

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

# 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 to introduce 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 him the love in vain.

CHAPTERS III, IV, & V.—Gordon learns from Jack that Ella Lee has no other, so concludes that it must be a lover. He resolves to ask Ella Lee the meaning of the telegram, and who was the sender. He was unconsciously forewarned 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.

CHAPTERS VI (CONTINUED) VI & VII.—In one of his meetings with Ella Lee, she tells her of her former loves, Molly Morrison and Cynthia Singleton. He afterwards reveals the tale to Gordon.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"A love time . . . so sadly sweet." "Poor Cynthia," continued Jocelyn, "was wild with grief and weined and cried most piteously, ever and anon licking Lily's ear with her soft warm tongue."

"Lily, Lily!" I cried, sitting down beside her, "what is the matter, love? speak child, speak. Have I offended you? Tell me, do. I am wretched, miserable."

She became calmer at last, and suffered her head to rest for a moment on my shoulder.

"I never knew," she sobbed, but with a little frankness, "what it is to love till I met you. You love me too. O, I know you do. I know you do."

"I do love you, Lily, indeed, indeed, you have guessed right."

"It is that which grieves me. It is that which brings the tears. It is for you I am weeping. Oh, Major Lloyd, Oh, Jocelyn, I am engaged."

"Engaged?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. I was but a child, a baby; it is two years and more ago. But I thought I loved Percy Foster. And we plighted our troth. I—Oh, Jocelyn, I wish you I had never, never met!"

"I desired to know more of this Percy Foster, Gordon. Was it any wonder. He seemed to have swept down suddenly over the ocean of my life, and extinguished all my happiness."

"I found that he was a Government clerk at Hong Kong, but that in six months' time he would return to claim Lily for his bride."

"Lily was weeping on me more, but more quietly, more softly now."

"Dear child," I said, and once more I took her hand. "I have formed a resolve."

"Never to see me more?"

"She looked up now, and there was sadness in her eyes, as in those splendid eyes."

"No. Not that, Lily. Not that. Some men would deem it right, I doubt not, to tear themselves at once from a love that never could be theirs. Perhaps I am not like other men. But here in this breast of mine something says to me and tells me I am strong enough to bear seeing her day after day, and week after week for the few months that I can see her."

"Tells me I can be with you and near you without making love; that I can be to you a friend, a very brother hearted and soulful, that I can make all your interests mine, killing self within my soul, that you may be happy and even learn to forget me."

"O, Lily," I continued, "with address in my voice, 'it is not very long since here, in this very wood, we read together Bulwer Lytton's sweet story, the Pilgrims of the Rhine. You will remember it. She, the heroine, is pronounced by medical men as incurable. She will die in a few months' time of phthisis in its gentlest form, a form that makes death itself seem like a lullaby wooing the doctored one to soother slumber. But these few months the hero—broken hearted though he be—determines, with the permission of the father to spend in the company of the loved one. And you know, Lily, they journey slowly up the Rhine. Can you conceive of a lovelier sight than this?"

"No, said Lily, softly, 'it is impossible. But you remember, Jocelyn, that when at last the heroine dies, and leaves her lover, lonely and broken-hearted, he too would have died had he not turned to work, hard work, for relief, and in his case grief became the parent or foe of love."

"Lily sat up now and was looking into my face, and her courage seemed to me like the courage of an angel."

"Jocelyn," she said, "I know what you were going to say, and why you addressed the story of these Pilgrims of the Rhine. You have determined to act the part of a brave soldier and an honorable man towards me, to be my friend, my counsellor, my brother, yet not to tear yourself away from me till the very last—O, the parting will be sad indeed!"

"It will be," I said, "like the living death whose shadow is already hanging over me now."

"But, Jocelyn, only on one condition shall I accept your proposal."

"You have but to name it."

"You are clever—Uncle tells me so. You are a painter, a musician, and poet. You must promise me not to permit those talents to rust. Promise that when the living death falls at last on you and me, you will work so that in your case all grief will become the parent of love. Do you promise me?"

