

A LIFE FOR A LIFE

Yet it was not to be... I thought she had hurt or offended me. I judged it best to answer her thoughts out plain.

"I agree with you that to kill... I had not a word of answer to this acknowledgment, at once frank and dignified. She went on:

"If I said foolish or rude things that night, you must remember how apt one is to judge from personal experience, and I have never seen any fair specimen of the army. Except," and her manner prevented all questioning of what duty elevated into truth, "except, of course, Captain Treherne."

"He caught his name. "Eh, good people. Saying nothing bad of me, I hope? Anyhow, I leave my character in the hands of my friend Urquhart. He rates me soundly to my face, which is the best proof of his not speaking ill of me behind my back."

"So that is Dr. Urquhart's idea of friendship! bitter outside and sweet at the core. What does he make of love, pray? All sweet and no bitter?"

"Or all bitter and no sweet?"

These speeches came from the other two sisters, the latter from the eldest; their flippancy needed no reply, and I gave none. The second sister was silent, which I thought showed better taste, under the circumstances.

For a few minutes longer we sauntered on, leaving the wood and passing into the sunshine, which felt soft and warm as spring. Then there happened—I have been so slow in coming to it—one of those accidents, trivial to all but me, which, whenever occurring, seem to dash the peaceful present out of my grasp, and throw me back years—years, to the time when I had neither present nor future, but dragged on life, I scarcely know how, with every faculty tightly bound up in an inexorable, intolerable past.

She was carrying her prayer-book, or Bible I think it was, though English people often carry to church prayer-books than Bibles, and seem to reverence them quite as much, or more. I had noticed it as being not one of those velvet things, with gilt crosses, that ladies delight in, but plain-bound, the edges slightly soiled as if with continual use. Passing through a gate, she dropped it; I stooped to pick it up, and there, on the fly-leaf, I saw written:

"Theodora Johnston"—"Johnston."

Let me consider what followed, for my memory is not clear.

I believe I walked with her to her own door, that there was a gathering and talking, which ended in Treherne's entering with the ladies, promising to overtake me before I reached the camp. That the gate closed upon them, and I heard their lively voices inside the garden wall while I walked rapidly down the road and back into the fir-wood. That, gaining its shadow and shelter, I sat down on a felled tree to collect myself.

Johnson her name is not, but Johnston. Spelt precisely the same as I remember noticing on his handkerchief, Johnston without the final e.

Yet, granting that identity, it is still a not uncommon name; there are whole families, whole clans of Johnstons along the Scottish border, and plenty of English Johnstons, and Johnstones likewise.

Am I fighting with shadows, and torturing myself in vain? God grant it!

Still, after this discovery, it is vitally necessary to learn more. I have sat up till midnight waiting Treherne's return. He did not overtake me—I never expected he would, or desired it. I came back, when I did come back, another way. His hut, next to mine, is still silent and unoccupied.

So is the whole camp at this hour. Refreshing myself a few minutes since by standing bareheaded at my hut door, I saw nothing but the stars overhead, and the long line of lamps below; heard nothing but the sigh of the moorland wind, and the tramp of the sentries re-leaving guard.

I must wait a little longer; to sleep would be impossible, till I have tried to find out as much as I can.

What if it should be that—the worst? which might inevitably produce—or leave me no reason longer to defer—the end.

Here it seemed, as if with long pondering, my faculties became torpid. I fell into a sort of dream, which being broken by a face looking in at me through the window, a sickness of perfectly childish terror came over me. For an instant only, and then I had put away my writing materials and unbolted the door.

Treherne came in, laughing violently. "Why, doctor, did you take me for a ghost?"

"You might have been. You know what happened last week to those poor young fellows coming hope from a dinner-party in a dog-cart."

"By George, I do!" The thought of this accident, which had greatly shocked the whole camp, sobbed him at once. "I looked over to see if you were really dead, and I found you were not. Thank you, I had no idea you cared so much for a human-skin fellow like me."

He could not be left leaving an untruth; so I said my startled looks were not on his account; the fact was, I had been writing closely for some hours, and was nervous, rather.

"The notion of my having 'nerves' afforded him considerable amusement. "But that is just what Dora persisted—good sort of creature, isn't she? the one you walked with from church. I told her you were as strong as iron and hard as a rock, and she said she didn't believe it—that yours was one of the most sensitive faces she had ever seen."

"I am very much obliged to Miss Theodora; I really was not aware of it myself."

"Nor I either, faith! but women are so sharp-sighted. Ah! doctor, you don't know half their ways."

