

# UNDER A SHADOW.

Continued.

'I thought that I heard something strange,' said Edgar.

'Row quickly and see!' cried Nugent.

A few rapid strokes brought them quite close to the opposite bank; there, from the eddies still whirling, they knew something had gone down.

'Shall we dive after it?' asked Edgar, and Nugent said:

'I will! I know just the spot where it disappeared.'

The next moment they both saw the face of a woman floating for one half minute on the surface of the river, then it disappeared. The next moment Nugent had plunged into the river after it. How silent the moon and stars were while he fought that gallant struggle! How silent the trees and the wind! All nature seemed listening and waiting. In a few moments Nugent rose to the surface.

'Edgar!' he cried. Another rapid stroke of the oars and Edgar was close to him. 'It is a woman!' he exclaimed; 'help me lift her in the boat.'

She was raised over the side, the water dripping from her garments and from her long hair. They laid her down while Nugent climbed into the boat after her.

'Row to the shore,' he said; 'we must fasten the boat before we can do anything for her.'

A few seconds—the boat seemed to fly over the water—a few seconds, and they were close to the green bank. Edgar leaped out, drew the rope belonging to the boat, and fastened it to the trunk of a tree then they knelt to look at the woman whose life they had saved.

'She is not dead,' said Nugent; and then the moon showed them a beautiful face—more beautiful than words could tell, even as they saw it there, cold, white and still.

'She is not dead,' repeated Edgar Carruthers; and she has something tightly clasped in her arms.

They opened the shawl. It was only a little dead baby, clasped in the rigid arms as though death itself should not part them. A little babe, dead, with a smile on its face. They cried aloud, both of them; and Nugent, looking at her hands, cried:

'It is the old story—a beautiful girl, no wedding-ring on, drowned with a babe at her breast. The old, old story.'

'Still she is not dead, and we must find help,' said Edgar. 'Where did she come from, Nugent?'

'I did not see her; I only saw a figure come out of the mist and fall into the water. How beautiful she is! She must have been wretched to have sought for death while she is so young. We will not take her back to the place whence she came; we have saved her from death—we will not give her back to those who drove her to death.'

'No,' replied Edgar, 'that we will not. And over the fair, silent body the two friends grasped each other's hands, and swore to help the helpless creature whom they had rescued from death.'

'What can we do?' asked Edgar. Where can we take her?'

Nugent, always full of resources, answered:

'I know; I can see it all. Old Matteo, our guide, has a pretty little house close to Florence. He has a good wife, too. We will ask them to give the poor girl a home; we will tell them how we found her. We can trust them, I am sure—they both know me. Besides, money can do much, you know, Edgar; and money shall save this poor girl, if it is possible.'

It was soon settled in his quick, rapid fashion. He remained in the boat, while Edgar hastened in search of a carriage. The driver was heavily paid; they told him that a lady had fallen in the river, and that they were anxious to get her home. Then they drove quickly to Matteo's door.

It was just as they said; Matteo was glad to oblige the rich English milord—he was glad to make a little money; and with Bebo, his wife, he swore everlasting secrecy.

They carried her into the warm little house—the fair, hapless girl who had ruined herself, body and soul, by believing in the false word of a man. She was laid on the pretty bed where Matteo's only daughter had died a few short months ago and Bebo cried hot tears over the dead body. How they mourned over her, cried over her, pitied her youth, admired her beauty! Then Nugent, always alive to the need of the moment, went himself in search of a doctor. He found one and brought him, not telling him the truth—that the beautiful girl, so white and so still was a stranger to them—but saying simply that she had fallen into the river.

'And this child, this baby, not certainly more than a month old, how came she near the river? he asked, suspiciously.'

Then Nugent, finding that he must tell the truth, told it. The doctor looked grave and pitiful.

'It is, indeed, just the old story. This girl has, most probably, tried to drown herself because the child was dead; that has not been drowned—it has none of the marks of drowning on it.'

'Not drowned! then it must have been dead when she jumped into the river.'

'Yes, there can be no question of that,' replied the doctor.

Then they gently unclasped the rigid arms and took the child away, Bebo weeping tenderly the while. It required the strength of a man to unfasten that tenacious grasp. When the babe was gone and her arms were empty, they saw a faint quivering of her lips, a faint movement of the eyelids; the next minute two dark dreamy eyes opened with an expression of vague meaning.

'Where am I—where am I asked Alison, feebly. 'I thought that I was dead.'

She looked into the strange face of the doctor, and the anxious face of Nugent Avenham.

'Is it the same world?' she asked.

