

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

Shadowed for Life,

A SOLDIER'S STORY,
BY GORDON STABLES, M. D., R. N.

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CHAPTER I.—ONLY A SIMPLE SOLDIER.

This is the story of Jocelyn Lloyd, or Major Jocelyn Lloyd. May I not indeed call it his life tale? The story, too, of his love, and of all the trouble, the weariness, the pain, and the loneliness that his card he drew in the lottery of marriage brought him.

I was Major Lloyd's dearest friend, always true, and always, I trust, sympathetic. But the narrative, here for the first time committed to paper, took long, long years to tell. For it was told to me, as it was gradually being evolved. Sometimes of a winter's evening, as he and I sat together in my wigwam, down in Bonnie Berks, with modest tumbler on the table near us, and the blue smoke from our pipes curling softly upwards. Or sometimes while returning from the hunt in early spring, after spending what Lloyd called "a glorious day of yorfulness." Or at other times, while we walked and wandered together through the cool green country, while summer was in its glory and prime.

O, you know, dear reader, that when a man has some great sorrow lying cold at his heart, he must seek sympathy, and if he finds it not, he had must to and the heart must break. For sorrow is to the human soul as the water is to a ship at sea, when it pours into her hold through some dreadful leak. If the water cannot be got rid of, the vessel will founder; if the sorrow is unable to find vent the vital powers will ebb away, the heart itself will sink.

I have never known a more simple, guileless sort of a being than this same Major Lloyd. Sailors, they say, are usually simple and unsophisticated, but here was a simple soldier. A man of an unusually shy and retiring disposition; a man who knew so little about the world's ways, and about so-called "society," that he was ready to believe almost anything anyone told him, so long as it was not sinful, or breathed evil against a neighbor. Such faith had he in the moral goodness of human nature.

Beggars and tramps, I think could read the Major's character in his guileless kindly eyes. I often used to remonstrate with him, against the giving of indiscriminate charity. He would only give a little laugh and say, "Yet one may sometimes do good, and relieve a deserving case."

Once, I remember, Lloyd and I were coming slowly along the great highway that stretches 'twixt Bath and London, with our huge dogs galloping joyfully around us, when we met a poor tramp woman. She was carrying a half-starved-looking baby; a little tottler, with bare, bleeding feet, was by her side. She told a pitiful story, she was bound for London, where she hoped to find the husband, who had deserted her, and she had tramped all the way from Waler, nearly two hundred miles. The tears were in Lloyd's eyes, and though I nudged him not to believe her, he gave her money.

Just a week after this Lloyd came rushing into my house one day, with the morning paper. He was triumphant for once. The poor woman had appeared to seek the advice of a London magistrate, and, on inquiry, it was found that her story was strictly true.

Another day, while passing along the same road, we met a woman with a child, and considering this a deserving case, my friend relieved her.

She was proud in her thanks, as well she might have been. For when she had gone a little way, Major Lloyd put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a mixture of coins, copper, silver, and gold. He glanced at them for a moment, then looked after the woman with that simple smile upon his face.

It was wrong of me to attempt thus to sketch my friend's character instead of permitting it to develop gradually as the story goes on. Inartistic it may be, so critics will tell me, but my tale altogether will be found to be somewhat out of the stereotyped or regulation groove, and I must be forgiven if I follow no one else's prescription but my own in compounding it.

Let me here mention one thing, however, concerning Major Lloyd. I have said that simplicity was one of the traits of his character; that he was of a retiring disposition. There never had been, however, anything like a retiring disposition about him when, face to face with Britain's foes on blood-stained battlefields, or in deadly trench or redoubt.

There had been no great wars between this country and any other, during my friend's brief military career. But even in small wars—and there had been many of those—true courage and daring may oftentimes be displayed. Lloyd had fought in Africa against savages in the far interior, and against the terrible impiety of warlike Kaffirs farther south, and everywhere his conduct had merited praise and approbation.

He had fought in the wild and mountainous regions of Afghanistan too, and on more than one occasion he had been the leader of forlorn hopes. Once he was to the front at the blowing of a gate, which, while it secured victory for the British arms, cost the three men who accompanied him their lives, while he himself was fearfully wounded.

