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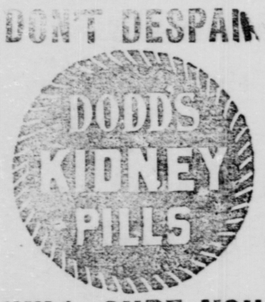

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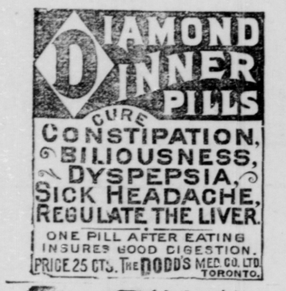

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THE PRICE SHE PAID.

By Amelia E. Barr.

(Continued.)

At this question a look of intense inquiry came into her face. She drew her brows together, and sent Memory back, and back, through all her childhood. Shadows of pain and doubt followed the effort. She rose and went to the window and looked into the garden, flooded with moonshine. "It is the same scene," she whispered, in a soft, awe-struck voice, "and he is the lover that I have dreamed about ever since I was a little girl. Yonder is the twin-tree, and the hazel maze, and the sun dial. I have seen this place in my dreams many a time, and he was always there. Now that he has come, I remember the place. It is my fate. He will love me. I already love him. And if I had only stayed at home, I should have met him months ago. I have spent all the spring and summer here, teaching for a little money, and I have missed just so much of my life and love."

The moonlight faded, the company left, the fire died down, and then with soul on tiptoe, she went to sleep. In the morning, the first words Willie said were: "Papa and Lord Morpeth have gone shooting;" and they were like cold water thrown on the whole day. But its routine had to be gone through, and part of it was an afternoon walk in the park. Here there was a great tree with a rustic seat round it, and she sat there while the boys made traps and traced a mole's winding way. At sunset she rose and called them, and at the same moment Mr. Mowbray and Lord Morpeth appeared. Freddie took his father's hand, and Lord Morpeth walked with Willie and Catherine. As he came to her side, a wondrous beauty flashed into her face. If he had not already felt her charm he must have caught love from her there and then. For love radiated from her glowing cheeks, her starry eyes, her soft speech, her laugh like music, her little movements and expressions of unspeakable grace and living emotions. And he knew that he alone called forth all this loveliness. As a bee sips honey he drank it in. He was intoxicated with it. He caught her glances half way. He caught her speech on his smiles. The sway of her clothing made him languid with delicious feeling; the touch of her hand thrilled him like a new sense.

They were under the same roof, and of two hearts so enthralled, love found many sweet opportunities. That they were stolen ones, made them all the sweeter. Love enjoys the idea of contradictions. Love does not really want its course to run smooth. Catherine felt sure Mrs. Mowbray was vexed if Lord Morpeth paid her any attention. If he sat by her side, or took her for a walk, or made an excuse to go with Willie to the schoolroom, she took care to interfere. Morpeth complained that his position was still harder. His uncle had chosen a wife for him and he was determined to marry no one but Catherine. They made much of such hindrances to their meeting as really existed; they were quite disposed to imagine others that did not exist. They believed themselves to be more in love than any human creatures had ever before been. They took a certain joy in concluding that not only humanity, but destiny was disposed to cross their happiness. Morpeth did this consciously, for it put Catherine more and more under his influence; Catherine was sincere in her self-deception; she knew nothing of life, and was at this time as incapable of wisely guiding herself as she would have been of piloting a ship across the Atlantic.

Mr. Mowbray was the first to speak of the subject.

"Annie," he said to his wife one day, "Morpeth is staying here for the sake of Miss Raeburn. He cares nothing about the pheasants."

"I have thought that for some time, Thomas."

"If he wrongs her in any way I would as lief horsewhip him as not. It would be the same as wronging a child. She is as ignorant of life as our little Willie. Why don't you speak to her?"

"Because if I did, she would likely impute to me the meanest and most selfish reasons. Morpeth would teach her to do so. His interest would lead him that way."

"But if he loves her and wins her love he must marry her. There is no reason against it."

There is money against it, or rather poverty. His estate will be sold under the hammer if his uncle does not come to the rescue; and he will not do that unless Almund marries Miss Muncaster."

"I fear it is a bad job. You had better send the little girl home."

"She suits me, and she suits the boys; but I will send her home at Christmas for two weeks. She will probably tell her father. It is his place to interfere."

"Morpeth is going to London with me to-morrow. You could speak to him to-night."

"It is none of our business, Thomas. And to people in love God himself could not speak wisdom. But it is near to Christmas, and I will send her to her father."

