her lips quivered as little as she
spoke.

In which the domestic fowl plays part.

It never happened to you, dear reader, in some lazy hour, time of an summer morning, to stand and watch the manner and customs of an aristocratic middle-aged hen, with a brood of young chicken?.. Observe the care, the anxious consideration with which she heats her so-called, feeding family; the energy with which she scratches in nice dry earthy places, against the corner of a stack of barn, or the rich broken borders of the manure heap, raking the rank grass round the water bucket, to find them succulent or stimulating morsels? Have you heard the agitated clucking with which she calls any adventurous or wandering spirit, or answer the [illegible] cries of one who stand up tip-toe, with drooped wings, dilated beak and elongated neck, announce [illegible] in shrill and plaintive tones its inability to find its way back to the protecting shelter of the maternal wing?.. Does this excellent fowl seem to us a very embodiment of all the characteristic feminine virtues? – But, since the sun is warm, and the green dew-way of the clean wood-shed is a pleasantly shady place to stand in, just

which

impossibility.

"In this part few weeks Shaw seems ~~in~~ ~~the~~ directly in ~~society myself~~", said Mr. Shaw

with the [illegible] behaviour of this ~~[illegible]~~ different bird ~~[illegible]~~ a little longer. See, it is not a strange chicken — small, soft and peeping as any one of her own brood — comes towards her, now ~~the~~ wings drop, and ~~the~~ her tail spreads with as great aggressive force, while every separate feather stands out fierce and bristling! ~~Then the~~ hard curved beak is dashed down at the unhappy shrieking fluttering intruder, ~~[illegible]~~ and then, unless the human spectator comes to the rescue, the poor little wretch is shaken, pecked, maltreated till the ~~poor~~ tiny ~~[illegible]~~ life is nearly or quite ~~[illegible]~~ extinguished out of its quivering body. Is this an embodiment of feminine maternal character too? It would be injurious to pronounce on such a point — I leave it to you, my reader.

Mr Sudeley's husband had disgraced her, and yet, because no active blame attached to him, — no overt act of his had caused the price in Titania, — like those vibrations of the air which continue a great while after the voice which produced them is again silent — the young lady found the little world in which she moved rather a different place to her ever after that ill-starred night at Barnett Darcy. The story both of ~~[illegible]~~ sensual nature of Colonel Sudeley's illness and of his wife's ~~[illegible]~~ apparent indifference to his condition leaked out, of course, as such stories will; leaked out, too, clothed in the darkest of colours and with a small army of exaggerations, misconstructions, ungraceful hints and suggestions following in its train. A good many persons did not scruple to register their conviction that Mrs. Sudeley was a shameless little flirt, and while they pitied poor her husband, added that they themselves — in like case — would have behaved very differently. — A man should know when to put down his foot; that to know when

been to do so, it to write yourself down a liar and an or a poltroon. Bertie Inner had told Mr. Percy Dawnay, long ago, that Jessie would never conduct herself in a way, provocative of the censure of society: but, then he had neither taken into account the possibilities of adverse circumstance or the almost unlimited power of misleading evidence possessed by the average human being. Selfishness and heartlessness in no means disqualified their owner from making a good show in the world. It was by bringing against her a charge of which she was wholly guiltless, that local society – in its small way – judged poor Jessie harshly and condemned her. I do not wish to excuse her, or to easily condone her ill doings: we must maintain, nevertheless, that she was convicted on entirely wrong grounds.

The week after the Barnetts had left she received one morning, a urgent note from Mr. Colvin, begging her if she may in her power to pay the writer a visit early that same afternoon. The request rather surprised the girl: Late events had made the Colvins names somewhat unwelcome to her. But the day was fine bright, it was a little dull at home – poor Jessie fancied there had been a slight falling off in the number and cordiality of her visitors just lately – and then she really liked Mr. Colvin, whose large, gentle, motherly presence gave her an agreeable sense of comfort and security. She decided to go, though she, also, decided not to mention the matter to her husband. Philip had grown so little jury and particular, she thought. Colvins were disagreeable and our young lady objected to:

:namely

namely to ~~too~~ that which is disagreeable.

He had learnt to drive merely; ~~now~~, and it was this as certain quickening of his pulses and exhilaration of his spirits that she took the wonderful pair of carriage. Horses along the ~~the~~ high-road, merely turn round the curve under the railway bridge — calling dogs and children, and bringing artizans ~~[illegible]~~ leaving alone to their afternoon work hands begin to right and left — and then a few cents flung up the wide main-street of the pretty little town.

Bright valleys like our 'nervous' meet with many consolations by the way. They can live on the surface, and the surface, at least, can generally be kept fresh and merry and pleasant to the eye.

"We hover up at St. Francis, Williams", she said, standing for a moment on the clean pavement, and using herself under his pats and mouthings to get ~~[illegible]~~ rid of her dusters quite right., ~~[illegible]~~ "And meet me at Luckcock's Library at half past four. Ask for the afternoon letter, please; and ~~[illegible]~~ see if there is anything for Colonel Sudeley at the Station".

Then she went into the house.

Olivia received her guest very kindly. She held Jenny's hands in her ~~[illegible]~~ soft steady grasp as little longer even than courtesy ~~exactly~~ positively demanded, and looked at her searchingly with sweet, questioning, near-sighted grey eyes.

"It is kind of you to come to me at such short notice", she said.

He smiled radiantly.

"Not, that nothing to do, I was delighted": — she answered.

Mr. Colvin stood holding her guest's hands and looking with her brilliant face with a sense of strange conflicting feeling. She had an accusation to bring and that a painful one, against this young creature. She disapproved of Jennie; and yet the girl's voluptuous beauty filled her with a yearning wondering pity.

"I afraid you have been in some anxiety about Lionel Lindsay", she said. "I hope that your coming here this afternoon shows he is better".

"He is very much as usual", Jennie said, still smiling. "He has an innocent mania about his family, you know. The family was to make our fortunes. But he has been rather violent lately about this family and this fortune-getting scheme. He has preferred this morning-room to my society. Today however the family-mania appears to be in the ascendant again. He told me he was going out to look at the sheep. I like the sheep too. They are very worthy well-meaning animals: but there is a certain sameness about them, it is impossible to see enough of them. I was very happy to come and see you instead".

A slight change came over Colvin's fair ~~exactly~~ stately face. ~~[illegible]~~ Decidedly this was not one of her own simple good-hearted kinsfolk, it belonged to a very different blood.

"I glad you have given such a re-assuring account of your husband", she said. "We feared, from rumours that have reached us ~~[illegible]~~ that he had been seriously ill on the night of the ball at Barnett."

Object was hardly an agreeable one to Jennie Lindsay: but her blood was still tingling with the healthy excitement

entirement of her valise during. Like some wild wood-land thing she was slight, lithe and glad with the quicksilver health of the coming spring. She answered lightly enough.

"Even one is idle at times, I suppose. But it pays again. And when it is passed, is it not best to forget?"

Colvin sighed.

"Are very strange, Mr Rudeby," she said. "Later it is not always possible to forget so easily. But come sit down, here — there something I want to tell you."

"Yes it is something nice," observed Jenia parenthetically, as she settled down upon the room all the her lustily, and valise her self near her. Jessie had always ~~[illegible]~~ appreciated Mr. Colvin, this struck her as as ~~[illegible]~~ well-bred, comfortable sort of person. But it is extraordinary what a kind of moral courage some of the large, wild-looking women are endowed with. Quiescent dependent women who bore their heads in a cloud, are utterly unnerved by the noise and rush of a railway station, faint at the sight of a ~~[illegible]~~ ground, and shrink away in helpless ~~[illegible]~~ dismay and terror before rough looks and coarse expressions, yet still on occasion, when their affections are involved, manifest a daunting disregard of ~~[illegible]~~ conventionalities in speech and action that would be as sheer impossibility to the bravest man. Mr. Colvin had resolved to ~~[illegible]~~ keep certain — as she believed — truths before Mr. Rudeby, and the gentleness and tenderness of her nature ~~[illegible]~~ seemed to ~~[illegible]~~ wonderfully into almost ~~[illegible]~~ cruel courage. She ignored the quiet, little remark ~~[illegible]~~ and began speaking ~~[illegible]~~ her slow, quiet, badly lit eyes ~~[illegible]~~ as strongly she was

~~[illegible]~~ starting the most ordinary of common-place. It is one of the advantages of good-breeding, to the possessor of it, that it gives an unalterable self-confidence, which gently ~~[illegible]~~ nervousness, makes it only the more impressive.

"I have been greatly troubled and disturbed lately, Mr. Rodney," she said, "in a matter of very deep and vital importance to me. For the past week I have been alone, having persuaded my son to go away and stay at Pentstock with his sister. He was unwilling to leave me: but he yielded to my very clearly expressed desire. — During that time, I have thought a great deal of you, Mr. Rodney. At last, I resolved to ask you to come and see me".

She sat with her head as little on one side, ~~[illegible]~~ carefully unbuttoning and taking off her gloves. "My hands are just as little accustomed to driving" she remarked ~~quaintly~~ by the way.

Colvin looked at her again earnestly with her question yet; but Jenny appeared absorbed in the removal of her gloves.

"I am afraid there is an ~~[illegible]~~ always much undeniable gossip in Sullingworth", she went on. "It is always so disgusting in a watering place" very little event is instantly remarked and commented on. ~~[illegible]~~ certain things have been discussed ~~[illegible]~~ lately which I think you ought to know, Mr. Rodney".

"She answered, at little impatiently," That sort of information — pardon my saying it — is not in the least interesting to me".

"It was merely outside gossip. I should not trouble you with it," he said, Mr. Colvin continued: — "but it is something which really concerns us both — your happiness and mine, and the happiness of those who never should be dear to us. My son —

Jenny

Jessie looked up suddenly.

"Your son, your son"? she cried. "What little is your son to me?"

"It is just what I want to know", said the other quietly. — "My boy is changed, he is ~~moody~~ moody and preoccupied. He no longer has any confidence in me. Some ~~thing~~ one has come between us, and has alienated his true ~~wife~~. I could wish no woman a worse punishment than to take the agony of such a separation. He is so unreasonable to take me who has worked this change in him. I do not go out much, you know, Mrs Sudely, but one all hears the same name is united at. ~~home~~." What must I think? I would rather my son ~~was~~ was dead than that her should bring disgrace on himself and on his father's name; or that through him ~~the~~ shame and dishonour should come to another household. I cannot believe that Charles would have ~~[illegible]~~ have laid himself open to ~~any~~ danger of this kind unless ~~[illegible]~~ very distinct encouragement had been offered him".

"But your motherly choice, do you not pity it, amid all this ~~[illegible]~~ settling up of tailors, this packing and unpacking?. Does ~~from~~ your heart, through the choice is a wilful, wandering, naughty little thing. Jessie sat quite still, her eyes glittering with a weird steely light in them, her lips drawn back showing her white even teeth.

"What are you talking about"? she demanded in a ~~[illegible]~~ clear voice.

"Sudely, if you have come between me and my son, if you have placed into him, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~, Sir, here you have, Elizabeth — just
and ends once and for all to this wretched, disgraceful affair.
You first did so ~~[illegible]~~ some such as slight matter, so
very unjustly and so lightly taken: but, Elizabeth were
that may lead to?.. Think of your —
she stopped with a sharp, ~~[illegible]~~ feminine
sound flashed out, in ~~[illegible]~~
a movement of sudden, uncontrollable passion, and
stuck her hands on her mouth.
For all a moment he, ~~[illegible]~~ stood ~~[illegible]~~ motionless, staring up, and
standing fierce as a little tiger in front of her.
A wicked, ~~[illegible]~~ inexcusable lie — yes, I will say it. I don't
care what I say. Why do you all hunt, and
persecute and accuse me? What bad wonder you
must have to think these things of me. No: why
did I ever come to this wretched country, where every
body is as much as they are stupid. Tell you aunt
he has bored me with this one week of my life
fifty times over. He can dance, ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~, he can fetch and carry as well as another, he
is not an knave. See I give him his due, this precious
young gentleman. But, mon Dieu, he is dull, dull,
dull — dull as your everlastingly grey sky, your
interminable ~~[illegible]~~ fields, dull as your heavy brain,
dull ~~[illegible]~~ again in violent thoughts of me. ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ No: oh!" she added: — "but your
lip is bleeding — cover it up, it is odious to see. I can:
not stay — do not speak, I will not hear you".
Animated by the violence of her anger, Jenie
swept ~~of~~ out the room, down the stairs, across and
into the street. A little fierce defiance had
taken possession of her, very different to her tone
of terror ~~[illegible]~~ at Barnett Darcy, or to the sense of

shame

charm that had followed on Augusta Sydney's scolding of her and ~~[illegible]~~ made her take refuge in her husband's quietness. Adversity, that ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ which wakes and stimulates strong ~~[illegible]~~ whole natures — as heavy hammer strikes white metals to use and solidity — only mars and ruins slight, white natures — ~~[illegible]~~ needing sunny, like poor Jessie. They have no power of rising through depression and injury into a fuller and richer spiritual life; no power of ripening and mellowing under the influence of searching mental experience. They have their own peculiar charm, their careless spontaneity, their purposeless yet inspiring loveliness are so prized in them; and present to us with no higher graces or virtues in place of it. It is poor work beating butterflies into a cart-rope. Gently, but with a growing concentration of purpose, her small pretty head held high, her hands clasped tightly to gether Jessie walked ~~[illegible]~~ through the falling-work streets in the thin February sunshine. But her heart was black within her, with a sense of unjust cruelty, with a feeling that she was at war with every ~~[illegible]~~ man and woman she met. She turned into the Hotel.