This alone would have entitled him to the Victoria Cross, but it was not this special deed of valor that gained for him that proud distinction.

One day the Berkshire Regiment had been overpowered for a time by force of numbers. It was badly cut about, and sullenly retreating to the shelter of trenches, hard pressed by the host of advancing Afghans, when suddenly Major Lloyd missed the Colonel's boy Roberts. By the word boy, I mean servant, not son; but Roberts was a very plucky young lad, not much over sixteen, indeed, who had endeared himself to everyone who knew him. He was an especial favorite of Lloyd's, and

in this ugly tussle or fight, had been close to the major all the time. Indeed, he had been by his side not five minutes ago. Lloyd had not to wait long to find out where he was. Yonder he lay close to a rock, and evidently wounded, waving his hand for help. Well he might, too, for the Afghans with their terrible knives were slaying every wounded man they came across as they beat the British back. And yonder they were within fifty yards of the Colonel's poor boy.

"Volunteers!" shouted Lloyd. "Let us save the boy Roberts. Follow me, boys, Hurrah!"

He dashed away towards him as he spoke, waving his blood-stained sword in the sunshine. He reached the lad but a few seconds before the Afghan rush. Reached him, and stood between the foe and him like a very lion at bay. Sharp and clear rang out his revolver again and again, and at every shot he dropped a man. He cleft another almost to the chin, then he stumbled and fell over Roberts. But he was not killed nor even wounded. He was on foot again in a moment.

How it might have fared I do not know. Badly for our hero, I fear; but at that instant, close behind him, rang out the wild British cheer, which heard but even once on a battlefield can never be forgotten.

The volunteers Lloyd had called for, had well responded, and back the advancing hordes of Afghans were driven pell-mell.

But now this deed of courage seemed to reanimate the whole regiment, and on they rushed to death or victory.

It was victory! The enemy was thoroughly and completely routed. A Highland regiment and a corps of Ghorakhs reinforced our fellows in the afternoon, and pursued the flying Afghans to the very gates of a mountain fort; which gates they blew in, and the slaughter that followed was the beginning of the end of that fierce fight, though little war.

It was for his action in saving the life of the boy Roberts that Lloyd was awarded the Victoria Cross. This distinction, by the way, he never except on such occasions as he deemed it a matter of duty to pin it to his broad and manly chest.

Perhaps you will admit, then, reader, that my friend the Major was not simple in every way, and that he carried a noble heart behind a mill exterior.

My first meeting with and introduction to Major Lloyd came about naturally enough. We found ourselves the only passengers in a first class carriage, traveling through the wild Scottish Highlands en route for Inverness.

"Would," he had asked somewhat doubtfully, "would I object to smoking?"

"Would I object?" I had replied. "Would he object?"

Then I bawled out my cigar-case. Well, he a soldier, I a sailor, was it any wonder that we were soon talking together as if we had been very old acquaintances indeed.

We stayed at the same hotel, and then concluded to do the Highlanders in each other's company. I being a Scot of Scots, and I having the Highlanders by heart, as it were, could act as guide.

All this happened many, many years ago. I hardly like to say how many.

There was still one bond of union 'twixt the Major and me. We were both young men, but both invalids from our respective services, neither having served over ten years—though stirring and eventful years they undoubtedly were.

Six months after the date of our being invalided we were both as well as ever we had been in our lives, but just then, there was nothing doing in the services, no war I mean to we came to the conclusion it would be as well to hang on till the trumpet sounded and the drums beat to arms. Then we should rejoice with some hopes of promotion, and the certainty, at all events, of seeing some fun, and a fair amount of fighting.

When I add that Major Lloyd and I were both extremely fond of dogs—my chief pets being the noble Newfoundland, his the mighty St. Bernard, and that we lived in the country, within five miles of each other, it need surprise no one that we became fast friends and inseparable.

Many a time and oft, while he and I sat smoking the calumet of peace in this very wigwam where I am now writing, did Lloyd and I build ourselves castles in the air, castles in those curling wreaths of smoke, based on what we should do and enjoy when we once more girt our swords to our sides, and went into active service. It was the Major who talked about girding his sword to his side. I spoke in a more shipshape phraseology, and less melodramatically. I called it "lashing myself to my old cut-throat knife" for sailors will be sailors.