'Yes, child the same world,' said the doctor—the same sad, weary, wicked world, whereon nothing except Heaven's love makes sunshine.'

Again the pale lips opened, for she had stretched out her arms.

'Where is my baby?' she cried. 'Poor little baby! we are going to find it a little grave in the sunstone, where the flowers can grow near it,' said the doctor.

'Poor little baby! Now you must talk no more.'

She caught his hand in her own.

'Who saved me?' she asked. 'I went to the river—my best friend is dead. Who saved me?'

'I saved you,' replied Nugent.

The dark dreamy eyes looked sadly at him.

'You did not know,' she said. 'You thought you were doing a good deed when you took the dead child and the living mother from the river. Ah! my heaven were better there; there was only my body left to die—my heart and my soul died days ago.'

'Poor child!' said Nugent, and he turned away to hide the tears that filled his eyes.

Alison caught the doctor's hand again.

'It was very good of him,' she moaned; 'but he did not know—he could not have known. You will be kind to me, and let me die in peace.'

'Have you no one thing to live for?' asked Nugent.

'No,' she cried, with a sudden passion of pain; 'not one single thing—before Heaven, no one.'

'Poor child!' he said again.

Then the doctor, with the two friends, withdrew, leaving Bebo to take off the wet clothes and administer the sleeping draught.

'Will she live?' asked Nugent eagerly. 'I should say not,' replied the doctor; 'the sudden chill of the river would be sufficient to kill her; but she is strong and young those are great points in her favor.'

'Well,' said Nugent Avenham, 'I went out this evening a sullen, discontented man, wretched myself and inclined to make every one else the same; thank Heaven I went. I will make this poor creature my special care. I will do my best to make her well, to restore her to her lost life and her lost happiness.'

'But you are a noble man,' said the doctor; 'but Nugent shook his head.'

'There is very little nobility about me, I fear; but I will do this one good deed arms as though death itself should not part them. A little babe, dead, with a smile on its face. They cried aloud, both of them; and Nugent, looking at her hands, cried:

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'Have you no one thing to live for?' asked Nugent.

'No,' she cried, with a sudden passion of pain; 'not one single thing—before Heaven, no one.'

'Poor child!' he said again.

'It is true, said the doctor, 'she has thrown herself in, with the dead child in her arms. There is no more to be said there can be no doubt,' he continued, 'but that the hapless lady was quite insane.'

He wrote to England, to Messrs Walton, who at once sent one of their confidential clerks to Florence. He found that there was nothing else to be done. Alison Trente had undoubtedly, in her delirium, taken the dead child in her arms, and plunged into the river with it. The clerk made quite sure, as he believed, of the intelligence before he returned to England.

Messrs. Walton waited some time before they told the news to their client. It reached him one evening when Autumn was just giving place to winter, and he was alone at Hargrave Park, preparing for his coming marriage in the spring. There he received the solicitors letter telling him that Alison Trente had drowned herself. She had taken her dead child in her arms, and plunged into the Arno; her body had not been, and, in all probability, never would be recovered.

He was for a few minutes terribly shocked. The words 'her dead child,' horrified him first; then the notion of Alison dead—that beautiful, gifted girl, with her loving heart and genius, dead!

Of course it was right, he argued, that before his marriage he should give up all these follies and vices; he was compelled to bid Alison adieu, but who would have thought that she would have taken matters to heart in this fashion?

'It was always the way with women,' he said, 'you never know what to expect from them.'

The very idea that Alison would drown herself—the bare idea of that beautiful face buried in the cold, dark, silent water. A thousand miserable thoughts came over him. He remembered what she had said to him on that day, fragrant night, when the boat had glided down the dead, silent river.

'If ever you leave me, I shall come back to this very spot and drown myself,' she had said. 'I can see my own face with a mocking smile on the lips.'

He felt annoyed with her then for the words, but how true they were! He had meant them. hapless Alison. How dearly she had loved him that losing him should drive her to death!

Then his fancy wandered to the masked ball and the tall figure in the dark domino.

'You have the line of murder on your hand,' the fortune-teller had said to him, and it was true. He had driven this helpless girl to her death as surely as though he had plunged her into the water with his own hands.

'It was a sorry piece of business altogether,' said the earl, 'and now I am sorry that I ever saw the girl.'

His repentance reached no further. He was sorry that fate or fortune had brought her in his way; he did not say to himself that his own base selfishness, his cruel self-indulgence, his want of honor or truth, were to blame—it was simply 'fate,' 'fortune,' he had no deeper regret.