"My servant to bring round my carriage immediately," she said to ~~[illegible]~~ a waiter standing in the hall. "I will go into the coffee room & wait."

A man hurried on before her to throw open the door of the said, rather gloomy apartment, with its substantial mahogany ~~[illegible]~~ dreadfully ~~[illegible]~~ heavy red carpet & curtains, its ~~[illegible]~~ array of tables, hotel lists, and ~~[illegible]~~ daily papers.

She crossed the room and stood looking over the rain-rutted flood of the window ~~[illegible]~~ in the street, to catch the

first of sight of the carriage. She wanted to get home as quickly as might be, she had an ~~[illegible]~~ announcement to make to her husband. A gentleman, the only other occupant of the large room, was sitting stretched out lazily in an arm-chair by the fire. ~~[illegible]~~. His face and his upper part of his person was completely hidden by the newspaper he was perusing. Jenie was too deeply absorbed by her own reflections to pay any attention to ~~[illegible]~~ her companion; and he, on his part, seemed at least equally indifferent to her presence. The carriage did not come. ~~[illegible]~~. The girl grew impatient — perhaps William had not come back from executing the various commissions she had given him to do for her. She turned round ~~[illegible]~~ to ring the bell and send some one to make enquiries.

Then the gentleman sitting by the fire, crumpled his paper to gether and rose to his feet with an irritable little exclamation in Italian. Jenie paused half way across the room. There was a moment of profound silence. Then she cried aloud; ~~[illegible]~~ "Oh! Bertie, Bertie". Came across hastily to him, her face suddenly irradiated with a lovely expression — half smiles half tears. She laid both hands on the young man's arm and put up her mouth in sweet ~~[illegible]~~ impulsive child-like fashion to be kissed.

His lower lip had started violently on first seeing her. He ~~[illegible]~~ went very pale. For a few seconds he hesitated. Then he took her hand in his, and bending ~~[illegible]~~ down kissed it, and not her lips.

"My little cousin", he said in his soft rich voice, "I was on my way to see you. I have come over on an

embassy

embarrassing from Eleanor – from your step-mother. But I intended to present myself, armed with my credentials, with all due etiquette and formality to your husband, first of all. This meeting is a trifle premature and disconcerting".

managed to smile and speak in his usual drawling way: but, ~~[illegible]~~, it seemed to Bertie Tower that his life was going out of him in a great flutter of panic, ~~[illegible]~~ Mr. Peter Dauncey had, indeed, given her lover a hard row to hoe.

Book Seventh

The final award

Chapter I.

For his record this genius Underby was a ghost.

[illegible] a rare lot 'er lambs, they are. I don't mind th' [illegible] a few so many doubles since I wer' shepherding th' old Mr. Ashmans, over at Willy-le-Walls — a matter 'er twenty, may be twenty-five year, ago that war". The remarks were delivered in that slow and measured cadence peculiar to the Midlandshire labourer who having already passed middle-age had escaped the deteriorating influences of modern education and still cherished the native dialect with all its legitimate breadths and intonation. The speaker, Enoch, with his moon-face and short thick-made figure, clad in a long worn over-coat — lined for greater warmth with a material nearly resembling horse-clothing — and yellow leather gaiters fitting pretty in close wrinkles tightly round his ankles, thereby bringing the large proportions of his heavy clay-stained boots into ungraceful prominence — stood in the shoulder-shrugging attitude common to men of his class, contemplating the bleating lambs and their great broad-backed sheep with an air of stolid complacency. Underby leant on the handle of his long spade and contemplated the lambs too. There was still a very real satisfaction to be derived, somewhat, from the fact that some sort of your own [illegible] being doubles

ubles, even when you have reason to believe your-self in the quite measurable distance of eternity. The day of small things is never quite done, thank God. Sugar is sweet ~~even~~ to the taste even of a dying man. And our friends the Colonels, on ~~that~~ this little February afternoon, when the first bricks of spring was in the air, and the black-birds fluted in merry lover-like fashion ~~upranaddes~~ up and down the purple budding hedge-rows, and the long tafflin shrivel reds ~~on~~ on the black-stemmed alders overhanging the brook, was very pleasantly conscious not of ~~death~~ death but of life, of recovering interest and simple enjoyment in things around him. It was a very good day with him. He had been round the farm looking at the corn in the Home Close, and at the hearth in the Lower meadows; and watching the new and great ~~marvellous~~ quiet mystery. A limbed cart horse at work on the plough land, for the first time since that nasty turn he had had at Barnett the week ago. During the three weeks he had ~~accordingly~~ had no violent return of pain ~~[illegible]~~, he had slowly mended: and Jenny, all ~~[illegible]~~ his wife, had been ~~[illegible]~~ kind and gentle to him. She had been contented to stay ~~[illegible]~~ more ~~[illegible]~~ at home; and though she had made no direct allusion to his illness Philip fancied she had tried to be ~~[illegible]~~ thoughtful and considerate towards him. A little delicate flower of hope was beginning to blossom shyly and timidly ~~[illegible]~~ in Colonel Enderby's heart. 'Eh! life is a good gift!' Who amongst us, in his sanier moments, would part with it willingly?.

is an instinctive bias drawing towards what is young and has the promise of future fertility in it

He had picked as ~~[illegible]~~ a sprig of hazel with its tiny purple of crimson flower and ~~[illegible]~~ green dropping catkin and stuck it into the button-hole of his brown shooting-coat. It was not a very effective form of personal decoration, perhaps — ~~[illegible]~~ inferior for instance to Mr. Amer's habitual gardenia: but to this School it had an higher value since ~~[illegible]~~ it symbolized ~~[illegible]~~ spiritual blossom of hope that was unfolding within him.

The same, he was sensible of having a good deal said with his walk. The dripping grass fields, through which he had ~~[illegible]~~ gone up it very slowly, tired his neck-tissue. ~~[illegible]~~ Philip was quite willing to rest on the handle of his spade a little longer, and listen to Grey — who, it may be observed in passing, when engaged in conversation always carefully stood at right angles to his auditor, presenting a large expanse of sallow cheek and rounded shoulder. Sandy, the coarse-haired bob-tailed sheep-dog sat down on the damp meadow grass a few paces off, keeping a sharp anxious eye on the flock all the while, as the lambs ran to and fro, kicking and butting at each other, ~~and~~ racing, in excited playful little companies, wildly over the long mouldy ridges, tucking up into the air with round backs and ungainly pendulous legs, and then rushing back again to demand sustenance — in the most open and unceremonious sort of fashion — from their serious, slow-moving mothers.

"We'r' ~~[illegible]~~ about the last time we'd any luck to speak of, with that flock" — the man went on. "Very year and the year following the lambs came fine enough, but they went wrong when they got up a few days ~~old~~ old — seemed all to wriddle away some-how"

"Now".

"needs to worried away, did they?" repeated the Colonel. "Hope there lil' the beggars won't take to dying anything of that sort. They look jolly enough now, any how".

"as rare lot 'er lambs, there are", replied the Inspector, meditatively. "Old Murter Jakeman he come down to me when I was in morning' one one Friday afternoon — Friday it was or Saturday — happen it were on Saturday, though it were Friday I think — And he says to me, Inspector, he says very shaken up with there lambs, he says. They're actually punished, 'e says. I spoke up to 'im, not holding with being blamed when I didn't deserve it. I tell you what it is, sir, I done my best by there lambs early and late, I says, day in and day out: we ~~[illegible]~~ they've got something wrong with their insides, sir, as is beyond your cunning ~~[illegible]~~ or mine either. I don't understand, sir it I says — no more I didn't, no more I don't to this mortal day. They ewes were right enough — but the lambs they worried. Got just like so many little 'natomies. Saw flesh you, there weren't a bone in their carkisses you could wet a pint yer two fingers round after they died".

Exhausted, exhausted with this flight of anecdotal eloquence.

"Fetch 'em up, Sandy", he said. The bearer raced dog sprang off like a yellow streak across the grass, twinning, doubling, driving the fat heavily fleeced ewes and the bleating lambs, ~~[illegible]~~ — a compact palpitating dirty white mass — into the far two corner of the wide meadow.

"Is he getting home again, ~~[illegible]~~", said the Colonel

Suddenly

Suddenly, almost regretfully. He enjoyed this homely country sights and sounds, ~~to~~ and the pale ~~[illegible]~~ glint of the early spring sunshine — enjoyed them all the more keenly in this time of returning activity after that unspeakable episode — he tried to think of it as seldom as possible — at the ~~Banstead~~ ball at Barnett Darcy.

"I'll see you about again, sir", ~~he~~ shouted Grey, half shame-facedly, as he moved away after ~~the~~ Sandy and his flock. "I says to my mother, last night, I says, I seem to miss something when I don't see the Colonel round most days".

Lip Suddenly was conscious of a heightened sense of pleasure. He was ~~so~~ very grateful to any one, gentle or simple, for liking him. The flower of hope ~~began~~ blossomed quite warmly as he walked quietly on across the fields towards the gate opening on to the road just opposite the Manor House, where ~~a~~ buff-coloured shuttered gables and great red chimney stacks rose ~~in~~ such an mellow old-fashioned comfort among the buddy ~~[illegible]~~ trees, and ~~[illegible]~~ the evergreens. ~~[illegible]~~

As he passed out into the broad ~~[illegible]~~ main road-way, he heard the roll of carriage-wheels and the sharp trot of a pair of horses coming up behind him. The Colonel looked round and then waited on the foot-path. Jessie drove up at a smart pace, sitting ~~up~~ tall and straight on the high driving seat of the phaeton and handling both ship and reins in a very workmanlike manner. The colour in her cheeks was ~~bright~~ clear and bright with the humid air and the movement, and her face had a quiet ~~[illegible]~~ expression of decision where it under the sweeping brim of her large black hat.

Philip

Philip smiled at her with a certain pride as she rattled past him.

"All right, put them along, Jenie" he called after her. "You look out for the gate just straight. Why we can't we can't a woman keep in the middle of the road, I wonder," he added to himself; "instead of dawdling of course in that crazy fashion".

Jenie, on up to the front door, gave her reins and parcels – Jenie was one of those furious, by the way – who rarely comes home without parcels – to Bennington who ~~stood~~ came forward to help her with her usual stiff, cheer demeanour, and then, getting down, walked back with quick steps to meet her husband.

"Dear child", said the Colonel; "do, for goodness sake, be a little more careful at corners. You were within inches of running bang into that right hand gate as you just now, and then we should have had a pretty smash. Upon my words, I don't at all ~~you~~ like your driving. Three horses with Williams sitting behind. An accident might happen half an hour's time even before he could get round to help you."

"A groom cannot sit by our side", ~~as~~ she answered with decision. "It looks – like that – all no – how. It is not at all <u>comme il faut</u>, I think".

"Fifty times rather as I think looked no – how – as you put it – than that you should run any risk of hurting yourself. It turned me as sick as a cat to see you just now". – Then feeling that he had spoken rather authoritatively, he added: – "Come along in and get your tea, and tell me how the world wags in Tulling worth".

Stuck out the toe of one neat little boot from under the folds of the dark velvet skirt and ~~trampled~~ stamped it

on the gravel.

"Feet are horrid", she said. "I mustn't take a turn in your arms. Come with me, Philip, round the garden".

He suddenly would have preferred going in to the house at once. He was tired; and as a cause of fatigue was, he knew well, as risky thing, being his often the precursor of active physical distaste. Then, too, he shrank from letting Jenny write see how slowly he found it necessary to walk or how often he had to stand a minute and rest now.

"do come", Jenny repeated, somewhat querulously. He put her hands on her ~~shoulder~~ with a dainty action of compulsion. Her charming face was very close to his at this moment. Philip bent down and kissed the cool rounded cheek. Jenny's little simpers were wonderfully ~~very~~ bewitching.

"Come along then", he said smiling at her. "You shall go far as proof and warm your feet if you want to".

Jenny slipped her hand through his arm, and they turned round to the garden ~~[illegible]~~ and began pacing ~~slowly~~ up and down the gravel path between the old red brick wall and the terrace around. A light breeze came damp and fresh over the stretches of grass-lands, and the pale light grew faintly and fainter as the sun sank in the white glittering west. Jenny was silent. She seemed ~~very~~ quiet and ~~[illegible]~~ absent. Colonel Sudeley's ~~[illegible]~~ as he moved beside her, fills with a vaguely pleasant ~~[illegible]~~ reverie, begotten of the stillness and tenderness of the spring evening.

"Let Bertie know, this afternoon", said ~~Jenny~~ the girl abruptly, at last.

The

The Colonel stopped short ~~[illegible]~~ turned a step away from his wife and stared at her in indignant ~~[illegible]~~ amazement.

"Bertie Ivers" – he exclaimed – "Bertie Ivers. What the devil is he doing here?"

"I cannot be sure as to what I was," she said ~~[illegible]~~. "He has suddenly taken the trouble to come over to England to see us. Mamma, it appears, desired it. He left Georgia in a great hurry and had not time to write. He intended coming out here to morrow to call on you, also sending over to announce his arrival. ~~[illegible]~~ Just this ~~[illegible]~~ by accident – we had a long talk, Bertie said a number of remarkable things".

Jenie had spoken with a cold, resistant very unusual to her. Now she came back to her husband's side and took his arm again.

"Let us walk up and down Philip", she said. "I must move about, my feet are cold, you know."

They commenced walking up and down. The Colonel was jagged by this surprising piece of information. The calm of the spring day had suddenly departed. He felt a trifle disturbed ~~[illegible]~~ of what might be coming.

