

MADGIE'S HERO.

"So this is the end of all your romances, Madgie, this is the 'hero' you so often vowed you would marry! Well, I confess I am surprised."

"And disappointed, too—why don't you add that, Nellie?" Mrs. Bentinck said, as she led the way to a cosy little sitting room where a cheery fire was burning. "Sit down, dear, and drink your tea, and have a little rest before dinner. Some day, perhaps, you'll have a better opinion of Phil, and even learn to admire him—who knows?"

"But, Madgie, he really isn't a bit handsome, nor romantic-looking, nor poetic, nor anything; and I did so hope and expect he would be—different; and Nellie Grahame pouted for want of a word to express fully all she expected Madgie Mason's husband to be."

Nellie and Madgie had been friends at school, and when they parted—the former to join her father in India; Madgie to take up her abode with her uncle, Capt. Mason, at the Woodlands—they had vowed eternal constancy, and exchanged school-girl pledges of affection and remembrance.

Scarcely six months after leaving school, Madgie was alone in the world, heiress of Woodlands and all her uncle's wealth, and Dr. Philip Bentinck for her sole guardian. Nellie was in India, and there seemed no immediate prospect of Major Grahame's return; and as Madgie had no other "dear friend," to Nellie she poured out all her heart on her delightful, solitary, romantic life at Woodlands, and her unalterable resolution to marry a real *bona fide* hero, or remain forever Madgie Mason.

And Phil Bentinck was the hero of her dreams!

"He's decidedly ugly," Nellie said, glancing at a photograph which stood on the chimney-piece. "I'm sure if I had the misfortune to marry such a man, I wouldn't have his likeness in a very conspicuous place in the house. I'm surprised at Madgie, with her love of everything that is beautiful, and her own pretty face and fortune. She surely might have done better; and yet she seems happy and contented enough, though she was such a hero-worshipper."

Nellie had come in accordance with a long standing promise to pay Madgie a visit. It was their first meeting since they had left school five years before, and she had expected to find her friend just the same as ever—gushing, sentimental, impulsive,—with a dreamy, dark-eyed lover-husband, fond of poetry, and with a decided air of mystery about him. Nothing could be more unlike her preconceived idea than Phil Bentinck, with his rough, seamed face, cheery voice, hearty laugh and burly frame—a busy, active, energetic, hard-working, practical country doctor, ten years older than Madgie if he was a moment,—and oh, so ugly!

And yet Philip Bentinck had had his romance, too. He had been old Capt. Mason's medical attendant, and after his death, Madgie's sole "counsellor, guide, philosopher and friend." Woodlands was a roomy, old-fashioned country house, buried in pleasant woods, five miles from a village, thirteen from a town. The nearest neighbors on one side were only rough-and-ready farmers; on the other, poor fisher-folk, who tried to wring a wretched subsistence from the sea and barren westerly shore.

But Madgie was not lonely. She loved Woodlands, loved to wander all day through the gardens, with a volume of poetry or an old romance in her hand, loved the dreamy solitude, which she peopled with heroes and heroines of her own creating—very delightful, but wholly impracticable individuals.

But with all her sentiment, Madgie was very charming, and it was not surprising that Dr. Bentinck, despite his being her guardian, and a poor, struggling doctor into the bargain, should fall in love with her. It was what every one expected, and Madgie herself was the only one astonished or unprepared when one day, in a plain, honest fashion, he told her of his love, and asked her to be his wife. It was as if Madgie had been awakened from a very pleasant dream by a rough shake. During the two years she had been at Woodlands she had become accustomed to the doctor. He had always been at hand to consult, to confide in, and take all responsibility off her shoulders. She was used to his honest face and kindly voice, to his constant attentions and occasional lectures, and in a way she liked them; but the first idea of loving or marrying him never entered her head, for the doctor was commonplace to the last degree, and entirely devoid of all sentiment and romance, and Madgie had set her whole heart on "a hero." But Phil Bentinck was not destitute of feeling; and when Madgie, more plainly than politely, declined his proposal, the look of pain and sorrow in his clear, honest gray eyes would have accorded with the most extravagant protestations of despair and misery. But he did not give way to them—only apologized gravely for having troubled Miss Mason, and was taking his departure in the most matter-of-fact way, when Madgie burst into impetuous explanation:—

"It's not that I dislike you, Phil, or like any one else better, and I know you are twice as good for me, only—"

"Only what, Madgie?"