But little did my friend know what was before him.

Pope in his essay on man tells us that: "Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate."

And this is surely wisely ordained. One beautiful spring gloaming—I remember it as distinctly as if it had been but yesterday—Lloyd and I sat together in my verandah. The sun had not long gone down, leaving a broad band of deepest orange light above the distant woods, with here and there a streak of crimson cloud. The apple trees were all in bloom, and hidden among the tender green foliage of the linden trees a thrush poured forth his soul in song.

Both of us had been silent for some time. Perhaps our hearts were too full to speak. Mine was, I know.

Yet I was the first to break the silence. "O, Jesu," I said, "is it not lovely, altogether lovely, and heard you ever melody more sweet than that? To me it seems at times like a spirit voice."

"Do you remember that poem by Mortimer Collins?" I went on, as he did not answer. "His verses to the Thrush, you know. The first verse runs, if I remember rightly,

"All through the sultry hours of June,
From morning blithe to golden noon,
And till the star of evening climbs,
The gray-blue East, a world too soon,
There sighs a thrush among the limes."
And the last verse, mon ami, is pretty, methinks:—

"Closer to God art thou than I
His minstrel thou, whose brown wings stir,
Through silent eaves' summer chimneys,
Ah! never may thy music die!
Sing on, dear thrush, amid the limes."

The light began to fade from the sky, the crimson, purple bronze and darkest grey, then high above, the first star shone out. Our thrush had ceased to sing.

My friend and I at last could position ourselves but by the fiery tips of our cigars.

Presently Jocelyn rose.

"I think I'll go inside," he said. "That bothering old nerve of mine, which the Afghan sliced into is asserting itself. I say, Gordon, how pleasant a fortnight would be at the seaside just now?"

"But I'm writing a new tale."

"You can write down at Battlecombe. Just the place. And I can finish my picture. Then there is an organ in the grand old church. I know the rector, and can have 'carte blanche' and play when I please."

That very night we packed our traps, and next day we started.

CHAPTER II.—"WAS THE GOLDEN BOWL BROKEN AT THE FOUNTAIN?"

We made a compact not to hamper each other. But we took rooms together on the outskirts of the beautiful little town, on a cliff top within sight and sound of the surging sea. He was to go on with his picture—a battle-piece, and I was to write my story. But in the evenings we ramble ourselves many a delightful prelude with our great dogs, and many a row far out on the waters of the sweet blue bay.

My story was a tale of love and mystery, but it had taken hold of me quite, and absorbed my every thought, while Major Lloyd was equally engrossed with his picture.

He had already had many smaller things hung, and many of the critics had been most kind and encouraging, some even enthusiastic, over what they were pleased to call the rising genius, and a coming man. But this picture was a far more ambitious one, and larger than anything he had ever before attempted. It represented a terrible fight raging among the hills of Afghanistan, between Highlanders and Ghorakhs on one side of the wild mountain tribes on the other. This picture he had told me more than once would either make him or break him.

"After now," he said, one evening shortly after our arrival. "I haven't done a bad day's work, Gordon. If the picture isn't hung, then, figuratively speaking, I shall be, what care I? I'll make a spoon or spoil a horse."

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the test,
To win or lose it all."

"What say you, Cynthia?"

He bent down, unobtrusively and petted the hair of his huge and beautiful St. Bernard. Cynthia replied by licking his hand.

Cynthia was a winsome and charming creature, and more gentle than any lamb. Though her face was prettily marked, her neck and body were mostly white, and she wore a broad collar of bright crimson, patent leather, on which was a silver plate with my friend's name and address engraved thereon. This information has a slight bearing on the commencement of our story, so will presently be seen.

Battlecombe could boast of one 'bus, a large glass, roomy car, that ran from one end of the town to the other, along the high rocky ashore. Nor was this conveyance very much patronized, but Lloyd made use of it almost every afternoon going and returning from the church, which stood a mile away on the East Cliff. My friend was a musician heart and soul. It was a liberal education almost to hear him play improvisations on the violin, but I think he excelled on the organ. The word "grand" was the only one you would have used, I think, in describing his performance. But you could not help hitting silent and enthralled while he played, and you would have left the sacred edifice feeling a better man, or that it would have been good for you to be there.

