

Shadowed for Life,

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

BY GORDON STABLES, M. D., R. N.

Author of "The Rose of Allendale," "For Money or For Love," "The Cruise of the Land Yacht 'Wanderer,'" "Our Friend the Dog," etc., etc.,

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTERS I & II.—Major Jocelyn Lloyd is a kind hearted soldier who wins the Victoria Cross in the Afghan War. He meets the author while on a tour to Scotland and they become fast friends. Major Lloyd proposes they go to a seaside place called Battlecombe. While there he meets Ella Lee, and learns to love her. One evening he invites his friend Gordon to accompany him to his organ practice and he introduces to Ella Lee. During the recital Ella Lee drops a telegram. Gordon sees this, picks it up, and puts it in his pocket. When he opens the message it is from a person named "Jack." Gordon wonders if "Jack" is a lover, and if his friend has given his love in vain.

CHAPTER III, IV, & V.—Gordon learns from Jack that Ella Lee has no brother, so concludes that it must be a lover. He resolves to ask Ella Lee the message of the telegram, and who was the sender. He unconsciously forewarns her of his object, so she explains that "Jack" is her sister Nellie. Jack tells Gordon that Ella Lee has accepted him as her future husband. Later, Gordon is introduced to Nellie, who he finds quite under his sister's influence.

CHAPTER VI.—(continued) VI & VII.—Joss, in one of his meetings with Ella Lee, tells her of his former loves, Molly Morrison and Cynthia Singleton. He afterwards repeats those love tales to Gordon.

CHAPTER VIII.—A STORM WAS BREWING.

My cabby did earn his fare. I pulled him up, however, at some distance from the Savoy, and as soon as I had seen my house alight—rightly guessing they would take luncheon—I drove to a shop in the Strand, which for obvious reasons must be nameless.

What I am about to say may seem to some only flimsy fiction. Let me assure my readers it is fact, not fiction, and that if some day an author shall write a book descriptive of the inner workings of London society, it will depict things far more wonderful than anything I can relate.

As far, for example, as writers are concerned, there are very few indeed in town—this is my belief—who cannot be bought to play the spy, to give information, or to do anything that is not exactly dishonest.

The man into whose shop I had entered granted me an audience in a little back room. I told him what I wanted, namely, the likeness, the carte, he might call it what he pleased—of the lady and gentleman who were sitting at the Savoy. Was it possible, I asked.

The man might have answered at once. He did not, but at last agreed that for a consideration the thing might be done.

I am not going to explain how or when it was done, whether in the house or out of doors. I have reasons for my reticence on this point, but I do know that in less than four hours' time I had a very good representation indeed of Miss Smith and Mr. Jones. They are lying on the table now before me, as I write.

Well, on the whole I was pleased with all I had done today. I had scored one in the contest, and thought I was justified in patting myself on the back. Figuratively speaking, therefore, I did so. Then I drummed up a dear old friend, and together we found our way to the Adelphi where, as usual, something good was going on.

Lily met me at Mr. Maynard's office next morning. Little Gowan was with her, and both she and her mother were deaf with excitement and expectation, and all the way down the three of us felt as if we were going to a picnic.

I found my friend at Sevenocks had been called from home, but he had procured and left the Cottage keys for us, and armed with those we found a cab and were very soon at Lily's future home.

We would not let the cabby wait for us, preferring to loiter about and go back when we pleased.

Apart from the weediness of the garden and a general air of neglect that pervaded the rose trees, climbing over the porch and verandah, we were all charmed with the externals.

Once the garden is put in order, Lily said, and a man for a day every two weeks will keep it nice, Gowan and I can do all the rest.

Our feet rang hollowly on the carpetless floors when we entered; there was a somewhat damp and musty smell; there were spots of rain, rust and soot on the grates, and a long-tailed mouse ran across the kitchen hearth, but no other faults could we find.