Down went her brown head in confusion. It was not easy to tell a man to his face that he was not a hero, and that was the sole objection she had to Philip Bentinck.

"Only what, Madgie?" he repeated, sternly. "Is it wealth I lack? or am I too old—too ugly, or have I simply the misfortune to meet with your disapproval? Tell me what my failings are, that I may try and mend them."

Madgie looked up into the grave earnest face that bent over her, and burst into tears.

"I isn't any of these things, Phil," she sobbed. "I'm sure you're handsome enough, and—oh, Phil, if you could only do something!—something great, I mean. I do so want my husband to be a hero!"

"Ah, is that it? Madgie, dear," (after a long silence,) "don't you think a man may be a hero without doing anything very great—without his name being familiar in men's mouths—his fame blazoned abroad by newspapers? Must he seek the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth?"

"I love a hero, Phil—a great, brave, famous man! I should like the whole world to know and respect my husband. Can't you do something—anything, Phil?"

"Can't you love me just as I am, Madgie? I don't want my wife to be a heroine—only sweet, true and lovable, just as you are, Madgie, dear. I was not 'born great,' and it is not given to every man to 'achieve greatness.' My duty seems to lie straight before me here in this quiet little village, and I try to do it. Does that count for nothing, Madgie?"

"Yes, yes, I know. But, Phil, I cannot marry a mere country doctor, whom no one ever heard of. If you really love me, prove it. Do some brave, noble deed—even try to do something. You know how immeasurably—high failure oversteps the bounds of low success."

"You do not love me, Madgie. Forgive me for having troubled you. Good-bye."

"Phil, you know I do care about you—a little; but I love honor more."

Dr. Bentinck smiled sadly at the girl's silly fascies. "It all comes of living so much alone, and reading nonsensical romances," he mused. "Madgie's heart is all right, but her head is sadly wrong; poor child. She'll be wiser one day, perhaps."

But as months passed by, Madgie showed no sign of improvement; indeed, she became, if possible, more confirmed in her "heroic" ideas, avoiding all society, and feeding her fancies with all sorts of poetic visions. The doctor no longer visited Woodlands in the old, familiar, friendly way, for he felt that Madgie avoided him, and when that was impossible, treated him with constrained civility.

"I'll go away for a time," he said, one evening, the last of his guardianship, for Madgie would be of age on the morrow. "I'll volunteer for a few months' active service on the Gold Coast. During my absence she may meet with her ideal 'hero,' or forget me. Poor Madgie!"

The next day he went up to Woodlands to congratulate his ward on reaching her majority and have a final interview with her lawyer, and mentioned incidentally his intention of going abroad for a few months.

"Going abroad, Phil?" Madgie cried, the blood rushing to her pale cheeks. "When? where? why?"

"I have not been feeling very bright, lately, and fancy a change may do me good. An old college chum of mine, surgeon on the *Aphrodite*, has just married, and we are trying if it can't be managed for us to exchange for a few months. His ship is ordered to the Gold Coast, and he can't possibly have his wife precede, follow or accompany him there. He'd enjoy a few quiet months here in Broadbay, and I shouldn't mind having a peep at King Coffee?"

"And when are you going, Phil?"

"If it can be arranged, in about a fortnight. Clemens thinks there will be no difficulty, and he has some friends high up in the Admiralty, and he has married the daughter of the captain of the *Aphrodite*. I have no doubt it can be managed, and if not, I'll take a cruise to Ashantee on my own hook. I fancy I want a holiday."