"I pressed her hand to my lips."

"Ster, I promise, and may Heaven protect us both."

"Gordon, I struggled manfully and hard, often with a heart that felt like breaking to keep my compact, and I believe I succeeded."

"Laugh at platonic friendship as you may. Let men of impure mind do such friendship twice man and woman impossible, in our case it did exist, pure and unadorned. We wandered about as before by wood and

or hill, we even took long rambles away to the seashore spending whole days, and returning home under the starlight. Dear old Colonel Singleton, he was never uneasy about Lily when he knew she was with me. He knew, I think, that I possessed both the courage and the honor of a true soldier, and that as I could trust myself so I could be trusted."

"Had I told him the story, did you ask me? Yes, Gordon, I thought it was best to tell him all."

"During our walks our conversations were never about love—that is never about our own love. But, strangely enough, she frequently counted me about household affairs and about house-keeping. Just as if my knowledge of such matters were of any intrinsic value. You see Percy Foster was poor. Government clerks are never millionaires, and having resolved to carry out her compact, and marry him, she determined to make him as good and thrifty a wife as she possibly could."

"I knew Hong Kong by heart, however, and I could tell her all about that, and even about how people lived there."

"So passed away months of this happy, but yet sad, summer."

"Then one morning, when I went down to breakfast, I found that I had got the route. My sailing orders had come and I was commanded to join the *Mecane* at Southampton to thence for passage to India and my regiment which was going up country."

"One last meeting by the wood. Yes, just one, then the parting. You mind the lines in your beautiful song of 'Auld Robin Gray.' They might have been applied to our case."

"O, sore did we greet and mickle did we wail."

"Just here, Gordon, the curtain drops on the story of my Singleton amour. No, it was not sinful. On the contrary, I think it was sinless. But, my friend, for many, many months I felt brokenhearted."

"You know I have the Victoria Cross, yet seldom wear it. Shall I tell you why, Gordon? It is because I do not think I won it fairly. All my deeds of valour that led to the distinction were performed, I do believe, in a kind of devil may-care, or reckless spirit, born of the love I had for Lily Andrew."

"Jocelyn Lloyd," I cried, "here let me tell you straight, there where you sit, that I do not believe it. You are a brave man. The brave are ever modest. You deserved the Cross, and it is almost unfair to the world that you do not wear it. Britain, Joss, delights to honour and admire her bravest men, and it is but fair and right they should wear distinctions. Every brave man belongs to the people."

Jocelyn lit another cigar.

"Well, Gordon," he said, "I have promised dear love that I will wear my uniform, my Cross, and medals on my wedding day."

"That wedding day drew rapidly near. A day or two before it, Colonel Singleton himself and his two nieces, Lily Andrew's sisters, came to Battlecombe to attend it. They stayed at the cosy little hotel."

"I was much struck with the Colonel's quiet but soldierly bearing. He was indeed a most lovable old man, and our acquaintance began at Battlecombe lasted till the day of his death."

"After the wedding, my friend Major Lloyd and his wife were going away on a tour to Scotland."

"Strangely enough, I thought, Ella had expressed a wish to see the Major's cousin, Molly Morrison."

"I did not know at the time how to account for this freak of hers. I think I know now, however."

"But Joss, dear, simple fellow, would have done stranger things than this to please 'dear love,' as he continued to call her."

"On the morning of the wedding day, I had entered Jocelyn's room unannounced, for I had heard him bustling about."

"He looked somewhat pale, and just a little haggard, instead of happy."

"You haven't slept much," I remarked.

"No, not a deal, you know," he said. "Joy will not keep one awake, will it? As a medical man and psychologist, you, of course know that. But," he continued, before I could answer, "I did sleep some hours."

"Then more abruptly, 'Are you a believer in dreams?'"

"It all depends, I replied. 'But the subject is too long to discuss now.'"