The wall-paper was beautiful and most artistic, and there were nooks in the drawing-room which could be turned easily into cosy corners, so that on the whole I felt justified in advising Lily to close with the offer and take the cottage that very day.

"And isn't it lucky," she said, "that I have money enough from the sale of my last two pictures to furnish the dear little house from top to bottom?"

Locking the house up, and even the garden gate, we now went for a stroll around the beautiful country. It was a day in early spring; a few white and grey clouds floating slowly over the bluest of skies, the trees clad in silken drooping leaves of tenderest green, wild hyacinths as blue as the sky itself hiding coyly in the copse, where sung the mavis and the sweet melodious thrush. Busy bees passing about wondering where most flowers were to be found, and great white or crimson butterflies floating lazily hither and thither certain in their own minds that this world was made for enjoyment and not for work.

We sat ourselves down on the sward at last, where the grass was very green, and where the daisies grew. It was close to the stream that higher up went meandering past Lily's cottage. Then I opened the black bag I carried, and produced a luncheon, that caused Gowan to shout with delight.

While Lily laid the cloth I walked some distance to a little farm, and soon returned accompanied by a boy carrying a huge can of milk. It was, or seemed to be, the best and coolest milk ever we had tasted, and Lily arranged on the spot to have a "set of milk" sent to the cottage every day after she should take possession.

Yes, we did enjoy that little picnic. After it I lay on my back smoking and gazing dreamily up at the blue sky and the drifting clouds, while Gowan in childish treble sang us a little song.

Then finally we agreed it was time to return.

"O, by the way," said Lily, as we re-passed the house, "what shall we call my new home?"

"It already has a name," I answered, "Brookside."

"Oh, but I don't like that. We must think of something better."

"Well," I said, "call it after your little mountain daisy here and name it Gowan-bank."

So Gowan-bank it came to be called, and is to this day.

The rent was by no means a large one, so we closed the bargain that afternoon, then Lily engaged a servant, only a young girl, but she was strong and able to work, and very willing also.

Well, on the whole, we had spent a very happy day, and London, noisy bustling London, when we got back to it, compared very unfavourably indeed with the flowery lanes of Kent.

Lily was to go down in a month, and very much disappointed, not to say cross and angry, was Mrs. Greig when she heard of the young lady's intention. Poor Lily had expected to part the best of friends, and had even made up her mind to ask her old landlady down to Sevenocks to spend a whole week with her in summer. But it was not to be, and Lily had a good cry over it.

But worse was to happen, for one day soon after Lily had secured the cottage, Miss Smith called, when there was no one to shadow.

I may as well say here and be done with it that Mrs. Greig sold herself to Miss Smith. She not only told that energetic lady—Paul Pry—where Lily was going to live, but promised to keep an eye on all her actions, and write down the day and date of any visits she might have as well as the names of the visitors. All this I learned afterwards.

Some time after this Jocelyn went to Acacia Cottage. There was no shadowing this time, because there was no need.

Mrs. Greig was almost insolent to him; Joss, however, paid little attention to her; but he stayed all the afternoon, and had tea with Lily.

This with other odds and ends, not strictly in accordance with the truth was duly reported to Miss Smith and entered in her private case book.

In due time Lily took up her abode at the little cottage, her servant Lizzie came home, the furniture was got in, and weeks were spent in the tasteful arrangement thereof, and in artistic, though not necessarily expensive, decoration.

One or two neighbors began to call on Lily after this. But they were of the humbler, and probably, I might say, more kind-hearted classes. To the poor, the poor are ever kind, you know. A neighboring farmer's wife looked round, and told Lily she must come and have tea with her, and that Gordon could come at any time or all times, and romp with the dogs, ride on the largest horses, sport with the lambs, and see the girls making butter and milking the cows. This good woman did not come empty-handed, either, but brought with her a whole dozen of new-laid eggs, besides a beautiful blue duck's egg for Gowan.