"Bertie has changed in some ways", Jenie continued. "He said ~~[illegible]~~ things I did not at all like. He has taken to giving admirable advice, and it sounded a little ridiculous coming from him somehow. I am not sure that it did not amount to being almost offensive"

Philip frowned at his wife sharply: for she was looking straight ~~[illegible]~~ before her. ~~[illegible]~~ "He is going to do an extraordinary thing. – He is going to marry Mamma", she said.

Colonel ~~[illegible]~~ gave a quick sigh of relief. It seemed as though a weight had been lifted

time, a weight which had pressed on him at moments ever since his first meeting with Genie long ago. ~~at~~ ~~[illegible]~~ He felt very fortunate.

"I am glad," he remarked ~~[illegible]~~ "[illegible]." Thought, she as she came it appeared to him that Mr. Briar's good opinion is very much above his deserts."

She held up her head slightly; her voice sank perceptibly as she spoke.

"I am glad. Thank Mamma is young still, but I do not like it. It is confining and unnatural. Everything will be different now – this little Red Villa is quite to me, and I can very happy there sometimes."

Mrs Sudeley stirred the fire that was instinctively in her lap. Stirred, too, the movement of jealousy ~~[illegible]~~ which her wife's evident emotion produced in him. He could afford to be generous. Besides, Briar was going to marry Mr. Price. Doubtless – likely the colonel was very glad.

Genie seemed to wander ~~a~~ unmanageable, it or rest herself upon her. "I must walk," she said, again, after a minute or ~~[illegible]~~ to. ~~[illegible]~~. She turned and passing along the inside side of the terrace ~~[illegible]~~ ground, between it and the much fence, took another path, which led up, in a gentle slope ~~[illegible]~~ ending in a flight of rounded moss-grown stone steps, to a ~~[illegible]~~ gravelled walk round the trees and shrubberies – bounding the Manor House grounds on the east and affording a quality extensive view over the surrounding country. ~~[illegible]~~

Late conversation had given Philip a good deal to think about. He followed ~~[illegible]~~ Genie quickly ~~[illegible]~~ and mechanically, ~~[illegible]~~ without any thought or interest. At the top of the steps, however, he

was

very vividly reminded of certain unpleasant facts by a sharp stab of regret and a sharp stabbing sensation in her throat. As she stood painting and trying to get her result again, he glanced anxiously at her wife: Mrs Jenkin was pre-occupied, she was not observing them.

And suddenly the wall and beyond it against the very covered wall, which divided it from the high-lying pastures beyond. The mellow light-work and multitudinous ivy leaves formed a lively tinted background to her figure. A great sheet of sunlit foam passed slowly across the western sky, through which the sun shone with a faint colour like radiance. The light fell suddenly on the girl's dark head and on her large hat, lessening her face in shadow as she stood looking down. She changed her hands lightly together with a strained nervous action.

"Lily", she said at last, in a hard voice, "it has come to this – we must leave here. I must have a change. You have always said you would do your best to make me happy. Keep your word. – Let us go."

Suddenly a passion darkened with something bewildered suffering, extraordinary [illegible] came [illegible]. He leant heavily on his hands and answered with the carefulness and deliberation of one who finds speech difficult.

"Might you like your home, Jenny".

She did at first: but, as Bertie used to say – not as Bertie saw to-day, he indulges in morals quotations worthy of a school-girl's album; but as Bertie used to say in the old days before his very surprising regeneration – one gets beyond every-

thing

thing in time. Thank God we made this place
and the society of it. Thank God we escaped it all," she
made a very expressive motion with her hands — and
there is nothing but the wide left. The lucky ones are
dead, we are dead" — she cried with an outburst of vehemence,
looking up at her husband. There was a strangely bright red in her eyes and her face was
curiously set. Jessie looked older, she looked
dangerous. Pride and disgust made it impossible to
her to retail the story of her interview with Mr.
Colwin, but the memory of it imbued her with a
strange intensity of manner
just now. — "The lucky ones do not understand
me," she went on, "they are beginning not to like
me. I must have something peace".
"What do you want?" asked Philip, with the same
manifest of uneasiness. From physical causes he
could only hurt himself to say a few words at
this.
"Was not turned out a success here," she replied.
"The last few months have been wretched. They have
been a great disappointment to me. I want to get
right away and forget it all".
"Practically that is not a very easy thing to do," said
the Colonel. "It costs a lot of money to go away, at
short notice; and as to money we are in a pretty
low water, I'm sorry to say"
"Thank God we escaped all that. You can realize".
"Realize?" he repeated.
"Yes, make a clean sweep. We stick on the farm
in spite a good deal — you said so yourself only
this other day. There is all our furniture, it is valuable.
Only bought the most expensive things. There are
the horses — I shall be sorry to part with them, but
it

would be ~~to~~ to much how she to take Steam with us; and we could get very good over, & sculpture, in Paris or Vienna".

~~"Vienna!" said the colonel. "My dear child what on earth are you talking about?"~~

Philip suddenly stood at the gate in utter bewilderment.

"In Vienna?" he exclaimed. "My dear child, what on earth are you talking about?"

"Yes, Yes" she cried, excitedly. "I want to get to a place great city, where life is full and tumultuous and stirring, where the activity is rapid, where there is constant amusement, where there is not time to consider and to think — where there is plenty of sound in the air, and of light and glitter in the streets. Don't you feel the wearying stagnation of this miserable place? I have tried England and England will not do for me. Let us make a clean sweep of everything and cut ourselves adrift. You always say you love me, Philip, then give me what I ask for. Let us go".

A queer uncertain smile, that had very little of amusement in it, came across Philip the Colonel's face. He turned and looked with the pale mist at sunset, and he could not help it, his eyes filled with tears. He had settled down in this quiet home with such a gracious sense of contentment and well-being. The wide green parkish country, with its yearly round of simple natural occupations and interests, had satisfied some of the deepest and most wholesome instincts of his nature. She had granted satisfaction of his affections in love and marriage and his subsequent return

him to the scenes and associations of his ~~[illegible]~~ youth had rounded life for Philip and given him a second spring. Times such as relations fell to the lot of a man who was set fair on the barren table-land of middle-age. Even during the last few months, while the shadow of ~~[illegible]~~ sickness and anxiety had covered him, the farm and garden, the woods and fields, the twitter of birds in the grey morning, the stress and danger of clouds and skies, ~~to~~ calm and storm, had revitalized and strengthened and helped him very ~~[illegible]~~ really. To give up all this for a wilderness of brick and mortar, for this bold careless splendour and equally bold ~~[illegible]~~ and careless shame of a great city, struck him as almost too little a sacrifice. To ~~[illegible]~~ go away and leave all that was dear to him, beloved with the intimate and vital affection which is held in ~~[illegible]~~ the very bone and blood — to go away and die in a strange land! — Jenny's "superiority" was superior; it would have been almost comic in its ~~[illegible]~~ glaring inconguity, if there had ~~[illegible]~~ not appeared to be an ~~[illegible]~~ alarming completeness in her conception of it. Philip was weak and tired, ~~[illegible]~~ he did not feel equal to ~~[illegible]~~ arguing with his wife.

"I didn't expect this, you know, Jenny," he said, thoughtfully. "It has taken me by surprise, and I am not very ~~quick~~ quick, I'm afraid, at getting hold of a new idea".

He reviews his omnia here ~~[illegible]~~ were two, ~~[illegible]~~ she rejoiced Jenny, with an certain finality in her tones. "You wanted to be near Barnett and you wanted to hunt.

"Most distinctly I have no ~~dis~~ intention of going near Barnett again after his insolence to me; and it seems that you have quite a weird up hunting; so there is no valid reason why we should not stay".

"~~Why~~ There were our only two reasons for coming here, were they?" said Philip, with the same helpless kind of smile. "I had fancied there was more in it than just that — however, no doubt you know best, my dear. Think we'd better go back; the wind is beginning to rise, you may catch cold".

He moved to the head of the steps. ~~Impatiently~~ As she passed him she gave her husband an odd furtive look.

"We are clever doctors in Paris and Vienna was there are here", she said, in a low voice. "Perhaps for your own sake, Philip, you had better go".

"Hurry, Jenie, be hurry", cried the Colonel, with a movement of pettish irritation and anger. "For love I would do anything for you, God knows — but you can't buy me".

~~In [illegible]~~ The girl made no answer. She went on swiftly down the path, and it was not till she reached the corner that she turned and looked back at her husband. He was a long way behind, standing still right in the middle of the walk. Jenie ~~[illegible]~~ was stunned with the sudden dread; she called to him. At first he did not answer. She waited a minute; then her own fear made her go back a few steps towards him. She called again.

"Do you stand there? Why don't you come on, Philip"?

Colonel motioned her away with a ~~[illegible]~~ panicstricken gesture "Go indoors", he ~~[illegible]~~ said, hoarsely — "go indoors, Jenie.

Jennie. Never minds me — go in. I'll come on
directly".

She paused, his as moment, hesitating, watching him
hesitatingly. Then she ~~[illegible]~~ went on hurried to ~~and~~
~~disappointment~~ round the corner of the house.

Mortimer Sykes stayed at the Manor House till late
that night. Bennington, as he helped him on with his
overcoat in the hall where at last he was leaving,
ventured on a remark.

"It was a worse attack than the other, sir," he said.

"Colonel Pudsley as been decidedly ill to-night", Mr.
Sykes answered, seriously.

Bennington frowned his hands nervously about the
form of the doctor's hat before presenting it
to him.

"Do the Colonel get round, sir?" he asked.

Sykes shook his head.

"Greatly fear not. — If he could be spared all
anxiety and agitation his life would be prolonged
considerably. But the mischief is grave, ~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~ and it is of a nature
which ~~or~~ leaves no hope of actual recovery. He
has complained of pain in the throat ~~[illegible]~~ to-day;
that is a new symptom and a very alarming one
~~[illegible]~~ regret to say".

Sykes took his hat. —

"Have my mixture?" he added. "I shall
come over again to-morrow morning".

Bennington assented. When ~~Mr. Sykes~~ the doctor had finally
departed he went back quietly ~~in~~ to the
morning-room.

Mrs Pudsley sat in an easy-chair by the fire.
He leant forward, with his elbows resting on his
knees, in a nervous attitude. His ~~[illegible]~~ eyes were
closed

lined his face was drawn. He looked ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ fearfully exhausted. As the servant came in, he ~~[illegible]~~ opened his eyes and raised himself with ~~a~~ a perceptible effort.

"Better", he said. "I believe I can get up to-day. Bennington, if I take my time about it and you help me. It must be late, and I don't want to keep Mr. Underby up".

Bennington stood down and began ~~[illegible]~~ gathering the news-paper together that had fallen on the floor.

"Underby sent down to ask how you were about half an hour ago, sir. He sent word that he did n't wish to be disturbed again. He gave orders that his bed was to be made up in your dressing-room".

The news-paper rustled as Bennington ~~[illegible]~~ smoothed and folded them, and laid them on the lower shelf of the book-rack against the wall. He put the pile together with a few skilful touches, occupying himself with the obscure zest employment like his master should give some fine-drawn order.

At last he had performed all the small offices that presented themselves; then he stood waiting in respectful silence.

Philip Underby looked up at his old servant ~~[illegible]~~ and spoke. His manner was ~~[illegible]~~ calm, but his eyes were those of a man ~~[illegible]~~ utterly worn-hearted and despairing.

"You can go, Bennington", he said. "There's nothing more you can do for me. Stay down here for the present".

Discipline is stronger even than sympathy. ~~[illegible]~~ Bennington noiselessly opened the door, and went out into the dimly lighted ante-room. Then he

She could ~~[illegible]~~ not contain herself any longer. In one wan white hand, and she spoke her mind.

"The that woman," she said ~~[illegible]~~ aloud. "It was the regiment day of that poor Colonel's life when he first set eyes on her — that little jade".

To Philip Frederick, she said quite stiffly, ~~[illegible]~~ leaning her head on her hands. Some expressions are dumb. They cannot translate themselves into articulate speech or even into articulate thought. But the last act of the tragedy had come. Jenie had given her husband his dismissal; and — God help him — he knew it.

Chapter II.

The Colonel ~~[illegible]~~ is tempted to turn the cards.

~~[illegible]~~.

The smoking-room at the Manor House ~~[illegible]~~ which Christian Squier as a peculiarly cosy and cheerful apartment, when he entered it next morning. The large bay-window looked out due south over the tennis grounds and gardens; and at this hour the morning shone in at it lighting up a quaint series of old coloured sporting prints that adorned the walls opposite the fire-place and illuminating a chalk drawing of Jenie Underby hanging over the writing-table. The drawing in question was a very clever one. For it the artist had succeeded in giving ~~[illegible]~~ that ~~[illegible]~~ subtle suggestion of individual character which has since gone far to secure Jenie a conspicuous place among ~~to~~ our living portrait painters. Fred Charlton had caught and rendered admirably the mischievous, sportive, puck-like quality of Jenie's beauty. — A large, dark ~~[illegible]~~ book-case, containing a library very symptomatic of its owner's tastes, filled up the further end of the low room. Over the chimney-piece was a high wooden rack ~~[illegible]~~ fastened against the wall, on which rested a couple of fly-rods — done up in ~~[illegible]~~ neat green water-proof cases — a rifle and a double-barrell shot-gun — ~~[illegible]~~ exhibiting, under the careful hands

~~[illegible]~~ of Pennington The highest degree of polish
wood and metal could be induced to take, — some
ships, and guns, and miscellaneous odds and
ends of a spirituous order; and in the place of honour,
just over the mantel-shelf, a sword, the steel
scabbard of it giving off a keen, cold, sharp flash
of light.

