

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

BY MISS MULLOCK.

CHAPTER VIII.

HER STORY.

Walking from church, I saw Urquhart...

"Why?" "Through the abrupt question surprised me..."

"Soldiers!" "I told him it was not kind to be always..."

"Do I tease you? I was not aware of it..."

"Very likely not, and I am a great simpleton..."

"Tell me, then," he continued, in that kind tone...

"I hate to have to entertain strangers?" "Then you do not consider me a stranger?"

"No; a friend." "I may say that, for, short as our acquaintance dates..."

"He paused a moment and then said decisively: 'That is right...'"

"Was my gladness overtold? Would he misconstrue it? No; he is too clear-sighted..."

"Yes, I should care. I like him—like him very much..."

"Ah! there I am again at my harsh judgments, which Dr. Urquhart has so factly repudiated..."

"Before we reached Rockmount the sky had clouded over..."

"I took him into the green house, where he lectured to me on the orchids..."

"I am afraid, though, he will soon get into trouble again, and not find so kind a friend..."

"I hope not," said the doctor, sadly and gravely.

"I said I was sorry for having made a jest upon his favorite doctrine..."

"Do you think it is very much needed in this world?" "I said I had not lived long enough in this world to find out."

"I forgot how young you were." "He had once, in his direct way, asked my age..."

"I have not done so for many years." "Because you are afraid? Well, I dare say you were no better once than your neighbors."

"Lisabel?" I whispered, for I saw Dr. Urquhart wince under her rude words...

"Now confess, Doctor, just for fun. Papa is not here, and we'll tell no tales out of school..."

"Writing this, I can hardly believe he said it, and yet he did, in a quiet, low voice..."

"Dr. Urquhart drank! What a frightful idea! Under what circumstances could it possibly have happened?"

"I have been thinking, how horrible it must be to see anybody ever carried for drunk: the honest eyes dull and meaningless; the wise lips jabbering foolishness..."

there. I think it is, with few exceptions, the greatest misfortune to be an only child.

"No; we were orphans, but I had one brother."

"This was the first time Dr. Urquhart had reverted to any of his relatives, or to his early life."

"Older?" "And his name?" "Dallas Urquhart—what a nice name."

"It is common in the family. There was a Dallas Urquhart, younger brother to a Sir John Urquhart..."

"I said romantic and painful histories were common enough; there had been some even in our matter-of-fact family."

"With a sigh, I could not help observing to Dr. Urquhart that it must be a very happy thing to have a brother—a good brother."

"Yes. Mine was the best that any one ever had. He was a minister of the Kirk—that is, he would have been but he died."

"In Scotland?" "No; at Pau, in the Pyrenees." "Were you with him?" "I was not."

"This seemed a remembrance so acutely painful, that shortly afterwards I tried to change the subject..."

"Is it eccentric? I really never knew or thought after whom I was called."

"Who is he, pray? My unprofessional reading has been small. I am ashamed to say I never heard of Max Piccolomini."

"Amused by this naive confession of ignorance, I offered jestingly to give him a course of polite literature..."

"Not in German, if you please; I don't know a dozen words of the language."

"Why, Dr. Urquhart, I must be a great deal cleverer than you."

"You are right. I know I am a coarse, uneducated person; the life of an army surgeon allows few opportunities of refinement..."

"At school?" "College, rather." "Where did you go to college?" "St. Andrews."

"The interrogative mood being on me, I thought I would venture a question which had been often on my mind..."

"He was so slow in answering, that I began to fear it was one of my too blunt queries, and apologized."

"I will tell you, if you desire it. My motive was not unlike one you once suggested—to save life instead of destroying it..."

"To heaven, I conclude he meant, by the solemnity of his manner. Yet, are not all lives owed? And, if so, my early dream of perfect bliss..."

"Yet let me not speak lightly. I like him—I honor him. Had I been his dead brother, or a sister—which he never had—I would have helped rather than have hindered him..."

"And here, pondering over all I have heard of him, and seen in him, the self-denial, the heroism, the religious purity of his daily life..."

"We had all gathered round the fire waiting papa's return from the second service: Penelope, Lisabel, Augustus, Dr. Urquhart, and I."

"I have been thinking, how horrible it must be to see anybody ever carried for drunk: the honest eyes dull and meaningless; the wise lips jabbering foolishness..."

house outside. We were very peaceful and comfortable; it felt almost like a family circle—

"I myself, in my own little low chair in its angle on the hearth-rug, felt perfectly happy."

"The gentlemen began talking together about the difference between the quiet scene and that of November last year, Sebastopol taken..."

"I am beginning to talk like a blue-bloomer—results from death in battle and wounds. And strange as it may appear..."

"Speaking of the statistics of mortality in the army, Dr. Urquhart surprised us by stating how small a percentage—

"I understand. We must take care: you are a thoughtful little lady."

"I had not time to say any more, for they were just starting, nor am I satisfied that I was right in saying so much."

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drunk: the honest eyes dull and meaningless; the wise lips jabbering foolishness; the whole face and figure, instead of being what one likes to look at, takes pleasure to see in the same room, even—growing ugly, irrational, disgusting—more like a beast than a man."

"Yet some women have to bear it, have to speak kindly to their husbands, hide their brutishness, and keep them from making worse fools of themselves than they can help."

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