"Because, Gordon, I had a fearful dream, and it has left a kind of coldness round my heart, and a sadness that even the sweet, balmy air of this summer morning does not enable me to shake off. I was wandering with Ella over a lovely moorland, clad in heather, purple and crimson. The sky above was blue, and against a fleecy cloud the lark sang sweet and clearly. I felt so happy, and Ella's hand was held in mine. Suddenly, Gordon, all around us it became dark and gloomy. I heard a shriek and a voice that was Lily Andrew's crying, 'Save me! Save me!' Turning round I beheld her on her knees, with outstretched and imploring hands, while above her, knife in hand, stood the towering form of a man whom I knew not. I tried to rush to her assistance, but a hand restrained me. It was Ella's. There was hatred and disdain in that look of hers, and spite and spleen in every intonation of her voice, as she cried, 'Let the wretch die! Would you dare save her from her doom?'"

"I do not know whether or not the knife descended, Gordon, because I awoke in fright. But what does it mean?"

"I laughed, but I felt uneasy. 'It means,' I said, 'those extra cigars you smuck d. Come, old man, time presses. Don't have a cloud on your brow on your wedding morn.'"

"Music had always a great effect on Joss, and I know it so now; while he dreads I seated myself beside his American organ,

and though no great musician I soon succeeded in banishing all his cares."

The ladies had all looked lovely I thought at the wedding, especially Nellie, but the bride was radiantly beautiful. And Joss himself never appeared to me half so handsome, or nearly so noble and young before."

I know that Ella was proud of her husband, and delighted with the homage her own appearance elicited from the good people of Battlecombe, who had assembled in hundreds to witness the ceremony."

But during this ceremony a strange thing occurred that gave me no small concern. In one of the darkest corners of the beautiful old church, and hid behind by a pillar stood a man. He never took his eyes off Ella the whole time. I have been used to theatricals all my life, and could tell at a glance that that tall man was a disguise, that both his hair and brown beard were false."

I was probably the only one there who could have guessed this."

I had noted something else too. I noticed that Ella's eyes just once during the ceremony wandered—I am sure by accident—in his direction, and that immediately after she turned pale, and I thought was going to faint."

What was the mystery? Our story will unravel this. But as I glanced at that tall man behind the pillar, the words I spoke almost aloud to myself were these: "That man is Jack."

CHAPTER IX.—WHAT GAME IS THAT SHIRAZ PLAYING?

The marriage ceremony was concluded. I glanced hurriedly round. The man was still behind the pillar, but was preparing to go."

My mind was made up, and hardly waiting to offer congratulations to the bride and bridegroom, I hurried on before into the vestry, whither they would follow."

But I had no intention of staying here. There was a small private door to it, and out of this I slipped, and in less than a minute I had taken up my position in the church porch, half or wholly hidden by a crowd of sight-seers. My object was to get a closer view of the disguised man, for he must pass out by this doorway."

I was more than successful, because the crowd was so great that although he tried hard to push his way through, he was for a time quite becalmed; as a sailor would say. He was thus within a yard of me, and I could study his physiognomy or what little of it was visible, at my leisure."

He was tall, and that he was a young and handsome man his disguise did not prevent me from discerning. His eyes were of the darkest blue, I think, that ever I have seen in a man. That fact I stored in my mind."

But there was on that finely chiselled face the mark of a scar. A round white spot on the brow right above the left eyebrow. As a medical man I knew by the sulking of the skin over it, as well as by its colour, that it was the cicatrix of a burn."

"Can't you push on there in front? I shall lose my train."

It was his voice raised somewhat imperiously.

"How lucky," I thought. "Be you who you may, I'll never hear that voice again. I shall know it."

Soon after he was gone, and I had found my way back into the vestry."

Ella Lloyd, nee Lee, looked at me narrowly, and somehow I felt uneasy beneath that piercing gaze."

I would have given a good deal just then to have been able to tell what her thoughts or suspicions were as she looked at me. But next minute she was smiling, and as beautiful as ever, and the fond way on which she leaned upon my hand as, almost made me long to be married myself."