~~[illegible]~~ The morning was remarkably mild and
fine. The window had been thrown wide open, and
on the ledge, just outside, sat Jenni's shiny black
cat, diligently washing her face with her circumvolute
paw, her attention centred very completely upon her
own sleek well-groomed little person.

And suddenly ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ stood
the open window; ~~[illegible]~~ her back to Dr. Sumner, ~~[illegible]~~ as
that gentleman, with the short waiting step
entered the room. The doctor was not easily taken off his guard,
but he could hardly certain an exclamation, when
his patient turning round came forward to greet
him. The colonel was ~~[illegible]~~ well-dressed, as usual, and
had the same ~~[illegible]~~ air of self-help hardness and
cleanness about him. But, all the same, ~~[illegible]~~ a
singular alteration had taken place in his appearance. His ~~[illegible]~~ thick
hair and heavy moustache had been getting very
grey for the last three months, it is true, but this
morning they were blanched as white as snow. The
effect was startling. Perhaps it was the result of
contrast. — His eyes appeared vividly, almost preternaturally blue. They were sunk in his head, yet were
very wide open, — the upper lid being almost hidden ~~[illegible]~~.
~~[illegible]~~ within ~~[illegible]~~ made the
corners of his eye-sockets — while they — and as distinguishing features
stood in them, as if one saw no still seen, indeed, but it
shows the eyelid seem always hidden or ~~[illegible]~~ so intelligible

mique jeune.

"A decided indication to perspire on the brain" — ~~[illegible]~~ "I heard conversations of the kind last night", thought the Dr. Synnar to himself. Afterwards he assumed an extra ~~[illegible]~~ flavour of his artistic insanity.

"I am glad to find you down already, my dear Colonel Fudeley", he said, shaking hands with his patient. "Pray this is not merely another testimony to your remarkable fortitude, but a sign that you are really feeling better".

"Indeed I am better", replied the Colonel. — "In most better as I can have any reasonable hope of being." ~~[illegible]~~.

"Have a magnificent constitution", ~~[illegible]~~ the doctor, in a tone of encouragement.

Lip leant back against the embrasure of the window, ~~[illegible]~~

"Yes Dr." he said. "Well, I can't say that just now I am very glad to hear it. I feel uncommonly like an broken-down old cab-horse, ~~[illegible]~~ broken-kneed ~~[illegible]~~ and broken winded — well between the shafts. Yes poor old heart remembers better times, Dr. Synnar, cheery days long ago across country. And it's no very great consolation to him to learn that he and the cab are not likely soon to part com-pany".

Lip put his hand out and began to tickle the cat: but the ~~[illegible]~~ creature got up, stretched ~~[illegible]~~ with slow and significant indifference, ~~[illegible]~~ moved along the window-edge just far enough to be out of reach, and then calmly applied its attention to the completion of its toilette.

Synnar ~~[illegible]~~ was silent. He ~~[illegible]~~ perceived that

his

his companions was not in a condition in which it would be of any advantage to attempt to reason with him in this way of comfort. It would be better to let Colonel Pudding have his say out. He was evidently labouring under acute excitement of some kind; if he gave vent to it in speech it might be as relief to him. The figure waited.

Kip watched this cat for a few seconds. Then he turned again to the door.

"- every dog has his day, and I've had mine Jeffyre. - Hi. good boy," he stroke out suddenly - "if I could only see in the flesh of it all once more - you can't think how it all comes back to me - hear the roar of the guns and the shriek of the men and smell the powder - it could fight" - he set his teeth and looked sharp at the words hanging against the walls yonder - "yes, fight just once more - at bottom I am the veriest savage - without of sitting nothing here day after day eating my heart out over troubles that can never be mended".

Darted his hands impatiently across his eyes.

"no more figure as sick man's grumbling", he went on, more quietly. "Then one sits like a woman one takes to complaining like one Jeffyre. - The old horse will keep on his legs as long as he can, after all, just from the old habit of going. And then some fair morning, ~~[illegible]~~ the poor brute will be too far gone to draw the cab any longer, and then they put a halter on him and lead him away by the little back streets, ~~[illegible]~~ - so that people may not see him - to the

the knocker." — Lieutenant Philip turned away and rested his forehead against the cool glass of the window. — "That's how it ends", he said — "how it ends, Mr. me — and this cruel thing is that life's morning is sometimes over long in coming".

Symes was deeply moved, he could not trust himself to speak. He walked to the other end of room, and stood looking at the backs of his books in the shelf. When he came back Colonel Rudolph had recovered his self-control.

"Forgive me", he said, "I believe I have been guilty of making a great fool of myself. I have had a bad night. Jane was very steady this morning."

Then Symes drew towards a chair, threw one leg across the other, and prepared to a little oration.

"Duty and I may add my privilege, Colonel Rudolph, is to prolong the moments of that life's morning as long as possible. We all quarrel with life at moments, I suppose: but that quarrel after all is a transitory one. The deeper feeling, the instinct and impulse of every healthy human being is in favour of life not death. To my mind this love of life implanted so universally in mortal natures is the direct as wise and merciful providence. It must be reverenced and not outraged. — In Spain's Cortes, my dear sir, you have a magnificent constitution. In your case, with reasonable care life may still be a source of enjoyment and satisfaction. It may be prolonged without becoming a terrible burden either to yourself or those about you is your first duty to consider. But as little

The common case, and his thought was undeniably necessary. You have disregarded my injunctions and overtaxed your strength in the most wanton manner. Yesterday, it appears to me, this attack ~~[illegible]~~ was induced mainly by too long abstinence from food and by your fatigue."

Fraser paused. His patient had been listening silently out of his window. The doctor began to fear his words had been quite needless. He shifted his position, and added, with considerable emphasis: — "My continued silence concerning your state of health has been, believe me, a culpable exaggeration of chivalrous sensibility. ~~[illegible]~~ You must positively indulge me it is no longer. We must institute a new régime altogether. I just pause saying a few words to Mr. Rudeby myself before leaving here today".

Mr. Rudeby faced round upon him quickly. The vague fixed look passed away, and his expression became ~~[illegible]~~ perfectly definite. At the mention of his wife's name he regained his normal manner and bearing, and became once more the quiet, dignified gentleman, whom Fraser knew well, from the first, so warmly admired.

"Excuse me", he said, "but that will be unnecessary. I shall myself explain matters to Mrs. Rudeby. She, as you will be able to understand, ~~[illegible]~~ cannot fail to be very disturbed to hear. It is only right that she should hear of it from her husband".

"I understand perfectly", ~~[illegible]~~ rejoined the doctor. "But under existing circumstances I think you delicate your undertaking an explanation, which may lead to agitating conversation".

"It unfortunately is ~~[illegible]~~ unavoidable", said Philip simply.

Fraser

within sinner bowed. He was conscious of ~~[illegible]~~ receiving a rebuff: but he bore Colonel Sunderby no grudge for ~~[illegible]~~ administering it to him. His dramatic sense was satisfied by the fact that his patient, even now under the heavy pressure of illness, held to his original ~~[illegible]~~ determination and so finally retired to one merely realistic. Contempt of purpose ~~[illegible]~~ appeared to him as great as it is rare, among the rulers. During the remainder of his visit he ~~[illegible]~~ kept his conversation ~~[illegible]~~ strictly technical and professional. In truth, Philip, indeed, was not shown without due consideration, detained merely by a desire to shield Jenny or by a yearning thing of the moment. During the part night, sitting there alone, while the clocks struck hour after hour in the silent house, the Colonel had seen terribly honest into himself. He had faced the situation, he had realized the purport of it with appalling clearness, he had parted finally with all illusions. The old reality in ~~[illegible]~~ straight-forward practical action was strong in him still. He had set his manfulness order, to be weak, — well, then, he must obey them. There was no longer any place for doubt, for hope, for hesitation. He had finished his career, he had thrown away his life like the ~~[illegible]~~ strong Stuart had played him false; for a strong Stuart could hardly indeed see reason to believe any real existence at all outside his own imagination. He had been fatally deluded, he had fallen into a deliberate ~~[illegible]~~ error. His great and noble love was wounded to the death, stricken fainting, bleeding. He had no hope for it of recovery or returning. He he felt, now, was as still and quiet death. Had free from prying eyes and whispered comments, and the vulgar curiosity of idle persons; and barely, a reverent and decent ~~[illegible]~~ burial; — that it might lie in some quiet place, its

brief glory and long sorrow alike blotted out and forgotten. With no nigh-minded purpose, in no wise self-articulate fashion, she recognized and admitted the mysterious limitation of Fenia's nature. — Recognized that that went to make her ~~manifest~~ inimitable personal charm, went also to make her incapacity for looking at life from any but her own standpoint; that her fascination and her selfishness were, in fact, synonymous. Saw that her purity took its rise in absence of passion, just as her gaiety took its rise in some radical defect of human sympathy. Saw, too, that her quick observation and practical ability were the result of a ~~[illegible]~~ singular duality: a sort of lucid, ~~[illegible]~~. I do not mean to imply that Gloriel indeed reasoned her into this temperament scientifically and drew out as exact schedules of her peculiarities. It was in no cool, nice, prosaic spirit of criticism that she arrived at these conclusions, but rather in the searching lightening flash of a bleeding conviction. He had fought against the truth; fought ~~against~~ in a manly, self-sacrificing fashion. ~~[illegible]~~ He had given her every chance. But fact is stronger than any man's will, or than any man's love either. It crushes down, down, down on us till denial is no longer profitable. The besieged city is stormed out, the struggle is over. It remains only for the famished warlike garrison to make the best terms it may, subject to honour, with the conqueror.

which Sirce lives the game, get worn the rubber.

Her's memorities that her visit to England would be productive of bad luck to some body was not, in this event, grounded, unfounded. It went for to weaken a cat on to the. Genie Rudeler, her whole being in fierce revolt from the unjust accusations brought against her, had experienced a happy reversion of feeling at the first sight of her old maid comrade — old Bertie was here, the was very fond of Bertie. She she cleared suddenly. Every thing would come right again some how. But the young maid's words and manner, above all the news of her engagement to her step-mistress, had only plunged poor Jessie deeper into disappointment, gloom and rebellion. He would do nothing for her after all.; She had merely come to read her lessons of resignation and duty like the rest; and, unfortunately, such lessons only bored and enraged her. She had fallen back upon her husband. Philip was very good to her, kinder than any one. She would get him to take her far away from her parents repulsive, miserly. The world is wide, some where she might still enjoy herself. Then even

Philip

Philip hailed her. He was ill, and that disquieted and frightened her. She was furious, mercilessly desperate.

After Dr. Power left, the Colonel went in search of his brilliant young wife. He had not seen her since, then, parting with the evening before in his garden. He had remained there all night and this morning, beyond an inquiry through the medium of Bennington, Jennie had given no sign. Philip drew from inquiry and anxiety from his wife, or even asking where she was. It seemed an indecent publishing of the alienation between them. He thought she might not have come down yet — Jennie was not famous for early rising — so he went through the outer room and hall, up the polished oak stair-case, the broad strip of shade trickled where the light fell from them, and along the landing to the door of her room. It stood ajar. Philip knocked, and as there was no immediate answer, he pushed it open.

The room was a small chaos of trunks and boxes. On the bed, piled up one over the other, were the contents of Jennie's wardrobes, her dresses, jackets, mantles — a rainbow of soft colours and rich dainty fabrics. The floor was strewn with charming little boots and shoes, mysterious paper boxes. The dressing table was encumbered with half packed jewelry and ornaments; and above it all lingered that indescribable, pervading sweet smell which seems to cling to certain women's garments, and is so singularly provoking to the senses. Kneeling before a big deep basket, sorting, arranging, packing with rapid skillful fingers was

Jane Fennis's pretty maids — a tall, dreamy-eyed, white-skinned Fenian, slightly corpulent, provoked at once his admiration and envy of her fellow domestics. He drew the curtains, glanced up sharply; a gleaming right of the Colonel, just behind her, gave a little scream.

~~[illegible]~~

"a thousand pardons, monsieur", she cried, raising heavily to her feet. "I was startled at the moment, not knowing that monsieur was there". —

Mr. Rudeby looked round the room slowly, unable at first to tame in what it might all mean. "Le pauvre chez monsieur" as Sidonie said later to Bennington — "just then he was terrible. He had the face of a corpse and eyes on fire. During my life I cannot forget it". — At first, his frown only stripped the mists. "Is Miss Fennis now or ever there in your employ?" he asked hoarsely.

Madame went down some half ago. The servants. She doubts Monsieur will find her in the drawing-room".

Colonel drew himself up, and looked very straight at the woman.

"All these things back in their proper places, do you hear"? he said. "Mr. Rudeby will not leave Fennis at present".

"Oui, monsieur", returned Sidonie, with tears sweetness and composure. She began emptying the dishes - barely with again with a great alacrity.

Fennis

Jenni Sudeley could not help being effective; it was as much as part of her as her love of ~~[illegible]~~ music or of dancing. When Sybil Sudeley went into the drawing-room, he ~~[illegible]~~ was presented with a little picture which to a man in a less cruelly serious frame of mind could not have failed to appear really delightful. The coloured blinds were drawn partly down and the sunshine came in through them filling the pretty room with a warm diffused glow of light. Jenni was lying at full length on the sofa at a corner of the room. She wore a loose white cashmere morning-gown, ~~[illegible]~~ which fell in a dense mass of drapery about her slight rounded figure, and formed an agreeable contrast to the ~~[illegible]~~ dusky orange-red cover of the couch. ~~[illegible]~~ There ~~[illegible]~~ was a basket of half-torn letters and papers on the floor beside her. She ~~[illegible]~~ was very pale. There were dark circles round her closed eyes. The lashes seemed to have gone out of her beauty; ~~and~~ yet it was great still; and there was a languor in ~~the [illegible]~~ her attitude which made it something very appealing.