"I hope you will enjoy it very much, doctor," Madgie said, her ardor considerably damped by his cool, careless way of speaking. Evidently, he was not going to make a hero or a martyr of himself on her account; and yet in her secret heart she was delighted. An adventure was the only thing Phil required to make him perfect in her eyes; and an adventure, even if it were only a touch of yellow fever, could scarcely fail to befall him on the Gold Coast.

"Good-bye, Madgie. I thought a few weeks ago I should be taking a longer journey, but our separation will be no less effectual though only a few miles instead of a thousand separate us."

"What do you mean, Phil? Aren't you going on the *Aphrodite*, after all?"

and Madgie glanced despairingly at the huge chest and numerous small parcels she had packed with such care for Phil's comfort and consolation on the voyage. "You have not changed your mind at the last moment have you?"

"Yes, I have, but not altogether without a reason. You know poor Daventry?"

"Yes; what has he to do with it?"

"He's ill—down with small-pox, poor fellow! He has worked like a giant, night and day this last fortnight at Millbay, where small-pox is raging. Daventry's wife is down, too, and their only child was buried yesterday. I must go over at once."

"Into the very middle of infection! You shan't—you mustn't, Phil! Why, it's frightful in Millbay—every house is infected!"

"And no doctor to look after the poor creatures—think of that, Madgie. Daventry, poor fellow, faced it all by himself—never so much as let me know the outbreak was serious; and it was only by the merest accident I heard of his illness. Now I must go, dear; every moment is precious. It may be long before we meet again, Madgie; we may never meet in this world. Heaven bless you always, darling; may you be as happy as I wish you."

"Phil, you mustn't go! What have you to do with Millbay? Phil, Phil! come back!"

But he was already far down the avenue, obeying a far more powerful voice than Madgie Mason's—the voice of duty.

Millbay was a remote fishing village about eleven miles from Broadbay, situated in a low, marshy inlet of the sea, and surrounded by stagnant swamps. The people were poor, ignorant, ill-fed, worse clad; and the low, unhealthy situation of the village, and undrained, unventilated houses, made them peculiarly liable to disease of all sorts. It was there Phil Bentinck turned his steps unhesitatingly.

With a brave heart he entered Dr. Daventry's residence, and took his duties on himself. For weeks the disease raged with unusual violence; whole families were carried off, young and old alike; and with want, approaching famine and virulent disease, Dr. Bentinck struggled alone. No help came from any quarter. The inhabitants of Millbay were always secluded, and the place was shunned as if plague-stricken. Even the postman, who toiled through the marshes twice a week, forsook the place. Rank grass grew thickly in the middle of the long, straggling High street; the boats drifted out with the tide unheeded, and the stealthy tread of some stricken parent or child, seeking assistance to bury their dead, was the only sound that broke the awful, sultry stillness of the long, scorching August days.

"This is terrible!" Phil said to himself, one evening as he walked wearily along the sea-coast, gasping for a breath of fresh air. "Thank Heaven, Daventry is nearly well, for I feel I can't stand it much longer. Mentally and physically, I am worn out, and more likely to do harm than good. If I could only shut out this frightful picture for an hour, and get one breath of untainted air, I should feel better."

At that moment a low moan sounded somewhere near, and pausing, he leaned over the wall to see from whence it came. Unconsciously he had reached the village graveyard, a lonely spot by the shore, only distinguished from the surrounding marshes by a few rude headstones and ragged wooden crosses, and row upon row of newly-made graves. By one of them a woman was kneeling, scratching with both feeble hands at a small, fresh mound of earth, while now and again a low moan burst from her lips. She was ill, weak, emaciated, and the doctor recognized her as a woman who had suffered severely—recovering as by a miracle—having lost her husband and five children. Three days before he had seen her with an infant in her arms, and only living thing left her; now it lay beneath her ragged cloak, the last of all her flock.

Vaulting over the low wall, the doctor approached her gently. "My good woman, what are you doing here?" he whispered, laying his hand on her shoulder.

"Let me bury my dead!" she cried, fiercely, pointing to her cloak. "Go away, and leave me with my people."