A retired grocer called next, and then the parson. He was a little, fat, inquisitive man, and I fear that he called only to learn as much of Lily's history as he could. However, he hoped he would see her at church, though he never said to her, "You had better call at the Vicarage and see my wife and little ones."

Meanwhile, the richer people and elite kept at a respectable distance, for which, and all God's other mercies, Lily had reason to be duly thankful. Who was she, at all, the elite asked? The answer was: An artist, or an actress, or an authoress, or something who like most ladies whose professions begin with the letter A had run away from her husband or father, or both, and took brandy or laudanum, or something or other that sent him out of this world in a hurry, and into a warmer.

No, she was not a 'person' to visit—at present.

But Lily was very, very happy. And so was little Gowan, especially when the garden was nicely trimmed and in bloom, and the roses over the porch and verandah, coming into bud and bloom.

Strangely enough, like all who have come through much grief and sorrow, Lily could not disabuse her mind of the idea that it was almost sinful to be so happy as she was at present; that it was not natural, and that at any moment a cloud might rise up on the blue horizon of her life, and a storm burst over her.

That a storm was brewing—a crisis not far distant—is all too true; but it was to burst in a different direction, first at all events.

And this brings me back to my poor friend Jocelyn.

CAPTER XIX.—"I JUST HELD MY PEACE AND SMOKED."

"O, Gordon," said Jocelyn to me one evening as we sat smoking together in my wigwam, while the sun was slowly setting far over the green and wooded valley of the Thames. "O, Gordon, I might have been so happy! Ella and I might both have been very, very happy, for in my heart there is the capacity for great love."

Joss had dined with me that day at the Jungle. An early dinner, for we had been out for a long ride, and were hungry.

Nay, sorrow or grief is not incompatible with hungry. On the contrary, sorrow exhausts the system, and weakens the nerves. It is for this reason, alas! that so many people fly to the use of stimulants when in grief. Nature is low, and cries aloud for assistance, and wine or brandy is more often preferred by her, to the sustaining help of food, because it is far more rapid in its action.

"I know your heart well, Joss, my boy," I replied in answer to his remark, "and

know how dearly you have loved Ella, and how pleasant and happy your lives might have been. I—"

"But he interrupted me. 'Could have loved her!' he cried, sitting up as well as a man can sit up in a rocking chair, 'did you say 'could have loved her, Gordon?' 'My God, Gordon, I love her still. There may have been times of late that I have lost my temper when she limited not her abuse to me myself but included even my friends and relatives, saying cruelly hard things even against my dead and gone cousin Molly Morrison, who is an angel in heaven, if heaven here be. There may have been times, I say, when I have lost my temper, struck my fist upon the table and declared even before the servants that my life is a burden and her conduct and bearings towards me were murder, murder in its slowest and most cruel form. But no sooner had I spoken than I wanted to recall my words, would have given all I possessed to be able to recall them. Yes, yes, my friend, with all her systematic ill-treatment of me I know, I feel, that I never loved a woman as I have loved and do love Ella Lee."

"One kind word from her, Gord, would bring back to me at any time all the joys of existence, and life would be for me once again the paradise it used to be in the dear lost days of old."

"I was silent," he continued.

"I will go further, Gord, and you may believe me when I say this—dreadful though it may seem. Were Ella to smile upon me, were she to say, 'I do love you, Jocelyn, dearly and truly, and have loved you all these years, though you knew it not. Yes, indeed, I love you, but you must die by my hand, and die now,' I'd welcome the knife she was about to plunge into my bosom, and Heaven for me would be begun on earth."

Jocelyn dashed his half-smoked cigar away, as was his wont when excited, then he seized his tumbler of brandy and soda and drank it off without once taking it from his mouth.