Now not without understanding all that had ~~happened~~ come between them in looking at ~~her~~ his wife, Sybil Sudeley felt a great wave of tenderness for him.

"Jim," he said quietly, "what's the matter — are you ill?"

He turned her face to the wall, feeling her eyes closed, and running to drink ~~[illegible]~~ away from him.

"I have not slept ~~[illegible]~~. I have ~~[illegible]~~ had a lot to do. I am ~~[illegible]~~ tired."

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"Poor child," said Philip gently. And truly he pitied her

er; it tied her as one bitten some creature of another race, which one cannot help and cannot. The bitterness drop in his cup of rumour, perhaps, was the knowledge that Vitalis had lost honour show he had lost no patrimony, was infinitely far away from him in spirit and in heart. Except on this mere surface of life that had no ~~[illegible]~~ real around of meeting. He came on a few days ~~[illegible]~~ nearer to her; driving in the indefinite caught sight of her one face in a manner on the walk. The colonel started, paused, ~~[illegible]~~, and then moved ~~[illegible]~~ back and sat down ~~[illegible]~~ on a chair just behind the head of the sofa, where Janie could not see him unless she rose from her present recumbent position. He leant forward resting his hands on his knees, holding his head up stiffly and staring straight ~~[illegible]~~ before the pretty room.

"Janie", he began, in a low voice, "I have come here to speak to you. I want you to listen carefully to what I say. You need not move or get up — just lie still if you've tried. I come both to you first, perhaps, so. I am sorry to trouble you at all: but it is positively necessary we should come to understanding. ~~[illegible]~~ I ~~[illegible]~~'ll say my say as shortly as I can".

Girl made no response.

"Do remember what you asked me yesterday?. I promised to think it over. I was prepared, even though the ent was a heavy one, to do what I could to please you: — but, something has occurred since that I'm afraid settles the matter. I am sorry ~~[illegible]~~ on your account, Janie; but I shall not be able to leave here".

Philip waited a moment. Jessie lay quite still.
"I'm very ill", she went on slowly. "I'm sorry to
distress you, Mr. but it is best to be
plain, and in some time you must have guessed
from things were going. I'm very ill - there can only
be one end to it".
She put up her hands and pressed them feverishly
over her eyes.
"Don't tell me any more", she moaned. "Oh, don't
tell me. I'm so miserably enough already.
Have mercy: Have enough to bear. Let me go without
knowing".
Mrs Rudedy's head sank ~~and~~ lower; his face
grew ~~darker~~ haggard ~~and~~ with emotion.
"I dare not", he said, "but it has come to this, that
I must tell you. I have been silent as long as I
could be. God knows", he went on bitterly, "I do
~~not~~ I have died a hundred ~~to~~ deaths rather
than have confessed my love and asked you to
marry me, if I could have prevented this sorrow
would have come on you through me. I believed
myself to be ~~[illegible]~~ a stronger
man than my poor little boy's year. I did not
~~[illegible]~~ come to you with the design of a worse out
condition — ~~[illegible]~~. I ~~am~~ am innocent of any
~~[illegible]~~ sacrificing of your young life to my own
~~[illegible]~~ selfish needs or pleasure. I had not the faintest
suspicion that there was anything wrong with me.
You believe that, at least, Jessie, don't you?" he
demanded ~~[illegible]~~ hotly
Jessie is? Oh! I don't know", she ~~[illegible]~~ cried, with
her face half hidden among the ~~[illegible]~~ cushions.
"What ~~[illegible]~~ difference does it make
my believing? You are talking about as years
ago.

A year ago, a century ago, it is all the same. What does it matter if we are, now, today? am miserable?"

She forced herself to settle and rested her head in his hands. There was no hope, no comfort left. He had known that ~~for~~ ever since Bernighi had brought Denis's message to him last night; and yet as she gave ~~those~~ forced his truth home upon him in her every word and movement, his pain grew almost greater than he could endure. His wife was miserable, as he was, her misery lay at his door. It was ~~terrible~~ frightful to him. Dark, he drew him up, and spoke again clearly and steadily.

"So here, Denis, I am not squeamish. I am not trying to deceive my self about my motives. I know — to my sorrow — that you don't like sick: weak and sick people. I will do my best to conceal the fact is unpleasant and distasteful from you — I'll keep out of your way; you shall see as little of me as possible. But understand this — ~~and~~ you are my wife still and you are a very beautiful "woman" — Philip's heart came dark and stubborn, he could not get on to a minute now. — "I will have no scandals, child. I hope you will remain here with me. — Don't be afraid — I know how to respect my word. I ~~[illegible]~~ shall not annoy you, or ask anything more you feel you can't to give. Our relations and communications cordial. But we will have no sneer, no recrimination. There must be no scandal, no gossip and common talk about our relation. You will remain under this same roof with me, and we will ~~[illegible]~~ keep our secret still — still —"

He

e ceased abruptly.

While her husband had been speaking, Jenie ~~had~~ opened her eyes, ~~had~~ raised herself and turned towards him. As he uttered the last words the look with so broad questioning eye.

"Philip, you are ~~afraid~~ changed — I don't know you — go away, — ah! go away — It is humble — what has happened?" ~~[illegible]~~.

Colonel did not ~~[illegible]~~ more.

"I am old", he said slowly; "that's all".

He gazed at him for a few seconds in silent wonder as his meaning fascinated. Her lips parted, ~~[illegible]~~ and the expression of fear grew and deepened in her eyes till it amounted to ~~absolute~~ an absolute agony.

"Do you die, Philip", she whispered at last in an awe-stricken voice.

"Yes", ~~[illegible]~~ answered Colonel Sudeley, quietly. "Yes so".

There was a space of dead silence. To the Colonel it was a space of ~~[illegible]~~ dreadful and paralyzing suspense. He could say nothing more, only wait, listening in ~~with [illegible]~~ breathless ~~[illegible]~~ expectation for his wife's next words.

He noted — as we often happen in moments of supreme mental excitement — a number of little ordinary matters with ~~a~~ curious distinctness, ~~[illegible]~~. Noted the unmistakable crackle of ~~of~~ the wood-fire on the hearth, and the ~~[illegible]~~ tick of the tall inlaid clock in the corner, beating ~~out~~ its regulation sixty seconds to the minute with somewhat of aggressive indifference to the human tragedy glaring itself out so close by. And all the while Jenie leaned on her elbow, resting her rounded chin ~~on~~ in ~~[illegible]~~ her little pink palmed hand, and gazed at the man who his loves of her had

~~was~~

had voluntarily condemned himself to such cruel suffering.
— with the same pale, lovely, terrified countenance.
But Philip could stand it no longer. He faced
round.

"Speak, Jenny, speak — say what you like, only put
me out of this ~~unbearable~~ my speakable torment"

Jenny raised, turned ~~[illegible]~~ face fire-red, upon the couch again,
~~[illegible]~~.

"Let me free," she cried, "let me free, let me leave
you to-day, while I ~~[illegible]~~ can, while I am
still sorry and love you"

"You never loved me," he said — "you don't even know
what love means".

She did not heed him.

"Don't keep me here, let me go to-day. I have
made all my arrangements. If you keep me I shall
grow wicked — I can't help it. I am made like that,
I hate what is said, and I shall come to hate
you, Philip. Let me go to-day, and then I shall
think of you as you ~~[illegible]~~ were — not, not as you
are now. — Oh! it is the mere fancy our staying here
together, ~~[illegible]~~ I can never
feel to you again as I used to. It will be maddening.
Think what you are condemning me to, I might as
well be shut away in prison. What does it matter
if people do talk? Haven't they said bad
enough things to me already — and if I am gone
I shall not know it. Let me free, Philip, or I
shall hate you; and I don't want to do it", she
moaned "indeed, I don't ~~[illegible]~~ want to, but I shall
not be able to help it".

For a few seconds Colonel Pendelby sat quite still. His lips
were parched, his throat was as dry as summer dust.

his

his face, the trembling as though the spirit yet he was unclothed to the bone, and the cold sweat stood in great drops on his forehead. In clear voice of wills he mastered himself, stood up and ~~[illegible]~~ coming towards as few paces, looked down at his ~~[illegible]~~ face. She saw ~~[illegible]~~ still, shaken with the mad throbbing tides of her passion.

"No, with of making you wait me ~~[illegible]~~, I shall keep you here, Jessie," he said, sternly. "I don't do this in my own sake, because know, — as far as God gives I should be the scoundrel ~~[illegible]~~ ever ~~[illegible]~~ again. What future do you suppose can be more scattering, than that of knowing ourselves, to altogether ~~[illegible]~~ that ever ~~[illegible]~~ have, have been dearer to me than anything else on earth?. You will not be the other only sufferer — I shall have my share too — never fear. — I keep you for the sake of your own honour. If people cause — as you ~~[illegible]~~ must — afterwards lightly about you, they shall have no cause to do it again while I live. — And, after all, you need not ~~[illegible]~~ fret so very much about it; You'll get away soon enough. You won't have to put up with me very long, Francy, at worst. Strong men die hard they say; but I don't think a man can last as I do now, and bitter Death greatly ~~[illegible]~~ by keeping "him waiting".

Moved away — got across the room nearly as far as the door; and then, — because the love was in it, I suppose, then all is said and done, something divine and immortal — the blood stopped ~~[illegible]~~, hesitated, suddenly turned back and came and knelt

down

down beside the sofa. In her bent low over the young girl Philip Audley's face was as the face of an angel, full of ~~transcendent~~ its tenderness, its pardon, and of the purity of its devotion.

"Me", he said, "my darling, my love, my bride, put your dear arms round me once more — for the last time. I will never ask you again — trust me — never".

Kissed her eyes, her lips, ~~and~~ her bright hair, and passed his hand down over her little form, from throat to ankle, while she shuddered and drawn away under his touch with a sudden emotion. Then he unclasped the soft white hand that hung so limpidly about his neck, and laid the girl ~~down~~, wrapped in her long white drapery, back softly and reverently upon the sunny cushions.

"Well", he said, "since for us we will not, only, as strangers. Yet, God keep you always, my fair child — for life it has ended badly, alas!; but I do not complain. It has been had my beautiful days".

XII.

IV

Philip Rudeby finds his way home.

so sense one way or that suffering supplies its own antidote. Nature fixes beyond a legitimate point of endurance reacts upon herself, and takes refuge in callousness or insensibility. Certainly it is that when the hour for searching yet ~~[illegible]~~ ~~no~~ illuminated moments of his life's year with his wife were over, Philip Rudeby fell into a condition of singular mental apathy. He was little conscious, it is true, of having borne down the weight of so heavy tribulation: the full revelation of the extent of that tribulation became indistinct, the sense of the tribulation was deadened. His misery was no longer ~~[illegible]~~ active, full of force and energy; but dull and slow, as that of the dying stone, when the morning breaks dim and ~~[illegible]~~ sullen over the ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ English sea and mock-storm there, where the sunbeams break out the madness of its fury ~~[illegible]~~ through the long night.

He went back to ~~[illegible]~~ his room, sat down near the open window, and stared, with sad fixed blue eyes, out over the ~~[illegible]~~ terrace-lawn, where the birds and starlings hopped to and fro, searching for worms ~~[illegible]~~ in the moist ~~[illegible]~~ grass, to the meadow ~~[illegible]~~ with its great long-leafed elm-trees

their that raised there ragged wanderer towards that heavenly blue-green sky.

wanted with excitement and his night of watching the school after a next period of semi-consciousness, slept.

dreamed that he stood, once more, in the glaring Italian sunshine on the terrace of the Villa Mortelli. Jessie, in her smile light cotton dress, was beside him, without, merry, smiling, her ~~[illegible]~~ arm full of great red roses. She wanted something which he was powerless to give her, and waxed, and pleaded with him in petty languishing childlike fashion. — And, then, somehow the scene changed. She ~~[illegible]~~ had got Bertie Amer's monkey in her arms instead of the roses. She was going up an cold wide white-marble staircase, which seemed to stretch up and up, far out of sight; and Philip followed her, always just a few steps behind. He strained every nerve to get near to her. Called to her, implored her to wait for him; but still she flitted on lightly in front always just out his reach — while the monkey clinging over her shoulder grinned and pointed at him. Philip was faint and terribly weary. He could not ~~[illegible]~~ move ~~[illegible]~~ fast, and she got further and further ahead. Sometimes she looked back, smiling gaily, seeming half inclined to stop her soft rounded cheek ~~[illegible]~~ pressing against the monkey's wrinkled brows one in hideous proximity — and all the while ~~[illegible]~~ stretched on for ever and ever. Philip was driven forwards by a maddening necessity to overtake this girl, to clasp her ~~[illegible]~~ to him, to hold, and keep her: but, he was very very weak, it was impossible, hopeless. Suddenly

there

There came a great sound of rushing water. Jenny flung back a high mahogany door that loomed up in front of her, opening onto vast spaces of whirling gloom and vapour full of ~~[illegible]~~ dwarfs. The murkey's face had changed into a monster, which Philip knew and yet did not know — he had seen it ~~once~~ somewhere, but ~~in~~ he could not remember ~~when~~ where. He called aloud to Jenny, once more, desperately, wildly; but the vestibule stayed mute and unanswered. The door swung to behind her, with a clang, and she and the thing she carried fled away and vanished in the driving mist.

But his arms outstretched, the sound of the closing door in his ears, and the cry on his lips — "Lost, lost!" — Philip suddenly awoke.