Oa, I feel sure that the music of a splendid organ, if the instrument be touched by a master's hand, draws one nearer to God and to good.

Well, one evening Jocelyn came home with Cynthia from his organ recital rather later than usual. I had become very interested in a chapter, and had hardly noticed how the time had flown.

The matter-of-fact little landlady had bustled in about the same time looking rather anxious.

"Dinner is quite ready," she said, with meaning emphasis on the "quite."

"Think I was lost, Gordon?" said the Major to me with a light laugh.

"It was all your fault, Cynthia," patted the St. Bernard on the back with slaps that resounded all through the house. "All your fault, lass. Fact is, Gord, I've had a bit of an adventure."

Nothing more was said about the matter till we lit our post-bagged cigars out on the breezy cliff-top.

There was a stone bench there, and here we sat while moon and stars shone sweetly o'er the sea.

"Tell me about that adventure now," I said, abruptly.

"Cynthia, you know," he began at once, and obediently, "always comes with me to my organ practice, and that jolly old 'busman doesn't mind her coming inside, as there is seldom anyone there. But for some evenings past, Gord, there has been other passengers—a-a"

"A young lady," I interrupted.

"Right," he said, simply. "How could you have guessed?"

I smiled, but did not answer, and presently he threw away the half of the cigar he was smoking and lit another.

"It is nearly a week," he continued, "since one evening the 'bus stopped, shortly after starting, and Ella Lee entered, and seated herself in a corner, and I might have been disappointed if she had not."

"My dear friend, are you in love with this fair maiden?"

"She is not fair, Gord. She is very dark in hair and eyes. Her face is unlike any face I have ever seen before. She might be an Italian or Spanish, but the complexion is all we desire to see even in an English girl. The cheeks are pink, the lips are full and rosy. But, Gord, it is the expression of perfect calm and repose that strikes me more than anything else.

It was this that drew me to her from the very first."

"Then you are in love with—this Ella Lee?"

He answered almost impatiently. "Oh," he cried, "what know I about love? I never felt the tender passion before. I know not that I feel it now. My life till recently—and I am almost thirty—has been spent in camps, on sea, or tented fields. Too busy ever, ever too busy to think of—love."

"But," he continued, gazing dreamily seawards, "if to think moon and night of the object that has attracted you, at least one draws the steel; it to feel joyed to meet and sad to part with her; it to fall asleep thinking of her, and see her in your dreams, and during waking hours count the minutes that must intervene ere you see her once again; it to hear her voice in every sweet sound by woodland or by sea in the very winds that sigh and whisper round you, in the music even of the birds that sing their melodies to the listening trees—Gordon, friend, if this be to love I fear I must plead guilty to the tender impeachment."

"It is love, Jocelyn," I answered, seriously, almost sadly. "It is love; afraid you're hardly hit. Have you spoken to the lady?"

"I have. Cynthia here introduced us?"

"Cynthia?"

"Yes. On the fourth evening. She went straight away to Ella Lee's end of the car and laid her great head on her lap and was patted by a little gloved hand. Then took the dog came and laid her head on my knee. She repeated this scene at times."

"I'm afraid," I said at last, but shyly, "that my dog attacks you." "O no, Major Lloyd," she replied at once, "how could the attention of so lovely a creature annoy any one?"

"Pardon me," I said, "but—but you know my name." A sweet, but half amused, smile lit up her features now. "I read it on Cynthia's collar," she said candidly. Then the ice was broken—melted."

I waited in silence to hear more.

"I have seen her often since. I have walked with her, conducted her to her mother's cottage door; ray, I have even been inside her mother's house. She is a sailor's widow, Gordon, and Ella has been with me to the church to hear me play. O how my whole soul has been bristled out from the instrument because she was listening. I seemed to be able to speak to her through the organ in language I dare not utter with my lips. No, no; I have never yet thought of talking love to her though I think she is not indifferent to me. But she makes me speak of my old life in camp, and even on the battlefield. And Gordon, I have often talked about you during our ramble, and she has made me promise to bring you to be introduced."

"I shall be delighted."

"But Gordon," added my shy and simple friend, "I feel you will forgive me when I tell that—"

"That what, Joss?"