"No, no—let me; and taking a spade that lay near, he dug a grave, and reverently placed the tiny form, wrapped in its mother's cloak, in it; then he covered it up, hurriedly, and taking the wretched mother by the arm, led her from the spot.

"Heaven forever bless you, sir," she said, bursting into tears, as she took a last look at the little grave. "Now I am indeed alone, the last of name and race—father, mother, husband, children, friends, all gone!" and she sank down by the open gateway, and refused to move further. "Let me die here, sir," she cried, "here, beside my loved ones. What have I done that the Almighty should leave me?"

Sick at heart, the doctor turned away. Such scenes had not been uncommon at Millbay during the preceding month, but he had never witnessed anything

like it, and the horror of it was on his mind during the weary months that followed, for he, too, was seized with the frightful illness—stricken down as with a sudden blow. For weeks he lay hovering between life and death, and when he awoke to consciousness, the first face he saw bending over him was that of the poor mother he had seen before his illness. Day and night she had tended him with unceasing care, and seemed to forget her own illness and sorrow in watching over him. It was the end of August when he was taken ill; it was the middle of October before he was able to creep feebly out of doors and sit in the sunshine. Once only had he looked in a mirror, and then the reflection of his seamed, scarred, livid face staggered him. On no one had the disease made such fearful ravages, yet not a soul who survived in the village of Millbay but blessed every seam and reverence every purple scar, and found a beauty in them that might be coveted by an angel. Surely it was their prayers and blessings, their looks of love and tears of gratitude, that reconciled him at last to his terribly altered appearance.

"If my love was hopeless before, it is doubly so now," he said to himself one day. "Did any one ever hear, I wonder, of a fox-marked hero? And yet it was all wisely ordained. My duty lay straight before me, however it may end for me."

It was Christmas before the doctor thought it safe to return to his cottage at Broadbay. His own had been the last case of disease at Millbay, and all signs of infection had long ago disappeared. He had recovered his strength, too; his step was light and free as of old, his voice as cheery, and his smile as genial; but the deep, discolored scars were still on his face, indelibly printed there, and it was only those to whom he had ministered in their sore need that saw a radiant beauty in them. For himself, he had almost forgotten them. What was a scar or two on his face to the deep, sore scars on his heart! Who would care a jot whether a poor, solitary country doctor was ugly or the reverse? Such were his thoughts as he drove up to his cottage with Mrs. Norton, the poor, solitary widow, beside him. She insisted on following him and serving him, and he was so utterly alone that he had not the heart to say her nay. A blue line of smoke curled from the chimneys, a cheery glow of firelight danced on the window panes, and the door stood hospitably open, to his unbounded surprise.

"Ah, this is like coming home. What good fairy has been at work, I wonder!" he said, stepping into the light and warmth.

"Madgie! oh, my darling, is it indeed you?"

"Me, Phil? Why of course; who else should it be?" Then drawing closer: "Dear Phil, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, Madgie?" he said, huskily; "forgive you what?"

"My folly. I'm wiser now, Phil; and I think I know the value of the treasure I once despised."

"Come nearer to the light, Madgie, and look at me. I'm less like a hero now than ever."

"Phil, I wouldn't have one of these changed," and she laid her hand lightly on his cheek. "I would not give one unsightly scar for the cross of the Legion of Honor. You are the hero of my heart now; long ago I wanted the hero of my fancy and imagination. Forgive me, Phil, and let us forget all my folly, for I am heartily ashamed of it."

Just then the bells of Broadbay Church rang out a joyous peal, and friends gathered round to welcome back the doctor, and wring his hand heartily, looking the praises they could not speak. To go forth bravely in search of honor and return victorious is a great thing; to go forth and brave death at the call of duty is a good thing. And as Philip Bentinck glanced around at the kindly faces about him, he felt he had his full reward.

A few weeks later, Madgie and Phil were married; and when Nellie Grahame came to pay her long promised visit in the summer, and heard by degrees the whole story, she was forced to admit that Madgie's hero was a real one after all, and one "whose like" we do not meet with every day.

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