'Poor Alison!' he said aloud; and that night he dreamed of her as he had seen her first in the bright undimmed radiance of her beauty and purity—innocent as a child, pure as an angel. He dreamed that she stood smiling at him, and asking him to take her to see the pictures she loved best; and when he awoke, he remembered that she was lying dead under the swift, dark river, with his child in her arms.

He went up to London and by his express desire Messrs Walton sent again a confidential clerk, who had orders to remain on the spot for a week, and then, if her fate seemed certain, he was to pay off the servants and give up possession of the villa; and a very excellent piece of business the same clerk made of it. A very handsome balance was placed in his account in the bank, and he was a happy man. He paid off the servants and the villa was closed and Alison saw it no more.

Lord Cardyne felt dull for a few days. 'It was such a foolish deed for Alison to have done,' he said; she might have known how it would have distressed me. Then as the time drew near his marriage, he forgot it; after all it had been but an episode to him—nothing more. The spring was coming and spring was to give him the girl whom, after all his flirtations and follies, he really loved with a sincere love. He was to be married in Florence—Prince D'Isio insisted on it: the earl insisted that his shoulders at the notion. After all, what did it matter? No one would venture to remind him of anything unpleasant, and Camilla knew nothing. It was not quite what he liked, he would have preferred being married in England, where there was no sorrowful associations for him; but it must be there was no use in rebellion.

He went to Florence, and the whole city was in commotion over the wedding; it was spring then—the lilacs were all in flower, the lilies in bloom. Every one was talking of the rich English milord who was going to marry the prince's niece.

Fate had a rod in store for Lord Cardyne. The wedding was superb, there had been nothing in Florence like it for grandeur and beauty—the whole of the fair city was excited over it, and then the wedding breakfast—it was superb. All the elite of the city attended it, and every one was delighted. But when the hour of parting came Camilla resolutely refused to go without Madame D'Isio. She trembled at the idea of going to England—England, the country of which she had read such terrible histories; if she went, then Madame D'Isio grandmere must go with her.

In vain the prince remonstrated and explained; in vain the earl pleaded and prayed.

'To that country alone I will not go,' said Lady Cardyne. 'I am afraid; I am sore afraid.'

The elder lady and the younger one clung weeping together, until the prince in dignified despair turned to the earl.

'Heaven help you, my good friend,' he said; 'you must take both or none.'

So, after a hurried fashion, the large trunks of Madame D'Isio were packed, the prince looking on pathetically.

'Heaven help you, my good friend, you will have a sorry life of it, I fear, a mother-in-law is bad sometimes; but a grand-mother-in-law!

Well, his eloquence failed him; the idea was too stupendous—a grand-mother-in-law!

Lord Cardyne, who had pleased himself by picturing the delight of traveling with his young wife, found himself hampered with an invalid lady, who required close carriages and warm rooms. Besides which, Madame D'Isio watched him with Argus eyes. It was all very well, she thought; he seemed to be sincerely attached to Camilla, but was he to be trusted? There had been something in Florence—her son had not exactly told her what, but a kind of entanglement, and what had happened once might happen again.

For Camilla's sake she considered herself bound to keep a watchful eye on him. She made a point of inquiring rigorously into the hours of his absence—where had he been? whom had he seen? She had another habit, too, which annoyed him greatly—she watched him, furtively with half-closed eyes. The earl did not find his life remarkably pleasant—the constant presence of Madame D'Isio was a terrible torment to him. If in any way he displeased his young wife, she, all tears, flew to Madame; then Madame would lecture him—she, the wealthiest, the handsomest, the most admired earl in England. If, in return, he presumed to say one word to Madame, that stately lady with imperial grace would order her boxes to be packed. Then his wife weeping, full of reproaches and complaints, would weary him into asking forgiveness.

'If grandmamma goes I go, I could not stay in this dreadful gray England of yours without her. I must have her here to remind me of my sweet, sunny home. If you love me Arthur—if you are quite sure that you love me—go and beg of her pray of her to remain.'

He was compelled to do it—no man ever went through more domestic humiliation. True he had some kind of revenge in his power—he could stay away from home, he could dine at his club, he could spend half the night over the whist table; but sure and certain retribution followed quickly.

It was all very well; he could be defiant and masterful, but his day was over—Madame D'Isio had a certain control over him; he knew that if he defied her she would return to Italy, and Lady Cardyne would go with her.

'I have made a terrible blunder,' said the earl to himself, and his thoughts turned regretfully to the loving devotion of Alison Trente.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

'HER NAME WILL LIVE.'