"That Ella Lee is poor. That she is but a working girl, and sews all day in a back shop in Rose Street."

I held out my hand and Jocelyn grasped it. "All the more honour to her, Joss. If anything comes this, and something may, you'll feel yourself more at home—shy as you are—in a humble cot than you'd be in a palace."

Two evenings after this Ella Lee and I sat side by side on a summer evening in the fine old church of Battlecombe, while Jocelyn breathed forth melodies that filled the air around us, sometimes rich and bold and ringing, anon dying away to tender soft and low it seemed as if the very angels were bending from Heaven and whispering to us.

The music ceased at last and Jocelyn began to come towards us.

I glanced momentarily towards Ella Lee. She was weeping.

As it half-ashamed of her tears she hurriedly took out her handkerchief to wipe her eyes.

As she did so a piece of brown crumpled paper was withdrawn from her pocket and fell on the floor.

I could see it was a telegram. My first impulse when I picked it up was to give it to her. My second was irresistible. I put it in my pocket. I felt I was doing a mean thing, yet something impelled me. I was for the time being not my own master.

In my bedroom that evening I opened the telegram. It was one week ago, and read thus: "Will meet you at E—Station, eight p. m., Wednesday, Jack."

I clasped my hand to my now hot brow. A cold wave seemed circling round my heart, and I sank into a chair.

Who was Jack? A brother or a lover? "Poor Joss!" I muttered to myself. "My poor friend, Joss!"

I read that telegram over and over again. Just as if that could tell me more.

Just as I went to bed, but not to sleep.

Poor Joss! Was the golden bowl indeed broken at the foundation, and that too so soon? Ere even he had had time to taste the sweets that it contained.

Happier far were Jocelyn's dreams than mine that night.

To be continued.

NO USE OF HIS LEGS.

Doctors Could Not Help Him, But Two Bottles of South American Kidney Cure Removed the Distressing Story of a Winham Farmer.

Kidney disease can be cured. Mr. John Snell, a retired farmer of Wingham, Ont., says: "For two years I suffered untold misery, and at times could not walk, and any standing position gave intense pain, the result of kidney disease. Local physicians could not help me, and I was continually growing worse, which alarmed family and friends. Seeing South American Kidney Cure advertised, I grasped at it as a dying man will grasp at anything. Result—before half a bottle had been taken I was totally relieved of pain, and two bottles entirely cured me." To cure kidney disease a liquid medicine must be taken, and one that is a solvent, and can thus dissolve the sand-like particles in the blood.

A Questionable Compliment.

Charley Chumpleigh—"Ah, Miss Nightingale, that 'Winter Song' was charming. It carried me back to the days of my childhood."

Miss Nightingale—"I am so glad you like it."

Charley Chumpleigh—"Why, I could actually hear the cattle bellowing, the old windmill creaking and the discordant wind howling about the door."—Washington Times.



NO ONE KNOWS
how easy it is to wash
clothes all kinds of
things on wash day
with **SURPRISE SOAP**,
until they try.
It's the easiest quick-
est best Soap to
use. See for yourself.

BLOOMERS SHOCKED THE PASTOR.

Since Then He Has Laid Awake Nights Thinking of Them.

The Woman's Congress of Philadelphia, held under the auspices of the Temple College, at Broad and Berks streets, began its year's work the other afternoon with the first of the long series of lectures which it will have delivered during the winter. The speaker was the Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell, pastor of the Grace Baptist church, and his subject was "Woman and the Wheel." The pertinency of the title and a hope that Dr. Conwell would say something about bloomers brought a large number of women to the hall. There were exactly two in bicycle costume. They looked nervous.

Dr. Conwell opened the meeting with a prayer for its success, and then gave an outline of the purposes and scope of the society, during which the two women looked relieved.

"Friends," began Dr. Conwell, "this bicycle question has kept me awake at night. Here at last seems to be the opportunity offered for woman to get that exercise, the lack of which has prevented her from as yet becoming the equal of man. Will she seize that opportunity or will she lose it, as she already has, in my opinion, lost dancing, considered as a healthful exercise? She needs it, as any one can see if he will only look at the girl students at this college after two months of study. Pale, heavy-eyed, they soon require long vacations and lose valuable time, while their parents imagine that education is no good for them."

