

THE HEROINE

OF THE NEW LOVE AND THE OLD

CHAPTER XVII

Lady Julia Wilton had been in hope that when the "Anchoress" was over, Jerry would settle down, "marry money," free his ancestral seat from encumbrance, and take a proper pride in it; but for a time after the failure of Commerce, it would seem that she was to be afflicted by a terrible calamity—that the estate was lost, and Jerry might never return.

It was not in her aristocratic nature to be very much moved about anything. Her attention or enthusiasm of any kind was "hard to get," she said.

Thus she was not plunged in profound grief when she heard of the poor fellow's supposed death, neither was she greatly excited with joy when she heard that he was safe and coming home again.

Rebecca's daughter of twenty years was only some more or less in the world really seemed of no great consequence, unless it were, if the "married money" to serve her own ends.

When tidings of Jerry's death came, she had almost herself most becomingly in fashionable mourning of the requisite depth of wear, as understood by the drapers in Regent Street. Round her white throat were many neckties of velvet, white, blue, and a rustling train, spread over a crimson spread behind her.

Now that he was safe her mourning was relinquished, almost without a sign, we fear, it was so becoming; and from a mother's pearl basket, which had been dirty lined with black silk, she drew a necklace with blue satin.

She received Jerry in her usual stately fashion; gave him her own hand to press, which she did heartily, while his eyes moistened; and accorded her smooth and smiling cheeks, his salute, and when then his welcome ended. So are long Jerry began to think, as Mrs. Gaskell's novel has it, that John Thornton's main aim might be to win the heart of a woman.

"Mother's love is given by God, John. It holds fast forever and forever. A girl's love is like a puff of smoke, it is blown away every wind."

But then there was nothing aristocratic about William John Thornton's mother. Mrs. Chevenix had always loved Jerry, for his father's sake, and for the sake of the "Wiltons of Wiltonhurst," who had been of Wiltonhurst, and that as the Scots would say, for times out of mind; but there his regard ended, he had almost care for Lady Julia, and when tidings came of Jerry's death after a moderate time had elapsed she resolved to take the mortgage in hand and assert his right—in short, to make the property, what it now almost virtually was, his own, and to request Lady Julia to leave the place, to crush her false and insensate pride in a heart that seemed without any other human sentiment.

"He has formally announced the foreclosure of the mortgage, this man Chevenix, Emily," said Lady Julia, with some constraint, "at least for he has opened her letters one morning. 'The crash has come at last!'"

"What does that mean, aunt?" asked the young lady.

"My lawyer tells me it means the act of foreclosing—cutting off the equity of redemption, and that the money would not be taken in repayment, even were poor Jerry alive and had it to pay."

And Mr. Chevenix had chuckled as he gave these instructions, for he had endured enough of Lady Julia's aristocratic caprice, and knew now she had often frayed his Bella, a girl curiously second to none, "as if she were the dirt of the earth," as he said bitterly.

But Bella had declared these sharp measures, for she felt that a strange and tender and undeliberate he bound her to Jerry Wilton, dead or alive.

As children she and Jerry had been permitted to be playmates, and she had been somewhat of a pet with her father the old Esquire; but it was not until they had grown up, till he had been at college and then joined the Rifle, that Lady Julia felt that the intimacy was—well, unfortunate, and to be finally snubbed.

The shock given to the sensitive Bella by the perils encountered by Jerry—the report of his death—had subsequently the account of the precarious condition in which he had embarked at Cape Coast, caused her many terrible nights and days, and nearly threw the poor girl into a fever, as she had none in whom to confide her sorrow, or secret love; but sorrow rarely kills, and though at first fretful and resentful with the memory of Lady Julia's want of proper affection, she was very gentle, quiet, and patient, and brought her father not to foreclose the mortgage yet a while; but he, out of all patience with the non-payment of interest on one hand, Lady Julia's hauteur and insolence on the other, with the great doubt entertained of Jerry ever coming home to keep fragment of Wiltonhurst that yet accursed to him, had put the matter in the hands of his legal agent, who, officiously enough, were Messrs. Taype, Shanks & Scrivley, of Gray's Inn; and things were at a serious crisis when Jerry returned home to find a dreadful enemy thus ever in his mother's heart at that creature Chevenix and the forward mix his daughter.

The latter knew of Jerry's arrival; her heart had been responsive to the danger of the village bells, the music of the volunteer band which preceded the carriage in which he came, and the cheers of the warm-hearted rustics, who unchained the horses and drew it along; and ere long she heard with pity and anxiety from Blackmire's Point, whom she charmed to meet, that he was confined to his room—even to his bed—by a return of the treacherous jungle fever, which is apt to recur at times most unexpectedly for months after recovery is thought certain; and while in this condition, helpless and incapable of action, he was calmed and comforted, and his jealousy was aroused by his mother and cousin Emily with the real information of how the matters of the mortgage stood; that Lord Twissdon had heard of them, and with an eye of possessing Wiltonhurst and Langley Park intended to degrade himself by proposing for Bella Chevenix, now that she would be a Hampshire heiress, as his mother, Lady Ashcombe had the very bad taste to inform them.

And Jerry writhed in his bed when he heard of these things, and thus there were when he wished that after all he had found his grave, like many more, on the wooded banks of the Frob.

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If the worst came to the worst, and he were sold up, he would offer an exchange for Bella, and think of her no more.

No more—how hard it was.

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and bitter. He even openly suspected the "Anchoress" farwell letter he had written to her before entering Commerce; and could little conceive that even now, in a sick case, she was that letter in her bosom.

It was quite evident how badly jealous he was of Twissdon; and this sentiment, which Emily felt nothing undue or unusual to him.

"How you chatter, cousin," said he, impatiently.

"I am like the brook, you think, on this subject," said Emily, with one of her sweetest smiles.

"What brook?"

"I go on for ever."

"By love, you do—and with a will!" said Jerry, who was sitting up in bed full length in a hammock, looking between two trees on the lawn, lately enjoying one of the last luxuries of his life.

And so while Bella, remembering the tenor of her last farewell meeting with Jerry, and that of the treasured letter, which amounted to a declaration, was looking forward now; and to that event she was looking forward now; but days passed, and Jerry came not.

The bitterness of this situation was enhanced to Jerry by the knowledge that his ancient inheritance of Wiltonhurst was Bella's dot, and known by such by Twissdon, to whom it was a lure quite as much as her undoubted beauty and beauty.

"There is the devil to pay and plenty here about the mortgage," he wrote to Betty Goring, "and moreover, old fellow, I am sorely disappointed in my love affair. I have read that what drives one man to drink drives another to the demimonde." Whether of the two is worse the demimonde God can tell. Either remedy is worse than the disease, I fancy! But anyway a few months more will see me again brooding up country, and going in for food drinks and Chinaman choros.

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KING OF THE DRY GOODS

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