This work-a-day world of high romance only deigns to visit us ~~[illegible]~~ at intervals; between whiles we ~~[illegible]~~ have to deal with plain prosaic, vulgar realities, which we ~~[illegible]~~ shall endure as a penalty ~~[illegible]~~ according to our humour. The first thing that met Philip's distracted gaze ~~[illegible]~~ when he opened his eyes, was the scared, weather-beaten face of Barrington, as that faithful servant entered his room carrying a luncheon tray.

"Sorry it's you there, sir, or ~~[illegible]~~ with you comes down to 'his fire'," ~~[illegible]~~ he added quietly. "Laudanum of strychnine" seemed to Philip too grossly incongruous, in his present state of agitation and excitement. He put out his hand with a sharp movement of ~~disinclination~~ repulsion.

~~[illegible]~~.

"... but it's where you like — I don't want anything", ~~said Philip [illegible]~~. he said.

Tennyson, however, was not disposed to take an emphatic refusal of his hand. He drew up a table and put his tray on it, neatly setting the glasses in order and turning out the corner of the white napkin.

"It's a pleasure, sir — I'll take this you had something", he said, with as ~~[illegible]~~ touch of respectful authority.

Colonel Duncie had raised his dignity.

"I'm not eat. — They say a man ~~[illegible]~~ "rather a good breakfast when he's going to be hung — but, it's too much to expect a ~~[illegible]~~ this to have an appetite when he's ~~[illegible]~~ in purgatory".

Tennyson bent down and poured some brandy into a tumbler with careful exactness.

"Put my right hand, gladly, to see you out of this, Colonel", he said, and his hard voice trembled.

"Sir, looked away over the quiet garden. He stood too greatly in need of human sympathy, just now, to be able to reject any that came to him. Here you would, ~~[illegible]~~ and some grate full of you — you've been the best servant ~~[illegible]~~ to me a man ever had, by heaven. But you'll never see me out of this — except one way".

~~[illegible]~~

For a little time before Tennyson answered.

"You must eat, sir, also the same", he said presently. "There's no gain, I can see, in starving".

Which brought back to measure of physical strength, it brought a renewed capacity of mental suffering. For so long every thoughts and aims of Philip Enderby's existence had centred in his wife, in her happiness, her amusement and employment and now it was

all

He was between sleep and waking. His mind seemed as blank; the present was incomprehensible, the future inconceivable. He felt as one who has lost a limb — the brain still sends out its mandate, but instead of the answering movement, there is only the dull aching of severed nerve and muscle, only the horrible knowledge of mutilation. And then the memory of what partly dreams whispered came. Turn where he would he still seemed to see the monkey's wistful drooping face or the girl's wantoning figure. An imperative demand his space, for the fire and cause of him. He picked up his hat and passing through the anti-room and hall, went out at the door, and along the carriage drive towards the stable. He walked quietly, stopping now and again and resting, for exertion was difficult to him. Still he felt easier and help seemed half of down.

Walker saw almost hidden from the windows of the Manor House itself, in a thick belt of lilacs and laurels, the bachelor's circular spaces of grass before the door. Then came of a range of walled flies shed red-brick building with white high-pitched tiled roof, heavily coated with gray and orange lichens; while the front of them covered in dark ivy. The clean yard seemed empty; the groom and assistant stable helper having. gone away to their dinner. The horses wandered to and fro, seemed no reason for going one way rather than another. Then he saw the dog was out and quiet and because he merely purposely and weary went to lie down on the old stone mounting block beside the stable door. The shadow of the bare branches of the neighbouring trees flickered

to

to and fro, on the worn brick pavement at his feet. Some hour, received in the warmth of the morning, and emulating, like idle prodigals on the immediate arrival of summer ~~weather~~ with its unlimited pleasure and plenty, had crept out of holes and crannies and hopped drowsily among the pungent ivy leaves on the wall behind him. The wind was blowing from south to east, and the tarnished gilt vane on the ~~st~~ end of the ~~[illegible]~~ stable creaked and grated as it turned unwillingly in its rusty iron socket. Perched aloft on the topmost twig of a young silver-fir in the shrubbery a thrush was singing, and the sweet mellow cadences of the bird's song formed themselves into a series of graceful flourishes and quavers ~~in~~ in Philip's dulled ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ brain. He sat quite still; he could hear the horses munching their corn in the stables through the ~~[illegible]~~ half open door just ~~to~~ above him, and the dull muffled roaring of their hoofs on the bedding — and all the while the thrush sang on. It came over him that the thrush had sung like that, in the merry spring-time at Barnett D'Arcy years ago, when he was an ugly, lanky boy, ~~[illegible]~~ petted in secret by his mother, and knocked about a bit by handsome ~~[illegible]~~ high-spirited Hart, who found in him a willing ~~[illegible]~~ admirer and vassal. — But the bird's song, alas! carried a very different message ~~[illegible]~~ in those few days to the young lad, with all the world before him. They sang of him of fame, and fair fortune, of love, of ~~[illegible]~~ high deeds, and of the sweet mystery of maidens' kisses; of battle and danger, and of glory; of honour and faith and of high courage. Then. Both of these three had

and

and he's thinking. Perhaps the bride was still — Philip Rudeby was worn ~~[illegible]~~ and broken, he could hardly tell. But, for the rest, he knew it sang all saddle, of great that knew no remedy, of pain that knew no assuaging, of disillusion and disappointment, of hopes nurtured in vain like withered things by the hands winds of law and fate: — Knew that it questioned, half mockingly, if silence after all is not kinder than speech, and darkness kinder than light, and death kinder than life?.. And through all the sad song, memories of the old home, which he had loved and left, to which he had turned with strong yearning ~~[illegible]~~ and desire in the hour of his prosperity, called aloud to Philip, now, in the hour of his adversity to come back — back, and look again on lawn, and wood, and river — to come back and dwell for a little space in the magic land of childhood, that is ~~[illegible]~~ for most of us the land land of promise too — a land of promise, which, more luck, unlike that of the children of Israel, has behind us and not before. End Poem

He was as sound of footsteps, William in his tight fitting drab stable clothes, came ~~up~~ whistling cheerily back from his dinner, with a ~~+~~ new halter in his hand. Seeing his master he looked at him ~~[illegible]~~ queerly for a moment, and then his hand halter and all went sharply up to the brim of his hat. Colonel Rudeby rose stiffly from his seat on the mounting-block, yet he had found a vague promise of alleviation in the midst of his misery. "Come home", he said half aloud; "get home and see if all was mere bahis dis."

Then

Then he called to the groom, ~~[illegible]~~ who was
unlocking the ~~stable~~ harness-room door.
"Is the saddle on the mare, William," he said.
"I want her. You need not take her round. I'll
wait here till she's ready".
Now over three months since the Colonel had
ridden: the unexpected order and strange
alteration in his manner's appearance struck
William pretty forcibly. He was a spare lean
fellow, blessed with as much ~~[illegible]~~ habit of
observation outside the strict limits of his calling,
but in this case he aspired to have an opinion
of his own. He gave Colonel Rudeby another look
and then observed, with some authority and hesitation.
"I don't know out of the stable to day, sir".
"Eh?" "She's all right I suppose — she's sound".
groom shuffled his feet a little and passed ~~his~~
the back of his hand across his mouth.
"She's sound enough," he answered; "But I
was thinking you don't seem riding much, sir,
lately and you might find her a bit over fresh
and ready".
words were quickly uttered, but they carried a sharp
sting of vexation to Colonel Rudeby. This touch of
opposition made him only the more obstinately
determined to have his own way.
"It's my habit to give orders twice over", he said
curtly.
"I ask your pardon, sir", murmured the groom, ~~and~~
~~[illegible]~~ as he stepped inside the harness-room and
~~[illegible]~~ took a bridle down from its place against
the matted wall. "I'm helped in the Colonel looks
any more fit to get on that ~~[illegible]~~ here raw:
a pacifier ~~[illegible]~~ than a week old 'colt", he said to

himself

Funeral.

Whichever sense of certainty was upon Philip suddenly gave way to feeling common alike to dreams and to waste wakeful sorrow, but which, perhaps, is only a subtler form of dreams. He wanted to get over to Barnets directly. The morning, his home, the room was cold, such morning had a pallid sheen of grey. His consciousness of values to high living and noble aims of the Brighton to recall, with regret and his children in his mind. Philip would have that place to himself, and that Lex was glad of it. It seemed such a long time waiting, he wondered half anxiously, whether a groom had ever been so slow saddling a horse before. It is the risk he incurred in taking a long ride, he was partly thinking of carry about it one way or another. He only wanted to escape to get home.

At last, a little scuffle and scrimmage as Williams led the great, handsome mount out of the door-way, and Philip mounted and rode away. Mare, as had been predicted, proved very sufficiently unmanageable. A long hair had curled her naked shoulder, and likewise, of old, the "wad" waxed fat and kicked. She was very mia, barely at home of mind, delighted at getting out of the stable and prepared to tax her rider's horsemanship pretty strenuously. Perhaps it was just as well so. Colonel Sudeley settled himself down in the saddle. He had a sense of excitement, probably the super-abundant vitality of the great head-shaking beast

heart under him, galvanized him into fuller life and lightened the load of his sorrow into the time being. It was wonderfully pleasant to him — even now, when things had reached the desperate pass — to find himself alone on horseback again; to fight as little with the splendid animal that carried and defied him, and by patience and determination to bring it gradually under control. The mare's vagaries kept him fully occupied, till he had passed out of the town. So engrossed should Jenny have been in meeting with Bertie Omer; nor did he see the subside into a decent and certainly manner of going, till after passing the church and the long straggling row of half-timbered houses which form the end of Brownborough Village on that direction, the wheels sunk suddenly heavily down on the Sherby highway road. The red-brick lodge showing through the trees — as Kitty drew the winding valley between Clay Works and Cold Sudeley, stood in a short hill; at the top of it Philip checked the mare. He turned side-ways in the saddle, rested his hand on her flank behind and looked back. Beyond the silver line of the river lying warm and shelter in the southern sunshine of the rising ground, the stranger during which seemed their little garden, was the village he had just left. Beyond again, where the rich pastures bordered the river on the right, he could see the green rolling pastures of his own farm, over which he had travelled so peacefully and manfully the day before.

It seemed years ago, that he had stood deaffing with Grex about the state and "what rare lot'ers lands"... The cultivated wilderness of the Manor House caught the sunlight and glittered, pale squares of light relief among the dark trees above the long sweep of the meadows. The Colonel gazed back long and intently: but he could see nothing clearly. Quite distinct flickering specks of light danced before him; his eyes were full of tears.

[illegible] the [illegible] Jerrie [illegible] should to make her happy. Mr. Jessie, Jessie, you will never [illegible] know how I have loved you" —

[illegible] His voice broke with a bitter sob. It was so utterly [illegible] vain, so infinitely sad. "If it was only all over"... he said to himself.

Mr Barnett Darcy seemed to call [illegible] aloud to him again to come home and rest. [illegible] What use would there [illegible] in looking back either actually or in spirit? —

[illegible]

He set his face like a flint, choked down the half stifled cry of despair, mined in the saddle again, gave the mare her head and let her go forward at a quiet steady pace over the strip of rough grass by the road, [illegible].

The Colonel suddenly rodes on up the long valley, with Pelorin keeping, [illegible] its woods and deer-park lying quietly in the warming sunlight, on the right. Sometimes he passed a farmer's box-cart with the broad-backed swaying figures in it, [illegible] or met a rumbling [illegible] waggon creaking slowly along the muddy road. The smoke of a passing train left a [illegible] 5675 wavering trail of white [illegible] over the [illegible] pastures and dark hedges; a couple of beaver moved along the high range

of

of woodland on the left, the trees and turrets growing large and distinct against the background of dulled sky, as they climbed the shoulder of the hill. On past Sowcote Grange, with its deserted moss-plantations and pleasant shimmering ponds, where the water and moor-hens chased each other with clear liquid cries in and out among the yellow reeds and cattle-tails. On through Sowcote Village, where the children, their day's work over, noisily clamoured out from the low moss-sandstone school-house, with its row of large dusty windows, and clustered in groups and gangs on the foot path, pleasuring marbles, laughing, learning, scolding in shrill young voices. — On, again, up the steep rutted lane that skirts the thick fir covert at Wood-end, and level to the open table land above. On between moorland fields and little hept hawthorn hedges, crisp as stitch of raw velvet against red country, where even the straight furrows and rounds recall of the ubiquitous elm. Here, do we reach the dreary sameness of the landscape. Pale Money Hop, with its few miserably poor, and hamlets of mean ill-looking houses, huddling about a few roads of waste land where stands the worse ale-house and broken shaft of a wayside cross — On, over long weary miles after another, with the fire still in his blue eyes, and the brave-hearted craving for home and rest made Philip suddenly. Mare had grown quiet by this time, and her rider was thankful for it. He was nearly spent. He began to fear his strength would give out before the end of his journey. The thought of the lower hosts formed

itself

itself, with an ever-recurring rhythm which beat
with his warm white distinguishing purposeless. He
leaned forward and looked longingly in the
first glimpse of the tiled chimneys of the
cottages in Prior Barnett Street.

The aspect of the neighbourhood had changed greatly during
the last hour. The sun was left behind in layer
of dull grey cloud, that spread rapidly, eating
up the azure blue of the ~~dome~~ sky. The wind, which
had been light and variable during the morning,
now blew ~~[illegible]~~ steadily from the east; and
the results of it seemed to be felt all
hands, taking the colour out of it, and ~~[illegible]~~ making
white caps on the waves and sad.