"I concluded he had stayed at Rockmount; I had he spent a pleasant day?"

"Pleasant! ecstatic. Now acknowledge, isn't she a glorious girl? Such a mouth—such an eye—such an arm! All together a magnificent creature. Don't you think so? Speak out—I shan't be jealous."

I said, with truth, she was an extremely handsome young woman.

"Handsome! Divine. But she's as lofty as a queen—won't allow any nonsense—I didn't get a kiss the whole day. She will have it we are not engaged till I hear from the governor; and I can't get a letter till Tuesday, at the soonest. Doctor, it's maddening. If all is not settled in a week, and that angel mine within six more—as she says she will be, parents consenting—I do believe it will drive me mad."

"Having her, or losing?"

"Either. She puts me nearly out of my senses."

"Sit down, then, and put yourself in them again—for a few minutes at least."

For I perceived the young fellow was warm with something besides love. He had been solacing himself with wine and cigars in the mess-room. Intemperance was not one of his failings, nor was he more than a little excited now—not by any means what men consider "over-taken," or, to use the honest and uglier word, "drunk." Yet, as he stood there, rolling against the door, with hot cheeks and watery eyes, talking and laughing louder than usual, and diffusing an atmosphere both noxious and alcoholic, I thought it was as well, on the whole, that his divinity did not see her too human young adorer. I have often pitied women, mothers, wives, sisters. If they could see some of us men as we often see one another!

Treherne talked rapturously of the family at Rockmount—the father and the three young ladies.

I ask if there was no mother.

"No. Died, I believe when my Lisabel was a baby. Lisabel—isn't it a pretty name? Lisabel Treherne, better still—beats Eisabel Johnston hollow."

This seemed an opportunity for questions which must be put; safer put them now than when Treherne was in a sober and more observant mood.

"Johnston is a border name. Are they Scotch?"

"Not to my knowledge—I never inquired. Will, if you wish, doctor. You canny Scots always hang together—ha! ha! But I say, did you ever see three nicer girls? Shouldn't you like one of them for yourself?"

"Thank you—I am not a marrying man; but you will find them a pleasant family, apparently. Are there any more sisters?"

"No—quite enough too."

"Nor brothers?"

"Not the ghost of one!"

"Perhaps"—was it I, or some mocking imp speaking through my lips—"perhaps only the ghost of one. None now living, probably?"

"None at all that I ever heard of. So much the better; I shall have her more to myself. Heigho! it's an age till Tuesday."

"You'd better go to your bed, and shorten the time by ten hours."

"So, I will. Night, night, old fellow, as they teach little brats to say on disappearing from desert. 'Pon my life, I see myself the venerated head of a household and pillar of the state already. You'll be quite proud of my exceeding respectability."

He put his head in again, two minutes after, with a nod and a wink.

"I say, think better of it. Try for Miss Dora—the second. Charities one, me the other, and you the third. What a jolly lot of brothers-in-law. Do think better of it."

"Hold your tongue, and go to your bed."

It was not possible to go to mine, till I had arranged my thoughts.

What he stated must be correct. If, otherwise, it is next to impossible that, in his position of intimacy, he should not have heard it. Families do not, I

CHAPTER VI
HER STORY.

"Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace? Shall Lewis have Blanche, and Blanche those promises?" Which means, "shall Treherne have Lisa, and Lisa Treherne Court?"

Yes, it is to be; I suppose it must be. Though not literally "gone to be married," they are certainly "going."

For seven days the balance hung doubtful. I do not know exactly what turned the scale; sometimes a strong suspicion strikes me that it was Dr. Urquhart; but I have given up cogitating on the subject. When one is utterly powerless—a mere iota in a house—when, whatever one might desire, one's opinion has not a straw's weight of anybody, what is the good of vexing one's self in vain!

I shall content myself with giving a straightforward, succinct account of the week; this week which I cannot deny, has made a vital difference in our family. Though outwardly all went on as usual—our quiet monotonous life, unbroken by a single "event"—breakfast, dinner, tea, and sleep coming round in ordinary rotation; still the change is made. What a long time it seems since Sunday week!

That day, after the tumult of Saturday, when I fairly shut myself up to escape out of the way of both suitors, the coming and the going one—sure that neither of my sisters would particularly want me—that Sunday was not a happy one. The only pleasant bit in it was the walk home from church; when, Penelope mounting guard over the lovers, I thought it no more than right to be civil to Dr. Urquhart. In so doing, I resolutely smothered down my annoyance at their joining us, and at the young gentleman's taking so much upon himself already, forsooth; lest Captain Treherne's friend should discover that I was not in the most amiable mood possible with regard to this marriage. And in so valourously "putting myself into my pocket"—the bad self which had been uppermost all day—somehow it slipped away, as my pin-cushions and pencil-cases are wont to do—slid down to the earth and vanished.