Away went Joss and dear love, and a day or two after this I packed my traps and went off back to Berkshire, for Battlecombe, which to me was only just bearable when he was there with honest Cynthia, was now quite insupportable."

The journey which seemed so short when coming down appeared long indeed returning, and I believe I smoked far more during it than was good for me."

But the slowest of trains gets there at last, and in a day or two I was engrossed with my new story to all the events which had occurred at Battlecombe were to me only like doings in a dream."

Jocelyn, however, had promised to write soon, not stipulating any particular time, so that I was really rather pleased than otherwise not to receive a letter from him for a whole fortnight, because I believed he was too happy to write."

The epistle came at last, however, and was just as I had expected. He begged me to forgive him. The time had gone so quickly by, he said, it hardly felt like two days since he had bidden me good bye at the little station at Battlecombe. And Ella was all his fancy, had printed her say and more. Such happiness as his he said he could not have believed the world held for any poor mortal here below."

The letter was a very long one, and altogether descriptive. The reason he made it so long he said was not far to seek. He was having all the afternoon to himself, because Ella and his cousin Molly had

## Chase and Sanborn's Coffee



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BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

gone away over the hills quite by themselves, and would not be back till tea time."

"Ella had behaved so nicely to dear cousin Molly," he wrote. "After all I told Ella about my cousin and our innocent courtship, a less noble soul than hers would have borne some little grudge. But not so she. It was the love of a dear sister she was lavishing on Molly, and Molly appeared so grateful."

"O, fate," he added, "rules our destinies after all, dear Gord, and doubtless for the best."

It was just at this part of the letter that I placed the epistle with all reverence on my wigwag table, lit a cigar, and began to think."

"What game is that siren playing? That is the question I asked myself as I lay back in my chair."

It will be noted that it was by no means complimentary to Ella Lloyd. But wrongly or rightly, I had my suspicions, that she was not so true or true but towards dear, simple Joss as he was towards her."

"Only time can tell."

That was the only reply my brains would evolve, although I burned two cigars over the question. It was not a very satisfactory one."

Quite a month elapsed ere I heard from my friend again, and I was beginning to get very uneasy indeed. Had any accident occurred, or worse than even an ordinary accident—because to a sensitive man like Lloyd it might mean the first step downward that should lead to darkness and to death—had anything occurred to mar his happiness."

At last a letter did come, and I opened it with a strange feeling of anxiety at my heart, which I was unable to account for."

They had left Scotland, and had been travelling on the Continent for some time. That was the information contained in the first page of the letter. Furthermore, I was to expect them home in two weeks' time. Two very simple statements, which Jocelyn could have made in one short sentence. It augured no good, therefore, I thought, that he took six, at least, to give me the information. Ah! I could tell, even before turning the leaf, that something was coming. Nor was I wrong."

"I have had news to give, dearest friend, he went on, 'but I feel sure of your sympathy. I felt all along that my happiness was too great to last, that the morning of my joy was far too bright to continue, and that the dark storm must soon arise, and the blue sky of my life be overcast. But to drop the figurative, Gord, and come to the plain. My letter is a somewhat long one, but I am sure you will consider it. It was while Ella and I sat at breakfast one morning in quiet apartments overlooking the beautiful Lago Maggiore that our letters were brought in. There was a bundle for her, so that she was so much engrossed for a time with her own share of the correspondence that she could take little notice of me."

"I believe my color came and went as I perused the foreign letter I now hold in my hand. I had known the handwriting at once, though I had not seen it for years. Oh, Gordon, it was from my adopted sister Lily, and one so hopeless and sad it brought the tears into my eyes as I read it."