I was a little sorry to see this. I had noticed something like it more than once of late, indeed, I had seen my unhappy friend several times under the influence of wine. A suicidal way of admitting sorrow is it not? We must not be misled by the demon of the downhill life, lured on by the demon of temperance. We must weigh a man's sins against his temptations. For the balance only should be condemned and punished. This is true charity. This is the charity of Jesus Christ; a charity, alas! that the world never extends; a charity but seldom found even in the Church itself.

"Gordon," Jocelyn went on as he lit a fresh cigar—he talked more off and sadly now. "Gordon, I thank God every day of my life that I have one true friend and he sits beside me now."

As he spoke these words to me, reader, my heart, my conscience, call it what you please, gave a painfully uneasy throb.

"I, this man's friend?" I said to myself. "I, who might have saved him all this sorrow and prevented his ill-assorted union with the fabled Ella Lee? A little courage on my part could have done it, and cut the Gordian knot in time. Why did I not show him Jack's telegram on the very day I picked it up? Yes, why, indeed, and never would I be truly happy until I confessed to my want of courage and obtained his forgiveness?"

"I must," he went on, "possess a nerve and constitution far stronger than that of most men, else would the want of sympathy for her who ought to be my second self have killed me long ago."

"Does not this want of sympathy, Jocelyn, kill thousands; ay, perhaps tens of thousands every year in this country? We English are—unlike the French or even the Americans—a domestic and home-loving nation. If we have good wives, kindly and considerate, we love not, as a rule, to seek for pleasures in music halls, in brightly lighted bars, or gilded saloons. Rather would we, after the labour and excitement of the day are done, smoke our calumets by our own firesides, and sure of sympathy, perhaps even wise advice, tell of a loving wife all the story of our struggles at desk, in office or studio, our hopes and fears and ambitions."

"But without love and without this wife sympathy, a man's married life is more toilsome, more dreary than that of the convict felon, chained to the heavy barrow, that he must ever, ever monotonously fill and wheel away and empty."

I just held my peace, because I knew the poor fellow was obtaining surcease of sorrow by thus unbending his mind, and telling his sad, sad story.

I held my peace and smoked.

"Of late, you know Gord, I have been more than usually successful in my studio. Picture after picture has sold for good prices. Grief has indeed been, in my case, the parent of fame, such fame as I have as an artist. And happily, too, as my household is concerned, the ever-increasing expenses of which my half-pay and little paternal income could never support."

"But on days on which I am more than usually happy in my coloring, towards evening, Gord, when the lights begin to be uncertain and to fade, and my wee child Mary brings round my cup of tea, a pleasure and privilege that on one dare deny her. I feel for all the world like a school boy just out from school, quite as happy, quite as gay. I set my darling on my knee, and tell her funny fairy tales till the tears run from her eyes with laughing. Then, forgetting the misery and darkness and gloom that awaits me indoors, I seat my child on one shoulder, and singing gaily ride her up to the drawing-room. O, if love and sympathy would but meet me just then, or had I word or welcome from my wife, how happy I could be! But it is denied me, so I sit down by my organ and though I know it is wrong to do so, I nurse my grief and sadness, and there, with the gloaming shadows all around me filling up the room, and feeling O, so, so lonely, I wait forth my sorrow in impromptu song or ten—I almost blush to say it—with the tears rolling down my cheeks, and feeling that my heart will surely break."

"At such times as these, Gordon, little Mary will come and lay her cheek to mine, and pat and soothe me, as if I were indeed the child I feel myself to be. Poor dar-

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BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

ling, she cannot tell what my sorrow may be, nor what brings the tears to my eyes, yet some instinct tells her that I am in grief, and she does her little all to cheer me. Once, Gordon, you asked me while we were all seated at dinner at the Raven's Nest, why I had called my daughter Mary. I answered briefly 'after the Virgin.' Let me tell you now and confess that in this matter I have been guilty of a little duplicity, for she really is called after my late cousin Molly Morrison. Ella does not know, and I dared not tell her, that Molly is Scotch for Mary. Thank heaven, too Gordon, that little Molly's eyes are like mine—blue.