To Prior Barnett Street Philip rode slowly. He knew every
house in it, every yellow-brick roughcast gable-end,
every yard of wall ~~[illegible]~~ and
painted wooden palings, every strip of garden ~~[illegible]~~ betwe
the low house front and the railed foot path skirting
the road. Today the ~~[illegible]~~ street seemed miserable,
it looked strangely vacant and forsaken ~~[illegible]~~. The whole
interest of the place seemed concentrated round
the forge, which glared red under its ~~[illegible]~~ glowing
coals red, throwing sharp against the darkness behind
the figures of the men working within. Some
carts and ~~[illegible]~~ farm implements in process of mending
stood on the muddy patches of ground in front
of it; while a company of lads loitered ~~[illegible]~~
in awkward attitudes, de-horsed, their faces alert
the open door, surreptitiously appropriating scraps of
bad iron and steel interesting relics of the establish-
ment when nobody happened to be looking.

Mrs is early, now by the absence in Prior Barnett,
and Mr. Mum, the very-sweet-mannered-faced
wife

ife of the worthy rector was never tired of subsequently recounting the sad tales of her dear children — precisely, unfortunate little things, by the way. Their luckless fate had worked in the most savage-like manner that obtained so universally some twenty years ago and made that lady — yet in a very peculiarly unprofaning family — (my dear and his children) — poor Mrs Colonel Sudeley, that afternoon, just as ~~[illegible]~~ they were coming out of the rectory gates. The good lady, who, with a deep-seated belief in the security of her own social position combined a lively desire for recognition of the same position on the part of others, was sadly put about by the fact that Colonel Sudeley failed ~~[illegible]~~ in passing to ~~[illegible]~~ look at her or return her salute. Later things explained themselves, and Mr. Mumford had her share of enviable notoriety.

ed, in his mind, the Colonel had no thought left ~~[illegible]~~ for small social amenities. He rode on doggedly and resolutely, his ~~[illegible]~~ pale face pale and rigid as though it had been carved in stone, his eyes ~~[illegible]~~ fastened on the road just in front of his horse's head. The last few miles had been as much as he could manage, the excitement ~~[illegible]~~ that ~~[illegible]~~ served him as stimulus had evaporated, the emotion that had quickened him when gazing back at the Manor House had passed away, leaving ~~[illegible]~~ his mind more than ever confused and dim. Pain and utter weariness of body ~~[illegible]~~ increased upon him, and it was just as much as he could do to guide the mare and keep himself (still) upright in the saddle.)

~~[illegible]~~ as well, ~~[illegible]~~ (conscious) were

of

chief he heard the park gates swing to behind him. Bad.

Mr. Barnett Davey, on this particular afternoon, was anything but a cheerful object with which to greet her returning eye. The wide, rolling stretch of the park showed a dirty neutral ~~green~~ tint, dotted here and there with the darker ~~green~~ tint of the gnarled, twisted thorn thickets. The clump of larger trees was gaunt and spectral through the hideously bright. Rooks ~~[illegible]~~ on the low land ~~[illegible]~~ surrounding the manor house and ~~the~~ adjacent buildings and spreading like a grey wrinkling sheet along the course of the river ~~[illegible]~~ during the sea, — stagnating in the ~~[illegible]~~ shallows and drifting sullenly ~~[illegible]~~ to west-ward, where the winds caught and drove it. The rooks plunged and rocked as the rough Scotch cattle getting up from the roadside, started away a few paces, and then turning, stared fiercely, tossing their wild shaggy heads and wide horns in the air. The serious mid-land scene had, in this moment, something weird and unreal about it; and like Sinbad of old calling spirits in vacant, but hands herself with strange sights, strange torments, strange temptations Philip Anderby rode down into that dreary valley of shadows.

Big house with all its blinds a drawn down stood deserted. Silence reigned ~~[illegible]~~ only indoors but out of doors as well, save for the rattle of the mares hoofs on the cobbles as the groom turned her in under the stable arch-way. In the court-yard not a soul was to be seen. ~~He~~ Philip ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~

The Colonel got off his horse with difficulty and stood for some minutes with his hand resting on his neighbour's shoulder. He was cold and crumpled and stiffened and the ground seemed to reel under his feet. Stiffly and painfully, he got out of his stable-door open, and backing the mare into an empty stall fastened the pillar reins on either side to the rings of her bit. Then a passing thought the archway again, he went away up the carriage drive, under the double flight of stone steps and round to the garden front of the house.

A fog descended by night, and thick and clinging before the earlier wind; it veiled everything beyond an area of some few yards in grey semi-obscurity. Colonel Pudsey went on, very slowly, along the terrace, the house with its many dress windows rising grim and dark on his left hand. He wandered on, stopping every few steps to get his breath, wondered on hardly comprehending the way where he went, urged forward by the terrible instinct of self-help. Turning off the terrace he struck down across the lawns in the direction of the little wood, which fringed the promontory of land in the curve of the river. The smooth grass was slippery with fog, the air grew more dense and damning. It took him a long time to get down over the lawns to the out skirts of the wood — he moved uncertainly, stumbling now and then and recovering his footing with difficulty. There was a path through the wood somewhere — he knew — if he could only find it, hardly

to an old wooden boat-house and summer-house fronting on the river. Philip suddenly had not thought of this place for years, yet suddenly he was propelled with an over-mastering desire to to ~~see~~ see it again. It used to be a pleasant spot on hot summer evenings. His mother liked it. The world sit there and watch Sunni and Malt as they rowed about on the deep glassy stream, angling diligently for fish, which as diligently refused to be caught. He could only find the path he would go back there now and rest; he was in pain, pain which grew ~~[illegible]~~ stronger and sharper every minute and he was so ~~[illegible]~~ unutterably sorrowfully tired.

He sat ~~[illegible]~~ a little. Philip turned toward over the wooden bridge, while fallen ~~[illegible]~~ things snapped under his tread. He groped about, trying earnestly to find the path: but he could not see ~~[illegible]~~ his way. He was half blind with pain and exhaustion. And it was all changed, too, the undergrowth had grown ~~[illegible]~~ up thick and tangled since he was here last. He struggled on, stumbled, almost fell — got on to his feet again — struggled on a little further. — He tried to raise his arms to shield his face from the low sweeping ~~[illegible]~~ branches and briars ~~[illegible]~~, but he could not ~~[illegible]~~ raise it, it was numb and nerveless. Again he stumbled, and fell forward. He lay a moment of unreasoning passionate anger like that of a disappointed child. He had turned the ~~[illegible]~~ way altogether and got back to the ~~[illegible]~~ outskirts of the wood again. It was unspeakably ~~[illegible]~~ hateful to be like this, ~~[illegible]~~ helpless, ~~[illegible]~~ feeble, humiliated. The man's pride rebelled ~~[illegible]~~ under it. He leaned up against the smooth silvery

trunk

hunks of a great beech on the edge of the wood. He was reached with pain, utterly desolate and despairing. Had Barrett Davey called him home only to work at and shame him? To ~~[illegible]~~ make him know his own ~~[illegible]~~ physical ~~[illegible]~~ infinitely and grace, to show him how low he had fallen?.

In the midst of his inconsolable humiliation a great light ~~[illegible]~~ broke upon Philip Luderby's soul. Suddenly he understood what was about to happen. He had a perception of a mighty and final deliverance. He bared his shoulder against the stem of the beech tree. ~~[illegible]~~ His bodily suffering was keen and bitter: but his mind was clearer than it had been since he painted with his wife in the drawing-room of the Manor House (in the morning), — and with that clearness of mind came a sense of ~~[illegible]~~ ~~and~~ peace.

"It is death", he said to himself, gravely kindly death. It is coming at last. God is good, after all. He sends the death, when he sees we can't stand it any longer".

He stood and waited, awed but calm and very thankful, for the thing that ~~[illegible]~~ should come to him.

The bark, few ~~[illegible]~~ minutes the wind had worn, scattering the fog, which rolled away in heavy opaque masses down the valley. Philip raised his head, and looked, once more, with all the wonder of dying eyes at the places which he loved. Heard the music of the wind, and the call of the rooks in the ~~[illegible]~~ high tree over head, heard the ~~[illegible]~~ of rabbits scurry away through the under-growth,

towards the banks of the wind pools and the gurgle and lip of the river, — saw between the tree stems the great ~~[illegible]~~ square house ~~[illegible]~~ standing stately above its woods fair lawns and shrubberies; saw the western sky open in dull crimson between ~~[illegible]~~ heavy bars of low-lying cloud, and the sun ~~[illegible]~~ sink — a ball of sullen flame — behind the rounded masses of the distant woods.

"Fare-well, brave old earth", he said; — "you and I, too, have been lovers."

The fierce agony ~~[illegible]~~ of pain came on him again, a dreadful tearing apart of soul and body in which the man's faith and reason almost failed. He groped forwards blindly for a few yards —

"Jesus, you are free", he gasped. "Oh! God be merciful, — be merciful to me a sinner".

Then he fell back his whole length on the ground among the rotting leaves and the coarse grass and the sedge.

Nature dishes one as but a heartless and heedless mistress at times. She has no tears to shed even for those who have worshipped her most devoutly when they pass out into the eternal silence. In the vast circle of her perfect order and endless fertility, death is no fact, no inexplicable mystery. It was its places duly set and appointed and appears — not an accident, at once, revolting and incomprehensible, but rather as an act of restitution. It gives back to her, worn, soiled and tattered, the fleshly garment she lent the human spirit at its birth, to make ~~[illegible]~~ in due proof of time over again into new forms of freshness, wonder and beauty.

That night at Barnett Barry the winds swept the

heavens

heaven clear of cloud and the ~~[illegible]~~ stars came out one by one in the great vault over-head, and the river slipped by with its sweet liquid whisper under the dark tree, between its low rush-grown banks. The rabbits played together in the dusk on the half grass meadow, and the owls came out from their covert and sailed on broad silent wings round the woods and the house, ~~[illegible]~~ hailing each other, in love or challenge, with gently hollow-voiced greetings. In the small hours of the morning the moon rose up from the ocean-side, and whitened all the lawns with a glittering film of innumerable crystals. And all the while Philip Enderby, who had dared and fought, and ~~[illegible]~~ striven with heroic patience, died manfully ~~[illegible]~~ after a noble ideal of living, by there alone, stark and cold, his sightless ~~open~~ blue eyes half open and the ~~[illegible]~~ surprise of everlasting rest ~~[illegible]~~ on his dead lips.

What shall we say?.. Is it as thought of strong consolation to know that the fate of each one of us matters so little, and that the great world rolls on from age to age serene and tireless, as ~~[illegible]~~ careless of the birth and death of her human children, as she is of the great ~~[illegible]~~ that ~~[illegible]~~ flicker through one bright hour above the swaying reed-bed, or of the hour-fish ~~[illegible]~~ that vanishes in the rushing weir under the first kiss of the sun at morning?.. We know not! — no pity, love or brotherly mercy, for Nature in her great self is deaf and blind to all our sorrow and complaining, and when we go hence nothing stays to mourn for us ~~[illegible]~~ either in earth or heaven. Stay you, there,

and

and remain at least for a season. It is vain to hope that most faithful among you will remain for us long.

"Benedick the married man".

~~[illegible]~~.

Three years and more have passed away. It is June; June in the South Tyrol, as you may see by the depth of shade cast by the ~~[illegible]~~ projecting angle of the tall yellow house behind you. A garden, billowed with flowers, ~~[illegible]~~ cut at many different levels out on the steep hill-side, with small paths, numerous flights of stone steps overgrown with creepers — a garden the geography of which is difficult to master at first sight, but where chance gives you with acquaintance — stretches down to a wall bordering a line of low grass grown earth works. Beyond is a road, with a wide parapet on the further side of it, and then the dancing, sparkling purple sea. To the right, between tall solitary painted houses, and lofty patches of vineyards and gardens, you can see the ~~[illegible]~~ city with its great half circle of splendid quays and building facing the warm wooded ~~[illegible]~~. Above are the mountains, and to the north the long range of the serrated cast-line, ~~[illegible]~~ sharp, clear in the sunlight, and blotted in the shadow with ~~[illegible]~~ deep blue haze. ~~[illegible]~~

~~The~~

An

On the flat strip of ground between the garden wall and the earth-work a ~~lot~~ quantity of ~~[illegible]~~ dust is piled in ~~[illegible]~~ black dazzling pyramids and squares and a ~~[illegible]~~ little picture ~~[illegible]~~ is a small grim windowless building behind which a sentry in white linen gaiters ~~[illegible]~~ pale blue uniform ~~[illegible]~~ and white-covered képi slowly paces up and down. You have seen the spot before, reader, but with other eyes and under different circumstances, so it is worth while to run through the list of its attractions once again.

In the deep shadow, cast by the angle of the house with ~~[illegible]~~ glass doors opening into a cool ~~[illegible]~~ vaulted panelled hall on his right, and a ~~[illegible]~~ and ~~[illegible]~~ row of red and white oleanders ~~[illegible]~~ behind him, in full flower, on his left, extended ~~[illegible]~~ in a long cane-chair ~~[illegible]~~, ~~[illegible]~~ and dead in the lightness of summer suit, W. Bertie Inner ~~[illegible]~~, a cigarette between his ~~[illegible]~~ lips, lazily contemplated the brilliant scene around him. Bertie Inner had changed ~~[illegible]~~ somewhat in these last three years; he had filled out a good deal, his figure had lost a little of its ~~[illegible]~~ original slenderness, and the expression of his dark, handsome, sleepy face had grown more ~~[illegible]~~ decided. Heaven knows that I should regret that he had grown stout or ~~[illegible]~~ middle-aged! To the end W. Inner will ~~[illegible]~~ be a graceful, lounging person and will retain a delicate flavour of indifference and polite cynicism in his manner. ~~[illegible]~~ His chair stood on the corner ~~[illegible]~~ of a ~~[illegible]~~ large many coloured carpet ~~[illegible]~~ spread on the

She gazed into the window, on which half sitting half lying in a multitude of toys and infantine treasures scattered about her, Eleanor Innes played with her year old boy — a divided, divide brow. Indeed darling, his great eyes filled with the happy content of a creature to whom the world, as yet, has shown only a bewildering face.