"Women need more exercise; they can get it on the bicycle. But right here comes in that vexing question of dress. When ladies first used the bicycle they used the same modest dress they used for walking. Now, this was found to be unhealthy, and the dress was shortened, the desire being at first to get that dress which should be the most modest and the most convenient. Here a great moral and religious question came up. Woman's vanity, always ready in some mysterious way to combat with her modesty, arose, and dresses were and are worn, the owners of which (I've got to speak with freedom) ought to be arrested by the police and locked up. While looking out of my window on Broad street I saw two women on men's wheels. My heart bled and I could hardly restrain the tears, shocked, as I was, beyond expression. The extremes to which you are tending to go seem to us men immodest."

"Now, can't there be a movement among the women to save the bicycle? Otherwise it will go the way dancing has gone, and a pure-minded, noble woman will be unable to extract the enjoyment and exercise from it that she ought to. A skirt that reaches to the knee only, and the bloomers which tend to approach a man's costume, are sure to destroy the use of the wheel. So also do loud colors and riding with the seat too far back or to low, positions which make the woman look like an umbrella in a cyclone. Again I ask you, 'Can't you save the wheel?'"

"I would myself suggest a congress, with a large prize for the most modest and convenient costume, open to women only. Or, if you would wish to open it to men, and charge an admission, you could pack the academy. And if you let them vote, you would be sure, secure a good result, for men want women to keep as modest looking as they have done in the past. Then a noble woman will ride dressed as she knows is right, and the others will be arrested by the police. I look to you to start the movement."

At the close of Dr. Conwell's speech a committee of ten was named to confer about the proposed congress. They will report next week.

Neither of the two bicyclists present had on bloomers, and since their skirts went below the knee they marched proudly out and wheeled off.—Philadelphia Times.

THACKERAY AMONG FRIENDS.

He Was Good Natured and Would not Quarrel With His Friends.

One of the prettiest of the many charming anecdotes of Thackeray was told by Douglas Jerrold. He was one morning at the chambers of Mr. Horace Mayhew, in Regent Street, when Thackeray knocked at the door and cried, "It's no use, Porry Mayhew, open the door!"

"It's dear old Thackeray," said Mr. Mayhew, joyfully, as he opened the door.

"Well, young gentlemen," said Thackeray cheerily, as he entered, "You'll admit an old fogey."

He took up the papers lying about the room, and talked with the two young men of various matters of the day. Then he took up his hat to go, but as if he suddenly remembered something he paused at the door.

"I was going away," he said, "without do-

ing part of the business of my visit. You spoke the other day at the dinner," referring to the Parish weekly meeting, "of poor George. Somebody—most unaccountably—has returned me a five-pound note I lent him a long time ago. I didn't expect it; so just hand it to George, and tell him when his pocket will bear it, just to pass it on to some poor fellow of his acquaintance."

With a nod the tall, genial-faced author went hastily out of the room. Thackeray was a constant attendant of the Parish dinners, and an important member of the council which discussed and decided upon the contents of the forthcoming numbers. It is hinted that he and Douglas Jerrold, who always sat next him, sometimes squabbled a little, but nothing ever came of it.

"There is no use of our quarrelling," Thackeray would say with irresistible good humor and logic, "for we must meet again next week."—Youths Companion.

TIME ABOUT UP SO HE THOUGHT

Taken on Time, Dodd's Kidney Pills Save a Life Once More.

The Absolute Truth

It was Diabetes and Thought Incurable—But when the Proper Treatment was Used the Patient Recovered.

Barrie, Oct. 29.—(Special)—Your correspondent had no difficulty in locating Mr. Frederick Stokes, of this town, as he is well known and enjoys the confidence of all who know him. The particulars of his recovery still excite enthusiasm as marvellous cures everywhere do. When found at his business he said:—

"It was about a year and a half ago that I began to suffer with lameness of the back. I soon began to run down rapidly in flesh, becoming in a short time also very weak."

In misery, and unable to work, one of the best doctors in town when consulted told me that my trouble was diabetes. Meanwhile I had lost forty-five pounds in weight, and his medicine was doing me no good.

I thought my time was about up until a friend told me he knew of several cures of cases similar to mine by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.