"Her married life has been a failure. From almost the first day thereof he had been unkind to her. But the unkindness soon merged into positive cruelty; her existence has been one long struggle with poverty, wretchedness and misery, which he has tried to bear up against for sake of her one child, Jocellina; you note, Gord, that she has given it the name for sake of olden times. But now her own as well as her child's health is failing, and the best medical men in Hong Kong tell her that, unless she can be sent home, both she and the child must die. Lily is proud spirited, and although she has accepted her message money from her uncle, she has determined not to be a burden either to him or anyone else. One thing is certain, she will never go back to Hong Kong nor see her brutal husband more. But Lily was always clever with the brush as a water-colorist, and she tells me she has saved by the sale of her paintings even

in Hong Kong quite enough to enable her to live in quiet rooms in some healthful London suburb for a year at least."

"Then she goes on to ask me a favor which, as her adopted brother, I am bound in honor to grant, namely, that of a few introductions to good people in London who may help her to work."

"But oh, Gordon, now comes the terrible part of my story. I almost hesitate to tell even you. As soon as I read the letter I looked across the table at my wife, with a smile which was doubtless a sad one."

"What do you think, darling?" I said. "There is a letter from poor Mrs. Foster. Lily Andrew, you know, that I told you all about. She and her little girl are coming home, I believe, to return, for she has left a husband who was apparently a brute to her from the very commencement. It is a pitiful story, but you shall read it for yourself. I think you will agree with me, that I must, as her brother, you know, try to assist her a little. God, darling, has made you and me so happy that we can spare a little sympathy for another."

"She held out her hand, Gordon, without a word or smile, and mechanically, as it were, I handed her the letter."

"I watched her throughout as she read it, watched her with a beating heart, for as she read on and on slowly I could see her countenance change more and more. What did such changes mean or augur? Oh, I could not tell. I only know that I experienced a species of nervous trepidation I had never before known, even in the direct presence of wild beasts or wilder men."

"I had not long to wait for the climax. She started up from the table, her eyes—those beautiful eyes, flashing with an anger that positively simulated madness; she tore the letter, poor Lily's letter, every line of which had been written in a wringing from her in anguish and sorrow, she tore it, I say, in two."

"The pieces she threw at me—think of it, Gordon; O think of my feelings—then she left the table and rushed from the room."

CHAPTER X.—THE LLOYDS "AT HOME."

The next part of my friend's letter was written two days after the last. It began abruptly, and was evidently penned in grief and in sad anxiety."

"Oh, Gordon," it ran, "a terrible thought has just occurred to me. Can there possibly be insanity in my poor wife's family. You are a medical man, you are a student of psychology, tell me candidly, straight-forwardly, like the true friend you have always been, have you ever noticed even a single symptom, or any method or mannerism in Ella that you might term suspicious?"

"Oh, dear love, dear love, and has it come to this, and so soon, but, Gordon, for two whole days she has spoken to me but once to my almost agonised entreaties to her to speak to me, to tell me how I had offended her, or what I have done, she answered but in three words, 'Go to her!'"

"After all, can this be but a species of jealousy not uncommon in such natures such as hers, for you know, Gordon, she possesses a good dash of Italian blood in her veins? A jealousy born of the great love that I know she bears me?"

"Poor Joss," I could not help saying aloud but I read on."

"There are, scientists tell me, three species of jealousy, the jealousy of the present or existent object, the jealousy that broods over the past, and that which refers to future possibilities."

"If it be jealousy it would seem to me to be a compound of all the three. Retrospective I am sure, they say, is almost unknown in a woman belonging to these islands. But may not a present jealousy be fed by the past? Tell me, Gord, put me right, for you are wiser far than I."

"Then just as abruptly as the letter began it did break off."

And while its whole contents and the feelings that they had stirred up were still fresh within me, I sat down to reply to it."

I endeavored first and foremost to ease his mind concerning the possible taint of insanity. I could speak truthfully when I told him that I had seen none of it. Then I came to the jealousy. That I told him would explain almost everything. But he must not, I said, let it worry him. Women were not made in the same mould as men; their ways to us were often times inexplicable. But we must not forget that we are the strongest souls, and that it is a portion of our duty to bear with a woman even when suffering from feelings or passions, that appear to us egregiously folly, especially if that woman is one's wife."