"Every man, that is a man, must possess ambition. Every wife that is worth the name desires to share that ambition with her husband, and should not the sunshine of his fame be reflected on her and serve to gladden her heart? When, after having a picture hung, Gordon, and probably sold, my pride has got the better of me, especially when fostered by press notices, my natural desire has been to show my good luck and ambition with Ella, and I have at table read to her my press cuttings. But, alas! I could awaken no responsive feeling in the icy coldness of that heart of hers. My speech would either be received in sulky silence, or it she vouchsafed a reply at all it would take some such form as the following, which is from the life:

"Fame indeed! Will fame keep up the horse and carriage. Will fame buy us new dresses? The dabb—that was my picture, Gord,—is sold; that is the main thing. But had you earned the same amount by selling soap I'd just be as well pleased. Fame, Bah!"

"Poor wee Molly, as I call her in my own mind, looked pleadingly at her mamma across the table one day, and made the following innocent remark:

"Mamma why are you always so cross with poor papa? O, ma, I love him!"

"I dared not snatch her up in my arms just at that moment, and kiss her, Gordon, but you may be sure I took the earliest opportunity."

"The child is the one link now, I fear, that binds me to my home."

CHAPTER XX.—HOW JOCELYN SERVED HIS SHADOW.

I have no desire to sadden this tale unnecessarily. It is verging on tragedy as it is. But in telling poor Jocelyn's story, I am, I am sorry to say, but sketching the history of thousands of families in this country, where wisely sympathy with the husband's struggles is an unknown quantity, and where suspicion and jealousy usurps the place of conjugal love and fellowship.

Camaradism! Camaradism! Camaradism! I cry aloud for more of it 'twixt man and wife in our British homes. Let Camaradism reign, I say Camaradism and sympathy, then indeed, indeed we shall have in every family—

"Two souls with but a single thought, Two hearts that beat as one"

And what more should we have, think you reader? I can tell you. We should have happier and healthier children and far fewer little coffins borne to the churchyard from cottage homes. We should have stronger sturdy sons to fight for our country when need should arise. We should find few reckless husbands crowding round the bars of our gin palaces seeking in smoke and drink for the solace they cannot find at their own firesides; and we should have many a cell in prison, and many a padded room in county asylums empty, that at present are little bells on earth because occupied by poor wretches whom the want of wisely sympathy has driven to ragged ruin and madness.

We have often heard jealousy called a demon, but I have even heard it defended. I have been told that in moderation it is the one thing that keeps men and women pure, and that without its restraining polygamy—whether blessed by the Church or not—would be the rule in this country and monogamy the exception. In other words we should have free love. If ever free love becomes an institution in this country I hope cannibalism will be introduced along with it. 'Twere all as good methods, to eat the body as to destroy the soul.

But the propagation of jealousy in my opinion bears some resemblance to the multiplication of disease germs or microbes in the human blood. Introduce but one or two germs into the body, and they increase in numbers so rapidly as speedily to destroy every organ therein. Introduce into the mind of the average woman but an atom of jealousy, and ere long it takes possession of the whole heart and soul, and every other feeling lingers thereon or circles round it.

Some time after the conversation related in the last chapter, I happened to be in Jocelyn's rooms one day, while Mrs. Lloyd and little Mary were from home.

The state of matters I found prevailing would have amused me had it not been so intrinsically sad. I am not inquisitive, but I could not help noticing it.

Jocelyn had a safe, it stood open. There were private letters lying on the mantel-piece; letters lying on the dressing table; a handful of silver with one or two gold pieces left carelessly on a small table; there was a nest of drawers, six or seven in all, but not one was locked, and but few were shut.

"My dear Joss," I said, "you must be a man of a singularly confiding nature. Do you leave everything unlocked, even your safe; your room without a key, and your

letters all about, to say nothing of money?" Joss smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "Yes," he said, "though I did not always do so."