Eleanor with her husband tells us that marriage is a blessing yourself, — to some women motherhood is a more blessing yourself still. In the tender twilight, carelessness, wakefulness and anxiety of motherhood Eleanor Innes had, not only, grown more gentle and unexacting, she had found the deepest and purest satisfaction of her life. She had not the temperament which makes a happy woman; few persons whose sensibilities are keen can have that: but in this crowing, clinging mass of humanity struggling fat hands with funny uncertain gestures, dabbed down the bizarre brown shoes so diligently erected for him, clinging to her gown and the carpet with gurgling of infantine delight, she came nearer laying hold of that quality much vaunted yet practically almost unknown quantity, human love.

Julia stretched limbs in her long chair, and yawned a little.

"It was originally fun to change Phoenix today", he said in his soft drawling voice. "It felt like three excellent journeys in the fresh air; with this difference, that where they were sent with us it became they reposed

to worship the Golden Image, we can't ourselves with it voluntarily, in a spirit of emulation to say who would worship her most successfully. Really, it is ~~[illegible]~~ surprising to note universally of our own capacities of deterioration. I could the very least possible about making money when I first went into business; and now I dream — not of you, Hetty, don't ~~[illegible]~~ indulge in any charming delusion ~~of~~ upon that head ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ as I sit here watching your gambols with that delectable infant Bacchus — but simply and solely of dollars and cents. Facilis descensus Averni — that remark was made as long time ago (time to hotter good stuff) I know you know".

As with looked up from the lower she was just completing — the baby sitting by with ~~[illegible]~~ round ~~[illegible]~~ serious eyes, one thumb stuck into her ~~[illegible]~~ rosebud of a mouth, ~~and~~ while with the other hand he carefully ~~[illegible]~~ her bare toes as they ~~[illegible]~~ protruded from ~~[illegible]~~ under the short skirt of her pale white frock.

"You enjoy making the worst of yourself, Bertie" she observed, ~~[illegible]~~: "~~It~~ that is only a more subtle kind of self-conceit, after all".

"Ah," he rejoined ~~Bertie~~, with admirable mildness. "But one must cultivate a certain measure of ~~self~~ conceit to keep oneself going at all; and a subtle form of it is ~~[illegible]~~ self offensive to an a group one, any way, is it not?" ~~[illegible]~~

Lauer ~~[illegible]~~ turned her attention to the baby. "Now, sweetest, it is ready: look, so very very high — that's right, both ~~[illegible]~~ hands and down it all goes": — as the tower fell with a mimic crash to the ground.

"You will bring that boy up to be an ironclad socialist

and Red republican, ~~[illegible]~~ if you pander to his destructive and disorderly miniature in this open war," remarked Mr. Inner. He ~~flung away~~ clinched his end of his cigarette, swan aside under the red. Vermed ~~[illegible]~~ long learned Oleander brother, rested his elbows on the table arms of his chair ~~[illegible]~~ pulpering the tips of his fingers together, as he leant back again lazily and ~~[illegible]~~ looked at his handsome wife with half-closed eyes-lids.

"The deterioration of my character," he continued, was brought home very forcibly to me today by an ~~little~~ encounter I had with an old acquaintance, coming down up the Orient — to return to this interesting subject of myself. I feel communicative, Nell; but it is quite unnecessary you should listen unless you ~~feel~~ desired to. — I was reminded of that part, of certain passages in ~~[illegible]~~ my experiences which were not without a touch of pathos. Just under Pellegrini's Madonna I came right into the arms of that worthy little gentleman, Edmund Drake. He was quite affectionate to me, bearing a heavy cargo of conversation on board, apparently, and no English lady ~~[illegible]~~ therein to ~~[illegible]~~ discharge it. I asked him to dinner."

"I hope we should have been alone for once, to-night," said Mr. Inner, quickly. "Somebody is always coming. Same as ~~little~~ disappointed. — Why, precious one, you must not suck that nasty little red nose, all the paint will come off. ~~[illegible]~~ Come, Come, quiet it to Mother, like a good child."

"It was a disappointment, Nell, I assure you. He was absolutely explosive with the desire to ~~[illegible]~~ find some one to speak to. He ~~[illegible]~~ several editying ~~to~~ little ~~to~~ scraps of gossip. Delving with Our clear aunt Mr. Murray has had

bad as regards, and Cecilia is nursing her day and night, like an angel. There is a rumour that some Frenchwoman who is cultured once to have entertained tender sentiments towards her — Cecilia, I mean, not the — was settled as large sum of money on that little scamp Johnnie. The doctor must be more or less of a fool — the money, of course, will go as soon your friend's mind, in ways that had best not be too closely enquired into".

Certain Jones paused for a minute or two, and yawned again quite as trifle elaborately.

"Mr. Drake enquired about Jennie", he said presently.

Lanier leant her head over the table, and gently tried to remove the twisting mouthful of little leaves from between his pouting lips.

"And he not heard them?".

"Apparently not", we enlightened him. I told him how Mr. Henry J. Vanderculin realised of personal appearance supported by a chocolates. Wrote hundred horses on Fifth Avenue, a cottage at Newport, an apartment in the Boulevard Haussmann, a villa at Nice, fast trotting horses, a steam-yacht, and modest, unostentatious little offerings in the way of hacking-cases full of diamonds had entirely won Jennie Lindsay's affections.

Drake [illegible] cares as little, and then asked if the marriage was a happy one. I told him we had reason to believe that the lady was perfectly satisfied, and that the gentleman's ambitions had attained his highest ambitions in securing the most ex-jeunesse wife in New York — which I imagine is saying a good deal. Then that I guess to say Mr. Drake became extremely blasphemous. He was specially outspoken, in the original English women, while English women and pigeon gauze veils were costuming trifling

in

with at the disappointed faces suddenly struck us. — "I say, I wonder" added Mr. Jones, with an air of acute inquiry; "do Englishwomen always look as disappointed fortively, as though they were in the act of committing a petty larceny and were afraid of being taken red-handed?". Meanwhile I was with him. ~~He looked~~ so friendly & pleasing that I fancied it would be wise to let him know it out. When he had blown off his steam, he asked after you; he was good enough to "wonder" me with his colonel's orderly. He tells me I had always known which side my head was buttered; he intimates that I was an acute person, and, matrimonially, had got very much the best of the bargain".

"What did you answer, Bertie"? ~~and~~ asked Eleanor, looking up at him suddenly, with a flush on her cheek.

"Oh! my dear", he cried, half laughing, "~~surely~~ you don't need to know that I recounted at this time of day ~~[illegible]~~ merely a mere trifle of ancient history".

A flush deepened in Mr. Jones's cheek, she drew the baby towards her, and pressed ~~her~~ her face against his fat brown shoulder.

"There are some chapters of ancient history a woman can hardly read too often", she said, perhaps a little pensively.

"Your husband must be a brute if he does not love you well", rejoined Bertie. He stretched out his hands over the ~~side~~ arms of his chair, towards her as if in pleading. The baby clutched at ~~at the~~ with its dimpled fingers, raised himself, wavely with a standing position, ~~and then~~ ~~[illegible]~~ which first one foot and then the other straight out in front of him — having still a greater inclination to ~~see~~ regard this member as agreeable plaything fellow than as serious aids

aide to [illegible] Finally, losing his balance, descended into a flop in a sitting position upon the carpet again. The said flop jarred his small person, and he gazed round into a piteous and tearful demand for sympathy.

"It serves you right, you obstinate little animal," his father said, "It was no use your wanting to, you know, but your mother —"

Some one to her feet picked up the child, and stood silently well. Fair as figure, her head raised and the black lace veil falling in a dusky folds over her and shoulders, looking out across the glittering Bay.

"Sir Philip Rudeby," she said suddenly. "I am frightened when I think of him as I stand here in my arms, in the midst of all this care, and beauty and comfort. It frightens me, if I think of him as enemy."

Cecilia smiled quietly and shaded her eyes into her hand as he looked at her, so as to get a better view. Undeniably her wife appeared to great advantage, just now.

"You have this valley an exceptional way of stating things, Nell," he said in his voice sweet [illegible] tones. "Here is quite another point of view from which this question may be regarded. If he had married Cecilia years ago, if he had never fallen in love with that fascinating young person — mark you, I don't give in Mr. Drake's analysis by any means — Colonel Rudeby would have remained a very ordinary, prejudiced, stiff-necked English soldier and gentleman, and the world would never have

dreamed
dreamed of what he was capable. You gave him his opportunity. He had the wit to take it. He became a hero. Of course heroism demands certain sacrifices. Well, I must say Colonel Rudeby made them in a very praiseworthy manner. He never liked me, but, I ~~am sorry to say~~ bear him no malice — you see, I do him justice".

She turned to him rather sternly.

"Don't jeer about this, Bertie", she said. "Let us keep some memories sacred; let there be some things we don't push aside with an easy shrug of the shoulders and a cynical laugh".

Bertie Trower sat up, and a ~~new~~ queer expression crossed his face. His eyes were sad enough still, at moments. They were very sad now as he looked fully and steadily at his wife.

"My dear Nell, you are guilty of doing me a slight injustice", he answered. "Perhaps I have paid a more practical tribute to Colonel Rudeby's memory and am one, the after all. I don't want to exalt my own small virtues; but remember, I found myself left alone, under ~~[illegible]~~ very critical circumstances, with his widow, who being at daggers drawn with all her friends and neighbours, was thrown ~~[illegible]~~ with rather dangerous complete help upon my hands". — He rose to his feet, came over, ~~[illegible]~~ and standing by his wife, rested his hand lightly on her shoulder, and ~~[illegible]~~ kissed the ~~[illegible]~~ baby ~~[illegible]~~ as it lay (smiling) in her arms.

"I am not a very sentimental person", he went on gently: "but I don't put quite everything aside Nell, with a laugh and shrug of the shoulders, even so. I think of that forty February morning ~~[illegible]~~ with the pale primrose coloured sunrise, after that matched night of fruitless search

Then

When Drake and I found Philip suddenly lying under the bank beside that quiet English river. "It was as though one dies not easily forgot."— I should be very glad to know what my face would have no more secrets to tell than that man's had, when I lie dead".— There, there – what's this matter with you? Why, my dear, you are charmingly worked up. But here's Pauline, – looking for all the world as if she thought I'd been beating you – coming to fetch the baby. It's time for you to go in and sleep. Put on a nice gown, and finish this conquest of good little Drake. I hope to mean say my wife's the handsomest woman – of her age – in Genoa", you know".

When he was alone Bertie Inner lay back comfortably in his long chair again. The deep shadow of the house got narrower and narrower as the sun moved towards the west; there were sweet scents in the air from the blooming garden, & a low murmur of the sea and of the distant life and life of the great urgent city. Bertie had been a good deal stirred somehow, and he did not altogether enjoy it. In matters of feeling he was a little decidedly individual. Emotion is a dangerous, unstable thing, the mother of innumerable follies; he did his best, therefore, to eschew her company. Meanwhile, round the end of the house, with stopping nervously every minute or two, and with

with rapid angry gestures and quick lifting of his eyebrows, came to very well-bred little figure. The monkey scuffled along near his ground, holding up the ~~ends~~ bits of a broken chain, that dangled from a broad leather band round his waist, in one thin shrunk hand. He crept under cover of the skeanders, and waited there, peering curiously about him, chattering to himself, and showing his teeth half in wickedness and half in fear, reaching up now and then as he squatted on his haunches and scratching his ugly old head with his hand that was disengaged, in deep perplexity.

Presently Ivan rolled himself another cigarette, which he made and lighted; as he did so Malvolio crawled out from his shelter and came and crouched, silently against his master's knee.

"Ah, you abominable little sinner," said the Caliban, looking down at the creature, "you've broken your chain and got loose again, haven't you?"

Malvolio sidled closer to him, gazing up with an air of pathetic misery in his face. With all his affectation of cynicism and dislike of emotion W. Ivan was at bottom very tender hearted. He picked up the monkey, held it on his arm, and began fiddling it.

"You are very fractious, you poor little devil" he said gently. "It seems hardly fair to banish and beaten because you had just humanity enough in you to get an acute attack of jealousy and try to bite and belabour that reigning favourite of the establishment."

~~the~~ entertainment, Stella dear. But you can't expect to indulge your small eccentricities with impunity any more than the rest of us. ~~[illegible]~~. In a way it is a compliment to the primeval, are our common ancestry and proves her claim, that both branches of her descendants, notwithstanding slight outward difference, should be ~~[illegible]~~ judged by the same law".

Stella Bruce mused for a few seconds in silence, softly patting the dis-mal-looking little beast that nestled against him.

"So", he went on presently — "you cannot expect to get off scot-free any more than others, Malvolio. There is a price set on every thing in this world; not only on ~~[illegible]~~ vice, and wickedness, and crime and weakness, and folly, but on love, and youth, and truth, and virtue, and faith, and honour as well. And we all pay it rigorously." — He shrugged his shoulders and laughed a little. — "Pay it? — good heavens, should we pay this much we did! — We pay it down to the uttermost farthing".

Mrs Ind —

no