I enjoyed the walk. I like talking to Dr. Urquhart, for he seems honest. He makes one feel as if there were some solid good somewhere in the world, if only one could find it; instead of wandering among mere shams of it, pretences of heroism, simulations of virtue, selfish abortions of benevolence. It seems unlike that place in Hades—is it Dante's or Virgil's making?—where trees, beasts, ghosts, and all, are equally shadowy and unsubstantial. That Sunday morning, which happened to be a specially lovely one, has seemed tangible and real. Including myself, who not seldom appears to myself as the biggest sham of all.

Dr. Urquhart left us at the gate; would not come in, though Penelope invited him. Indeed, he went away rather abruptly, I should say rudely—but that he is not the sort of man to be easily suspected of discourtesy—Captain Treherne declared his accession was not surprising, as he had a perfect horror of ladies' society. In which case, why did he not avoid mine? I am sure he need not have had it unless he chose; nor did he behave as if in a state of great martyrdom. Also, a lover of flowers is not likely to be a woman-hater, or a bad man, either; and those must be bad men who have an "unqualified" horror of women. I take the liberty, until farther evidence, of doubting Captain Treherne—no novelty! The difficulty is to find any man in whom you can believe.

We spent Sunday afternoon chiefly in the garden, Lisabel and her lover strolling about together, as Penelope and Francis used to do.

Penelope sat with me some time, on the terrace before the drawing-room windows; then bidding me stay where I was and keep a look-out after those two, lest they should get too sentimental, she went indoors, and I saw her afterward, through the parlor-windows, writing—probably one of these long letters which Francis gets every Monday morning.

What on earth can she find to say?

The lecture against sentimentalism was needless. Nothing of that in Lisabel. Her courtship will be of the most matter-of-fact kind. Every time they passed me, she was talking or laughing. Not a soft or serious look has there been on her face since Friday night; or, rather, Sunday morning, when my sobbing made her shed a few tears. She did not afterward—not even when she told what had occurred to papa and Penelope.

Penelope bore it well—if there was anything to bear, and perhaps there was—to her. It might be trying to have her youngest sister married first, and to a young man but for whom Francis would himself long ago have been in a position to marry. He told us, on Saturday, the whole story; how, as a boy, he was meant for his uncle's heir, but late in life Sir William married. There was a coldness afterward, till Mrs. Char-

teris died, when her brother, got Francis this government situation, from which we hoped so much, but which still continues, he says, "a mere pittance." It is certainly no career for Francis—He had a long talk with papa, before he left, ending, as usual, in nothing.

After he went away, Penelope did not appear till ten time, and was "as cross as two sticks," to use a childish expression, all evening. If these are lovers' visits, I heartily wish Francis would keep away.

She was not in much better humor on Sunday, especially when, coming hastily into the parlor with a message from Lisabel, I gave her a start—for she was sitting, not writing, but leaning over her desk, with her fingers pressed upon her eyes. It startled me, too, to see her; we have grown so used to this affair, and Penelope is so sharp-tempered, that we never seem to suspect her of feeling anything. I was foolish enough to apologize for interrupting, and to attempt to kiss her, which irritated her so that we had almost a quarrel. I left the room, put on my bonnet, and went off, to bettering-church—God forgive me! for no better purpose than to get rid of home.

I wonder, do sisters ever love one another? Not after our fashion, out of mere habit and long familiarity, also a certain pride, which, however we differ among ourselves, would make us, I believe, defend one another warmly against strangers, but out of voluntary sympathy and affection. Do families ever live in open-hearted union, feeling that blood is blood, closer than acquaintance, friendship, or any tie in the world, except marriage? That is, it ought to be. Perhaps it may so happen once in a century, as true love does, or there would not be so much romancing about both.

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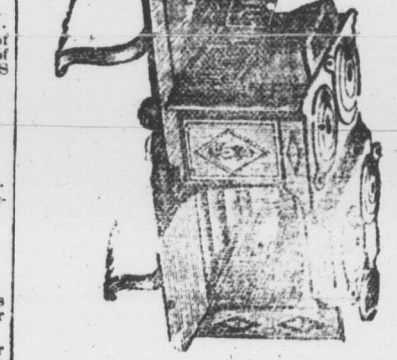
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