"Depend upon it, Jocelyn, dear friend," I went on, "that Ella is suffering quite as much as you. I counsel you to have patience or they stand. Be quiet and kind to her. Do not appear to be too much hurt about her treatment of you, and perhaps—mind, I only say perhaps—she will be the first to make friends, and make up to you in affection and kindness for what you are at present suffering."

"But Joss," I continued, "you appeal to me in the double capacity of friend and psychologist, and you desire me to be candid. I would be to you no true friend if I were not candid. Love then is ever blind, you know, at least the little god Cupid is supposed to be, though the pranks he plays with his tiny bow and arrow, Joss, would give me the impression that he saw much more than he is supposed to. Well, 'mon ami,' your wife Ella is undoubtedly of the jealous temperament, and pardon me, but as all women have faults, I am being angels while in this world, your wife has one fault, or what a man of such high honor and ver-

acily as you are, would consider a fault. I would not mention it to you if I did not know that you will forgive her. She possesses the jealousy of the retrospective order—rare enough in English women, though common among the daughters of fair Italy. But she may not love you so excessively, so absurdly, if I may so phrase it, as you suppose or as you love her. If it pains you to read this Jocelyn Lloyd, believe me it grieves me sorely to write it. But you have to come down off your high horse some day, all lover-husbands have to, and let a triend like myself should help you to alight than a foe."

"People who are so pure-minded, so honorable and true as yourself, Joss—you know I have no wish to flatter you, you are at present but a subject under my mental dissecting knife—people like you, I say, are just as apt to ascribe their own virtues to others with whom they come in contact, as evil-minded people are to believe all the world as gross and impure as they themselves are."

In my opinion, Jocelyn, your dear wife may be a very estimable person, and yet not possess one-half your sense of honor and duty. Consequently, when you told her all about your past life, and what you amusingly termed your 'amours,' she could not prevent herself from jealously imagining that there might be something more to tell, something that you kept hidden."

"Therefore I am convinced that her friendship for your cousin Molly Morrison was all—well, I do not like to use the word 'false,' so must say as I have assumed, assumed for a purpose. Your cousin would be very easily moulded clay indeed in the hands of a woman of brain and a woman of the world like Ella Lloyd, and had your connection with Molly to be darkened with sin instead of pure and honorable, as I am convinced it was, your wife had the power to have made her confess everything. Now, do you begin to see what I mean? I have put it all as gently as candour would permit me. But hope for the best, Jocelyn Lloyd. Hope for the best, my friend. Believe no one in this world to be immaculate, but do your duty as you see it, and continue to love, honor and respect your wife."

(To be continued.)

IN NOVA SCOTIA

ANOTHER TRIUMPH

The case of John S. Morgan, of Bridgewater.

PROMINENT BUSINESS MAN.

His Testimony Right to the Point—Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

BRIDGEWATER, N. S. Nov. 16. (Special) No business man is better or more favorably known in this part of Nova Scotia than Mr. John S. Morgan, tinsmith of this town. For eight or nine years he suffered from one stage to another in the progress of kidney disease, but without help until he got hold of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He tells the story in his own words, and says—

"I commenced with backache about eighteen years ago, with lameness and pain in my limbs."

"I was under the doctors care several times, and took several remedies aside from doctors medicine, but gradually came to be badly crippled up."

"In the autumn of ninety-four I began to run down in flesh and strength rapidly until I was about forty pounds under my usual weight."

"I was then in constant misery from rheumatic pain and a dread of passing urine which was of a very dark color and caused me the most intense misery."

"I realized my danger, but from something I read about Dodd's Kidney Pills I made up my mind to use them, and commenced at once."

"I have used twenty boxes, have regained my weight and I am now as strong and well as ever before in my life."

"When I commenced using Dodd's Kidney Pills I was entirely unfit for the duties or enjoyments of life and they have saved and prolonged it. I trust my testimony may be the means of doing good to others."</