There was one thing Alison steadily refused to do after her recovery, and it was to see Nugent Avenham. In vain the doctor, old Matteo, and Bebo implored her to do so. She would never consent. She had seen him several times during her illness; that she could not help; but after her recovery—no. She wrote him; she told him over and over again how grateful she was to him; how she thanked him, above all, that he had given her little child that pretty green grave; she told him there was nothing more he could do for her.

In answer to that letter, he wrote begging of her to let him assist her in some way in establishing herself. She said no; that she had a certain talent—a gift, by the exercise of which she hoped to live; he could do no more for her. She promised him that she should never again attempt her life, and she thanked him that she had not found herself suddenly in the presence of an angry and justly-offended God. She should always remember him, always pray for him, but she never asked his name, never addressed him by it, never even heard it. Matteo called him the English milord, and Alison did the same. She bade him farewell in a little note that was blistered with tears, but she could not see him, though Matteo told her that he was leaving Florence never to return.

He went. Edgar Carruthers had been gone some time. The day came when Alison felt herself strong and able to work. Then she put her plans in execution. She would leave Florence, the fair city in which she had been so wretched, in which the best part of her had died. She would go to Rome, and there in real earnest, study the art by which she was to live. She would have to have money—not that she intended to touch one farthing of the money left to her by Lord Cardyne; she would not have touched it had she been dying of starvation; but among the things she had preserved was a diamond locket, one containing a portrait of her lover; it was fastened round her neck with a valuable chain of gold. When he gave it to her, Lord Cardyne said:

'This is worth a king's ransom, Alison.'

He was so careless, so recklessly generous, that she knew it must be of great value by his mentioning it. She had worn it ever since he gave it to her; she had besides a ring set with costly diamonds. If she could get to Rome, she would sell them and live on the proceeds until her painting began to bring her money in. She would not sell them in Florence, lest by means of the jewels she should be traced. Matteo lent her money to pay for her journey from Florence to Rome. She repaid him with interest. She never once left Matteo's house until the day of her departure for Rome. Then she went first to the cemetery, where Bebo showed her the little green grave, the white marble cross, with the lilies at the foot; and, kneeling there, she gave her the soft, silken shred of hair that she had cut from the baby's head—the little baby sleeping so gently below—the baby who had never had a name. Then Alison started for Rome; and, as the train glided slowly from the station, she, looking on the fair city, said:

'There my child lies buried, and there Alison Trente too died, for I will not call myself Alison Trente again.'

She had read—she did not remember just then whether it was truth or fiction—

but she had read of a young girl, an artist whose name was Asalita Ferrari a girl who would have been one of the finest geniuses in the world had she lived. She had been born an artist. She had painted a few pictures of rare merit, then the doom of woman was upon her. She fell in love; as her love grew her genius was marred; when her love reached its height her hand lost its cunning, and she died disappointed both in heart and love.

'I will call myself Asalita Ferrari,' thought Alison; the very name and memory of Alison Trente shall die from the face of the earth—lost, guilty, wretched Alison! Asalita Ferrari shall atone for Alison's sin. I have lived for love and it has lost me. I will now live for art.

She reached Rome, and was more successful than she had ever hoped to be. The sale of the locket and the ring procured her three hundred pounds. She smiled a faint smile as she saw the little heap of gold.

'I shall eat only bread and fruit; I shall drink nothing but coffee and water,' she said, 'so that my living will not cost me much. This will last me all the years I am studying.'

She took a pretty little room and entered herself as a student in the best art school in Rome. How she worked. No man ever toiled harder. She studied far into the night; she rose and resumed her studies in the early morning. When she had painted till she could no longer hold a brush she would read. She read all the great authorities on the art of painting she spent whole days in the picture-galleries drinking in deep draughts from the very fountain of art. She was diligent and humble as a child; she began at the beginning. On the first day, when she with some pride showed her master her grandest efforts, pictures and sketches which she thought very excellent, he said to her:

'You are almost self-taught.'

'Yes,' replied Alison; 'I had lessons some years ago. I have taught myself since.'

'The first thing that you have to do is to forget all you know, to unlearn all that you have learned, that we may get on.'

He was struck with the docile, intelligent manner in which she obeyed him.

'You are obedient,' said Signor Claudio; 'that is the first step towards success.'

Yes, she was obedient enough; she resolutely put away from her all dreams of color, all her conceptions of great pictures, and worked at the first lessons of a beginner.

'Shall I ever succeed?' she asked one day of Signor Claudio.

'Yes,' he replied; 'you are a true artist; you live in your art; you will succeed.'

'Have I real genius,' she said to him again, 'or only talent?'

'You have genius,' he replied; 'and what is more, you have industry. My experiences teach me that one without the other is useless.'

To be continued.

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