From this visit, however, Catherine received no strength. The struggling bareness and poverty of her home shocked her in every sense. She cried pitifully over her father in its sordid limitations, and was not consoled by the fact that he had sold an historical text-book for one hundred pounds, and been requested to write more of the same kind. This had seemed a marvelous piece of fortune to the simple student, and he had kept it for a Christmas joy to Catherine; but the girl could not imagine riches from such a source. All her life she had seen her father writing, and nothing much had come of it. Yet she was glad to make his home more comfortable, and delighted to know that he was no longer dependent on the chapel people for his daily bread.

This visit showed her how far she had wandered from her old self. The small, bare rooms, the plain table, the cramped unlovely life of her girlhood, pained and shamed her. She felt that she could never return to it, and she longed also to put her father far from its constraints and humiliations. She had talked on this subject very often to her lover, and they had made many pleasant plans for the minister's future. But at present she could not discuss them; for Almund had particularly wished her to say nothing about him, just at this time. So she was very often very quiet and silent, and the minister wondered where his joyous little girl had gone to. When he asked her, she said "she was thinking of his sad lot," and he was grateful and happy in her consideration. If she was really thinking of her lover, her father did not suspect it. Not by carelessness or mistake is Love painted blind; it is Mercy that holds his eyes, so that he cannot see.

She returned to Otterby with a little heartache. Nothing at home had been quite as she expected. Her father had become absorbed in his new work, and learned to bear life without her. Her old acquaintances had been politely cold, for Catherine had outgrown their patronage, and vulgarity does not love, unless its favors can humiliate. After all, it was pleasant to see Mrs. Mowbray smiling and nodding a welcome to her, as the train stopped at the station; pleasant to step into the handsome brougham and have the footman carefully fold the warm furs around her; very pleasant indeed, to find her own parlor renovated and bright with flowers and firelight, the table delicately spread, and the boys waiting with open arms to greet her.

In a day or two, life settled back into the usual routine, and then the Mowbrays went to London for a short season. Catherine was left with plenary powers in her own department, and she was happy in the prospect of a few weeks of quiet independence. Every morning brought her a long passionate letter from her lover, and all her leisure was spent in answering these letters, and in tender, languorous dreaming of the man who had taken possession not only of her feelings but of her imagination.

About the beginning of February there was a tone of trouble in Almund's correspondence. "His uncle was seriously ill. He feared he would have to go to the south of France with him. He had heard also that the Mowbrays would bring back with them many guests, and a certain Captain Forrester was to be one of them, and he was already furiously jealous of him." Catherine smiled, and yet she was pleased with this exacting affection. What woman does not like her lover to be a little jealous of her?

Suddenly one afternoon, Almund arrived at Otterby. Catherine was out with the boys, but he could guess where they were likely to be found, and went straight to the park pond. Very soon the voices of the three happy skaters convinced him that he had been a correct diviner. Catherine was flying over the ice, the boys vainly trying to catch her ere she reached the goal, and in their eager chase Almund's approach was not perceived, until they turned and saw him standing on the edge of the pond. Then it was who could reach him first and there was a little hubbub of joy over his arrival.

Never had Catherine seemed so exquisite and so desirable. If any pitying scruples had been in his heart ere he saw her, the splendor of her beauty and his own overmastering passion for the girl silenced all doubts and made him reckless as to consequences. As they walked home through the winter twilight he told her what urgent case had brought him to Otterby.

"My uncle leaves in two days for the Mediterranean," he said, "and I must go with him. It is not likely he will ever return alive. It is true I am his natural heir, but he is enormously rich, and his personal property he can leave as he desires. It is most important to me, Catherine. Without it, my title will be but a killing burden. I cannot leave you with nothing but a promise between us. There must be an irrevocable tie. You must marry me to-morrow morning."

The promise was made, and she was too truthful to waver a moment after it; but she did not dare to think of what might follow. She was going to make Almund happy, going to give him an unmistakable proof that she desired none but him, and that she fully trusted her future to his honor. Women who really love rejoice in such self-sacrifice, and Catherine went to sleep smiling. She was glad to show her love by doing all that love asked; she would trust Almund without guarantee; her faith in him needed no witness.

Nine o'clock was an early hour at Otterby Manor. When she left the house, half an hour before it, only a servant-maid was about. "I am going for a walk, Ann," she said, "but I shall be back before breakfast is served." It was a clear, cold morning, and she walked rapidly, neither debating with herself or spoiling the grace of her surrender with questions and suspicions. Almund met her at the stile where the park touched the highway, and as soon as they entered the church a young man in the usual clerical dress stepped before the chancel railing. Two others walked forward, and after a few sentences which Catherine scarcely heard, and certainly did not recognize, Almund clasped her hand and took her for his wife "until death should part them." A ring was slipped on her finger, and in an ecstacy of emotion she heard Almund call her "wife." Then there was a slight movement, a few words in a low tone, and she was conscious that Almund was paying the priest money and giving directions to one of his witnesses, who was his valet. The next minute they were in the sunlight again, and Almund was holding her hand close, and saying softly to her every word a woman loves to listen to.