"Then how do you account for your recent carelessness?" "It isn't recent, mon ami. Here, light up and I'll tell you."

"You see," he said, "I did have my drawers locked at one time. A man needs a little privacy if he is only to stow away his cigar pills, or evidence of a turf transaction, if he indulges in any such folly. But when my wife began to harbour jealousy against me, it took the peculiar form of supervision of all my correspondence, to say nothing of the contents of my safe and drawers."

"But how could she?"

"Well, Ella can do anything but love me. She had private keys made to every drawer and door I called my own, and in some inexplicable way she found out the combination of my safe. And so to accommodate her I just took to leaving doors and drawers open and my letters all about. Large sums of money of course I take to the bank, but you see, I leave a handful there. It saves her the trouble of going over my pockets. See?"

He laughed dimly enough.

"Poor Joss!" I said, "has it indeed come to this?"

He smiled instead of laughing, but I could note one thing—there was moisture in his eyes.

Presently he started up. "Come for a ride," he said. "The day is young, and see how brightly the summer sun is shining."

"While from home, Gordon," he continued, "I am always forgetful and hazy. The Raven's Nest is a bonnie spot; then is it not sad that no sooner do I draw nigh to my room than my spirits sink, an indefinable kind of dread takes possession of me, and an icy hand seems to clutch my heart?"

We went below to the dining room while our horses were being led round and the servants brought his utes and the cruet.

Jocelyn filled himself out nearly half a tumbler of brandy.

I took it quietly up and threw it on the fire. It exploded with a rushing roar, and soot came down the chimney.

Jocelyn looked at me strangely.

I nodded defiantly.

"Better," I said, "it should blow the roof off the Raven's Nest than destroy that splendid intellect of yours. 'John,' I said to the man, 'bring a glass of milk.'"

Jocelyn drank the milk obedient to command, and next minute we were in the saddle, and enjoying a glorious canter over hill and dale.

We cared but little in which direction we rode, and when towards six o'clock we drew up at a comfortable village hostelry, fully five miles from the Raven's Nest, neither of us believed were sorry.

"Well," said Jocelyn, "the horses must feed and rest, and so I think should we."

"Better," he added, as he leapt to the ground, "is a beefsteak and onions where peace is than a stalled ox where dissension reigneth. Is it not so Gordon?"

"You are right," I replied.

"I can give you a glorious rump steak, gentlemen, and a bottle of the best wine ever given you drunk, Major Lloyd."

He touched his hat as he spoke, and soon after my friend and I were seated in the rustic but cosy dining-room, and a neat and pretty Phyllis busy laying the cloth.

(To be continued.)

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A Brig. T. Dog.

Jigson—I once possessed a splendid dog who could always distinguish between a vagabond and a respectable person."

Jigson—Well, what's become of him? Jigson—Oh, I was obliged to give him away. He bit me."

A Come-Off.

"Do you hear that whining in the next room?"

"Yes; who is it?"

"That's the foot ball usher who got off those many utterances at the end of the game; his wife is rubbing his lame shoulder."—Chicago Record.

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CONVICTS CAN DOFF STRIPES.

Those Who Behave Allowed to Dress in Business Garb.

The most original experiment in prison reform which has yet been tried has within the last week been put into effect at Ohio's penitentiary, at Columbus. A striking almost startling change in the conventional prison stripes of the convict has been made. This, the first announcement of this important departure, will doubtless excite wide attention and comment.

It is, in brief, regulating the clothing of the convict by his conduct. Under the system now in vogue in all prisons, every convict wears the same uniform. The prisoner whose instincts are vile whose ideas are thoroughly steeped in crime, is the same in the appearance that clothing gives, as the man whose instincts are of high grade, but who, through weakness, has violated the laws.

Penologists have long held that the intelligent convict could be more thoroughly reformed by mental processes, or methods akin thereto, than by the physical penalties that prison rules have caused all offenders to suffer. This is exactly the idea from which