So soon to part! That was the shadow of the happy hour; but Catherine would not be sorrowful. She bid Almund "good by" with radiant smiles, and went back to her duties at Otterby, whispering his name to her heart all the way home. Only an hour had passed, and yet in that hour she had done what she could never undo; she had stepped across a rubicon, and now there was a great gulf between the Catherine of yesterday and to-day. She felt it immediately. The boys' lessons were things far off, she could not bring them within her interests. She had left something of her old self in that old church, and the words spoken over Almund's and her own clasped hands had been transforming ones. It is, however a fortunate thing when women deeply in love have duties that must be done; and Catherine being conscientious in the smallest matter, soon compelled herself to affect the interest she did not feel. And the inevitable is a great strengthener. In a day or two she realized that Almund was far from her; that no actual change in her life could take place for some weeks or months, and that she must either remain at Otterby or go back to her father's house.

So the winter went, and with the spring the Mowbrays returned to the Manor House. But though nothing like a complaint was expressed, Catherine was soon sensitive to a difference. She did not consider that the "difference" had first arisen with herself; that her pupils had long felt it, though they were quite unable to define the change. She only wondered what the servants had said to Mrs. Mowbray, or what Mrs. Mowbray had heard in London; and day by day the slight coldness and constraint increased. Before her marriage Catherine would have tried to smile or explain it away; now, she simply did her duty, and waited. When Almund came home, her position would be altered.

One morning Mrs. Mowbray was a little unreasonable. She said "she did not know what had so changed Catherine," and yet when asked, she could not define the change. Catherine felt injured, and was silent and irresponsive. A few words would have cleared the domestic atmosphere, but they were not said; and the boys played in whispers and did not enjoy their play. By the afternoon mail Catherine received a letter from Almund. He said "he had just come from his uncle's funeral. He was ill. He wanted his wife. He begged Catherine to come to him. But she must let Mrs. Mowbray think she was going back to Market Sorby; he did not want her meddling in their affairs."

The letter was an impetuous, passionate appeal, and it found Catherine in the very mood to answer it. She sought Mrs. Mowbray, and said she wished to go home.

"It will be the best place for you," answered the lady. "You are unhappy, and you do not tell me why. I have heard things that may not be true. You do not confide in me. I think you ought to speak to your father."

As it happened, Market-Sorby was on the direct road to London, and Mrs. Mowbray, hearing Catherine ask for a ticket for that place, was convinced she had returned to her home. She was sorry, and she was not sorry. Catherine's beauty was too remarkable. She was not jealous, but she did not like to hear Mr. Mowbray rave about it; and the boys were really silly where their governess was concerned. Yes, it was better to have a change, and she very willingly forgot all about Catherine Raeburn's existence.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

"THERE MUST BE AN IRREVOCABLE TIE."

"I cannot do that. I must stay here until Mrs. Mowbray returns. She expects nothing less from me."

"I do not wish you to leave here just yet, I only wish you to marry me. No one but the priest and two witnesses will be present, I have arranged everything. Then, when my poor uncle is no more, I shall return home free and rich, and we shall have a public ceremony. I ask nothing from you but this. We will part at the church door, and I will not see you again till I can claim you before all the world."

She only answered with a sigh, and he continued his pleading until the house was reached. Then he turned to Willie and said:

"Ask me to tea with Miss Raeburn and you boys. I think you might do that."

And Willie and Fred jumped at such a delightful proposal, and very soon the footman was spreading the table in the children's parlor, and Catherine was pouring out the tea, and Lord Morpeth serving the game pasty. A delightful hour followed the meal, and then the boys wearied with skating and talking, fell sound asleep; and Lord Morpeth had his opportunity. All the sweet ways of persuasion known to men, his love—strong and exacting—taught him; and when he left the Manor House at nine o'clock that night, it was with Catherine's promise to meet him at nine o'clock the next morning in the parish church at Otterby. The rector was in Italy, and the curate lived at the larger village of Otterby-Major; but Almund had a clergyman with him, a friend of his college days, and a shilling would obtain the keys from the sexton.

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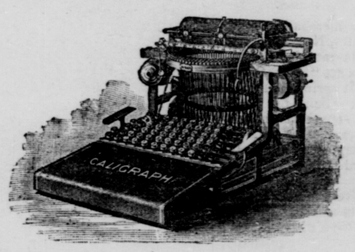

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